



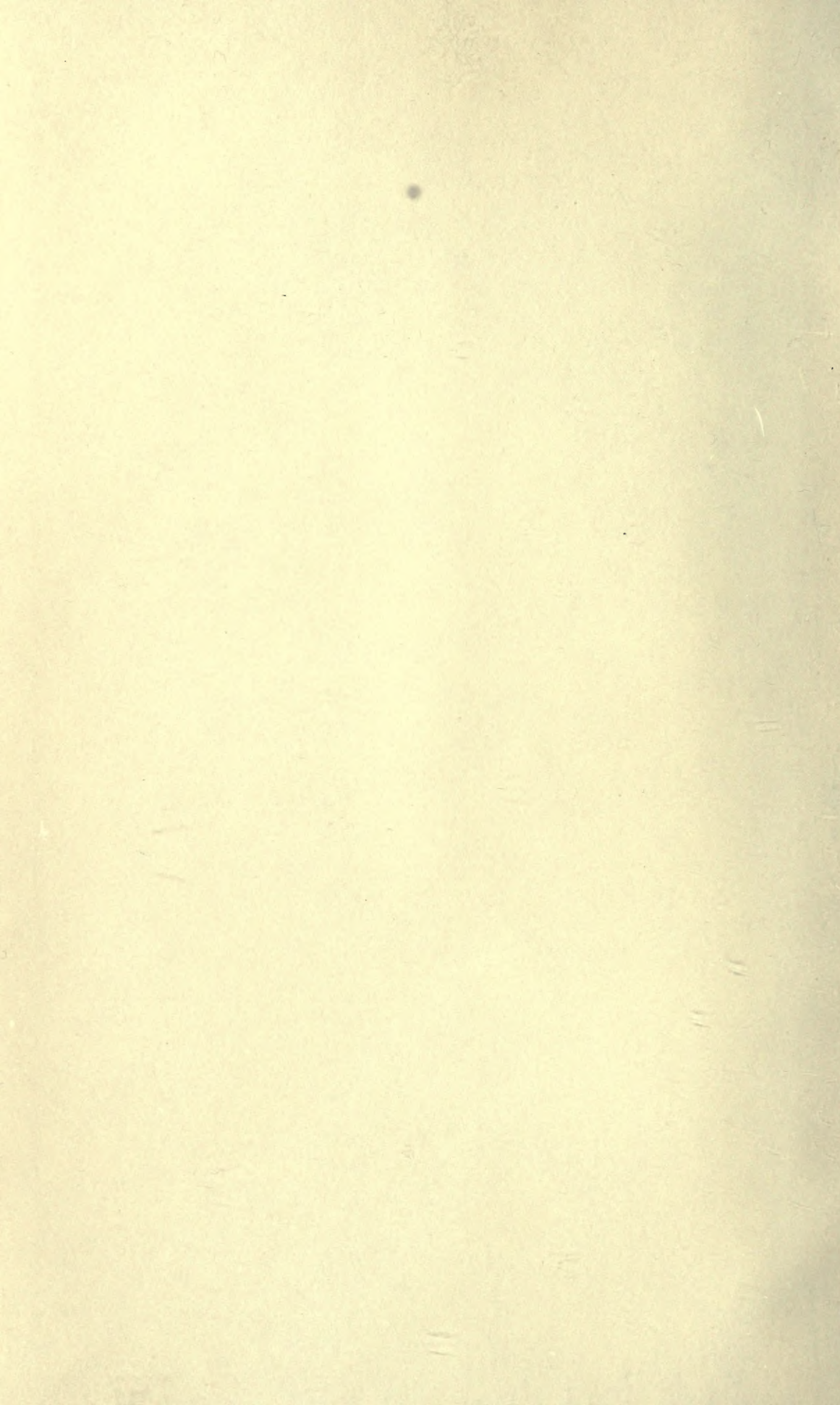
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I

# LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME LXXVIII.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CXCH.

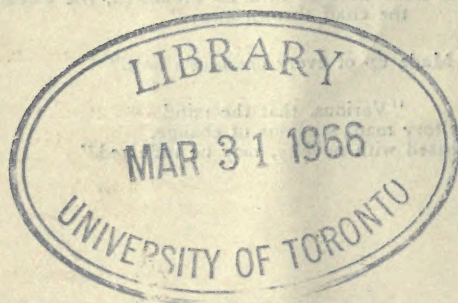
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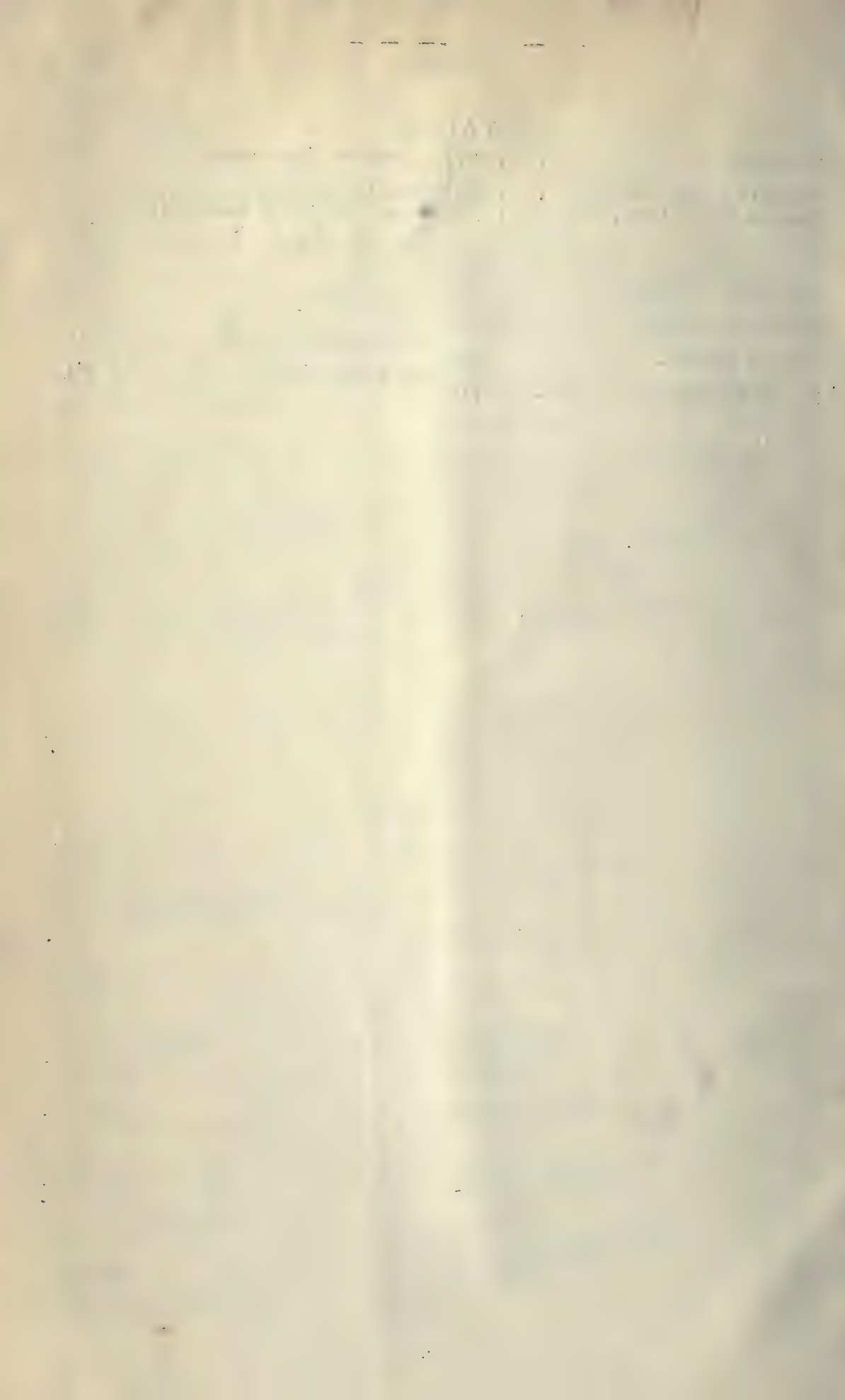
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## RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE tomes of lore that lie  
In feather of bird and wing of butterfly,  
The rushes and the mountain brook, the  
speedwell blue as sky,

Room in his heart for all!  
For striving stitchwort as for oak tree tall;  
Room for the chickweed at the gate, the weed  
upon the wall!

Still as the page was writ  
'Twas Nature held his hand and guided  
it:  
Broadcast and free the lines were sown as  
meadows kingcup lit.

Vague longings found a tongue;  
Things dim and ancient into speech were  
wrung;  
The epic of the rolling wheat, the lyric hedge-  
row sung!

He showed the soul within  
The veil of matter luminous and thin,  
He heard the old earth's undersong piercing  
the modern din.

He opened wide to space  
The iron portals of the commonplace:  
Wonder on wonder crowded through as star  
on star we trace.

A glory haloed round  
The very wayside grasses as he found  
The highest holiest loveliness was closest to  
the ground!

Others might dully plod  
Purblind with custom, deaf as any clod—  
He knew the highest heights of heaven bent  
o'er the path he trod.

No bird that cleaves the air  
But his revealing thought has made more  
fair;  
No tremulous dell of summer leaves but feels  
his presence there.

So though we deem him dead,  
Lo! he yet speaketh! and the words are  
sped  
In grassy whispers o'er the fields—by every  
wild flower said!

Temple Bar.

MARY GEOGHEGAN.

## "IMP EFFIE."

"IMP EFFIE"—language can't express  
The life that sparkles in her eyes,  
And what if I must needs confess  
That Effie is not very wise?  
Her nonsense talked with blithsome air  
Sweeter to me than wisdom seems;  
I love to see her toss her hair,  
I love to hear her tell her dreams.

Near her philosophers seem fools,  
Their logic and inductions chaff;  
Forms, maxims, axioms, reasons, rules,  
Evaporate in Effie's laugh.  
How coldly rigid and aloft  
The finger-posts of Science shine,  
When Effie's digits warm and soft  
Are playing at "hot hands" with mine!

She's very ignorant, the pet,  
Of creed or dogma old or new;  
She's very credulous, and yet  
Her articles of faith are few.  
To reverend men she's barely civil,  
Though prompt to succor the forlorn;  
She's duly fearful of the devil,  
But sees no harm in being born.

Not clear about the "second birth,"  
She trusts her sins will be forgiven;  
And that when called to quit the earth,  
She'll go up—naturally—to Heaven.  
Meanwhile, too fond, I fear, the rogue is  
Of this world's vanities and pomps;  
Thinks "serious people" "awful fogies,"  
Nay, 'neath their solemn noses romps;

Leaps, tumbles, screams, to make them  
quiver;

Shams stupid to excite their spleen;  
Then how she titters!—Lord forgive her,  
The little "imp" is scarce thirteen.  
And even whilst I sermonize her,  
I sometimes can't repress a sigh  
To think that Effie will grow wiser,  
That Effie will grow old, and die!  
Spectator. J. S. D.

## THE LAST SWALLOW.

LAST of his clan, he wings his aimless flight  
Beneath the cold grey sky;  
No comrades wheel around on pinions light,  
As in the days gone by.

Alone he roams the trackless fields of air,  
From dawn to set of sun;  
Haply he finds the yellowing woodlands fair,  
Although the heavens are dun.

Why dost thou linger when thy mates have  
flown  
Across the Southern Sea?  
Winter already on his trump has blown  
A warning stern to thee.

And they, thy mates, afar in sunny Spain,  
Are circling in the blue,  
Where azure heavens and all unruffled main  
Blend in the same soft hue.

We dream of summer still while thou art here;  
But soon, at death of day,  
Like a last hope, thou too wilt disappear  
For ever and for aye!

F. B. DOVETON.

From The Contemporary Review.

REMINISCENCES OF CARDINAL  
MANNING.

I THINK it was Bolingbroke who, when asked what Marlborough's faults had been, replied: "He was so great a man, I had forgotten he had any." Such will be the verdict passed on Cardinal Manning by all who knew him. If signs in love are more than proofs, as Coventry Patmore somewhere says, so also are they in religion. The proofs of Cardinal Manning's pieties are known to all—they are official. But the signs were shown in his most unrecollected moments to his intimates. His idlest words were from this point of view more edifying than even his pastorals. A noble figure was his on the platform and in the pulpit; but where he was at his best and greatest was in his own armchair. There used to be an impression that the cardinal was nothing if not a diplomatist. Assuredly he had worldly as well as heavenly wisdom—a prudence which is a cardinal's as well as a cardinal virtue. But none of the common devices of the diplomatist were his—he smiled at them in Italian ecclesiastics. It was the frankness and not the reticence of his conversation that took me by surprise when he permitted me to pass with him what were I think his idlest hours at Archbishop's House. "After nine there will be no interruption," was a hint he gave me quite early in our intercourse, and "Come to me with the bats" is the burden of nearly two hundred notes I have been looking through, all precious as proceeding from his hand. At that hour I found him with the cares and prayers of the day done, weary indeed, yet wakeful and alert. I think he liked, not indeed to put aside the ecclesiastic, for that was second or even first nature to him, but to talk to a layman whose interests were not exactly ecclesiastical, who did not possess "a liturgical soul," and whose conversation was—not all in Heaven. My deep attachment to him was, I suppose, apparent through a certain freedom of speech which he never sought to curtail. There is a form of mania in which a man called upon to admire, say a shelf of precious glass, feels constrained to sweep it down with the wave

of his arm. The same impulse it was that nearly overmastered an imaginative traveller—or he thought so—to tickle, instead of kissing, the pontifical foot. Most of us regard, in one way or another, this sort of incongruity as the soul of wit. Thus possessed, I more than once committed what I thought the cardinal would regard as vagaries of speech, often to be astonished by his ready assent. "Stop a bit, stop a bit," or "Jockey of Norfolk, not so fast," he would sometimes say, where a conventional cardinal must surely have been indignant or grim. This liberty of speech which he allowed to others he also took for himself, having moods in which he spoke with a sort of serious jest. This was not the only trait he had in common with Blessed Thomas More.

In the inner room at Archbishop's House, where Cardinal Manning received his more intimate callers, there hung, opposite to where he sat, a portrait of St. Charles Borromeo, cardinal and Archbishop of Milan. This was the cardinal's favorite saint and model archbishop. When the centenary of English Sunday schools was commemorated, a monument was erected by Nonconformists, and on it was inscribed the name of Cardinal Borromeo, as that of the pioneer of the Sunday School. That incident, which delighted the cardinal, suggests at once the kinship between the two men, which was close at every turn; and when Manning returned from Rome as a priest in 1854, he founded the community of Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater, with whom he lived until he succeeded to the Archbishopric of Westminster in 1865. There his library of old days remains, row on row of Anglican divinity. From his beloved Oblates he chose his confessor, of whom he wrote in terms of the most tender affection in the last letter he ever penned. One day in Milan, St. Charles Borromeo was playing cards with two of his priests (perhaps the only thing in which the Archbishop of Westminster never wished to imitate him), when the talk turned on the moments of death, and on what each would do if he, then and there, heard the last summons. "I would flee to the church," said one. "I would call on the name of the Lord,"

said another. "And I," said St. Charles, "would go on with the game." Such was the spirit in which this Oblate on the throne of Westminster undertook every task, the lightest of his life. In the love of God and man he performed his indifferent actions, talked politics and read newspapers, went each afternoon to the Athenæum Club, and lectured before the Royal Society, loitered in the House of Commons and wandered among the crowds at Marlborough House garden-parties; nor would he have flinched to meet at any moment the messenger which came to him at last so calmly — almost collusively.

The Borromean anecdote had its match. This time it was Cardinal Manning and two of his priests who made choice, when each was asked what he would be were he not a priest. "A doctor," said one, still dreaming of the set service of man. "A temperance advocate," said another, with becoming solemnity. "And I," said the cardinal, "Radical member for Marylebone" — just then politically the rowdiest of metropolitan areas. To him the service of his Creator and of his fellow-creatures was identical, so that he never thought it necessary to talk piety in order to feel he had been clerical. He had all his model's sanity of sanctity. The one played cribbage for the glory of God, and the other for the same cause discussed with Sir Charles Dilke the limitation of electoral areas in the Redistribution Bill (of which he saw one of the advanced drafts prepared for the Cabinet); the Education Act with Mr. Forster, whom he greatly respected; the prevention of cruelty to children with the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, in whose praise, as in that of many Dissenters, he was firm; the iniquity of theatres with the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes — "his only fault one that cures itself — his youth;" the most painful of all subjects with Mr. Stead; the Land League with Mr. Michael Davitt; standing armies with Lord Wolseley; ancient Scandinavia with Mr. Paul du Chaillu; local option with Sir Wilfrid Lawson; vivisection (which he loathed as Browning loathed it) with Miss Frances Power Cobbe; the Salvation Army with General Booth, to whom he made a public profession of attachment; art with Mr.

Ruskin, who took him to exhibitions in Bond Street; and nationalization of the land with Mr. Henry George, whom I took to him one Sunday afternoon, and silently listened while one said that his love of our Lord led him to love man, and the other that his love of man led him to love our Lord — the Mount, whence came the sermon, being the beginning of the spiritual journey of the one and the end of that of the other. These came and went, and sometimes heard no more pious speech than a "God bless you;" but they were none the less conscious that they had held converse with a fervent Christian. He needed no catchwords, and used no shibboleths to reach the heart of hearts. It was said of him once that he was photographed for the Church's glory, and there was, in a simple and beautiful sense, a subtle truth in the saying.

This absence of direct preachment never led any one, the most foolish, to suppose he was indifferent to dogmas — Christian and Catholic. What his own life of devotion was, that he wished the lives of all his clergy to be. Beautiful and inspiring were the addresses he gave them — then was a time when his master's name was on his lips at every breath, as it was always in his heart. Between no man's words and acts was there ever so complete a parity. He denied himself the indulgences he ceded to others. The cigarette, which has penetrated everywhere, even into a convent during a "ladies' retreat," got no entrance into Archbishop's House. The cigar was a waste and indulgence beyond words; and though he had been an athlete at Harrow he did not like his clergy to care for sports. "I do not like a priest to run after a piece of leather," he said, with characteristic summariness of thought and speech, when he heard of a clerical football player. Yet he took a five-bar gate when he went to Ushaw College in the sixties.

That his great heart had pastoral disappointments, both in his clergy and in his laity, he did not conceal, as well as great and more abiding consolations. He measured their and our corn in his own bushel. He rated us by his own standard, and his standard, like his rank, was the highest of

all — that ideal blending of rank with real pre-eminence which the world needs to have recalled to it now and then. He saw, for instance, the havoc made by the drink traffic. It confronted him as he walked the streets by day; it haunted him on his narrow bed at night, when the voice of a drunken singer floated in on his loneliness, and was interpreted by his sensitive ears into sounds which he did not hear, but which cried to Heaven — the sob of the wifehood and the motherhood of England, the wail of the beaten child. And when men told him calmly (I give the statement from his standpoint only) that they feared spiritual pride dogged the steps of teetotalism, he had no patience left in him. He asked for water, and they gave him the sour wine of pedantries. I think it was not altogether without a qualm that he allowed the sherry he had renounced to be put on the table at that open, early dinner at Archbishop's House; but a bishop must, by the Gospel rule, be "given to hospitality;" and how does he know, any way, that there is not among his guests one to whom St. Paul himself would command a little wine for the stomach's sake? So there the hated decanter stood, and there, if nowhere else, a guest had an approach to experience of what may be called furtive drinking; for he was unwilling to meet the eye of his host while his lips touched the banned liquid. Perhaps the cardinal felt it necessary to give to Rome and the world this practical proof that he was not a Manichæan — a heresy hinted against him by those who thought it unbecoming for a cardinal archbishop to talk teetotalism on a Sunday afternoon from a cart on Clerkenwell Green. These were content to take the Ten Commandments as they stand, without seeking to remove the main stumbling-block in the way of mankind's keeping them. Many of his clergy, however, as is well known, joined the temperance movement, and became his effective lieutenants.

As he did not think there was one law for the clergy and another for the laity in matters of self-denial, his disappointment at the absence of enthusiasm for teetotalism among educated laymen was second only to his disappointment at the absence

of it among the mass of his priests. "I have piped and they have not danced," he said one evening. "There is not one gentleman who will give up one glass of sherry to help me in the battle." Once, when he made as though he would weep over the indifference of Babylon, I gave the serviceless offer of my own adhesion. "No," he said, "not now. You must get your wife's permission." It was one of the privileges of Cardinal Manning, denied to most men, to be influential by mere personal example; and never did he forget or minimize this added obligation. *A propos*, one sometimes wonders what reforms might be effected, might be even fashionable, if some prince had taken him for his tutor or his model.

What fashion might effect in England, nationalism is resolved to effect in Ireland — happy to be socially governed by a more progressive force than ours. "Ireland sober and Ireland free" was the magical combination which the year 1889 inscribed on many an Irish banner. The Archbishop of Dublin sent all the preliminary papers to Westminster, and the heart of the English archbishop gave a leap of delight. In that moment he forgot the sorrow that had accumulated with the years, his sorrow over each Irish name he encountered in the records of the London police courts. When he scanned his *Times* (this he did every morning, and lived in London — thus defying Mr. Ruskin's complete recipe for demoralization), he looked nervously down the reports of the police court cases, and whenever his eye caught the name of a son or, worse luck, of a daughter of Erin, his face moved with a strange emotion. These were the sheep of his pasture. But he was not only the spiritual shepherd of the flock — he was the Englishman who felt a political debt to Ireland, a social debt to her exiles, a personal and religious debt to her Catholicism. No better news could come from Ireland to Archbishop's House than that which announced the addition of teetotalism to the watchword of the movement of freedom.

But the cardinal did, as a rule, bring down to a personal issue the principles on which he was in conflict with others. There were times when he had a sharp

tongue for foes and for dissentient friends, to whom, nevertheless, he would have done any kindness at any sacrifice of his own personal comfort — the last thing he ever considered. "What can you expect," he asked of a dignitary who did not take his advice in a moment of some emergency, "brought up as he was in a hen-coop, as I call the —?" and he named a community he truly loved and admired; and shortly afterwards he told me he had gone out of his way to show special kindness to the very noble hearted bishop whose affairs had occasioned the epithet. "Yes," he would say of his flock, when they did not rise to some great occasion, "I never forget they are my *sheep*." And yet another animal served at times the purpose of a fitting comparison: "Ever since I became a Catholic, I have found it necessary to cultivate a great devotion to Balaam's ass."

A briefer pang, but a severe one while it lasted, was that which he suffered from the estrangement between his own sympathies and those of probably the bulk of his clergy on the publication of "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon." The great cardinal, away in his barrack-like palace, saw only two things — first, the wrong done to womanhood, and to that only more appealing thing — womanhood in childhood; and, secondly, the good intentions of Mr. Stead. "I say to you" (and he never spoke more solemnly) "we are up in a balloon. Our priests have become machines for administering the sacraments. There was a time when there was grace, but there were no sacraments; now there are sacraments, but where is grace?" It was a mood of the moment, and whence came it? I think from the attitude taken by an ever-faithful friend, who had followed his leader into teetotalism, and had given him a personal service which few men devote to another. "Read that," said the cardinal, handing him a *Pull Mall* in 1885. "I have no permission to read evil which is not necessary for me to know," was the instant reply. So the cardinal was for the moment in high dudgeon. Once, when I had said it was consoling to find that even cardinals had human sensitivenesses, "No," he said, with a sweet gravity; "no, it is very disappointing." I hold to my opinion still. It is not spiritual pride, but spiritual despondency that one most encounters in the world; and it is some comfort, at any rate, to find that when these saints are scratched there is blood

below — yet to know they are the very elect notwithstanding.

His manners with ladies were always charming; and his bow, when he took off the hat of more than Quaker brim, was a homage the most gracious ever made. It was not often that he permitted himself a mere compliment; when he did so it was only because a neat phrase carried him away. "You have given me a book which has kept me awake, and I bring you a book to send you to sleep." The book which had *not* kept him awake was a volume of poems of a tone he hardly caught. The book to send the poet to sleep was a collection of his own sermons. This reminds me that he told me that the last time he had seen Dr. Whewell, whom he greatly admired from his youth, was in a church where he himself was preaching. Whatever compliment he felt in having the omniscient mathematician as a hearer vanished as he watched him fall into a tranquil slumber. Mr. Bright, by the way, he once saw amongst his audience in a church in Rome; but he did not get much comfort out of him either. "I liked it all" said Bright when next they met, "except your sermon." It was on a theme the most misunderstood — the Blessed Virgin.

His indifferent attitude about his books was quite real — a genuine conquest of his humility over his sensitiveness, and it was all the more to his merit inasmuch as they never had the recognition they deserve. He must have known very well how good they were; though few others found it out. It cannot be said that a paper like the *Athenæum* does less than justice to the secular authors of the day. If it errs, it errs as it ought to do, on the side of kindness. But a paper like the *Athenæum* may be said to have had no cognizance of Cardinal Manning's works. The same strenuous thought in the same strenuous language, on almost any other subject, would have made a reputation, and those manuscripts written across large foolscap on his knee (as St. John wrote his Gospels, he said, with the look which gave his words their meaning) would, for novelist or for historian, have won fortune and applause. The back seat to which the Christian public of England relegates serious religious literature is a little puzzling perhaps; and certainly those who grudge the Churchman what advantages he gains from his cloth may be consoled to think that he encounters as an author, a prejudice which, in some instances, and cer-

tainly in Cardinal Manning's, is less than just.

Once in writing to a lady a letter which lies before me, the cardinal advanced a theory of the relations between reader and author which will not find a general acceptance. An author usually spends the more time on his writings that the reader may spend the less. "Read that book slowly," wrote the cardinal; "it took me long to write it, and I feel sure it needs time to read it." But when the lady said she would not read it, he did not, as most authors would of readers so unruly, despair of her. "It is a good sign," he wrote, "that you cannot read that book. The law is not made for the just man, and that book is not written for the children of the household. You have by grace what it has by reason." The number of requests made to him by authors of books, big and little, for prefaces, passport-letters in fact from Archbishop's House to the hearts of the faithful, was legion. But "Manning of Balliol found time for everything" to the very end. The bare list of publications bearing this *imprimatur* would fill columns. When he had to refuse, he did so with a gentleness which made even the refusal a favor. I heard both from the refuser and from the refused the story of one such episode. It was a pamphlet in which the zealous author undertook to prove from the Gospels the pontiff's right to the temporal power. Said the author: "I have been to the cardinal to ask him for a preface. I had written beforehand, sending the proofs; and, directly I got into the room, the cardinal thanked me and said, 'I have written a little on that subject myself, but you take a higher line.'" The narrator was so delighted, that he almost forgot he had come away without even the faintest hope of an archiepiscopal preface. A day or two after, the cardinal, not knowing I knew either of the applicant or his application, told me of both. "But," I said to him, "stop a bit. I have written a little about that myself. But you overstep the line where I cannot follow you." This is what he meant to say—what, in effect, he said; for the preface was never written; but how much sensitive consideration framed the version he had provided for the eager author! The story is characteristic; and it supplies a key which was sometimes requisite to interpret and reconcile his speeches.

All sorts and conditions of women had recourse to him; the very simple, the very sophisticated. One of the first class,

I remember, was a charming girl, who, though she thought "every one goes to Heaven, except, perhaps, people who steal," was not wholly happy in her Protestantism, and she asked the cardinal to recommend her some daily spiritual exercise. "Say every day," he told her, "'Oh Lord, my heart is ready,' as the psalmist says." She was anxious to do as directed, but she could not make up her mind whether she ought to say "as the psalmist says" as part of her daily prayer; and I imagine her, in her scrupulousness, still giving Heaven the benefit of this piece of literary gossip! It is Lord Beaconsfield who speaks of a lady of gay celebrity putting off her cap and bells at his Eminence's feet; and there was truth behind the fiction. The routine of his life brought him into relation most often with the devout elderly lady—the mother of a flock, each one of whom the cardinal-archbishop would know by name, and be consulted about, as to the profession of Jack and the engagement of Jill. The experience was all the more vivid by contrast, when there came to him some great lady from the inner world of fashion, floating in a cloud of perfume, having first dropped from her hand the last French novel. The type startled him at first; but he, who was so ready to remind us that the habit did not make the monk, became equally persuaded that gay feathers did not mean a heart incapable of discipline, and that even heights of holiness could be spiritually attempted—though the outer foot wore the last vanity in shoes from the Burlington Arcade. No one—not Dr. Badenoch even—ever suspected his Eminence of using scent; but there came a time when I found twice or thrice in succession even the large rooms filled with perfumes of Piesse. A little later the conversion of a lady of fashion was announced. Never was passenger for St. Peter's bark in the hands of a more skilful pilot than was a great lady in the hands of this great man; and to his task he brought not merely skill but affection. Of these neophytes he spoke, if he spoke at all, with paternal tenderness. One such was so clever; she had written so sensibly and well—just a letter to announce her conversion to an illustrious personage, who suggested in reply that he saw behind hers an Eminent hand—"which was quite untrue," said the cardinal, "though I own I may have changed a phrase here, or added a phrase there." I thought it was not a very bad instance, after all, of the illustrious personage's perception. Whatever the cardinal's tact,

it never hid the truth at any rate from the tactful. Generally he went straight to the mark. "I have been doing something you would not approve this afternoon, voting for the Marriage with the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill," said the Prince of Wales to him one evening. "I know you have, sir," said the cardinal, not apologetically. "You disapprove that very much?" asked the prince in appeasing tones. "I do, sir," was the straight reply.

Another type of woman had a great attraction for him—the Protestant young lady, whose piety has, more and more of late years, taken so practical a turn. He met, one after another, these maidens, each animated by a serious intention to make some one less wretched. A young man who had interested him, and who had two accidental associations with him—for he, too, was of Balliol, and his father lived in the house at Tottenham once occupied by the father of the cardinal—fell ill, and his wife wrote to tell his Eminence. The aged man of eighty set out immediately to see the sufferer, a journey of an hour or two each way to a pasture of which he was not the spiritual shepherd. I happened to see him just after his return, and I cannot forget the glowing words he used of this Protestant lady—the daughter of a Scottish gentleman, who had left her home, he said, and had come to nurse in a London hospital for the sake of God and her fellow-creatures, and who had been married thence as if from her home. He said he thought all this self-denial wonderful in young women outside the Church. But the perfection of all womankind he found in his beloved neighbors, the Sisters of Charity, in Carlisle Place. Personally, he had not much sympathy with the contemplative orders of either men or women. What captivated him most was the woman who worked in the world yet prayed in the cloister, who went about doing good—the leaven of holiness in the school and the slum. The Sisters of Nazareth came next in his affections; and of the Community at Hammersmith he said, wishing to cap my own praises, "They are unspoiled Irishwomen, and you cannot easily beat that." Those who are curious to know the cardinal's preference in female beauty may care to hear that the only woman's face I ever heard him express an opinion on was that of "Princess T——" among Lenbach's fine portraits. I had turned over the leaves showing more brilliant beauties; but when we came to this he said: "That's pretty." I think it was because the lady has her eyes cast

down. For equally ascetic reasons he liked the high foreheaded, colorless Madonnas better than all the mundane magnificences of Murillo.

In most questions his liberality was beyond expectation. He was never afraid of being compromised in the cause of charity. About Padre Curci, when he had been expelled by the Jesuits, and was even out of papal favor, he once unbosomed himself to me. "I have put my purse at his disposal in his necessities," he said, "and I tell you this, that you may tell it when I am gone,"—a phrase which he not unfrequently used, and which I have regarded as an obligation in cases where, otherwise, my pen would run through passages. "They would burn him in Rome," he added, smiling, "if they could; and they would burn me too." An American lady, with a literary reputation less than her deserts—she, whose "Signor Monaldini's Niece" is among the few delightful contemporary novels—wrote another book in one of whose heroes the cardinal recognized Padre Curci; and the portrait, though he thought it overdrawn, delighted him. He came upon it by a chance. Her books had been hailed, in a newspaper he was supposed to control, as a glory, where a glory was somewhat needed, to the Catholic literature of America; whereupon some one complained to the cardinal, sending a copy of this particular book, with sentences carefully marked as certainly improper. "Profoundly pure," was his Eminence's verdict on the impeached passages. He heard occasionally of ladies whose lives were made a burden to them by horrors they sometimes listened to in sermons, and who were forbidden by confessors to hear them. "Has it come to that? Well, I do not wonder," he said. Fantastic sermons, which violate Gospel reserve, and which profess to reveal more of the mind of our Lord than did inspiration itself, were a great cross to him. "Poor things," he said once of a community who had asked him to preach, and in whose tone he thought he perceived a certain sophistication; "I fear they were disappointed, for I found nothing better to preach about than the crucifixion." He had a great desire that his flock should love what he called "the music of the English Bible," and he published at his own cost St. John's Gospel, in a form which made it available for the pocket. There was no medal or scapular which he regarded as an equipment more heavenly. He was less rigid in regard to trivial art in churches; I never heard him re-echo

Savonarola's protest against the tawdry robes of crudest dye and the tinsel jewellery of the customary Madonna: "I tell you she went about dressed as a simple young woman." Yet Savonarola and he had most things in common; and they would not have differed so greatly either in the inventory of things to be heaped on the bonfire which the one lighted in Florence — and the other willingly would have lighted in Bond Street. One favorite phrase of his in certain of his moods was really a paraphrase from Savonarola: "In the catacombs the candlesticks were of wood, but the priests were of gold. Now the candlesticks are of gold." It was the more effective because the cardinal left, as Savonarola did not leave, the antithesis to complete itself. It was by such phrases — slightly piquant, he knew them to be — that he kept his faithful clergy ever on their mettle.

The friendship between the cardinal and Mr. Gladstone was characteristic of the eddies of both men's dispositions, and of the changes of the times. Begun at Oxford, where already both bore the mark of their predestination to greatness, and both had the profound impress of piety, it was continued through the years which saw Manning settle into Churchmanship, and Gladstone into statesmanship — two rôles they might easily have interchanged. And when there came, in 1845, that crisis of the Anglican Church in the minds of a large group, the secession of Newman, it was Manning who preached to Gladstone the quieting doctrine that the freaks of individualism in her sons could not be pitted against the great corporate teaching of the mother Church of England. Perturbed in spirit, the politician left London behind him, and in the calm atmosphere of a Sussex rectory propounded this question: "Are all these conversions, capped by Newman's, so many separate testimonies to the truth of the Roman Church, or is there any one trait held by these men in common to account for their conversion?" "There *is* one trait," said the archdeacon oracularly, "a want of truth." I tell the story as it was told to me. But it had an authentic sound to any one familiar with the ready-made-reason moods from which riper years did not wholly deliver him; and when I asked him, in the eighties, if it was true, he said that, though he had forgotten the words, they no doubt represented a general feeling he had that "Tract 90" was unstraight-forward, and all these converts might, at a moment when the rising hope of the

Church party needed a terse reply, be taken as tarred with the "Tract 90" brush. In 1889 I taxed Mr. Gladstone's memory as to the episode, but found it a blank until he heard the whole story, when the incident came back to him, except that he questioned the geography, thinking that it took place in London, not at Lavington. When Manning and Hope-Scott seceded together five years later, Gladstone said he felt as if he had lost his two eyes.

The Irish University question, which wrecked Mr. Gladstone's bill in 1873, was the first great rock of offence set by circumstances between the two friends. For the Archbishop of Westminster was credited with influencing Irish and Catholic opinion, in and out of Parliament, to reject the proposals which, on the other hand, politicians of the Fawcett school attacked as concessions to popery. Between the two stools the minister of state fell, and when the Churchman and statesman met in the street, one looked in another direction. The statesman indited pamphlet after pamphlet to assert that the Vatican Council had tampered with the civil allegiance of Catholics, pamphlets in which it was so easy and pleasant to eulogize Newman, if only to set off a silence as to the merits of Manning. Even then, when Manning winced for the words of his friend, his thoughts went back affectionately and admiringly to the Gladstone of other days — the Gladstone of Christ Church, *sans peur et sans reproche*, the splendid type of all he most worshipped — talent and piety. "You surprise me," said Lord Beaconsfield, when Manning had been comparing the calm, broad, balanced Gladstone of that day and the Gladstone of later years; "I thought he had always been an Italian in the custody of a Scotchman." By the time Mr. Gladstone celebrated his eightieth birthday the cardinal was able to write to him about the eighty stairs they had climbed together, a letter which had no hint of anything but the old trust and the old affection.

The temporary estrangement between the cardinal and Mr. Gladstone was, as may be supposed, watched with some interest, and turned to some profit by Lord Beaconsfield. The portrait of Cardinal Grandison in "Lothair" did not please its prototype. Very different, he thought, was the spirit shown in the delineation of the Archbishop of Tyre in "Endymion;" and there had been a good deal of communication between the novelist and the sitter during the interval between the two

works. When asked by the cardinal why he called himself a Tory, Lord Beaconsfield replied: "Because the word Conservative is so long."

And long — "the word is like a knell" — is the epithet which must already be applied to these reminiscences. I, therefore, close, without exhausting, them. Fragmentary (his favorite word), unorganized as they are, they reveal points in the temperament of this great Churchman, which could not be easily gathered from his formal writings or his official acts. He had a great desire to be known as he was; and those who possess broad human sympathies will not wonder at it; for there was nothing narrow or artificial in him. He was the exact contrary of what superficial bystanders represented him to be — the marble arch(bishop) of profane jest. The most humble of men, he was not without an imperiousness all his own, which well became him. When he was eighty, letters of congratulation poured in upon him in varying keys of homage — all save one. His elder sister, who still thought of him only as a younger brother, wrote to remind him that not by the length of a man's years, but by the way they are spent, will he be judged in another world. "I hope I never forget that," said the cardinal; "and yet what I have done is nothing, and I go empty-handed to my Redeemer." Only a little while before his death he told me of his sister's age — "ninety-three, and with all her faculties" — a welcome precedent. In his own unworldly way he loved the world and all the people in it. He did not want to die; but none was ever so submissive to the summons. "When you hear I have taken to my bed, you can order my coffin," he said to me; "in that I shall be like Lord Beaconsfield." Wearily and reluctantly he climbed the stone stairs for the last time, just after signing a business letter to the Vatican in the Italian he had economized time at Balliol by learning while he shaved. He had borne the burden of a long day; and he leaves a memory that must illuminate those who come after him in the work which remains for them to do.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

So great and humble a man as Cardinal Manning had necessarily a special side visible to each person who came in close contact with him, and even small contributions to a complete picture of him are not without value. I have been accustomed to think that he showed me a blithe and cosy human friendship which must

have been rare. He treated me as a good old uncle might treat a niece whose ways were not his, but were interesting and entertaining to him, and merited his respect also. Anything further from the "contempt for women," which one or two rash newspaper correspondents have attributed to him, could not well have been imagined, than his gentle fun and serious help and advice. I grant, his advice was always given with an air of authority belonging to his position, but the authority vanished like a mist the moment it was not acknowledged, and he would add: "Am I not right? Don't you agree with me?" The fact is, his personal humility as a Christian man, his trained deference as an English gentleman, his devoted desire for the truth and the right, his sense of his ecclesiastical dignity and his firm stand on the Church's foundation, made a combination of perfect simplicity of manner, and left him free from personal considerations about himself, as well as about those with whom he was conversing. They were either souls needing his help, or fellow workers consulting with him, and equal in view of the work. I suppose that few came into close relationship with him without finding that he felt it to be his duty to show them what he saw as truth; but, so far as I know, he was content not to try to impose himself on their convictions. He gave me the impression that liberality as to others was as strong as conviction for himself. He even had a certain amused sense of the horror in which he knew himself and his Church to be held by people for whom he had respect.

My personal knowledge of Cardinal Manning dates only a few years back. I was in London about a case of peculiarly insolent ruffianism on the part of a bad man. His crime could not be punished by law, nor by publicity; but it went hard with me that it should pass quite scot-free. My usual counsellors were far away, and I went to the cardinal to see what he thought could be done. I proposed a certain course. We talked the case over, and then the cardinal said: "I don't know *you*. I don't know whether you have courage to do it. I don't know whether you will do it well." I said I had courage, and would take his suggestions as to how to do it. He said: "Well. Let us talk about other things, and then we'll see." And for an hour or so we talked about common friends, about modes of work for the troubled, and about non-personal religious topics. I had known so much of

him through others, that I was not surprised to find how sweetly, genially humorous he was — in fact, half-chaffing on some subjects, while burning with indignation on others. He finally said: "I think you can do this, and I think it will be a good thing to do. God bless you. Take this blessing, at least, as the blessing of an old man." I think his rich and beautiful voice almost always sounded in the ears of a departing visitor: "Come and see me again." He loved to have people come to him for advice and help, and perhaps loved it most keenly if he knew that they were stepping across some barrier. He certainly stepped across many a barrier to meet me, as he always did, after that first time. I carried out the plan, pleased him, and he wrote to me: "What you did was contrary to the prudence of this world, but in accordance with the prudence of the next. Good will come of it; at all events, a voice has spoken to him in God's name, and his word does not return void. For the present, what you have done is enough."

I did not see him again for some time, and when I went I shall never forget his appearance as he came in. His attendant, Newman, always confused me with another lady, and I suppose he had taken in no clear message as to who I was. The old man came in, holding one side of his long coat across his chest, drawn up to his full height, and looking as severe and distant as could be. He was a mediæval ecclesiastic all over. But when I made a few steps forward to meet him, face and figure all relaxed, and smiling, he said: "Oh! it's *you*, is it? Well? What mischief is on foot to-day? What commands have you for me?" At the end of my business he said: "Have you seen So-and-so (a recent 'vert to the Catholic Church) lately?" I said I had, and that I was charmed to see what his Christianity could do for an Agnostic. "Yes, that is a true conversion. That is a true conversion — a conversion as you Methodists understand it, too." And presently he seemed to think this was his first good chance with me, and said: "And when are you coming nearer?" "I am not likely ever to come nearer in the sense I think you mean," I said; and he urged on me the benefits of confession. I must say that I did little but parry the attack, because I could not bring myself to say plainly what I thought. He seemed too good and gentle to be opposed. But he gave me a book of his, and asked me to discuss it with him later on. The next time he saw

I was unwilling, and said nothing till we had said good-bye. Then came a pause, and "Well?" I said, "No. I only came to you for the business we have settled." "Very well, very well. But you know you need guidance." I avoided the whole question, and for a time or two he left all such personalities alone. Then he gave me a little book on the "Office of the Holy Spirit," and pressed me for comments on it. At last I frankly told him that his dignity and kindness about other things made it painful to speak plainly, but that I agreed with his book as far as he could quote Scripture in support of his teaching, but that he presently came to his doctrine of the Church, and had no quotations, and that then I differed. He said gently, "You do not see your need of confession and of the Church, but it is there." I said: "No. You suggest to me means by which to get what I have already, peace with God through Jesus Christ, and access to God by the Holy Spirit. You have really nothing better to offer me. And I can say this freely to you because you understand life as no ordinary priest can. You have lived a complete life, and understand. You know that I have all I need." He said quickly, with a sharp look at me: "Are you content with yourself, then?" Of course I said no, but with the faith and doctrine I had received. And I added again: "You *know* I have what satisfies my soul's needs." He paused, nodded his head repeatedly, and then said: "I know that I think that you would always follow the truth." I said: "More than that. You know that I see the truth differently from you, and that I have what satisfies me, while you have what satisfies you. Forgive me; I must speak plainly when you press me." He turned to me, and said very solemnly: "The Church has a doctrine of the intention of the heart. You have that intention of the heart. God bless you, God bless you." Then he reverted to the practical business result we had previously come to, and sent two or three messages by me to fellow-workers.

He used, with a smile, to ask me about the health of a lady of his own age whom he knew to be an anxiously zealous Protestant, and sent messages which I durst not deliver. I always felt his quiet, underlying sense of Christian fellowship with her to be strong, though he knew that to her he represented "the Scarlet Woman" in England.

Perhaps one of the most amusing conversations I ever had with him was after

I had seen some evictions in Ireland, and had made friends with some priests over there. I went to tell him all about it, and he spoke with great warmth of appreciation about the English Protestants who had been over to cheer the hearts of the Irish. I said it was strange that English Catholics did not go. He said they were not in sympathy. I asked why he did not tell them to go, since it must stir their sympathy. "They *won't* go," — he repeated again and again; "it's no use. They won't go." "Then," I said, "why don't you tell their confessors to send them for penance?" He laughed heartily, lifted his hands, and let them fall on his knees: "A capital idea! I will," he said.

I have been struck with his readiness to do things which a man of his age, to say nothing of his dignity, would not generally do. He would get up and go and put a little coal on the fire, saying: "We shall get quite cold sitting talking here." He gave me a delightful sense of enjoying the not being on ceremony or professional with me. After that one frank talk, he seemed to feel homeish and chatty, and never again did more than give me a little book and bless me. I once urged him to express publicly his opinion on a matter on which he felt bound to silence almost complete. He said, "You understand I am tied and pledged." I said, "It is of great importance. Can you say nothing more?" He said, "Well, what could I say? What do you think I could say?" I suggested one thing after another that seemed to me possible. "No, no." Till, at last, I got a phrase which he felt would do, and he said, "Now, you must be quiet and content with that. I can go no further. I am bound."

Last summer I thought that in his remarks on the Encyclical he had fallen into the almost universal clerical error of laying the burden of parental responsibility on mothers. I wrote to him, saying plainly that I thought that the clergy generally said this sort of thing naturally, because if they returned to the earlier doctrine that it is incumbent on fathers to teach their children as they walk in the way, they would have to practise what they preached, and society pressed in the opposite direction. I begged him, from his freer position, to set the example of a better doctrine, and to try to stir fathers up to do their share. I told him I despaired of true doctrine until women took their place in pulpits and on platforms. He quickly replied:—

I began reading your letter without knowing from whom it came, and I said to myself, "Hey-day, here is a fine lady scolding! I wonder who it is." I then looked at the end, and wondered no longer.

What can be more unjust than you?

I was writing not against the women, but against employers. Mothers are partly driven into work, as you say, by the selfishness of fathers and the temptation of employers.

What have I been doing for twenty years but preaching to fathers, in pledging them to total abstinence from drink, and in binding them to spend all they earn on their homes, by which the mothers can live a domestic life? Even the context of what you quote contains all this. But you ladies are torpedoes, and not legislators or preachers.

There! I have had my revenge.

But how can our people have homes until the land laws and the house property laws have been revised?

I hope you are getting a good holiday.

I was, of course, much delighted with this letter, but it turned out that he was just as much pleased with it as I. I went to call on him with a friend who wanted to be introduced to him, and he came into the room where we had waited, holding out both hands, and saying eagerly, "Did you get my letter? What did you think of it?" I told him I had been charmed by it, though I did not think it an answer. He at once began, chuckling, to explain the controversy to my friend, and was quite full of amusement. Our errand was to ask him to write a paper for the *Review of the Churches*, on re-union, and my friend was going about the matter diplomatically; but as soon as he saw what it was, he at once said, "I should like to write on that for you." Then he talked earnestly on the subject, quoting a correspondence with an Anglican clergyman, who had said that Anglican clergy would be able to join the Roman Catholic Church, if she would recognize their orders, dispense with celibacy, and—I forget the third point. "That's rather a large order. It's asking a *good* deal," he said.

He ended a conversation that was hurried, because he had a bishop waiting for him, by repeating his invariable line of talk on this subject, to the effect that formal union was far off, and that one could not see how it is to come, but that united work for the objects we can see alike upon is the true road to the end, as it is the only practical way of expressing our desires for unity. He welcomed any union among the sects as a sign of a deep desire for union, and as a promise for the future of the whole Church.

Like all who came in contact with him, I feel myself to have parted temporarily from one of my dearest friends, but only as friends part to live in different countries. It is such childlike souls as his really was that make almost visible to one the family life of heaven and earth as one and undivided. He had thought the Father's command was to obey a Church without questioning its authority, and he acquiesced like a child. His deepest sympathies seemed to me always to be for untaught and neglected children. If this seems to leave out of sight the "astute Churchman" view of him, I can only say that there is no diplomacy like perfect simplicity, and that always has seemed to me to be his diplomacy.

SARAH M. SHELDON AMOS.

SEVEN and a half years ago — through a work in which we were both specially interested, the children's sections of the Criminal Law Amendment Act — I first came to know the great man who has just left a church without its brightest ornament, and a country without one of its noblest sons, and whose life has been to me ever since that day like some beautiful sacred song. I had been warned against him by a valued friend as "the prince of proselytizers," and had a strong constitutional and principled dislike to his Church, and at least very negative feelings towards ecclesiastics in general; and now I met the man. "Well," said he, almost swinging his hand into the grasp of mine, "you are going to work for suffering children; God bless and help you!" His principedom in his church, his long, black, crimson-edged cassock, his crimson tiara, his cross of gold, his intellect and learning, his history, were all lost in a sweetness and sanctity which I had never met before save in humanity's holiest, most perfect childhood. His sacred seriousness, his spontaneous delight, his absorption in what I had to say, his intense righteousness, the evident aims with which he lived, the human warmth and color which illuminated every feature of his wonderful face possessed me with liberty and joy in his presence. I had but one thought in coming away from him: the splendor of a true man. He was the man who is man's instinctive choice. Often have I seen him since that day, but neither then nor at any subsequent visit to him did I ever for one moment feel that I was in the presence of a great ecclesiastic — much less of a little one. There were such persons hung in painting

upon his walls. The intense simplicity of his nature, together with the extraordinary vastness of the sphere of its sympathies, pities, and solitudes, constituted that same kind of dignity, that pure majesty, which compelled the child of Heth, "even the children of Heth," to answer Abraham, saying, "Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us."

He was a king. His robes and jewels, and shields and heraldry, and tower of strength were that his great mind and heart went out to his race. He was at the summit of all the humanity you had known. Your reverence for him sprang from the glimmer of himself in you. There was a deep, tender fear in it which was akin to worship, and which tended to make men of no religion and men of every variety of religion kneel for his blessing as Jacob's sons knelt for Jacob's.

To this personality was added the subtle suggestion of his coming to you from a still larger world than the vast world of men. In all his bearing was the saying: "I am a stranger and sojourner with you." He was a son of the living God and Father of all. Men, rude and refined, of his Church, of no Church, and of all Churches, while revering and loving him for himself, had their unbelief put a little to shame, or their faith gladdened, by the subtle, luminous power in which his strong, clear faith and joy in his God and theirs, bathed him, and, for the moment, them. They had seen none such wonderful manhood. The sense of eternal things which filled his presence men, to their surprise, felt in a degree haunting themselves. They had glimmers of a nimbus around his venerable head which made them, perhaps, dimly understand why painters had gilded aureoles around the heads of those saints which hung upon his walls.

Yet not the humblest docker, not the youngest child, not the hardest unbeliever, found in him any "greatness," as earth's great personages are great. He had the gentleness, the deference of a father pitying his children. He was aware not in the least that he was a cardinal-archbishop; to be of service to you seemed the special-object of his life. It was thus that "My son," as he used to address an earnest man, seemed so well to become his lips. Yet was his pleasure in his service so child-like, that his heart seemed to bound and sing with the enjoyment of the thought that he could be anything of a helper to the helpless among men.

From first to last my acquaintance with him was almost wholly in his relation to

suffering children. I am fain to think that, as their friend, he loved me. It was in those years when the need of the society for whose existence I worked—the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—was still unrecognized, whilst its success was still doubtful, whilst its proposals for legislation were generally resented as “grandmotherly,” its statements of reasons for such legislation “sensational” and “hysterical,” whilst national opinion upon its existence and aims was adverse or dead—it was then that Cardinal Manning allowed me to find in him a friend, and made me feel the strength which comes from such a man’s homage to one’s cause. By a true instinct he rejected alike the doubts and the censures which at that time were almost universal, and in various and subtle ways, by sacred sympathy and encouragement, and by a wide and statesmanlike view of the matter, sustained the faith and zeal necessary if the cause was not to prove too great and die. When urging patience in those days, the cardinal said in his own persuasive way: “Child-life and home-life have not been thought about in England. We have to make them thought about. The age is busy and superficial. Such work will take time. Nothing that a nation needs deeply does it suddenly espouse.” At another moment of disappointment he said to the same worker: “There is room for only one true fear in a man. That fear is that he may be wrong. When that has been banished, there is no room for any other.” Whenever he observed in the paper that either I or the society had had a snub, he was sure to send a little note, “Come and see me.” On one occasion he said, referring to a case which had recently been dismissed by the Westminster magistrate: “Nothing is more to be dreaded in a work like this than that we should allow the weaknesses of human agencies to divert our attention from the righteousness of our mission. And do remember,” he added, “that magistrates cannot be expected to administer the law beyond the requirements of public sentiment. Nothing is so likely to make an earnest man unjust to officials as that he should be disheartened. St. Paul could work for his Lord, and yet respect the officials whose duty it was to send him to prison.” When the first essay was made to interest the thinking part of the nation in the cruelties from which so many of its children suffered, he joined with me, a comparatively unknown man, in writing an article in this review, thus lending the in-

fluence of his great name to a cause as yet unpopular. When the Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was before Parliament, he went down to the House twice to use his influence in the lobby with some of the members he knew, from whom, he feared, support for it was not probable. To the same influence the society owes some of its most influential supporters. To its two last annual meetings he promised to come if his doctor would permit him to do so. The previous winters had both been spent indoors. When the time for the meetings came he was still unwell. On one occasion, when urged to go and winter in the south of France, and follow the good example of Mr. Spurgeon, he said: “When my Father opens his door, and wants Henry Edward Manning within, shall the child not be waiting on the step?”

His interest in children was like his character—an all-round one and of the most genuine and simple kind. “I like to go into the parks on Sunday,” he said on one occasion, “to see the children and talk with them; and I give them my blessing.” Then, with a pleased smile he added: “Nobody can say that I am proselytizing in that.” Referring on one occasion to a depressed remark I had made to him on the small results of the past year’s work: “Only seventy cases!” he exultingly exclaimed. “Small result! Think of seventy little children’s tears dried, and seventy little children’s pains stopped! We can never say that that is nothing. It is glorious!” In a still more solemn voice, he continued: “A child’s needless tear is a blood-blot upon this earth.” A worker for the society, after a tour in Ireland, called upon him at his request to tell him the result. On hearing that the Catholic priest and the treasurer of the Irish Church Missionary Society, Parnellite and McCarthyite, Orangeman and Home Ruler, had met together on our platform, and had joined in forming our aid committees, he clapped his hands and exclaimed: “How happy the old prophet would have been! The good days are coming. It is the little child that will be their leader. People will find their brotherhood in little children.”

What this great man did for suffering children he could not help doing. The sinister motives which have been attributed to him by persons who did not know him are to me, who have had the privilege of his intimacy for seven and a half years, unjust and impossible. His zealous Roman Catholicism was but the image and

superscription of that pure golden humanity, to which each needless tear of a child was a blood-drop. With the ecclesiastical kingdom to which he gave his allegiance I have no concern here. Before all things he was a grandly human being. To him the cause and service of the little and weak was what to too many ecclesiastics is the cause and service of the great and the strong. Whatever was his own desire in the matter, the power of his life served, not Romanism, but religion. It was in spite of his alien Church, alien in name and in habits of thought to English life, that he won Englishman's love. They travelled after him, led by his personality, not by his creed. The English are first political, then religious; and all their political traditions, as well as all the institutions their politics have created, place a bar against Romanism, which no personality, however great, can remove.

His influence was like that gracious influence of a noble woman which all men feel without becoming women, or even adopting their costume. It was created and it was limited by what in him was common to our best humanity, and which every human being by virtue of humanity must feel. The Church to which he belonged gave him titles; but these, though extending the range and opportunities of the fascination of his influence, did not constitute the source of it. Neither the mitre nor the crown, but the common heart of mankind transfigured, marks the true master of men. The pope may create twenty cardinals; he cannot create one Manning, for grand titles do not make grand men. A bishop's throne may have a bishop's empire, but only a bishop's. Manhood alone can have empire over men.

Though most of what he said to me was said to make my hands stronger to do the special work I had to do, and which, had he had time, his own hands would have gladly done, now and again conversation slipped into more general topics, when, so utterly simple was he and so open, that what some would call the trifles of his personal life would come up in his conversation, which all unconsciously betrayed how full of happy and prosperous virtue he was. On one occasion he told me this story in slow periods, in which every word was a reality: "I was going down that street," pointing out of the window to a double row of mansions that were being built, "and I met a little boy going along his happy way, with poor dress, but a lovely, thoughtful, pale, open face, and I

stopped him for the pleasure of speaking to him. 'Well, my little man, how are you, and where are you going with that little bundle in your hand?' He told me 'there'—pointing to one of the houses being built, 'to his father.' 'What is your father?' I asked. 'A carpenter, sir,' he replied." Then the cardinal added slowly, "I was awed and startled! I had met a carpenter's son! My Lord was once a little servant like that boy. Oh, Mr. Waugh," he exclaimed, almost in tears, "what depths of love were in Christ!" He then in the simplest way disclosed that he had at once returned home and sent all that he had then to give to some institution for the children of the poor. "I feel at times," he said, "ashamed to own anything." I saw in that moment how intense upon him was the power of the life of our Lord.

Never was a man less of a bigot. He had a heart for all reality. We differed *toto cælo* in our ideas of the Church. As the name is generally understood, I had no Church. The source of my religion began and ended with the Nazarene. I had no Church history, no Church creeds, save the history once enacted in Galilee and Judea and the creed of the Gospels. The four lives of the Nazarene by four of his friends were my library of faith. My pope, my cardinals were, therefore, Christ and his twelve. My apostolical succession was to such men as had by direct contact with our Lord caught some of his holy fire. On one occasion when I had respectfully put my position to him he said: "Well, you are making me your confessor, and I give you absolution, for you need it; you are not following Christ as much as you think you are. Follow him enough and you will find that out."

When walking in the New Forest some years ago I came up, here and there upon the road, with little knots of country people in their Sunday best wending their way to a village church. They were going, I found, to the funeral of "the house-keeper at the Hall." I turned into the church, attended the service, and followed to the grave. I did not know the woman, but I found that she had been greatly loved and was bitterly mourned by the whole country-side, which had ceased labor and gathered to weep at her grave. Humanity mourned when she died. I found myself joining in its tears. When the lingering company had gone away, I said to the gravedigger: "She was much beloved, it seems." "Ah, sir!" he sobbed with difficulty, his aged, wrinkled face

crumpling up as fresh tears started, breaking his sentence. Then taking his shovel, he continued, as he began to shovel back the earth: "This is the hardest job I've had for many a day."

Those Hebrew "women from Galilee" and those English laborers from the Forest had the same kind of reason for their tears at the tomb. Humanity wept at both. And it was humanity that wept at the tomb of the cardinal. Our common race was bereaved. The mystic power of man "renewed after the image of Christ" is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Remembering the great woe of this great city and of the whole land at his grave it is well to reflect that though place and power play their part in this complex life of ours, empire belongs only to Christ and to the Christ-like soul, be its circle great or small. It is not an Atlantic alone that possesses the properties of the sea; each wave and ripple breaking around the children's feet paddling upon its shore possesses the same. Its very spray is salt. Nor is it greatness of name and vastness of sphere that constitute the power of a Christian. His power is that his nature is impregnated with the race-loving spirit of Christ. The soul may be as unconscious of its properties as the sea is of its properties, but it has them all the same; and by whatsoever Church-name that soul is known: Greek, Roman, or Anglican, be it a diocesan dignitary, or a "housekeeper at the Hall" among farms and laborers, the Christliness of its disposition and behavior will be the measure in which men will find in it "saving health."

Once I was warned by a well-known statesman against putting ecclesiastics on my society's committee. I said: "But we have already one on it, Cardinal Manning." His reply was: "Oh, Manning, he is not an ecclesiastic; he belongs to us all!"

That the supremest humanity is king among men, this is the lesson of the great life which the nation mourns, and which it will see no more.

BENJAMIN WAUGH.

I CANNOT refrain from adding to the foregoing papers a few recollections of my own. For some years past I have, like many others, been admitted to Cardinal Manning's friendship, and found ready access to him. Many an hour's conversation I have had with him—often on a Sunday evening, when he seemed to be at leisure for general and discursive talk. Several friends, notably Dr. Paton and the

late Dr. Hatch, I have had the pleasure of making known to him; for he seemed desirous of meeting every one worth knowing. He never tried to convert me; indeed we did not go much into ecclesiastical argument; recognizing our different points of view, we were ready to discuss the secondary questions on which differences are not vital. I remember that early in our acquaintance the cardinal, who had undertaken to write an article for this review on the question of the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh to the House of Commons, sent to ask me to go down and talk to him about it. I found him with the manuscript just finished, the sheets scarcely dry. He read over the whole to me, challenging me to concur with, or dissent from, each proposition, and breaking into a gentle smile when—as was generally the case—I intimated strong dissent. I thought the article very good as a statement of opinion, but untenable as an argument.

I once congratulated him on his long life, as giving time for his motives and career to display themselves in their true light. He assented, referring very feelingly to the unpopularity and misconception he had had to go through; how he had been under a cloud for twenty or thirty years, but had in the end lived through it.

I have never met with any one who seemed to me a more thorough bishop; not merely carrying with sedulous attention and grave responsibility, though with a masterful sense of certainty and ease, the cares of his own diocese and Church, and—to his own feeling at least—of the religion of his country, but always ready to undertake the guidance of any individual soul in need, caring for the one, and lavish of thought and time in each case—a confessor as well as an overseer. He meditated deeply on the state of Christianity in England—of course with a bias; thought highly, on the whole, of the aristocracy, spoke often in words of solemn warning of the perils of our pursuit of money, but recognized the deep-seated belief in God of the bulk of the people. There was much Catholic truth, he would say, among the Methodists, and he held that the Salvation Army, sadly defective as it was, was nevertheless seriously preaching the fear of God.

I was abroad during the early part of the Dock strike. On returning, I went to see the cardinal, who told me what he had been doing. I suggested that the Bishop of London, having put his hand to the

plough, had looked back. "Yes," he said, with a sort of wicked smile, "and I am not sure whether any other of my episcopal brethren were in England at the time."

Some years ago Dr. Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, wrote some articles criticising the theological position of Cardinal Newman. Cardinal Manning, reading these, spoke to me of his great interest in them, and expressed a wish to meet Dr. Fairbairn. Accordingly, he came to my house one afternoon to meet Dr. Fairbairn and my friend Dr. Paton. Mr. Lilly was also present, and some members of my family. After tea the conversation naturally turned on the Roman Catholic question, and in the most friendly and generous spirit, as might be expected from the temper of the men, a general argument of the deepest interest was held, Dr. Fairbairn propounding questions to bring out the points, the cardinal replying, and Dr. Paton interposing remarks and questions now and then. The cardinal did not bind himself to Cardinal Newman's positions, and indeed expressly disclaimed to have so studied his books as to know his views; but he treated the belief in God as a necessity of his existence, and deduced from it the belief in Christianity — *i.e.*, the Catholic Church. His argument was, to the minds of some present, somewhat out of date, founded rather on the lines current in the Tractarian times than on those which are adjusted to modern history and philosophy. But he more than frankly admitted to saving grace Christians outside the Roman Catholic Church, basing his view on the doctrine of extraordinary grace, the result of the grace of the Church, and shining out beyond her pale. The whole conversation was strenuous; Drs. Fairbairn and Paton, both coming, as they explained, of the blood of the Covenanters, were firm, though fraternal, themselves holding High Church doctrine, though of a different order. I remember especially one passage. The cardinal was asked to define the specific Roman Catholic theory of the Church, and, settling himself to the task, spoke for two or three minutes. At the close of his sentences we all three, with one voice, accepted his definition absolutely. This may show either the underlying similarity of Christian creeds or the difficulties of definition; but it was very striking. There was no difference as to the ideas of the Church and Catholicity: only as to the realities which corresponded to them. The conversation was at last broken off by the cardinal having

to leave. Rising from his chair, he grasped Dr. Fairbairn by the hand, and with the greatest warmth, said how glad he was, in spite of what he must consider imperfections, to be able to recognize him as a brother in Christ. Dr. Fairbairn, with like feeling, replied how happy he was to be able so to regard him, without even speaking of imperfections, and even happier to be in a position to acknowledge him as a teacher called to his office, like himself, by the Master, and possessed therefore of the same right to serve him. It was a mutual benediction, and a scene I shall never forget. P. W. B.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### THE VILLAGE LEGACY.

"THE case of Mussumât \* Nuttia being without heirs," droned the court-inspector.

"Bring her in."

"She is already in the Presence. If the Protector of the Poor will rise somewhat — at the other side of the table, Huzoor! — beside the yellow-trousered legs of the guardian of peace — that is Mussumât Nuttia."

A child some three years of age, with a string of big blue beads round her neck, — a child who had evidently had a very satisfying meal, and who was even now preserving its contour by half a yard of sugarcane, stared gravely back at the assistant magistrate's grave face.

"She has no heirs of any kind?" he asked.

"None, Huzoor! Her mother was of the Harni tribe, working harvests in Bhāmaniwallah-khurd. There the misfortune of being eaten by a snake came upon her by the grace of God. Mussumât Nuttia therefore remains —"

"Oh, Guardian of the Poor!" said two voices in unison, as two tall, bearded figures swathed in whitish-brown draperies pressed a step forward with outstretched, petitioning hands. They had been awaiting this crisis all day long, with that mixture of tenacity and indifference which is seen on most faces in an Indian court.

"Give her in charge of the headmen of the village; they are responsible."

"Shelter of the world! 'tis falsely represented. The woman was a vagrant, a loose walker, a —"

"Is the order written? Then bring the next case."

\* A title of courtesy equivalent to our *mistress*.

One flourish of a pen, and Mussumât Nuttia became a village legacy; the only immediate result being that having sucked one end of her sugarcane dry, she began methodically on the other. Half an hour afterwards, mounted on a white pony, with pink eyes and nose and a dyed pink tail to match, she was on her way back to the cluster of reed huts dignified by the name of Bhâmaniwallah-khurd, or Little Bhâmaniwallah. Big Bhâmaniwallah lay a full mile to the northward, secured against midsummer floods by the high bank which stretched like a mud wall right across the Punjab plain, from the skirts of the hills to the great meeting of the five waters at Mit-tankote. But Little Bhâmaniwallah lay in the lap of the river, and so Bahâdur, and Boota, and Jodha, and all the grave, big-bearded dogas who fed their herds of cattle on the low ground and speculated in the cultivation of sand-banks, lived with their loins girded ready to shift house with the shifting of the river. That was why the huts were made of reeds; that was why the women of the village clanked about in solid silver jewellery, thus turning their persons into a secure savings bank.

Mussumât Jewun, Bahâdur, the headman's wife, wore bracelets like manacles, and a perfect yoke of a necklet, as she patted out the dough cakes and expostulated shrilly at the introduction of a new mouth into the family, when Nuttia, fast asleep, was lifted from the pony and put down in the warm sand by the door.

"She belongs to the village," replied the elders, wagging their beards. "God knows what my lords desire with the Harni brat, but if they ask for her, she must be forthcoming; ay! and fat. They like people to grow fat, even in their jail-khanas."

So Nuttia grew fat; she would have grown fat even had the fear of my lords not been before the simple villagers' eyes, for despite her tender years she was eminently fitted to take care of herself. She had an instinct as to the houses where good things were being prepared, and her chubby little hand imperiously stretched out for a portion was seldom sent away empty. Indeed, to tell the sober truth, Nuttia was not to be gainsaid as to her own hunger. "My stomach is bigger than *that*, grandmother!" she would say confidently, if the alms appeared to her inadequate, and neither cuffs nor neglect altered her conviction. She never cried, and the little fat hand silently demanding more, came back again and again after every rebuff till

she felt herself in a condition to seek some warm, sunny corner, and curl round to sleep. She lived, for the most part, with the yelping, slouching, village dogs, following them, as the nights grew chill, to the smouldering brick-kilns, where she fed the little dust-colored puppies with anything above, or beneath, her own appetite.

As she outgrew childhood's vestment of curves and dimples, some one gave her an old rag of a petticoat. Perhaps the acquisition of clothes followed, as in ancient days, a fall from grace; certain it was that Nuttia in a garment was a far less estimable member of society than Nuttia without one. To begin with, it afforded opportunity for the display of many mortal sins. Vainglory in her own appearance, deceit in attempting to palm the solitary prize off on the world as a various and complete wardrobe, and dishonesty flagrant and unabashed; for once provided with a convenient receptacle for acquired trifles Nuttia took to stealing as naturally as a puppy steals bones.

Then, once having recognized the pleasures of possession, she fought furiously against any infringement of her rights. A boy twice her size went yelling home to his parents on her first resort to brute force consequent on the discovery of a potsherd tied to her favorite puppy's tail. This victory proved unfortunate for the peace of the village, the head men awoke to the necessity for training up their Legacy in the paths of virtue. So persistent pummelling was resorted to with the happiest effect. Nuttia stole and fought no more; she retired with dignity from a society which failed to appreciate her, and took to the wilderness instead. At earliest dawn, after her begging round was over, she would wander out from the thorn enclosures to the world; a kaleidoscope world where fields ripened golden crops one year, and the next brought the red brown river wrinkling and dimpling in swift current; where big, brand-new continents rose up before eager eyes, and clothed themselves in green herbs and creeping things innumerable, going no further, however, in the scale of creation, except when the pelicans hunched themselves together to doze away digestion, or a snub-nosed alligator took a slimy snooze on the extreme edge. If you wished to watch the birds, or the palm-squirrels, or the jerboa rats, you had to face northwards and skirt the high bank. So much of Dame Nature's ways, and a vast deal more, Mussumât Nuttia learnt ere the set-

ting sun and hunger drove her back to the brick-kilns, and the never-failing meal of scraps — never-failing, because the lords of the universe liked people to be fat, and the head-men were responsible for their Legacy's condition.

So when an assistant magistrate — indefinite because of the constant changes which apparently form part of Western policy — included the Bhāmaniwallahs in his winter tour of inspection, a *punchaiyut*, or Council of Five, decided that it was the duty of the village to provide Nuttia with a veil, in case she should be haled to the Presence; and two yards of Manchester muslin were purchased from the reserve funds of the village, and handed over to the child with many wise saws on the general advisability of decency. Nuttia's delight for the first five minutes was exhilarating, and sent the head-men back to other duties with a glow of self-satisfaction on their solemn faces. Then she folded the veil up quite square, sat down on it, and meditated on the various uses to which it could be put.

The result may be told briefly. Two days afterwards the assistant magistrate, being a keen sportsman, was crawling on his stomach to a certain long, low pool much frequented by teal and mallard. In the rear, gleaming white through the caper bushes, showed the usual cloud of witnesses filled with patient amazement at this unnecessary display of energy; yet for all that counting shrewdly on the good temper likely to result from good sport. So much so, that the sudden uprising into bad language of the Huzoor sent them forward prodigal of apology; but the sight that met their eyes dried up the fountain of excuse. Nuttia, stark naked, stood knee-deep in the very centre of the pool, catching small fry with a bag-net ingeniously constructed out of the Manchester veil.

The *punchaiyut* sat again to agree that a child who could not only destroy the sport of the Guardian of the Poor, but could also drag the village honor through the mud, despite munificent inducements towards decency, must be possessed of a devil. So Nuttia was solemnly censured with red pepper and tumeric, until her yells and struggles were deemed sufficient to denote a casting out of the evil spirit. It is not in the slow-brained, calm-hearted peasant of India to be unkind to children, and so, when the function was over, Mussumât Jewun and the other deep-chested, shrill-voiced women comforted the victim with sweetmeats and the assurance that

she would be ever so much better behaved in future.

Nuttia eyed them suspiciously, but ate her sweetmeats. This incident did not increase her confidence in humanity; on the other hand, the attitude of the brute creation was a sore disappointment to her. She might have had a heart instinct with greed of capture and sudden death, instead of that dim desire of companionship, for all the notice taken by the birds, and the squirrels, and the rats, of her outstretched handful of crumbs. She would sit for long hours, silent as a little bronze image set in the sunshiny sand; then in a rage, she would fling the crumbs at the timid creatures, and go home to the dogs and the buffaloes. They at least were not afraid of her; but then they were afraid of nobody, and Nuttia wanted something of her very own.

One day she found it. It was only an old bed-leg, but to the eye of faith an incarnation. For the leg of an Indian bed is not unlike a huge ninepin, and even a Western imagination can detect the embryo likeness between a ninepin and the human form divine. Man has a head, so has a ninepin; and if humanity is to wear petticoats one solid leg is quite as good as two; nay, better, since it stands more firmly. Arms were of course wanting, but the holes ready cut in the oval centre for the insertion of the bed-frame formed admirable sockets for two straight pieces of bamboo. At this stage Nuttia's treasure presented the appearance of a sign-post; but the passion of creation was on the child, and a few hours afterwards something comically, yet pitifully, like the Legacy herself stared back at her from that humble studio among the dirt heaps, — a shag of goat's hair glued on with prickly pear-juice, two lovely black eyes drawn with Mussumât Jewun's *khol* pencil, a few blue beads, a scanty petticoat and veil filched from the child's own garments.

Nuttia, inspired by the recollection of a tinsel-decorated bride in Big Bhāmaniwallah, called her creature Sirdar Begum on the spot. Then she hid her away in a tussock of tiger-grass beyond the thorn enclosures, and strove to go her evening rounds as though nothing had happened. Yet it was as if an angel from heaven had stepped down to take her by the hand. Henceforward she was never to be alone. All through the silent, sunny days, as she watched the big black buffaloes grazing on the muddy flats — for Nuttia was advanced to the dignity of a herd-girl by this time — Sirdar Begum was with her as guide,

counsellor, and friend. Whether the doll fared best with a heart's whole devotion poured out on her wooden head, or whether Nuttia's part in giving was more blessed, need not be considered; the result to both being a steady grin on a broad round face. But there was another result also: Nuttia began to develop a taste for pure virtue. Perhaps it was the necessity of posing before Sirdar Begum as infallible, joined to the desire of keeping that young person's conduct up to heroic pitch, which caused the sudden rise in principle. At all events the Legacy's cattle became renowned as steady milkers, and the amount of butter she managed to twirl out of the sour curds satisfied even Mussumât Jewun's demands; whereupon the other herds looked at her askance, and muttered an Indian equivalent of seven devils. Then the necessity for amusing the doll led Nuttia into lingering round the little knots of story-tellers who sat far on into the night, discoursing of *jins* and *ghouls*, of faithful lovers, virtuous maidens, and the beauties of holiness. Down on the edge of the big stream, with the water sliding by, Nuttia rehearsed all these wonders to her adored bed-leg until, falling in love with righteousness, she took to telling the truth.

It was a fatal mistake in a cattle-lifting district, and Bhâmaniwallah-khurd lay in the very centre of that maze of tamarisk jungle, quicksand, and stream, which forms the cattle-thief's best refuge. So Bahâdur, and Jodha, and Boota, together with many another honest man made a steady income by levying blackmail on those who sought safety within their boundaries; and this without in any way endangering their own reputations. All that had to be done was to obliterate strange tracks by sending their own droves in the right direction, and thereafter to keep silence. And every baby in both Bhâmaniwallahs knew that hoof-prints were not a legitimate subject for conversation; all save Nuttia, and she—as luck would have it—was a herd-girl! They tried beating this sixth sense into her, but it was no use, and so whenever the silver-fringed turban, white cotton gloves, and clanking sword of the native inspector of police were expected in the village, they used to send the Legacy away to the back of beyond,—right away to the Luckimpura island maybe, to reach which she had to hold on to the biggest buffalo's tail, and so, with Sirdar Begum tied securely to its horns and her own little black head bobbing up and down in its wake, the trio

would cross the narrow stream and spread themselves out to dry on the hot sand. Nuttia took a great fancy to the island, and many a time when she might have driven the herds to nearer pastures, preferred the long, low stretches of Luckimpura where a flush of green lingered even in the droughts of April.

But even there on one very hot day scarcely a blade was to be found, and Nuttia, careful of her beasts and noting the lowness of the river, gathered them round her with the herdsman's cry and drove them to the further brink intending to take them across to a smaller island beyond. To her surprise they stood knee deep in the water immovable, impassive, noses in air, with long curled horns lying on their necks.

The Legacy shaded her eyes to see more clearly. Nothing was to be seen but the swift, shallow stream, the level sand, and gleams of water stretching away to the horizon. Something had frightened them—but what? She gave up the puzzle, and with Sirdar Begum bolt upright before her sat on a snag, dangling her feet over the stream for the sake of the cool air which seemed to rise from the river.

The buffaloes roamed restlessly about, disturbed doubtless by the clouds of flies. The sun beat down ineffectually on the doll's fuzzy head, but it pierced Nuttia's thick pate making her nod drowsily. Her voice recounting the thrilling adventures of brave Bhopalutchi died away into a sigh of sleep. So there was nothing left but the doll's wide, unwinking eyes to keep watch over the world.

What was that? Something cold, icy-cold! Nuttia woke with a start. One brown heel had touched the water; she looked down at it, then swiftly around her. The buffaloes huddled by the ford had ceased to graze, and a quiver of light greeted her glance at the purple horizon. She sprang to her feet and breaking off a root from the snag, held it to the dimpling water. The next instant a scared face looked at the horizon once more. The river was rising fast, rising as she had never seen it rise before. Yet in past years she had witnessed many a flood; floods that had swept away much of the arable land and driven the villagers to till new soil thrown up nearer the high bank. Ay! and driven many of them to seek new homes beside the new fields, until Bhâmaniwallah-khurd had dwindled away to a few houses, a very few, and these on that hot April day deserted for

the most part, since all the able-bodied men and women were away at the harvest. Even the herds had driven their cattle northwards, hoping to come in for some of the lively bustle of the fields. There were only Nuttia on the Luckimpura island and Mussumät Jewun, with her new baby and the old hag who nursed her, in the reed huts. All this came to the girl's memory as the long, low cry of the herd rose on the hot air, and with Sirdar Begum close clasped in her veil she drove the big buffalo Moti into the stream. How cold the water was; cold as the snows from which it came! The Legacy had not lived in the lap of the river for so long without learning something of its ways. She knew of the frost-bound sources whence it flowed, and of the disastrous floods which follow beneath a cloudless sky, on unusual heat or unusual rain in those mountain fastnesses. The coming storm, whose arch of cloud, shimmering with sheet-lightning, had crept beyond the line of purple haze, was nothing; that was not the nightmare of the river-folk.

She stood for a moment when dry land was reached, hesitating whether to strike straight for the high bank or make for the village lying a mile distant. Some vague instinct of showing Sirdar Begum she was not afraid, made her choose the latter course, though most of the herd refused to follow her decision and broke away. She collected her few remaining favorites, and with cheerful cries plunged into the tamarisk jungle. Here, shut out from sight, save of the yielding bushes, her thoughts went far afield. What if the old *nullah* between the reed huts and the rising ground were to fill? What if the low levels between that rising ground and the high bank were to flood? And every one beyond in the yellow corn, except Mai Jewun and people who did not count, babies, and old women, and the crippled girl in the far hut! Only herself and Sirdar Begum to be brave, for Mai Jewun was sick.

"Wake up! Wake up! Mai Jewun! the floods are out!" broke in on the new-born baby's wail as Nuttia's broad, scared face shut out the sunlight from the door.

"Go away, unlucky daughter of a bad mother," grumbled Jewun drowsily. "Dost wish to cast thy evil eye on my Heart's Delight? Go, I say."

"Yea! go!" grumbled the old nurse cracking her fingers. "Sure some devil possesseth thee to tell truth or lies at thy own pleasure."

But the crippled girl spinning in the far hut had heard the flying feet, caught the excited cry, and now, crawling on her knees to the door threw up her hands and shrieked aloud. The water stood ankle-deep among the tamarisk roots, and from its still pool tiny tongues licked their way along the dry sand.

"The flood! the flood!" The unavailing cry rang out as the women huddled together helplessly.

"Mai Jewun! there is time," came the Legacy's eager voice. "Put the baby down and help. I saw them do it at Luckimpura that time they took the cattle over the deep stream, and Bahâdur beat me for seeing it. Quick! quick!"

Simple enough, yet in its very simplicity lay their only chance of escape. A string-woven bed buoyed up with the bundles of reeds cut ready for rethatching, and on this frail raft four people — nay, five! for first of all with jealous care Nuttia placed her beloved Sirdar Begum in safety, wrapping her up in the clothes she discarded in favor of free nakedness.

Quick! quick! if the rising ground is to be gained and the levels beyond forded ere the water is too deep! Moti and a companion yoked by plough-ropes to the bed, wade knee-deep, hock-deep, into the stream, and now with the old, cheerful cry Nuttia, clinging to their tails and so guiding them, urges the beasts deeper still. The stream swirls past holding them with it, though they breast it bravely. A log, long stranded in some shallow, dances past, shaving the raft by an inch. Then an alligator, swept from its moorings and casting eyes on Nuttia's brown legs, makes the beasts plunge madly. A rope breaks, — the churned water sweeps over the women, — the end is near, — when another frantic struggle leaves Moti alone to her task. The high, childish voice calling on her favorite's courage rises again and again; but the others, cowed into silence, clutch together with hid faces, till a fresh plunge loosens their tongues once more. It is Moti finding foothold, and they are safe — so far.

"Quick! Mai Jewun," cries Nuttia, as her companions stand looking fearfully over the waste of shallows before them. She knows from the narrowness of the ridge they have reached that time is precious. We must wade while we can, saving Moti for the streams. Take up the baby, and I —"

Her hands, busy on the bed, stilled themselves, — her face grew grey, — she turned on them like a fury. "Sirdar Be-

gum! I put her there — where is Sirdar Begum?"

"That bed-leg!" shrilled the mother, tucking up her petticoats for greater freedom. "There was no room, and Heart's Delight was cold. Bah! wood floats."

"*Hull-lal-lal-a lalla la!*" The herdsman's cry was the only answer. Moti has faced the flood again, but this time with a light load, for the baby nestling amid Nuttia's clothes is the only occupant of the frail raft.

"My son! My son! Light of mine eyes! Core of my heart! Come back! Come back!"

But the little black head drifting down stream behind the big one never turned from its set purpose. Wood floated, and so might babies. Why not?

Why not, indeed! But as a matter of fact Mai Jewun was right. A dilapidated bed-leg was picked up on a sandbank miles away when the floods subsided; and Moti joined the herd next day to chew the cud of her reflections contentedly. But the Village Legacy and Heart's Delight remained somewhere seeking for something. That something doubtless which had turned the bed-leg into Sirdar Begum.

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From The Scottish Review.

#### ANCIENT TRADE.

THE political history of the ancient world, and the story of wars and conquests, is familiar to us, both through the works of early historians, and from the existing monuments of ancient civilized countries; but the history of ancient trade, and of the peaceful relations which bound together the various nations of Asia and of southern Europe, remains still to be written, although the materials for such a work are constantly accumulating. We are apt to regard the ancients as jealously guarding their own lands from foreigners, and as continually warring with their neighbors, and to forget that the merchant and the artist, by extended travels and by residence in other countries, bound together the various civilized races, even as early as 2500 B.C., almost as completely as in our own times.

Perhaps the earliest evidence of such peaceful trade and employment is to be found in the inscriptions of Wādy el Maghārah (valley of the cave) in the Sinaitic desert. The mines in this country, from which the Egyptians obtained

*mafek* or turquoise — whence the region was called *Mafka* — were worked in the time of Senoferu, ninth king of the third dynasty, whose tablets still remain carved on the rocks; and copper is also believed to have been thence obtained. The date of this monarch is very uncertain. It has been placed as early as 3600 B.C.; but the method by which scholars endeavored to ascertain such dates is open to criticism, since it supposes an average reign of thirty years for each king, which seems much too long a period if we compare the average in later times, when the regnal years are exactly recorded. Senoferu, however, cannot have lived much later than 2500 B.C.

About the same time the great Akkadian conqueror, whose name is usually read as Gudea, had established his capital on the lower Tigris, and had conquered northern Syria, whence he took cedar wood for the building of his temples. He states, in an inscription recently discovered at Tell Loh, that the diorite in which his statues were hewn came from *Ma-gan-na* "the land of the wall;" and the evidence of other texts shows clearly that the country so called was Sinai. The term answers to the Hebrew Shur "the wall;" and in addition to this statement geologists assure us that the material used for the statues is the same diorite found in the Sinaitic peninsula. At this very early period, therefore, the Egyptian and the Mongol Akkadian appear to have met, in the Sinaitic region, in times of peace, and the stone from the quarries was transported over the distance of twelve hundred miles eastwards to the Tigris.

The wealth and advanced civilization, of which we have such early evidence, were not lost in succeeding times; and as early as about 1700 B.C. the Semitic peoples appear as traders, connecting the valley of the Euphrates with that of the Nile. When Thothmes III. invaded Syria he found the Phœnicians already famous for the graven metal work, which was so highly prized by the Greeks, at the time when the Homeric poems were penned. Egyptian pictures represent their presents of vases and urns, elegant in the forms of their repoussé workmanship, and made of silver, gold, and bronze. The list of spoils and of tribute from Palestine, Syria, and Assyria, astonishes us by its enumeration of precious objects, taken from Hittites and Syrians as well as from Nineveh. The chariots of the conquered tribes were plated with silver and gold, and, in addition to wine, oil, wheat, and

fruits, statues were found made of precious metals; and precious stones—blue and green—are mentioned, with staves of ivory, ebony, and cedar, inlaid with gold, tables of cedar adorned with gold and with gems, and thrones of which the footstools were made of ivory and cedar. The armor, also, was inlaid with gold, and agate chests are enumerated, with copper chariots. Some of the chariots in Phœnicia were painted. Alabaster and lead, with incense, balsam, sweet oil, and precious woods, came from the same region. From Cyprus were brought bricks of lead, with blue-stone and elephant's tusks, and the vases were carved in fanciful designs, with the heads of goats, lions, bulls, and eagles. Iron spears are noticed, with battle-axes of flint. The Hittites sent negro slaves, showing how early the slave trade must have been organized; and the Phœnicians are represented leading little yellow children, who were perhaps brought from Armenia or the Caucasus. Lead, gold, and silver, with precious stones, came also from Naharaim or northern Mesopotamia, with ornamented collars of leather. It is remarkable that both iron (*bersil*) and the chariot (*marcabah*) were known to the Egyptians by their Hebrew or Assyrian names, showing apparently that they were first obtained from a Semitic people, and the same remarks applies to the horse (*sus*) which was not known in Egypt before the conquests of the eighteenth dynasty in western Asia.

Even before the time of the great Thothmes the Egyptians had a fleet in the Red Sea. His famous elder sister, Hatasu (or as others prefer to read the name Hashop), sent her ambassadors far south to Punt, which seems to have been the present Somali land, where they landed on the coast of the "incense mountain cut in terraces" near Cape Gardafui. The natives presented incense-trees, which were brought to Egypt planted in tubs, together with resin and ebony, ivory objects inlaid with gold, kohel for the eyes, dog-headed apes, long-tailed monkeys, greyhounds, and leopard skins. The natives from whom these gifts were obtained appear, on the bas-reliefs, to have been of the great Bantu stock, with features resembling those of the Caffre rather than the negro. The manna, which was used in Egypt for incense, appears to have come from Sinai or from further south, and retained the same name by which it was known to the Hebrews.

These embassies and presents continued to pour in from north and south alike

in the sixteenth century B.C., and down to the time of the revolt of Canaan, about 1450 B.C., from the weak rule of Khu-en-aten. The Hittite Prince Tarkondara, sent copper (or bronze) and precious stones from the region near Palmyra. Even from Babylonia gold was sent in quantities, with stone vases and rare trees and vessels of bronze. Tin was very early known to the Akkadians of Chaldea, as we learn from the well-known bilingual text, in which it is said to have been mingled with copper to produce bronze; but it is remarkable how tentatively this result was attained, as shown by the recent analysis of bronze objects of various dates. As late as the time of the sixth dynasty it would appear to have been unknown in Egypt, where only pure copper was used. In the time of the twelfth dynasty only five per cent. of tin occurs in the bronze, whereas, under the eighteenth, the metal—perhaps obtained from the Phœnicians—was made with six or seven per cent. of tin. In the same way the earliest Akkadians used pure copper, but in the days of Sargon (700 B.C.) ten per cent. of tin was added. So also Dr. Schliemann discovered tools and weapons, ranging from the copper pins and nails of the earliest period to the bronze battle-axes of later days, which show nine per cent. of tin. Thus, if antiquaries insist on a Bronze Age they must also allow for one of copper; but in reality such an attempt to arrange a chronology founded on the use of the metals fails entirely when it is applied to a large area of the ancient world, wherein various races were living contemporaneously in very various stages of civilization. Recent discoveries in the south-east of Spain have revealed a period when bronze was little known and when no iron was in use, but when, in chambers of hewn stone, the dead were buried in pottery jars, and adorned with beads of ivory, with bracelets of copper, rings of silver, and coronets of gold. Axes and arrow-heads alike were made of copper by those early Spaniards, as were their knives and awls and daggers. The copper was probably hardened in oil, but the bronze brought by Phœnician traders is rarely found.\* The people whose early and rude civilization has thus been illustrated in the Far West, were entirely illiterate, but it is not necessary to suppose that such remains belong to a very early date—the historic ages in Asia reach

\* MM. Henri et Louis Siret's "Les Premières Ages du Métal dans le Sud Est de l'Espagne." See Miss Buckland's paper, *Archæolog. Rev.*, No. 4, 1888.

back further than the pre-historic in savage Europe.

The Egyptians had ships in the Mediterranean as well as on the Red Sea coast. About 1300 B.C. the rude Aryan tribes—Thracians, Achæians, Lycians, Sardians, and others—attacked Mineptah II., being leagued with the blue-eyed Libyans from the west, whose descendants still maintain their fair complexion, and who appear to have been early Celtic settlers in Africa. They were defeated, but the attack was renewed a century later against Rameses III., and was by sea. They were then opposed by Egyptian fleets of "ships of war, merchantmen boats and skiffs," and after the annihilation of this second expedition the Egyptian fleet advanced to Cyprus, where many of the chief cities were taken. An Egyptian ship is described as being one hundred cubits long, and some of them were armed with beaks or rams. Even at the earlier period (1300 B.C.) there was a maritime trade between Egypt and northern Syria, for Mineptah II. speaks of certain Pitishu "whom I allowed to take away wheat in ships to save the lives of the Hittite people."

The intercourse of the Egyptians with the Semitic peoples of Syria dates back to the early days of the Hyksos, whom some regard as having been themselves Semitic. The well-known picture at Beni Hassan, dating from the times of the twelfth dynasty, gives evidence of the feeble beginnings of this trade even earlier than the times of the Hyksos. A tribe of Semitic people, called Amu, bring Kohel, and an ibex such as is found in Sinai, coming from the country of the Pitishu. They are armed with bows, clubs, and spears, the men bearded, the women in curiously flounced garments, the children carried on asses, and one strikes a lyre of ancient form with the plectrum. These relations were, however, broken when the "Syrian shepherds" were driven from the delta by the Nubian kings of the eighteenth dynasty, although renewed later when the succeeding kings of the same race married Armenian princesses. By the time of Rameses II. the Semitic population had become so numerous in Egypt that many Semitic words crept into the Egyptian language, and Semitic gods found a place in the Egyptian pantheon. Yet, later in the troublous times which succeeded the final loss of the Asiatic conquests, a Phœnician named Arisu or Haris even sat upon the throne of lower Egypt for a time, and cruelly oppressed

the native race. Of him Rameses III. records the impiety and final overthrow, yet the Phœnician trade with Egypt continued till much later times, and these sailors were employed in 600 B.C. by Necho, to circumnavigate Africa, which, as Herodotus tells us, they successfully achieved.

The early exploration of the Mediterranean was mainly due to Phœnician traders, who penetrated first to Cyprus and the Greek islands from Sidon, and established colonies throughout this archipelago and in the Morea, as well as at Thasos, Lemnos, and far north at Sesamos and Sinope on the Black Sea. They found copper in Cyprus, gold at Thasos, and silver in Siphæos and Cimolus. The earliest colonies at Citium are thought to have been founded between the seventeenth and fourteenth centuries B.C., and the trade with Greece dated back to at least 1200 B.C. Southern Italy is also said to have been reached by the Sidonians, who established themselves at Temesa, Medama, and other seaside towns. The men of Gebal, north of Sidon, founded Golgos, in the north of Cyprus, and went as far west as Melos, near the Morea; but the discovery of the western Mediterranean was due to the Tyrians, who, in the ninth century B.C., reached Sicily, and founded Carthage. The colonies in Sardinia, Spain, and the Balearic Isles were Carthaginian, and it is doubtful whether any of these bold mariners had gone west of Malta before the great city of the Tunis promontory was built.

The Greeks soon learned maritime arts from their Phœnician teachers, and had their own navies on the Mediterranean as early at least as 700 B.C., and very probably even before 1200 B.C.\* The Dorians conquered Phœnician colonists in Rhodes, Melos, and Thera, and in 734 B.C. there were Greek colonies in Sicily side by side with those of the Tyrians.† Before Hannibal's time the Phœnicians had a temple in Marseilles, and at the mouth of the Po they received amber from the shores of the Baltic, brought by caravans through Germany. Their discovery of the Tin Islands must have occurred earlier than 400 B.C., for the Cassiterides were dimly known to Herodotus; and nearly as early, in the fourth century B.C., Pytheas of Mar-

\* That the Greeks were the first Aryan sailors is clearly indicated by the fact that other ancient Aryans adopted Greek words for all sorts of nautical and shipping terms.

† Brunet de Presles *Recherches sur les Grecs en Sicile*. Paris, 1845, p. 71.

seilles (according to Strabo and Pliny) had followed the north coasts of Europe beyond the Rhine, and is believed to have entered the Baltic. About 500 B.C. also, Hanno passed the Pillars of Hercules, and reached the Canaries and coasted far south beyond Cape Palmas. All these early voyages of Greeks and Phœnicians were due to a knowledge of astronomy, which enabled them to sail by the pole-star, and though they never ventured far from the coasts they made a steady rate of about one hundred miles in the twenty-four hours, sailing when possible and rowing when obliged.

The Carthaginian trade continued until the fall of the city in 146 B.C., although many of the colonies were then already lost. The Romans and the Arabs succeeded to the commerce of their great predecessors, but even in Roman times many of the traders may have been of Semitic race. Spain was the richest of the colonies, and the mining operations of the Carthaginians are described by Diodorus Siculus as pursued in the latest times of the Phœnician domination in this region. Gold and tin were only found in small quantities, but silver was abundant and of good quality. The traders are said to have found the natives using this metal for their commonest drinking vessels, which accords with the unexpected discovery of silver in the Spanish tombs already mentioned. The veins were numerous and often of great depths, and iron and copper of inferior quality were also obtained. Lead was plentiful and was mixed with silver in the ores. This compound, called *galena* by the ancients, was smelted, and the gold was obtained by washing. Diodorus says that shafts were sunk to a depth of half a mile (which is perhaps an exaggeration), and the galleries followed the veins, piercing through or working round the faults of trap rock. These mines were cased with wood, but at times collapsed, or were flooded by the subterranean springs, which were drained off, or the water pumped out by the "screw of Archimedes." The pounded ores were melted in white clay crucibles, and purified by pouring from one such receiver to another when liquid. The labors of slaves were used in such mines by Carthaginians and Romans alike.

The African trade was of another character (Scylax Periplus, § 112). Ointment and Egyptian vessels, pottery from Africa, and wine, were the cargo brought to the natives of Senegal, from whom in turn the Phœnicians received ivory and ele-

phants' hides, and skins of antelopes, lions, and panthers, and fleeces. The ships anchored at Cerne (apparently near or at the Canaries), and the wares were landed in small boats. Hanno also brought home to Carthage from these shores the skins of gorillas, which he regarded as human but untamable savages. The influence of Carthage is monumentally shown in these regions by the existence of an alphabet of Phœnician origin in the Canaries, and on the coins of Spain down to the third century of the Christian era.

The home trade of Tyre itself was mainly in works of art and in fabrics. The Phœnician bowls, of which many still exist in museums, were highly prized by the Greeks, as were the woven cloths dyed with the famous purple of the murex. This shell is still found in the bays of the Syrian coast, after storms, as far south at least as Mount Carmel. The fishers used ozier baskets with cork floats, baited with mussels and frogs. The smaller shells were crushed, but the finer ones were bored, and the coloring matter in its sac was extracted unharmed. The fluid was boiled with salt in a leaden vessel, and the color obtained varied from yellow and green to red and true purple. Dyeing is still a trade in Sidon, and was a very usual occupation of the mediæval Jews, but the art of preparing the "twice dipped" robes, the "color of black roses," which the Romans admired, seems to have been lost in early times.

The Tyrians were highly prosperous in the days immediately preceding the Babylonian invasion, and the wide range of their commerce is evidenced by the well-known passage in Ezekiel (ch. xxvii.) about that time. The prophet describes the cedar or fir wood masts, and oars of Bashan oak, the benches of boxwood and ivory, the linen sails with Egyptian embroidery, of the galleys which crowded the Tyrian harbors; and speaks of the purple awnings, and the rowers from Sidon and Arvad. The hired troops were from Persia and Lydia, and the garrison from Arvad, with the Caucasian Gammarim. From Tarsus, on the north, the traders brought silver and iron, tin and lead; the Ionians, Tabalians, and Moschians from the same ports traded in slaves. The Armenians brought horses and mules, and from Dedan and the islands of the Persian Gulf came Indian ivory and ebony. From Syria itself the merchants brought precious stones and purple stuffs, linen, coral, and rubies. From Judea came wheat, honey, oil, and balm. Damascus sent its fabrics, with

wine from Hermon, and white wool. Iron, cassia, and the calamus or Indian cane, could be bought in Tyre, and far south from Arabia came flocks and herds. From Yemen were brought spices, with gold and gems. From Assyria choice stuffs in chests. The trade routes of the ancient world poured all their choicest products into the little island town, whence ships distributed them over all the western colonies, before Alexandria was founded and became a ruinous rival. Thus by about 500 B.C. the Phœnician commerce linked Britain with India, and western Africa with the Scythian shores.

Among all these products of Semitic trade, perhaps the most interesting are ivory and tin. The question still remains to be finally settled as to what were the original sources whence both these precious substances were obtained. As regards ivory there appears to have been a double source, the Egyptians and Carthaginians using African ivory, while the Assyrians and Phœnicians obtained it also from India. The Carthaginians appear to have tamed the African elephant—a feat now regarded as impossible. On the other hand, Thothmes III. encountered a herd of one hundred and twenty elephants in Mesopotamia, and shows an elephant as part of his Asiatic spoils. Possibly the Assyrians may even at that early period have obtained elephants from India. The Persians used them at Arbela, and the Greeks brought them to Palestine, as Pyrrhus (unless, indeed, his elephants were African) did to Italy. But the range of the Asiatic elephant may have been wider in early times than it now is, for it survived with the rhinoceros in Honan down to 600 B.C. The elephant is correctly represented on the black obelisk of Shalmanezar II. (860–825 B.C.) with the rhinoceros; and other Bactrian and Indian animals (notably monkeys) occur on Assyrian bas-reliefs. The Phœnicians, as we have seen, obtained ivory from the Persian Gulf. In Nineveh, on the other hand, an ivory object carved in Egypt has been found, which is no doubt of African material. The word used both in Assyrian and in Hebrew for the elephant is *habba*, which survives to the present day in the vernacular of the Malabar Coast and of Ceylon, as the name of the Indian elephant. This is usually regarded as conclusively showing that Solomon must have traded with India; but the curious fact remains that the Egyptian name of the elephant is *ab* or *abu*, which appears to be the same word. In like manner the Hebrew word

for the apes, which Solomon's traders brought from the East, is *koph*, which has been compared with the Tamil name for the monkey. It occurs also in Sanskrit as *kapi*, and was adopted by the Greeks as *κῆπος*, *κῆβος* or *κείβος*, and by the Latins as *cepus*; but here also we are confronted by the fact that the Egyptian word for ape is similar. Possibly the African elephant was not known till later times in Egypt, and hence received an Asiatic name, as did the horse and the camel. To the Assyrians both the two humped Bactrian, and the single humped Arab camel were well known, and the former may have already been used by traders in Asia Minor, where it still is found.\* It is, however, not impossible that ivory and apes, in Solomon's time, may have come from Somali land, and not from India.

With regard to tin, the metal is not of common occurrence, and in the early Akkadian period it was not to be obtained from either the Tin Islands or from eastern India, while the supply from Spain would be equally impossible, even if it had once abounded there, of which we have no evidence. Tin is said to occur in the Caucasus, and is found in the Altai Mountains. One of these ranges is the probable source of the tin, which was already used about 2000 B.C. or earlier; and this agrees with the passage in Ezekiel, already noticed, which speaks of a trade in tin through Tarsus, whither it was brought by the tribes from the Caucasus.

One of the remarkable results of such study of ancient trade is its bearing on the usual European theory of ages distinguished by the use of various metals. According to Morlot's calculations the Bronze Age extended from about 1000 B.C. to 2400 B.C., which is the end of the Stone Age for European students of prehistoric times. The age of iron, according to this view, is not to be carried back beyond 1000 B.C., and an age of copper is entirely omitted. Such distinction recalls rather the theories of Hesiod than the voice of serious scholarship. We have seen that bronze was already known very early, but that pure copper was previously used in both Asia and Europe, and that iron was certainly worked by the Asiatics before 1600 B.C. The time at which various metals came into use differed in

\* The name of the camel is usually regarded as a Semitic word, but is not derivable from any appropriate root. More probably it is of Akkadian—that is Mongolic—derivation, from the root *gam* "to bend" with the termination *il* for "beast," thus signifying "the beast with a hump."

different countries, according to the distribution of the natural supply, and to the acquaintance of natives with foreign traders. The Akkadians knew iron very early, and it is in their language denoted by two signs, which may be read *dimmirsa*, equivalent to the Turko-Mongol *timirti*, which is still a word in living dialects as the name of the metal. Iron was known by its Semitic name to the Egyptians in 1360 B.C., and in 1200 B.C. in pictures of the time of Rameses III. the metal is represented of a bluish color on the monuments. Iron mines in the Egyptian deserts are said to have been worked, but it was to Asiatics that the Egyptians seem to have owed their first acquaintance with that metal.

The ancients credited the Phœnicians with the discovery of glass making, and beautiful tear bottles of glass are often found in Phœnician tombs; but here the Egyptians probably claim priority, for the Beni Hassan pictures represent glass-blowing in the time of the twelfth dynasty, and some even of the glass found in Phœnicia seems to have come from Egypt, bearing the name of Thothmes III. in hieroglyphic characters.

With exception of iron the Egyptian names for metals do not seem to be of foreign origin. For gold the commonest words are *nub* and *sani*, though *ketem* also occurs, which is Semitic, but this is at a later period. Silver was called "white gold," *het nub*, which seems to indicate that it was only known later. Copper is *khomt*. Lead is *nes* in the ore or block, and *thet* or *tehet*. These metals therefore appear to have been independently discovered, and were not brought by traders from Asia. It is also remarkable that the Turanian, Aryan, and Semitic races had their own names for the various metals known to the ancients, and that with the possible exception of tin and gold (as shown by the Greek words for the metals), they do not appear to have derived their first knowledge of any of these articles of trade from one another. Indeed, it is remarkable how little influence the Phœnician and Assyrian languages had on those of their neighbors, for although many Greek words are foreign, and seem to be non-Aryan, very few of these are derivable from Semitic sources.

The Turanians or Mongols — represented by the Akkadians — were civilized long before the Semitic tribes began to settle down to agriculture and to trading pursuits. They had their own words for all the metals — *kin* or *guskin* (the Tartar

*kin*) for "gold;" *dimirsa* for iron; *anna* for tin (the Hungarian *on*); *urud* for copper (Basque *uraida*), *azag* for silver, *abar* (if correctly transcribed) for lead, and *sa-bar* for bronze — as at present transliterated. The language of Assyrians and Babylonians, and even of Hebrews and Phœnicians, borrowed many words from the older Akkadian, to denote civilized ideas, but the Akkadians had little or nothing to learn from the Semitic peoples, and such evidences as may be derived from philology, in the case of the Greeks, and of Asiatic vocabularies of the early Aryan tribes, seem rather to point to a trade with the Akkadians, as the first civilizing influence encountered by the barbarians of Thrace and of Ionia, than to the exclusive teaching of Arameans or Phœnicians.

Our ideas as to the birth of civilized customs among the Aryans in pre-historic times — for Aryan history begins some two thousand years later than that of the great races of Asia and Africa — are based mainly on the evidence of comparative philology; and special attention has been given by scholars to the subject of Aryan names for metals, and for other articles of trade, from which we may endeavor to discern the influences which were first brought to bear upon the various Aryan peoples. The results have been summarized in an interesting manner by Dr. O. Schrader,\* although a more intimate acquaintance with Akkadian might perhaps have assisted him in some points of his subject.

Although it is believed that the earliest Aryans, before they spread from the Volga over Europe, had some knowledge of copper, yet the value of the metals was learned by the Mediterranean races from the older civilized peoples of Asia, and was by them transmitted to the peoples whom they conquered, or with whom they traded in the North. The term "bronze age" of Europe beyond the Alps, is indeed a complete misnomer, for bronze appears in such regions suddenly developed in its latest proportions, and was obtained by trade with Phœnicians, Etruscans, and Romans. Its gradual perfecting, already noticed, can only be traced in Egypt and Chaldea, where the value of the alloy was first discovered. Indeed it would appear that iron may have been used by the eastern Europeans before bronze, although this was not the case in Italy. The re-

\* See Pre-historic Antiquities of the Aryan Peoples. English translation: London, 1890.

cent discovery of the history of bronze may profoundly affect the question of the antiquity of pre-historic remains among Celtic and Teutonic races. The earliest native culture of Aryans is believed to be represented by the lake dwellings of Switzerland and Umbria, and here, while iron and bronze are alike unknown, and stone extensively used for weapons, pure copper is found employed for daggers, fish-hooks, arrow-heads, hammers, and axes. Some have supposed the existence of jade in these early settlements to betoken a trade with central Asia, but jade is also found native in Europe, and the material is distributed over all parts of the earth's surface.

The value of gold appears to have been taught to the early Greeks by a Semitic race, for the common word χρῦός is generally accepted as being the *khurasu* of the Assyrians. The Hebrews generally used another word (*zahab*), but the Phœnicians called gold *kharas*, and the gold mines of Thasos were Phœnician. The Aryans nevertheless had a native word for gold as the "yellow metal," which is recognizable in the Phrygian γλουρός and in Teutonic and other languages. The western Aryans very generally adopted the Latin name, which meant the "glowing metal," and this may have been due to the fact that Imperial Rome, while allowing its subjects to coin copper, and even silver in the case of favored cities, reserved the gold coinage as the currency of the Empire, stamped only at the Capital. The Armenian Aryans appear to have adopted the old Akkadian word. The Finns took the German name for gold, and the Phœnicians in this instance influenced none save the Greeks. Gold was found in many parts of Europe, but its value was apparently little regarded, until civilization penetrated from Asia, and from Italy towards the north.

For silver in like manner the names were numerous, but not derived from a Semitic source. The Ossetes, or Aryans of the Caucasus, seem to have taken an Akkadian name for the metal. The Akkadians called it *azag*, whence may be derived the Siberian words *ezis* or *azves*, and the Hungarian *ezüst*, which in Ossetic becomes *avzist*. Other Aryans in Asia used a word meaning the "white metal," and western Aryans had their own term of like significance. Armenia itself was rich in silver, but in Teutonic countries it was little known, save when imported, as Tacitus describes.

Copper in later times was called the

"Cyprian ore," as being brought by the Phœnicians from Cyprus, but its common Semitic name was never used by Aryans. The old term *raudus* in Latin, has been thought to mean the "red metal," but is very similar to the Akkadian *urud* and Basque *urraida*, which would favor the supposition that a trade with Asiatic Mongols preceded the Aryan trade with Phœnicia. There is much confusion in all the terms which denote copper and bronze, and the reason is clearly discoverable in the fact of the late and gradual evolution of the alloy.

As regards iron, the metal was known at least as early as 500 B.C. among the Scythians, and the inhabitants of Asia Minor were famous as miners of iron. Jeremiah (xv. 12) also speaks of iron coming from the north, but it does not appear that either the Semitic or Akkadian name for the metal was adopted by Aryans. In the north of Europe it was little known in early Roman times, but it has been found at Troy in ruins perhaps as old as the sixth century B.C. Tin and lead were sometimes confused by the ancients, though a knowledge of lead is shown by the same Trojan remains; tin was probably an Akkadian discovery, and the Akkadian name of the metal was known to Greeks and Armenians, as well as the Semitic term which was also borrowed from Akkadian. Thus on the one hand we have the Greek *ἐάδος*, which may be comparable with the Akkadian *anna* or *annag* for "tin," found also in the Armenian *anag* and Hungarian *on*; while on the other hand the Greek *κασσίτερος*, widely spread in Slavonic languages and found in Sanscrit, appears to be the Assyrian *kasatirra*, from the Akkadian *ikasduru*. The Cassiterides were thus named perhaps by the Phœnicians themselves, but the old Akkadian name for tin was given to lead among the Hebrews, for tin was not found in any quantity in the mines of Syria.

Such an examination of the relations with the Aryans seems therefore to show that the Egyptians did not trade with them at all, but received only Phœnician traders and knew their words for iron and gold; that the same hardy race brought gold and tin to Greece, but that an overland traffic with the East may have existed quite as early, which brought the Akkadian name of tin to Armenians and Greeks; that the Latins on the other hand had their own names for all the metals, and taught their use to northern tribes; that iron was an export of Asia Minor and Greece, exchanged for Cyprian copper;

and that silver, though first shown to the Scythians and Caucasians by Akkadians, was independently known in Europe. The Phœnician trade was a barter of art objects and woven stuffs, in exchange for the raw products of savage Aryan lands; but the Phœnicians were not the only Asiatic merchants with whom the Greeks and Scythians came in contact.

Turning our eyes to the East we next must seek to understand Assyrian trade. For although the early Assyrians were robbers, who carried away to their homes the riches of all surrounding countries, still there is evidence that they also had peaceful relations with their neighbors, along routes already explored by the civilized Mongolic population called Akkadian, who preceded them. Cappadocian texts, in an Assyrian dialect, seems to refer very early to such trade, and Herodotus (i. 1) represents the Phœnicians as bringing to Argos both Egyptian and Assyrian merchandise. The slave trade was no doubt a source of revenue to Assyrians, as well as to Hittites and Phœnicians, and many slaves were kidnapped, or were taken captives in war, although the rude peoples of Asia Minor sold their own children, as did also the Thracians according to the father of history (v. 6). At what period the Assyrians first came into direct relation with the tribes of the Indus valley is unknown, but certainly, as we have seen, they knew the Bactrian hounds, the elephant and the rhinoceros, in the ninth century B.C., while not impossibly the elephant had been imported as early as 1600 B.C. Teak from India is said to have been found in Assyrian palaces, but this would not give earlier evidence than that already noticed. The monkeys, pictured on the obelisk already mentioned, are apparently Indian, and were evidently unfamiliar, for they receive the name of *udumi* or "human beings."

In this connection the question whether silk was known as early as the time of Ezekiel, and whether the Sinites of Isaiah were dwellers on the borders of China, are important. F. Lenormant maintained that the Babylonians traded, not only to India but also to Little Thibet, while their routes also led to Armenia and Lydia, to Bactria and the Iaxartes (Manuel i. 496; ii. 203). It is at least clear that an overland trade existed from early days with Ionia, for the Assyrian standard of weight found its way thither as well as the Phœnician; but the evidence of eastern commerce from Nineveh is at present less conclusive. The Hebrew word rendered silk in the Author-

ized Version (Ezekiel, xvi. 10-13) appears to have been understood by Jerome as meaning some sort of gauze. The Greek gives *τριχαπτον*, which Hesychius renders "the web of the bombyx," but the exact meaning of the word [*meshi*] is doubtful. The Roman knowledge of silk may be mentioned later.

Of the Babylonian home trade during the Persian period we have very complete information through the recovery of twenty-five hundred contract tablets of various ages, now in the British Museum. Most of them range from the time of Cyrus down to that of Artaxerxes I. (442 B.C.), but some are earlier. They are written in cuneiform, but docketed at times in Phœnician letters of the period, and some of the names suggest that the merchants and money-lenders were Jews. From these tablets we learn that houses fetched an annual rent of £2 to £4 of our money, and that the price of a ship was from £30 to £50. Female slaves ranged from £7 to £15, which is about the same price now paid in Egypt; and male slaves were sold for £5 or £10. These slaves were natives of the country, if we may judge by their names, and even daughters were so sold, as among the peasantry of Judea in the time of Nehemiah. Agreements for the transfer of property occur in this collection, and are believed to be as old as 2500 B.C.; and others of great antiquity refer to the loan of corn for seed. Usury was an early institution in Chaldea, and fifteen per cent. interest was only accepted as a special favor, the more general demand being for thirty or forty per cent. A field and plantation of palms sold for £140. Purple cloth for dresses is mentioned before the time of Cyrus. Women as well as men contracted for the sale of property and of slaves; and slaves were hired out and apprenticed for their master's benefit.

By the light of such enquiry into the relations of ancient nations we are better able to understand the conditions of Hebrew trade. It is a mark, perhaps, of the antiquity of the story of Joseph, that the exports carried by the Midianite caravan to Egypt, as therein described, are products of Syria itself, and not the Indian canes and gums and ivory which Ezekiel mentions later. It has also been noticed that in the law, copper is mentioned eighty-three times to four notices of iron; and this indicates also an early period, since iron was known at least in the fourteenth century B.C. in Egypt, at which time also Jabin had iron chariots. Iron was regarded as unholy (Deut. xxvii. 5),

no doubt because of its use in war, and the word occurs more frequently in the later books of the Old Testament. A new word is also there used (Nah. ii. 4) in describing the iron war chariots, and the Chaldee term in Daniel shows a dialectic variation from the older form in the Pentateuch (Dan. ii. 33 ; iv. 20 ; vii. 7.) of the Semitic name of iron.

The trade of Solomon's time has been already mentioned, with the Indian words for ivory, apes, and peacocks, which his sailors brought home ; and we have seen that Assyrian overland trade with India may perhaps date back several centuries earlier than Solomon's time, and was certainly established not much later. On the other hand there is little reason to believe that Spain had been discovered so early, or that Tarshish is to be identified with the Spanish Tartessus. Tarshish is always noticed in connection with Asia Minor, and Tarsus was a seaport as late as 30 B.C. It is also very generally recognized that Ophir was not in India, but as distinctly stated in Genesis (x. 59) is to be placed in Arabia near Hadramaut. The Indian objects might be there obtained from Arab or Babylonian traders, already coasting from the Persian Gulf to the Indus, just as in later times ivory was brought to Tyre by the inhabitants of the same region. The Biblical account, however (1 Kings, x. 11), speaks only of gold, incense trees, and precious stones as coming from Ophir, and (verse 22) of gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks, as brought by the "navy of Tarshish." Some have suggested that these were African exports found in Spain, but the nomenclature of the far West, even if then known, is not likely to have been the same as that of India, for the words are not Hebrew or Phœnician, but Tamil or Sanskrit terms. The parallel passage in Chronicles (2 Chron. xx. 36) shows that the later author regarded the trade as being with the East ; and perhaps the most probable view is that from Tarsus, the Phœnicians and Hebrews obtained the products of the overland route through Assyria and Asia Minor.

The whole of this great commerce in Asia was carried on for many centuries without the use of stamped coins. Only about 700 B.C. at earliest, did coinage begin roughly to be represented by lumps of gold and silver alloy, stamped on one side ; and though coins occur in Babylon shortly before Cyrus, it was the Persian *daric* which was the first currency of an Asiatic empire. In the Bible coins are not noticed

till after the captivity, when the *daric* is mentioned. The earliest forms of barter with metal, mentioned in texts or shown in pictures, were rings and bars of gold and silver, or bricks of lead. The Carthaginians had leather coins, but this was in later days, when the Greek coinage was already perfected. The Assyrians, Hittites, and others had, however, standard weights, and so had the Hebrews in the times of their earlier kings. Only last year standard weights were found, for the first time, in Palestine, inscribed with ancient Hebrew letters. These were quarter shekels weighing eighty grains, and thus proving that the Hebrew and Assyrian standards, and that used by the Greeks at Naucratis in the sixth century B.C., were the same, namely, a shekel of three hundred and twenty grains, which, as a silver coin, would have been worth about three shillings and sixpence. We are thus able to discover the value of chariots and horses in Solomon's time (1 Kings, x. 29), when Hebrew merchants were bringing them from Egypt to Palestine, and to the Hittites and Syrian princes. A chariot horse cost £25, and a chariot an hundred guineas. In our own times such a price is rather high in Syria for a well bred Arab hackney.

The trading conditions of the ancient world were very little affected by the success of the Persians. The Phœnicians still flourished, and the road to India was not closed, but rather made safer by the conquest of intervening regions. The two events which revolutionized the conditions of commerce were the foundation of Alexandria, replacing the older Greek settlement of Naucratis, and the fall of Carthage, which transferred the Mediterranean trade to the Romans, who soon became masters of all the routes, after defeating the pirate fleets of Mithridates. Antioch also arose at the same time, and became the great emporium of the overland route ; but under Roman rule Alexandria enjoyed a monopoly down to the time of Hadrian, who put an end to it in the second century A.D. ; after which the highway was restored to Syria, and Palmyra attained to its highest prosperity, during the period when Rome was at peace with the early Sassanid monarchs of Persia, whose strong rule restored tranquillity on the great Indian highway.

The discovery of the monsoons made the fortune of the Alexandrians. About 50 A.D. Hippalus, the commander of a ship engaged in Indian trade, ventured, instead of coasting along the southern

shores of Asia, to steer direct before the steady eastern wind, which experience taught him would serve his purpose, to Musiris on the Malabar coast, and his name was given afterwards to the wind he trusted. The route then established led by Coptos, in Upper Egypt, across the deserts to Berenice, near Kosseir, and by 100 A.D. Dion Chrysostom notices the presence of Indians (probably Buddhists) in Alexandria, side by side with Italians, Bactrians, Persians, and Scythians. The Jews had their ghetto in this cosmopolitan city from Alexander's time, and were scattered all over western Asia, Africa, and Europe as traders. India was not unknown to the Romans, and Indian embassies were sent to Augustus, Claudius, and later emperors, down to Justinian's time.\* Not only was the history of Buddha known to Jerome, but the customs of Brahmins and Sramans were familiar to earlier Christian fathers. Clement of Alexandria (Strom. iii. 1) knew much about them; Porphyry speaks of the Buddhist tonsure and monastic life; Irenæus (Lib. iii.), even in Gaul, had heard of the Brahmins; and Clement of the topes in which Buddha's relics were adored. But it was not only India from which the Alexandrians derived their wealth. The caravans came down the Syrian coast, and at Gaza met the merchants who travelled west from Petra, and brought the products of Arabia to Egypt. The Arabs, in the second century A.D., had sailed far south of Zanzibar to the Zambesi, and brought gold from its upper waters, leaving stone towns in Manica land, which later Portuguese found in ruins, and which Englishmen have recently photographed. The Romans levied tolls in the Red Sea, and Yemen was then famous for its wealth of gold and frankincense, its ivory and silver plate. The luxury of Alexandria, Antioch, and Rome, in and after the Augustan age, is almost unbelievable; and Roman geographical knowledge extended far beyond the east of India, through Turkistan and Thibet, to the borders of China. Virgil had already heard not only of Indian cotton, but also of the Seres, combing silk, as he believed, from the leaves of trees. The Chinese trade, which became more fully developed in Byzantine times, had already been founded in the Augustan period of peace.

On the west, also, through Gaul, the Romans brought their exports from Britain, and British trade across the Channel

was older than Cæsar's invasion of Kent. Diodorus Siculus speaks of the route which led to Marseilles and Narbo (v. 22), and Cæsar found the merchants crossing from Dover and Deal. The exports, in Strabo's time, were of gold, iron, and silver, with cattle and dogs, fleeces and skins; the imports included pottery and salt, bronze implements, and cooking utensils, ivory and amber cups, drinking vessels, and gold chains, with bridles for horses. Such was the early British trade with Italy and Gaul.

Antiquaries once believed that China was early in communication with Egypt, on account of certain Chinese snuff-bottles found in Egyptian tombs. This assertion is still often made, but it has been shown to be fallacious through the researches of sinologists. Similar bottles were found by Layard and Cesnola at Arban and in Cyprus, but the writing upon them is not only in a late character but also consists of quotations from Chinese poetry of known date; and other examples have been discovered in Canton dating from 584 A.D. The Egyptian examples date from 702 A.D. down to 1085 A.D., and were brought by the Arab traders, who were still visiting Canton as late as 1278 A.D. The characters and material alike show that they are not earlier than the Han dynasty.\* The condition of China was indeed not sufficiently civilized to allow of such an early commerce, and even in the Augustan age these regions were hardly known in the West, when silk was still believed to grow on trees. Pausanias (vi. 26) and Clement of Alexandria, in the second century, knew, however, that it was of insect origin, and a certain bombyx was already introduced at Ceos, though, according to Gibbon (ch. xl.) it was not the true silkworm; and Pliny, who knew of this manufacture, still regarded silk as derived from a plant. Ptolemy the geographer (about 150 B.C.) made maps which include Ireland and India, and reach from Briton to the Niger, but China still lies beyond their limits, though the country of the Seres is described to the sources of the Yellow River and the Lake of Koko-Nor. From this distant region silk was brought to Rome, and fetched twelve ounces of gold to the pound of weight, or about £48 per pound, which would be about thirty times the modern value. It was not apparently till the sixth century that the culture of silk began in the West. Two monks from Per-

\* Indian Travels and Embassies. O. de Beauvoir Priaulx. London, 873.

\* Williams's Middle Kingdom, vol. ii., p. 27.

sia (Nestorian Christians) then succeeded in carrying the eggs from China, and silk has ever since been made in Syria. The earlier supply was by the caravan route—a journey of two hundred and forty-three days by Samarkand and Bokharah to Antioch; or by Thibet to the Ganges and the Indus, and thence by sea to Egypt. About the same time Chinese records speak of the people of the western empire as “tending silk worms.” (in 530 A.D.), and having their capital at *An-tu*, by which possibly Antioch is intended.\*

The relations of the Chinese with the Romans, as noticed in their own accounts, have formed the subject of minute study by Dr. Edkins, T. W. Kingsmill, and other scholars, whose researches have been devoted to sinology. The Chinese accounts are somewhat vague, and the exact meaning of *Ta-tsin*—the name given to a great western empire—is disputed. It was a region where the lion was not unknown, and where the silkworm was, as stated, bred by the Westerns; but it appears to be fairly certain that the eastern or Asiatic dominion of the Roman emperors is intended to be understood, and its ruler, *An-ton*, may have been one of the Antonine emperors. According to the Chinese, he sent an embassy, bearing tortoise-shells and rhinoceros’ horns, and travelling through Cochin China about 166 A.D.; and in the third century Romans (or westerns subject to Rome) penetrated to Nanking, while a further embassy or expedition arrived in 285 A.D. About this time the products of India, as the Chinese state, were regularly sent to the West, including coral, amber, and gold, sapphires, mother-of-pearl, and perfumes, as well as the cotton and silk already noticed.

The third century was the period of Palmyra’s greatest prosperity as an emporium on the land route to the East. It still retained in native speech—as we learn from extant inscriptions—the old name of Tadmor, under which it is noticed in the Bible as founded by Solomon. Its civilization was Greco-Roman, and Jews and Christians alike were found at Zenobia’s court; but its native population was of the old Semitic stock, whose language and alphabet survive on Palmyrene inscriptions. The important position held by the merchants in this desert city is shown by one of the most interesting of the Greek texts there discovered, which speaks of a “caravan leader” in 142 A.D.,

engaged in the trade with Vologesia near the Tigris, eighteen miles from Babylon, who was thought worthy of an honorary tablet. Worod, one of the rulers of the city in the third century, to whom a statue was erected, also bears the same title of “caravan leader.”

Such, then, was the splendid heritage which later ages owed to the energy of Phœnicians, Assyrians, Jews, Arabs, and Italians, and which was never lost by their children and successors. In Byzantine ages the road to the East remained still open, and the trade of the West increased. Under the Arab khalifs Baghdad became the centre of a widespread commerce, and the Jews and Arabs still brought Oriental precious things to Europe. In the eighth century the Nestorian monks from Persia had settled in China (as shown by an inscription in their own alphabet still extant), long before the famous mediæval journeys of the thirteenth century, when Plano Carpini and Rubuquis reached Mongolia, and Marco Polo wandered over China; and during the later century of Norman rule in Palestine, the trade in fur extended northwards to the dark regions of Siberia, whence squirrel skins were brought to Italy and France. The Constantinople trade, which was perhaps older than the days of the great change of capital which finally ruined the Roman Empire, can be traced in the ninth century, while the English had as yet hardly ventured to cross to the Netherlands to barter wool. From Pera the Genoese merchants passed along the south shores of the Black Sea, and crossed the Caspian, or went south to Baghdad. Rubuquis found not only Persians but Germans and other Europeans in the far distant capital of Mongolia at Karakorum; and when, after the great Mongol outbreak into western Asia and Europe, the Genoese trade declined, the Venetians from Alexandria took up the sea route to India, and an Italian trade in Egypt has never ceased from that time.

Thus two centuries before Vasco de Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope, which the Phœnicians had discovered two thousand years earlier, and before Columbus, or even the Greenlanders, had discovered the eastern shores of America, a steady commerce with India, China, and Siberia had prospered and become established. In the sixteenth century, when Queen Elizabeth had her consuls in the Levant, and her fleet of boats on the Euphrates, English merchants were busy at Aleppo and Alexandretta, as well as in

\* Journal R. Asiatic Soc. N. China Branch, xviii., p. 12.

Italy and Greece; and the Levant Company was founded in 1583 A.D.

The lesson of history is, therefore, the same in all ages, since the Egyptians ventured to Punt, or the Phœnicians saw the mountains of Cyprus from the slopes of Lebanon, and dared to steer thither across the tideless sea. In a planet of which three-fourths are covered by water, riches and power belong to those who hold command of the sea. The Romans struggled with the Carthaginians for such command, and thus became the masters of the world. The Arab power decayed when Normans and Italians drove their traders from the Mediterranean; the wealth and prosperity of Britain, in our own age, depend upon the power of our fleet, and on the daring of our merchant sailors.

C. R. CONDER.

From Longman's Magazine.

#### AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRIENDSHIP.

IT would be an interesting inquiry, and not an uninteresting one, to examine into the lives and deaths of friendships, by collecting evidence, comparing one with another, and collating statistics, to discover their average length of days, the circumstances which tend to shorten or prolong the terms of their existence, the diseases to which they are subject, the causes that most frequently prove fatal to them, the manner in which they depart this life, and lastly—not least in importance—the fashion of their burial.

It is a fact that must be frankly confessed that it is not by the "visitation of God" that all, or even, one fears, most friendships perish. Lifelong friendships, friendships that are found by death, when it comes, unimpaired, do indeed exist—it were faithless and ungrateful to deny it—but surely it is no less true, if a truth less creditable to human nature, that many, if not the majority, are hardly more than episodes, long or short, important or trifling, in the lives which they affect.

It could scarcely indeed be otherwise, human nature being what it has proved itself, rash in entering upon such relationships—in building the tower without counting the cost—and fickle in repudiating them; but even setting aside such natural causes, how many perils and dangers of other kinds beset a friendship, dangers for which no one is to blame, perils which are nobody's fault, which are merely the inevitable result of time and

the changes which time brings with it; how many storms must be weathered if the vessel—often not more than a pleasure-boat, manned for fair weather—is to escape the destruction that awaits it.

But the age of miracles is not yet past, and there are still found bonds, uncemented by ties of blood or kinship, and unprotected by the legal guarantees with which it has been found by universal consent necessary to fence about other unions, which do nevertheless escape the perils of the way, and emerge triumphant from the dangers by which they have been environed. But, again, it must be repeated, these are the exceptions which prove the rule.

An inquiry, however, which should deal with the whole subject would be too wide a one, covering, as it would do, in its direct and side issues, not a small portion of the area of human life. It is with a more limited subject—with a single friendship, that is, and one typical rather of a past than of the present generation—that we are now concerned, a friendship which has already lain in its grave more than a century, and which, distinguished from others of its kind more by the sort of brutal candor with which the changes and chances that befell it are unveiled for the edification of the student than by any other inherent quality, may serve as a fair example of the class to which it belonged—possibly as a warning.

It is a friendship between a man and a woman, of the intellectual rather than the sentimental type, but into which we cannot but detect the intrusion, on the woman's part, at least, of an admixture of sentiments of a more dangerous and fermenting nature. Such accidents are the tax which, on one side or the other, is not infrequently levied upon such relationships, and to which the bitterness and acerbity which, in the case in question, marked some of its stages may not unfairly be ascribed.

Mrs. Inchbald was already in her fortieth year—an age at which, if ever, such a friendship might be considered safe from disturbing elements—when she appears to have first crossed the path of William Godwin, himself two or three years younger. Both were, in the eyes of their contemporaries as well as in their own, noticeable figures. It is from different causes that individuals are singled out for distinction in their own time and are held in remembrance by those who come after. In the case of the majority it is for what they have done, in consideration

of some monument, of whatever kind, that they have left behind, with their name thereto affixed, as a bequest to posterity. But in other, though more uncommon instances, their performances have little to do with the matter. The immortality of this second class—that precarious and provisional immortality conferred by their fellow-men—is due, not to the tangible results of their labors or of their genius, but to a personality strong enough to print itself upon their age and make them stand out, living and individual figures, upon the comparatively colorless background of their contemporaries, so that they continue, after they have passed away, to form a feature of the age to which they belong, which catches and compels the attention of those who look back. Thus was it with Mrs. Inchbald. It is not now chiefly as the writer of a score of forgotten plays, as the second-rate actress, or even as the authoress of “A Simple Story,” the most successful of her literary achievements, that she attracts our interest, but as the farmer’s daughter who, coming to London in her early girlhood to seek her future, unfriended and alone, succeeded in finding it; whose robust common sense carried her unharmed through the perilous adventures which marked the launching of her bark in London life; as the only authoress in whose society Sheridan declared himself to find pleasure; who, wherever she made her appearance, is said to have become at once the centre of the circle which she entered; in whom the author of “Political Justice” found the “mixture of the milkmaid and the lady so piquante;” whose figure, now vanished from the world’s stage for more than seventy years, still stands out, in bold and striking relief, even from a society in which individualities were more than usually pronounced.

There, in the picture-gallery of the last century, for to that century she belongs, though her life extended nearly twenty years beyond its close, her portrait confronts us, sketched by her own hand and that of her contemporaries, boldly outlined, vivid and clear, somewhat deficient in delicacy and grace, blemished here and there by touches of vulgarity and coarseness; to speak truth, a not altogether pleasant and yet most individual feature in the group to which she belongs; made up of incongruous virtues and inharmonious foibles, full—as she is set before us by the daughter of her friend—of contrasts and inconsistencies, her spirit of adventure bridled by a saving grace of

self-command; at once penurious and generous, susceptible and emotional, yet guarding herself successfully against passion; kind-hearted, yet with a bitter tongue and an envenomed pen that we cannot but feel must have gone far to counteract the effects of her practical good-nature; and combining, as years went by, with the frank and hardy egoism which had been the earlier attitude in which she faced the world, a prudent pharisaism which is perhaps the most incongruous and unattractive trait her character presents. It is pleasanter to view her as the reckless adventurer, bold, eager, ambitious, vain, rashly confident one day, at starvation point the next, indiscreet in her friendships and prompt in her compunction, than as she appears later on when prosperity and success have invested her with the sober garb of a responsible respectability which is the least pleasing of its kind—with a reputation, social and literary, of which, as a newly acquired possession, it behoves her to be careful, and which she declines to imperil by extending the hand of fellowship to those who have been more rash or less fortunate in their ventures than herself.

It was at this later period of her life, when she was doubtless engaged, as her biographer graphically expressed it, in cultivating her literary talents and in investing her gains in the funds; when, according to the same authority, “coronets were seen waiting at the door of her lodgings to bear her from household toil to take the airing of luxury and pride,” that she became acquainted with Godwin. Her wild oats had long been sown. Twenty-one years had elapsed since she had quitted her mother’s home, intending, with the magnificent optimism of seventeen, and in spite of the impediment in her speech which, to a less sanguine spirit, might have appeared an insuperable obstacle to her scheme, to make herself a name and carve herself out a career on the stage. Over, too, were the adventurous years which had followed, together with the days when, married to the second-rate actor who had rescued her from the obvious dangers incident to the life which she had chosen, she had “starved, feasted, despaired, been happy.” Poor Inchbald, with his not altogether unreasonable jealousies, his sanguine hopes and unfulfilled anticipations, his visions, by means of the French acquired by a few lessons, of taking a Parisian audience by storm, while his wife should achieve a corresponding success in literary and social circles—

poor Inchbald had been many years in his grave; whilst his widow, resigning herself, we feel sure, after a week of "grief, horror, and almost despair," to the inevitable, had, left to herself, made a far greater success of life than would have been possible to her weighted by his presence, and had achieved in the field of literature a triumph denied to her on the stage.

It was at this point in her career that the friendship was inaugurated of the vicissitudes of which the letters published in the life of William Godwin tell the tale, presenting us with the record, not indeed complete, but more candid than such chronicles are wont to be, of a not uninteresting chapter in human history.

In the autumn of 1792, when the acquaintance was formed, Godwin, though not yet at the height of his literary reputation, was already well known in the world of letters. Two years earlier, although at the time a stranger to the authoress, he had read and reviewed "A Simple Story," and the first letter we find is one in which Mrs. Inchbald recognizes the tenderness and justice of the criticism passed by her new friend upon a tragedy from her pen.

During the next five years the friendship thus inaugurated seems to have run a prosperous course. There were frequent meetings and frequent interchange of letters. Godwin was a man to whom the society of women was a necessity, and who was peculiarly open to the species of flattery, in part literary, in part personal, which is an art at which they are commonly more adroit than men, or would it be more just to say that it is a cordial which each sex is best adapted to administer to the other? As we read Mrs. Inchbald's comments — they can scarcely be termed criticisms — upon his works, we are not surprised to find that his biographer considers that her friendship was "a great comfort" to him at this period of his life.

"God bless you!" she cries, when entrusted with the proof sheets of "Caleb Williams," "that was the sentence I exclaimed when I had read about half a page. . . . If you disappoint me you shall never hear the last of it, and instead of 'God bless,' I will vociferate 'God —— you.'"

And a day or two later, writing of the same work, she says:—

"Your first volume is far inferior to the two last. Your second is sublimely horrible, captivatingly frightful. Your third is all a great genius can do to delight

a great genius, and I never felt myself so conscious of, or so proud of giving proof of a good understanding as in pronouncing it to be a capital work."

Thus the one great genius to the other! What author, philosopher though he might be, could fail to be touched by a like tribute? Eleven years later it will be necessary to quote another criticism, also from Mrs. Inchbald's pen. It is curious to compare the two. In these halcyon days even, when she presumes to suggest an improvement, it is with a smile at her own audacity. "I wish," she says, "I could always write so excellently comic as when I undertake to dictate to you."

But it is not always to the literary man that her letters are addressed.

"I have received," she writes, "a note this moment from a very Beautiful Lady, requiring I would direct it to you, as she does not know your address. I am afraid to send it by post for fear it should fall into the hands of the Privy Council, who might not set a proper value upon it. I trust you will, for I assure you it contains her real sentiments." And — Mrs. Inchbald will be at home all the following day, and Mr. Godwin had better call for her friend's tribute in person.

That she was exacting we can believe when we find her instructing Mr. Godwin, then and at all times overwhelmed with work, not to come and see her till he can pay her a visit of three hours' duration; but there is no evidence to indicate that it was not a tax he was ready and willing to meet. So far all had gone well — more than well — with the course of the friendship. But, no more than that of true love, was it destined to run smooth, and now came its first interruption. Godwin had been unmarried when Mrs. Inchbald had become acquainted with him, and had remained so for the five years which followed, during which we find no trace of a disagreement between them. But a change, vital in its nature, and, so far as the relationship between the two was concerned, disastrous in its effects, was about to take place. It was some months since he had first met Mary Wollstonecraft, and he had now determined to make her his wife. How the announcement was made to Mrs. Inchbald we have no means of knowing, but as to the manner of her reception of it we are not left in uncertainty.

Upon whatever woman his choice had fallen, Godwin's marriage would undoubtedly have been felt by her as a severe blow. Whether or not she would have desired to marry him herself, she was a

woman in whom the possessive quality — always dangerous to the continuance of a friendship — was strongly developed; and she was far too astute and experienced in knowledge of the world to blind herself to the inevitable alteration in the existing relations between a man and a woman caused by the marriage of either. Henceforth she was well aware that, whether present in the body or not, there would always be a third person to be reckoned with, and that to herself it would be left for the future to take the lower place outside the sacred circle within which there is but room for two.

Mrs. Inchbald was not a woman to accept the situation meekly. "In my religion," she writes long afterwards to Godwin himself, not perhaps without a backward glance at the present time, "in my religion we never trust secrets to a married man, and men make vows of celibacy on purpose to gain our confidence" — a singular method, by the way, of accounting for the vows of the priesthood of the Catholic Church; and Godwin having failed to prove himself ready to purchase the continuance of Mrs. Inchbald's confidence in the manner indicated, her own action in the matter was marked with her usual promptness and decision. Being a woman to whom, at least in the question at issue, no bread was plainly preferable to half a loaf, she at once decided to dispense with his friendship altogether rather than, acquiescing in the altered conditions under which it could alone continue, to accept that which it would be in his power for the future to offer.

"Two ladies," says Mary Shelley, Godwin's daughter, in narrating the event, "shed tears when he announced his marriage — Mrs. Inchbald and Mrs. Reveley." Mrs. Inchbald did more. Availing herself, without remorse or compunction, of the first weapon supplied to her hand, she took the opportunity of insulting the woman who had become her friend's wife.

"I must sincerely wish you and Mrs. Godwin joy," she writes, when the news of the marriage had reached her; "but, assured that your joyfulness will obliterate from your memory every trifling engagement, I have entreated another person to supply your place and perform your office in securing a box on Reynolds' night. If I have done wrong, when you next marry I will act differently."

And when Godwin, owing either to extraordinary obtuseness, or more probably to the singular and stubborn obstinacy characteristic of the man, persisted, in

spite of the intimation that his presence was no longer desired, in presenting himself together with his wife, in Mrs. Inchbald's box on the night in question, the latter went so far as to express her sentiments, in no ambiguous language, to the bride herself.

It does not surprise us, after this passage of arms, that during the brief period covered by Godwin's first marriage we find no record of further intercourse between Mrs. Inchbald and himself. It is a stranger fact — one, indeed, so astonishing that it is difficult, from the standpoint of ordinary human nature, to account for it — that on the very day of Mary Godwin's tragic and premature death he should be found appealing to his own former friend and to his wife's enemy for sympathy in his bereavement. The correspondence that follows indicates, so to speak, the high-water mark of interest attaching to the story. Of the friendship itself it marks the veritable close.

That Godwin should, after all that had passed, have turned to Mrs. Inchbald at what was probably the darkest hour in his life, is in itself the strongest proof that could be given of the strength of the attachment which had survived the test to which she had already put it. In the letter, evidently written under the influence of strong feeling, in which he announces his wife's death, there is plainly discernible the desire, if not wholly to ignore the past, at least to pass it over as lightly as was compatible with loyalty to the dead. But Godwin, philosopher and student of human nature as he was, had mistaken the woman with whom he had to deal, and in the rapid interchange of well-directed fire that follows sharply upon the flag of truce we see reconciliation in any true sense rendered impossible, and the death-wound given to the friendship which, with a haste so strange and ill-judged, he had striven to renew. As letter follows letter, and we perceive the increasing rancor on either side, the venomous and vindictive passion with which the dead woman is pursued by her living rival, as Godwin, roused from the softened mood which had dictated his appeal to his former friend, and moved by her attack to responsive bitterness, finds time even at that moment to elaborate with careful and effective skill his deliberate indictment against his wife's assailant, we feel that Mary is avenged, that she has proved more powerful dead than living, and that in the grave to which she will presently be borne will also be buried the friendship — or all that was worth having

of it — which once united, and might have united again, the man who had loved and the woman who had hated her.

\*“My wife died at eight this morning,” Godwin writes. “I always thought you used her ill, but I forgive you. You told me you did not know her. You have a thousand good and great qualities. She had a very deep-rooted admiration for you. Yours, with real honor and esteem, W. GODWIN.”

Among Mrs. Inchbald’s good and great qualities, reverence towards the dead and forbearance towards the living were not included. Reading the letter with which she responded to his announcement, and making every allowance for the haste and agitation which is visible in it, we nevertheless cannot but feel that it is in moments such as these that the true woman betrays herself. “Scratch the Russian and you will find the Tartar.” The veneer of civilization has been applied, but it has gone no deeper than the surface. Mrs. Inchbald is still the same as when, more years ago than she would care to remember, she flung the dish of hot water in the face of a stage manager who had had the misfortune to offend her.

\*“You have shocked me beyond expression,” she writes, “yet, I bless God, without exciting the smallest portion of remorse. Yet I feel delicately (!) on every subject in which the good or ill of my neighbor is involved.

“I did not know her. I never wished to know her. As I avoid every female acquaintance who has no husband, I avoided her. Against my desire you made us acquainted. With what justice I shunned her your present note evinces, for she judged me harshly. *She* first thought I used her ill, for you would not. . . . Be comforted. You *will* be comforted. Still I feel for you at present. Write to me again. Say what you please at such a time as this. I will excuse and pity you.”

And again the following day she takes up her pen. She has by this time recovered from the first hot indignation aroused in her, perhaps in equal measure, by Godwin’s simultaneous charge and expression of forgiveness. Possibly, too, though too proud to say so, she does not feel altogether easy at the recollection of her own reply. At any rate, she now, in a cooler mood, offers him condolence, together with encouragement for the future, deduced from her own experience. She too had suffered and had recovered — more, had lived to think with indifference of

what she had endured. With indifference, and possibly, as we cannot help suspecting, bearing in remembrance certain bickerings with poor Inchbald, lover and husband of her youth though he had been, not without an acknowledgment that Providence might have done wisely in removing him to another sphere. Another consolation, too, and a somewhat singular one, she offers: —

\*“You have been a most kind husband, I am told. Rejoice — the time *might* have come when you would have wept over her remains with compunction for cruelty to her. . . . I lament her as a person whom you loved. I am shocked at the unexpected death of one in such apparent vigor of mind and body, but I feel no concern for any regret she endured at parting from this world, for I believe she had tact and understanding to despise it heartily.”

But her *amende*, if as such was intended her tribute to the tact and wisdom which would have made Mary ready to quit a world which, with Mrs. Inchbald as its spokeswoman, had treated her so unmercifully, came too late. Two days later Godwin writes to substantiate the accusation she had so hotly resented, and this time in a tone which indicates clearly how deeply the insult to his wife had rankled:

\*“I must endeavor to be understood,” he says, “as to the unworthy behavior with which I charge you towards my wife. I think your shuffling behavior about the taking places to the comedy of the ‘Will’ dishonorable to you. I think your conversation with her that night at the play base, cruel, and insulting. I think you know more of my wife than you are willing to acknowledge to yourself, and that you have an understanding capable of doing some small degree of justice to her merits. I think you should have had magnanimity and self-respect enough to have showed this. I think that while the Twisses and others were sacrificing to what they were silly enough to think a proper etiquette, a person so out of all comparison their superior as you are should have placed her pride in acting upon better principles, and in courting and distinguishing insulted greatness and worth, I think that you chose a mean and pitiful conduct, when you might have chosen a conduct that would have done you immortal honor. You had not even their excuse. They could not (they pretended) receive her into their previous circles. You kept no circle to debase and enslave you.

“I have now been full and explicit on

the subject, and have done with it, I hope, forever.

"I thank you for your attempt at consolation in your letter of yesterday. It was considerate and well-intended, although its consolations are utterly alien to my heart. W. GODWIN."

But it is naturally the woman who has the last word.

\*"I could refute every charge you allege against me in your letter," Mrs. Inchbald answers, "but I revere a man, either in deep love or deep grief; and as it is impossible to convince, I would at least say nothing to irritate him."

"Yet surely this much I may venture to add. As the short and very slight acquaintance I had with Mrs. Godwin, and into which I was reluctantly impelled by you, has been productive of petty suspicions and revilings (from which my character has been till now preserved), surely I cannot sufficiently applaud my own penetration in apprehending, and my own firmness in resisting a longer and more familiar acquaintance."

And a month later:—

\*"With the most sincere sympathy in all you have suffered—with the most perfect forgiveness of all you have said to me—there must nevertheless be an end to our acquaintance *forever*. I respect *your prejudices*, but I also respect *my own*."

"E. INCHBALD."

There is one reflection which is inevitably suggested by a perusal of this correspondence, namely, that should one great genius—to use Mrs. Inchbald's own expression—conceive itself to have cause of quarrel with another, especially where both are versed in the art of lending the fullest force to the expression of feeling, it is well that they should not quarrel on paper. The art of quarrelling well is at all times no easy one to acquire, but a dispute which is conducted on the most approved method, and in which the blows are each and all nicely calculated to find their way home to the most vulnerable points in the enemy's harness, though possibly admirable enough from the point of view of art and science, is apt to fail in paving the way, as a good quarrel between friends should do, to a more satisfactory adjustment of the relations between them, or, especially when the letters are preserved, in leaving a convenient loophole open for future reconciliation. In Godwin's last letter there were not wanting thrusts, veiled though they might be, which Mrs. Inchbald would find it hard to forgive and harder still to forget—notably

the assertion that while others were to some degree justified in pleading their position in society as an excuse for their refusal to admit into their circles a woman with Mary Wollstonecraft's past history, Mrs. Inchbald had no such excuse, since *she* had no "circle" from which to exclude her.

We are not surprised to find that the latter, violent and resentful as she was, declares the friendship to be at an end. We feel, indeed, that she is right—that the breach has become too wide to be repaired; and that, such being the case, it would have been well that intercourse between those who had been friends and could be friends no longer should cease.

Mrs. Inchbald, to do her justice, would have had it so. Her dramatic instinct, no doubt, no less than her theatrical training, taught her that it is contrary to the principles of true art that scenes on a lower level of emotion should be allowed to follow the catastrophe, and that, the climax having been reached, it was time that the curtain should fall.

But Godwin was of another mind. It is curious to find him, through the succeeding years, attempting with patient and dogged pertinacity, to gather up the links that have been broken, and to reknit the ties that have been wrenched apart. Again and again he returns to the charge, and again and again he is repulsed. Mrs. Inchbald never wavers in the course she has laid down for herself, never evinces a sign of relenting. As an acquaintance, as a comrade in the literary field, she has no objection to meet him, to associate with him, to seek his counsel and bestow her own; but as the friend she has loved she will admit him to her intimacy no more. She has learnt to be careful.

\*"While I retain the memory of all your good qualities," she writes on one occasion when he had striven to shake her determination, "I trust you will allow me not to forget your bad ones, but warily to guard against those painful and humiliating effects which the event of any singular circumstance might again produce."

Even over her literary criticisms, frankly appreciative as they often are, a change has passed. The old enthusiasm, the glamour with which personal affection had once invested the philosopher, is gone, never to return. Whilst her admiration for the writer still continues, though in modified form, something not unlike contempt for the man makes itself felt, now piercing through her praise, now finding vent in covert sarcasms. Thus, on one

occasion she blames him for taking the public unnecessarily into his confidence as to a change in his opinions: "Let the readers wonder at the writer's art," she advises, "rather than at his inconstancy. . . . Let them merely talk of your different productions under the title of 'Godwin's Head' and 'Godwin's Heart.'" While a little later on she offers him her somewhat equivocal congratulations upon having produced a tragedy which will hand him down to posterity "among the honored few who, during the present century, have totally failed in writing for the stage."

It is curiously illustrative of the confidence which, in spite of the breach between them, Mrs. Inchbald still retained not only in his literary judgment, but in his sense of honor that, while still inexorable in her refusal to renew the old friendly relationship, we find her soliciting his opinion upon a matter which so intimately concerned herself as her own autobiography — a work subsequently destroyed at the instigation of her director. Even the fact that the manuscript has been entrusted to him is to remain a secret between them, and it is clear that she awaits his sentence upon it as a matter of life and death importance and with breathless anxiety. "I am so ashamed of it," she writes, after begging that he would name an early day for the return of the manuscript; "I am impatient to have it back — and yet I am so fond of it, I am in terror lest *fire* or some other accident should destroy it while from under my protection. And if it should ever be published, perhaps I shall wish a thousand times it had been burnt. . . . Independently of my reputation as a woman, do you think as a writer I should be more or less esteemed by this publication?" And again, when Godwin, whom she had implored to mark the "disgusting as well as the dull parts," ventures to suggest some curtailment, she replies that while no one can acknowledge the efficacy of compression more than herself, "in the present production (where my real feelings only — no cold, *correct*, imaginary ones — have been concerned) I am totally at a loss where to curtail."

How completely she succeeded in separating the critic from the man is curiously shown by the fact that, while relentless in her determination to keep him personally at a distance, she should have placed in Godwin's hands a work concerning which she was herself torn by so many doubts, and of which the destruction was

eventually decreed by the discretion of her confessor.

It is perhaps natural that a man who has read, admired, and criticised four volumes of manuscript should feel himself entitled to a reward. At all events it appears that, some months after the correspondence that has been thus cited, Godwin, presuming upon her readiness to meet him upon literary ground, ventured upon a final effort to induce Mrs. Inchbald to rescind the decree by which she had annulled the friendship between them. The answer, however, was sharp and decisive: —

"I have a letter or two of yours in my possession," she writes — Mrs. Inchbald, like Godwin himself, was careful to preserve her correspondence — "the contents of which I perfectly forgive and perfectly *excuse*, or I should have been the meanest of mortals to have asked a favor of you this spring. Still these letters must ever prevent any *premeditated* renewal of our personal acquaintance. My manners or my conversation so deceived you to my disadvantage, that I cannot knowingly and willingly risk the possibility of such another disgraceful mortification . . . while you are in the self-same predicament" — thus she characterizes Godwin's second marriage — "which gave rise to your former error — the seeing through the eyes and feeling through the heart of another. I revere the passion which can blind you, and I revere blindness as the sole proof which can be given of the *genuine* passion; but so few men are gifted with refined sensibility like yours, that I have never yet been obliged to practise the art of pleasing them through those they love, and I dare not hazard the want of this power with you."

Which pronouncement Godwin laid away with the rest of Mrs. Inchbald's letters, accepting it, we cannot but believe, as final.

And so, at length, the friendship is not only dead but buried. There are different modes of sepulture. Some nations were accustomed to embalm their dead and to preserve their mummies. It is a practice not yet wholly discontinued. Some, with less reverence, allow their bones to bleach above-ground. In the case of a friendship neither course is to be recommended, nor is any good purpose answered by the attempt to galvanize it, as Godwin would have done, to a show of life. Mrs. Inchbald was wiser. The shortest method, harsh as it seems, is, after all, the best. The spirit being gone, as we may hope, elsewhere, it is rank materialism to pre-

serve the body which it has forsaken. Let it have speedy and decent burial, but—and in this we fancy Mrs. Inchbald would not agree—let it be given in silence. A panegyric over the grave of an outworn friendship would be, to say the least of it, out of place, but it is well to speak no harm of it either, since it is dead. The little French rhyme might fitly form its epitaph:—

La vie est brève :  
Un peu d'amour,  
Un peu de rêve,  
Et puis — bonjour !

La vie est vaine :  
Un peu d'espoir,  
Un peu de haine,  
Et puis — bonsoir !

I. A. TAYLOR.

NOTE.—Letters marked with an asterisk are published in Mr. Kegan Paul's "Life of Godwin."

From The Fortnightly Review.

#### MADAME BODICHON: A REMINISCENCE.

THERE was one person, perhaps only one, privileged to invite herself to the two o'clock luncheon of George Eliot and George Lewes. This gifted friend and neighbor, Madame Bodichon, recounted to me how once she rang the gate bell of the Priory a few minutes too soon, to be admitted, of course—the Grace and Amelia of those days understood their duty as gate-keepers—but on crossing the threshold, out rushed her hostess, pale, trembling, her locks disordered—veritable Sibyl, disturbed in the fine frenzy of inspiration.

"Oh, Barbara! Barbara!" she cried, extremely agitated, "what have you done?"

The ever-welcome guest had interrupted her friend in a scene of "Romola."

"I felt ready to cry like a naughty child," said the narrator, "but from the opposite door rushed Mr. Lewes, who in the kindest manner put things right."

A greater contrast than that presented by these close friends of almost a lifetime could hardly be found. The author of "Adam Bede," sublime in her ugliness, angular, her large, sallow features lighted up by those sad, intermittently flashing eyes, ever peering, as it seemed, into the unknown and unknowable, her domesticities and humanities painfully strained, her very laugh having a lurking dreariness behind it, her black dress in harmony with the sombre, Rembrandt-like picture. The foundress of Girton College, still in

middle life fresh as a rose, her blue, frank eyes beaming with "the wild joy of living," her magnificent complexion and masses of wonderful golden hair set off by draperies bright as those worn by Mr. Morris's happy folk in "Nowhere," her tremendous animal spirits caught by every one near except George Eliot, to her, Marian ever. "Madame Bodichon's portrait is in every picture-gallery of Europe," said one who had known her from childhood. She might, indeed, have sat for the Titian in our own National Gallery, or the hardly less sumptuous and lovely Bordon in the Louvre.

In spite of these differences of look, temperament, and character, never were two women knitted by closer ties. In Madame Bodichon's library was a first copy of "Adam Bede," in which the author had written, a short time after its appearance, "To her who first recognized me in this work." And who can say? It is quite possible that, but for Barbara Leigh Smith, afterwards Madame Bodichon, "Adam Bede" would never have been written.

The actors in the little scene I am about to relate have now passed away. There can be no motive for withholding an incident which, indeed, I was never bidden to keep secret.

The acquaintance of the pair had ripened into friendship whilst Mary Ann Evans was unknown to fame, and before she had taken the perilous leap, in other words, thrown down her gauntlet to the world. On the brink of that decision, when womanly pride and love were battling for mastery, when the great novelist to be, trembled before the shadow hanging over what seemed otherwise a perfect life, the lovers and Barbara Leigh Smith spent a day together in the country. As she thus stood at the parting of the way, Mary Ann Evans unbosomed herself to her friend, even asked counsel.

"What right had I to advise?" Madame Bodichon afterwards said to the present writer. "I told her that her own heart alone must decide, and that, no matter what happened, I would stand by her while I lived."

We all know the share that George Henry Lewes had in the career of the novelist. But what if, at this juncture, his influence had been wholly withdrawn? What if, like her own Dorothea, she had married a Mr. Casaubon? Perhaps it was the conviction that she had been the silent, the unconscious umpire of their destinies, that knit the pair so closely to their

staunch, beautiful, magnanimous friend. Their affection for her and joy in her, were delightful to witness. Her presence had ever power to brighten them as a sun-beam. Madame Bodichon's attitude in this matter affords a key to her character. For her, the individual was everything; conventionalities, public opinion, the homage or approval of the world, of no account. It was this intense respect for humanity in the concrete, this profound sense of justice, this power of rising above prejudice, sentiment, and commonplace, that made her life so salutary and stimulating. The foundress of Girton College, the originator of the movement which led to the passing of the Married Women's Property Act, the re-planter of vast tracts of Algeria by means of the *Eucalyptus Globulus*, has won for herself an incontestable place in contemporary history. As an educationist, social reformer, and philanthropist, she is hardly likely to be forgotten by future biographers. But there were eminent men and women among her friends to whom she was something else; who loved and admired her as the artist only. Frequenters of exhibitions five-and-twenty years ago will hardly have forgotten the brilliant water-color sketches dashed off in North Africa, Spain, South America, and elsewhere, bearing the signature B. L. S. B. Critics, among these Mr. Ruskin, were not slow to recognize the originality, imaginativeness, and poetic feeling displayed in every one. It was universally admitted that only persistent study and uncompromising devotion were necessary to develop really rare gifts, and secure for their possessor a foremost position among living artists. Dearly as she loved art, delightful as would have been to her the recognized position of an artist, she decided to give up her life to what she considered higher objects.

Perhaps it was in the society of men like her friend the eminent painter, Daubigny, that the happiest hours of a happy life were spent. To Madame Bodichon, George Henry Lewes and George Eliot were kindred spirits; for the author of "Romola" she entertained a feeling akin to reverence. But how different even dinner-table talk with these two to the joyous, light-hearted camaraderie of fellow artists! The contrast came out strikingly during the winter of 1870-71, when I was privileged to spend some time with all three under my friend's roof. She had hired a large, handsome, high-church rectory in the neighborhood of Ryde, and here Mr. and Mrs. Lewes spent Christmas.

Certainly he was captivatingly genial and clever, pranksome also as a monkey, yet one could but feel that over his companion there hung a perpetual shadow—by no means the shadow of personal remorse; none who knew her could for a moment suppose that it had anything to do with her defiance of conventional standards. Her brooding, deep-seated melancholy had not only one poor life, but all humanity, the life of humanity, for its cause. On her shoulders seemed to rest the spiritual burdens of the world. There were, of course, gay, mirthful intervals. The vicar's study had been assigned to Mr. Lewes for his use. When we sat down on Christmas day—as we supposed, to our Christmas turkey—there was a momentary consternation, followed by uncontrollable, hearty laughter. Mr. Lewes had discovered in the study a scourge, used, I presume, by the vicar for purposes of self-flagellation, and this scourge was served up instead of the turkey.

What a change when they had gone and Daubigny came! The great landscape-painter was in grievous anxiety, not only for his country, but for the lives of those nearest to him. The weather was arctic. Sketching out of doors was a matter of bodily hardship. French gaiety, genial companionship, and artistic enthusiasm overcame all obstacles. In the exhilarating society of his hostess, a Frenchwoman by marriage and at heart, Daubigny could shake off the gloom of that awful period.

"Ah, Madame Bodichon, you always inspire me!" he said again and again, the scenery of the Isle of Wight, however, not delighting him nearly so much as the fishmarket of Hastings. Later on we accompanied him thither, and he settled down in the little inn over against the lifeboat-house.

Before a stone of Girton College was laid Madame Bodichon had achieved good work. It is mainly owing to her exertions that working women can call their earnings their own, and also obtain divorce from a brutal husband. She wrote, as she spoke, admirable English. Her "Brief Summary of the Laws of England affecting Women," and other pamphlets, are models of their kind; lucid, dispassionate, unanswerable. For years she devoted alike time, money, and talents to a cause of which she lived to witness the triumph.

Another cause taken up by her no less warmly triumphed in her lifetime also. In 1866-67 we had traversed the fever-stricken plains of Oran together, journey-

ing to Algiers by way of Spain. "The fever, the fever," I wrote at the time; "every one was falling ill, was ill, or had been ill of the fever. We were particularly warned from exposing ourselves to the smell of freshly turned soil. The earth emitted a kind of poison, and there is no remedy for the evil but draining and planting." From the same spot, Le Sig, Oran, I wrote, "We returned to the auberge to see a pitiful sight. It was a little Arab child of fourteen months sick of the fever; he was riding on the shoulder of his grandfather, or, perhaps, great-grandfather, a patriarchal-looking old man with silky-white hair and beard. I don't think I ever saw anything more touching than his care of the little suffering thing. Its poor little face was perfectly livid, its eyes leaden, its limbs shrunken. What could we do for it?"

Quinine was a palliative, and we bestowed all that we had with us, but the true philanthropist, the "moral inventor," to use the phrase of Mr. Cotter Morrison, possesses, above all things, a vivid imagination. Madame Bodichon said little, but no doubt had in her mind some such picture as that of Faust:—

A swamp below the mountain stretches wide,  
Poisoning all husbandry. To draw away  
The deadly damp, that were the highest gain,  
I open place for millions here to dwell  
Busy and free, if not secure from ill.

The dream, if, indeed, dream it were, has been fulfilled. Since that picturesque, but painful journey the physical and climatic conditions of hundreds of thousands of acres in French Africa have been transformed by means of the *Eucalyptus Globulus*, and among the first and most zealous planters were Madame Bodichon and her husband. The dense masses of bluish-green forest that have sprung up in the interval are not, perhaps, conducive to the beauty of Algerian scenery. They have rendered vast tracts healthful and fertile. Such changes are not effected without outlay. Madame Bodichon was not a rich woman, but could always find money for the causes she had at heart. Large sums were spent by her upon convoys of seed ordered direct from Melbourne, and her whole-hearted action stimulated others.

Her pen, indeed, first drew attention in England to the marvellously febrifugal qualities of the *Eucalyptus Globulus*, or blue gum-tree. She had hastily put down a few facts and conclusions on paper, which she read to George Henry Lewes in 1868. He touched up the manuscript,

and carried it off straight to the office of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which paper it appeared next day, entitled "Australian Forests and Algerian Deserts."

It was in 1866 that the scheme of a university for women was matured by Madame Bodichon and Miss Emily Davies at the country house of the former. The pair discussed the matter morning, noon, and night, and the result of their confabulations was the experiment of Hitchin, a house temporarily opened for the accommodation of a few students later. I well remember the enthusiasm with which my friend carried me off to see the college of her dreams in embryo. As we lunched with the half-dozen busy, animated girls—a little family party—I recalled a passage in Miss Emily Davies's book on the "Higher Education of Women." In dwelling on the dead alive monotony of so many girls' lives, she mentions that terrible infliction of being invited out "to spend a long day." Those merry students most of whom afterwards devoted themselves to teaching, would at least never again be invited out to "spend a long day." Hitchin had made their time of more value. Who, at that moment, could foresee the magnificent building to arise within a decade just outside Cambridge? Educationalists of all shades of opinion rallied round the co-foundresses of Girton, but without the self-sacrifices of these two, the scheme might have fallen through. Madame Bodichon contributed a thousand pounds towards the initiatory outlay, and Miss Emily Davies for several years charged herself with the onerous duties of mistress.

Madame Bodichon threw heart and soul, not only into the organization and development of her college, but into the individual lives of the students—one and all were her children, her friends. With other educationalists, perhaps, she over-rated the value of mere mental training; in her generous ardor she was too apt to regard examinations and certificates as talismanic. In early life, with so many others, she had suffered at the hands of incompetent governesses. We need hardly wonder that the altered standard of women's education should appear to her in the light of a moral and spiritual revolution. A Girton student, in her eyes, ever had a shining nimbus round her head—was no mere woman.

Laws are not changed, wildernesses not made to blossom like the rose, colleges not founded, without wear and tear of muscle and brain. At fifty years of age

Madame Bodichon's health, never robust, completely broke down. But not one stroke of paralysis after another could check the enthusiasm of that richly endowed nature, or chill the warmth of that large heart. "It is a benediction to see you!" had been Browning's greeting one day years before. It was a benediction to see her still, enfeebled, unable any longer to exert herself mentally or bodily, yet, to the very last, living not in her own sick-room, but in the large life of others — the future of humanity. An evolutionist, saner intelligence never existed. She had long since discarded dogma and theologies of human invention. Theosophy, spiritism, psychical research — so called — and similar aberrations, were equally repugnant to her. She calmly accepted existence as it is, finding consolation for personal ills and bereavements in human progress.

In 1857 Barbara Leigh Smith had married Dr. Eugène Bodichon, of Algiers, a man of no mean attainments and in fullest sympathy with his wife's aims. One of the little knot known as the Republicans of '30, amongst these being his friends Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc, Dr. Bodichon rendered good service to the cause of colonization and democracy. Strange as it may appear, after nearly twenty years of conquest, slavery existed in full force throughout Algeria. Rulers and legislators had apparently forgotten the famous declaration of the Rights of Man abolishing slavery in France. When, in 1848, Dr. Bodichon was named corresponding member of the provisional government, he immediately recommended the liberation of slaves in French Africa, a measure as promptly put into force. There can be little doubt that with Rochefort he helped to destroy the Napoleonic prestige. His analysis of the character of the first Napoleon was not allowed to appear in France under the Second Empire; the types of the work were broken up and the author's movements strictly watched. Carlyle read and re-read this monograph. The volume containing it lay for several days near his bed, and he owed to a friend that up to that time he had entertained a different idea of the modern Cæsar. Long before the introduction of the *Eucalyptus Globulus* into Algeria, Dr. Bodichon had insisted on the necessity of replanting the colony, in many regions denuded by Arab incendiarys, in others rendered pestilential by miasma. His works on the country, especially from the ethnological point of view, are cited by Réclus and Henri Martin.

Madame Bodichon was not without one weakness of magnanimous natures. She was apt, especially of late years, to endow others with her own noble qualities, to bestow her confidence and affection upon those utterly unworthy of either. From littleness, self-seeking, worldliness, she was herself absolutely free. No woman ever possessed in larger degree the manly attribute of moral courage.

She died in June last, bequeathing £10,000 to her College of Girton and £1,000 to Bedford Square College.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
PRETTY POLL!

It is an error of youth to despise parrots for their much talking. Loquacity isn't always a sign of empty-headedness, nor is silence a sure proof of weight and wisdom. If Von Moltke knew how to hold his tongue in six separate languages, Napoleon on the other hand was an incessant tattler; and is it not recorded of Macaulay as a peculiar feat that on one memorable occasion he treated the company to "several brilliant flashes of silence"? Need I cite once more Coleridge's famous friend who opined of baked dumplings, "Them's the jockeys for me"? Need I pair Cato and Wellington, those taciturn souls, with Pericles, Demosthenes, Cicero, Pitt, and Mirabeau? Are the silent Spartans, who enriched the world with the adjective laconic, more generally esteemed for their intellectual qualities than the talkative Athenians, ever eager to hear or to say some new thing, who endowed it only with Attic salt? No, no; let us get rid of such Puritan prepossessions. Silence is not always or necessarily golden; for its chief prophet has himself sung its praises in twenty-four volumes octavo of close small pica, which form his main title to the admiration of posterity. If he'd taken his own advice and practised what he preached, he'd be remembered now at Ecclefechan alone as an indifferent stone-mason who mended the auld brig and built a new wall round the U. P. schoolhouse.

Biologists, for their part, know better than that. By common consent, they rank the parrot group as the very head and crown of bird creation. Not, of course, because pretty Poll can talk (in a state of nature parrots only chatter somewhat meaninglessly to one another), but because

the group display on the whole, all round, a greater amount of intelligence, of cleverness, and of adaptability to circumstances than any other birds, including even their cunning and secretive rivals, the ravens, the jackdaws, the crows, and the magpies.

What are the efficient causes of this exceptionally high intelligence in parrots? In the words of the young man to Father William in the immortal parody, "What makes them so awfully clever?" Well, Mr. Herbert Spencer, I believe, was the first to point out the intimate connection that exists throughout the animal world between mental development and the power of grasping an object all round so as to know exactly its shape and its tactile properties. The possession of an effective prehensile organ—a hand or its equivalent—seems to be the first great requisite for the evolution of a high order of intellect. Man and the monkeys, for example, have a pair of hands; and in their case one can see at a glance how dependent is their intelligence upon these grasping organs. All human arts base themselves ultimately upon the human hand; and even the apes approach nearest to humanity in virtue of their ever active and busy little fingers. The elephant, again, has his flexible trunk, which, as we have all heard over and over again, *usque ad nauseam*, is equally well adapted to pick up a pin or to break the great boughs of tropical forest trees. (That pin, in particular, is now a well-worn classic.) The squirrel, once more, celebrated for his unusual intelligence when judged by a rodent standard, uses his pretty little paws as veritable hands, by which he can grasp a nut or fruit all round, and so gain in his small mind a clear conception of its true shape and properties. Throughout the animal kingdom generally, indeed, this correspondence, or rather this chain of causation, makes itself everywhere felt; no high intelligence without a highly developed prehensile and grasping organ.

Perhaps the opossum is the very best and most crucial instance that could possibly be adduced of the intimate connection which exists between touch and intellect. For the opossum is a marsupial; it belongs to the same group of lowly organized, antiquated, and pouch-bearing animals as the kangaroo, the wombat, and the other belated Australian mammals. Now everybody knows the marsupials as a class are nothing short of preternaturally stupid. They are just about the very dumbest and silliest of all

existing quadrupeds. And this is reasonable enough, when one comes to think of it, for they represent a very antique and early type, the first rough sketch of the mammalian idea, if I may so describe them, with wits unsharpened as yet by contact with the world in the fierce competition of the struggle for life as it displays itself on the crowded stage of the great continents. They stand, in short, to the lions and tigers, the elephants and horses, the monkeys and squirrels, of Europe and America, as the Australian blackfellow stands to the Englishman or the Yankee. They are the last relic of the original secondary quadrupeds, stranded for ages in a remote southern island, and still keeping up among Australian forests the antique type of life that went out of fashion in Europe, Asia, and America before the chalk was laid down or the London Clay deposited on the bed of our northern oceans. Hence they have still very narrow brains, and are so extremely stupid that a kangaroo, it is said—though I don't vouch for it myself—when struck a smart blow, will turn and bite the stick that hurts him instead of expending his anger on the hand that holds it.

Now, every Girton girl is well aware that the opossum, though it is a marsupial too, differs inexpressibly in psychological development from the kangaroo and the wombat. Your opossum, in short, is active, sly, and extremely intelligent. He knows his way about the world he lives in. "A 'possum up a gum-tree" is accepted by the observant American mind as the very incarnation of animal cleverness, cunning, and duplicity. In negro folk-lore, the resourceful 'possum takes the place of Reynard the Fox in European stories; he is the Macchiavelli of wild beasts; there is no ruse on earth of which he isn't amply capable, no artful trick which he can't design and execute, no wily manœuvre which he can't contrive and carry to an end successfully. All guile and intrigue, the 'possum can circumvent even Uncle Remus himself by his crafty diplomacy. And what is it that makes all the difference between this 'cute Yankee marsupial and his backward and belated Australian cousins? Why, nothing but the possession of a prehensile hand and tail. Therein lies the whole secret. The opossum's hind foot has a genuine, opposable thumb; and he also uses his tail in climbing as a supernumerary hand, almost as much as do any of the monkeys. He often suspends himself by it, like an acrobat, swings his body to and fro to get

up steam, then lets go suddenly, and flies away to a distant branch, which he clutches by means of his hand-like hind feet. If the toes play him false, he can "recover his tip," as circus-folk put it, with his prehensile tail. The consequence is that the opossum, being able to form for himself clear and accurate conceptions of the real shapes and relations of things by these two distinct grasping organs, has acquired an unusual amount of general intelligence. And further, in the keen competition of the American continent, he has been forced to develop an amount of cleverness and low cunning which leaves his Australian poor relations far behind in the Middle Ages of evolution.

At the risk of seeming to run off at a tangent and forsake our ostensible subject, pretty poll, altogether, I must just pause for one moment more to answer an objection which I know has been trembling on the tip of your tongue any time the last five minutes. You've been waiting till you could get a word in edgeways to give me a friendly nudge and remark very wisely, "But look here, I say; how about the dog and the horse in your argument? *They've* got no prehensile organ that ever I heard of, and yet they're universally allowed to be the cleverest and most intelligent of all earthly quadrupeds." True, O most sapient and courteous objector. I grant it you at once. But observe the difference. The cleverness of the horse and of the dog is acquired, not original. It has probably arisen in the course of their long hereditary intercourse and companionship with man, the cleverest and most serviceable individuals being deliberately selected from generation to generation as dams and sires to breed from. We can't fairly compare these artificial human products, therefore, with wild races whose intelligence is all native and self-evolved. Moreover, the horse at least *has* to some slight extent a prehensile organ in his very mobile and sensitive lip, which he uses like an undeveloped or rudimentary proboscis to feel things all over with. So that the dog alone remains as a contradictory instance; and even the dog derives his cleverness indirectly from man, whose hand and thumb in the last resort are really at the bottom of his vicarious wisdom.

We may conclude, then, I believe, that touch, as Mr. Herbert Spencer admirably words it, is "the mother tongue of the senses;" and that in proportion as animals have or have not highly developed and serviceable tactile organs will they rank high or low in the intellectual hierarchy of nature.

Now, how does this bear upon the family of parrots? Well, in the first place, everybody who has ever kept a cockatoo or a macaw in domestic slavery is well aware that in no other birds do the claws so closely resemble a human or simian hand, not indeed in outer form or appearance, but in opposability of the thumbs and in perfection of grasping power. The toes on each foot are arranged in opposite pairs — two turning in front and two backward, which gives all parrots their peculiar firmness in clinging on a perch or on the branch of a tree with one foot only, while they extend the other to grasp a fruit or to clutch at any object they desire to take possession of. True, this peculiarity isn't entirely confined to the parrots alone, as such. They share the division of the foot into two thumbs and two fingers with a whole large group of allied birds, called, in the charmingly concise and poetical language of technical ornithology, the Scansorial Picarians, and more generally known to the unlearned herd (meaning you and me) by their several names of woodpeckers, cuckoos, toucans, and plantain-eaters. All the members of this great group, of which the parrots proper are only the most advanced and developed family, possess the same arrangement of the digits into front-toes and back-toes. But in none is the arrangement so perfect as in the parrots, and in none is the power of grasping an object all round so completely developed and so pregnant in moral and intellectual consequences.

All the Scansorial Picarians, however (if the reader with his proverbial courtesy will kindly pardon me the inevitable use of such very bad words), are essentially tree-haunters; and the tree-haunting and climbing habit, as is well bekknown, seems particularly favorable to the growth of intelligence. Thus schoolboys climb trees — but I forgot; this is a scientific article, and such levity is inconsistent with the dignity of science. Let us be serious! Well, at any rate, monkeys, squirrels, opossums, wild cats, are all of them climbers, and all of them, in the act of clinging, jumping, and balancing themselves on boughs, gain such an accurate idea of geometrical figure, perspective, distance, and the true nature of space-relations, as could hardly be acquired in any other manner. In one word, they thoroughly understand space of three dimensions, and the tactual realities that answer to and underlie each visible appearance. This is the very substratum of all intelligence; and the monkeys, possessing it more profoundly than

any other animals, have accordingly taken the top of the form in the competitive examination perpetually conducted by survival of the fittest.

So, too, among birds, the parrots and their allies climb trees and rocks with exceptional ease and agility. Even in their own department they are the great feathered acrobats. Anybody who watches a woodpecker, for example, grasping the bark of a tree with its crooked and powerful toes, while it steadies itself behind by digging its stiff tail-feathers into the crannies of the outer rind, will readily understand how clear a notion the bird must gain into the practical action of the laws of gravity. But the true parrots go a step further in the same direction than the woodpeckers or the toucans; for in addition to prehensile feet, they have also a highly developed prehensile bill, and within it a tongue which acts in reality as an organ of touch. They use their crooked beaks to help them in climbing from branch to branch; and being thus provided alike with wings, legs, hands, fingers, bill, and tongue, they are in fact the most truly arboreal of all known animals, and present in the fullest and highest degree all the peculiar features of the tree-haunting existence.

Nor is that all. Alone among birds or mammals, the parrots have the curious peculiarity of being able to move the upper as well as the lower jaw. It is this strange mobility of both the mandibles together, combined with the crafty effect of the sideways glance from those artful eyes, that gives the characteristic air of intelligence and wisdom to the parrot's face. We naturally expect so clever a bird to speak. And when it turns upon us suddenly with a copy-book maxim, we are in no way astonished at its surpassing smartness.

Parrots are vegetarians; with a single degraded exception to whom I shall recur hereafter, Sir Henry Thompson himself couldn't find fault with their regimen. They live chiefly upon a light but nutritious diet of fruit and seeds, or upon the abundant nectar of rich tropical flowers. And it is mainly for the sake of getting at their chosen food that they have developed the large and powerful bills which characterize the family. You may have perhaps noted that most tropical fruit-eaters, like the hornbills and the toucans, are remarkable for the size and strength of their beaks; if you haven't, I dare say you will generously take my word for it. And, *per contra*, it may also have struck you

that most tropical fruits have thick or hard or nauseous rinds, which need to be torn off before the monkeys or birds for whose use they are intended can get at them and eat them. Our little northern strawberries, and raspberries, and currants, and whortleberries, developed with a single eye to the petty robins and finches of temperate climates, can be popped into the mouth whole and eaten as they stand; they are meant for small birds to devour, and to disperse the tiny undigested nut-like seeds in return for the bribe of the soft pulp that surrounds them. But it is quite otherwise with oranges, shaddocks, bananas, plantains, mangoes, and pine-apples; those great tropical fruits can only be eaten properly with a knife and fork, after stripping off the hard and often acrid rind that guards and preserves them. They lay themselves out for dispersion by monkeys, toucans, and other relatively large and powerful fruit-eaters; and the rind is put there as a barrier against small thieves who would rob the sweet pulp, but be absolutely incapable of carrying away and dispersing the large and richly stored seeds it covers.

Parrots and toucans, however, have no knives and forks to cut off the rind with: but as monkeys use their fingers, so the birds use for the same purpose their sharp and powerful bills. No better nut-crackers and fruit-parers could possibly be found. The parrot, in particular, has developed for the purpose his curved and inflated beak—a wonderful weapon, keen as a tailor's scissors, and moved by powerful muscles on either side of the face which bring together the cutting edges with extraordinary energy. The way the bird holds a fruit gingerly in one claw, while he strips off the rind dexterously with his under-hung lower mandible, and keeps a sharp lookout meanwhile on either side with those sly and stealthy eyes of his for a possible intruder, suggests to the observing mind the whole living drama of his native forest. One sees in that vivid world the watchful monkey ever ready to swoop down upon the unsuspecting tail-feathers of his hereditary foe; one sees the canny parrot ever prepared for his rapid attack, and ever eager to make him pay with five joints of his tail for his impertinent interference with an unoffending fellow-citizen of the arboreal community.

Still there are parrots and parrots, of course. Not all this vast family are in all things of like passions one with another. The great black cockatoo, for example,

the largest of the tribe, lives almost entirely off the central shoot or "cabbage" of palm-trees; an expensive kind of food, for when once the "cabbage" is eaten the tree dies forthwith, so that each black cockatoo must have killed in his time whole groves of cabbage-palms. Others, again, feed off fruits and seeds; and not a few are entirely adapted for flower-haunting and honey-sucking.

As a group, the parrots are comparatively modern birds. Indeed, they could have no place in the world till the big tropical fruits and nuts were beginning to be developed. And it is now pretty certain that fruits and nuts are for the most part of very recent and special evolution. To put it briefly, the monkeys and parrots developed the fruits and nuts, while the fruits and nuts returned the compliment by developing conversely the monkeys and parrots. In other words, both types grew up side by side in mutual dependence, and evolved themselves *pari passu* for one another's benefit. Without the fruits there could be no fruit-eaters; and without the fruit-eaters to disperse their seeds, there could just to the same extent be no fruits to speak of.

Most of the parrots very much resemble the monkeys and other tropical fruit-feeders in their habits and manners. They are gregarious, mischievous, noisy, and irresponsible. They have no moral sense, and are fond of practical jokes and other schoolboy horseplay. They move about in flocks, screeching loud as they go, and alight together on some tree well covered with berries. No doubt they herd together for the sake of protection, and screech both to keep the flock in a body and to strike alarm and consternation into the breasts of their enemies. When danger threatens, the first bird that perceives it sounds a note of warning; and in a moment the whole troop is on the wing at once, vociferous and eager, roaring forth a song in their own tongue which may be roughly interpreted as stating in English that they don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if they do, they'll tear their enemy to shreds and drink his blood up too.

The common grey parrot, the best known in confinement of all his kind, is unrivalled as an orator for his graces of speech, is a native of west Africa; so that he shares with other west Africans that perfect command of language which has always been a marked characteristic of the negro race. He feeds in a general way upon palm-nuts, bananas, mangoes, and guavas, but he is by no means averse,

if opportunity offers to the Indian corn of the industrious native. His wife accompanies him in his solitary rambles, for they are not gregarious. In her native haunts, indeed, Polly is an unsociable bird. It is only in confinement that her finer qualities come out, and that she develops into a speechmaker of distinguished attainments.

A very peculiar and exceptional offshoot of the parrot group is the brush-tongued lory, several species of which are common in Australia, India, and the Molucca Islands. These pretty and interesting creatures are in point of fact parrots which have practically made themselves into humming-birds by long continuance in the poetical habit of visiting flowers for food. Like Mr. Oscar Wilde in his æsthetic days, they breakfast off a lily. Flitting about from tree to tree with great rapidity, they thrust their long, extensible tongues, pencilled with honey-gathering hairs, into the tubes of many big tropical blossoms. The lories, indeed, live entirely on nectar, and they are so common in the region they have made their own that all the larger flowers there have been developed with a special view to their tastes and habits, as well as to the structure of their peculiar brush-like honey collector. In most parrots the mouth is dry and the tongue horny; but in the lories it is moist and much more like the same organ in the humming-birds and sun-birds. The prevalence of very large and brilliantly colored flowers in the Malayan region must be set down for the most part to the selective action of these æsthetic and color-loving little brush-tongued parrots.

Australia and New Zealand, as everybody knows, are the countries where everything goes by contraries. And it is here that the parrot group has developed some of its strangest and most abnormal offshoots. One would imagine beforehand that no two birds could be more unlike in every respect than the gaudy, noisy, gregarious cockatoos and the sombre, nocturnal, solitary owls. Yet the New Zealand owl-parrot is, to put it plainly, a lory which has assumed all the outer appearance and habits of an owl. A lurker in the twilight or under the shades of night, burrowing for its nest in holes in the ground, it has dingy brown plumage like the owls, with an undertone of green to bespeak its parrot origin; while its face is entirely made up of two great disks, surrounding the eyes, which succeed in giving it a most marked and unmistakable owl-like appearance.

Now, why should a parrot so strangely disguise itself and belie its ancestry. The reason is plain. It found a place for it ready made in nature. New Zealand is a remote and sparsely stocked island, peopled by mere casual waifs and strays of life from adjacent but still very distant continents. There are no dangerous enemies there. Here, then, was a clear chance for a nightly prowler. The owl-parrot with true business instinct saw the opening thus clearly laid before it, and took to a nocturnal and burrowing life, with the natural consequence that it acquired in time the dingy plumage, crepuscular eyes, and broad, disk-like reflectors of other prowling night-fliers. Unlike the owls, however, the owl-parrot, true to the vegetarian instincts of the whole lory race, lives almost entirely upon sprigs of mosses and other creeping plants. It is thus essentially a ground bird; and as it feeds at night in a country possessing no native beasts of prey, it has almost lost the power of flight, and uses its wings only as a sort of parachute to break its fall in descending from a rock or tree to its accustomed feeding-ground. To get up again, it climbs, parrot-like, with its hooked claws, up the surface of the trunk or the face of the precipice.

Even more aberrant in its ways, however, than the burrowing owl-parrot, is that other strange and hated New Zealand lory, the kea, which, alone among its kind, has abjured the gentle, ancestral vegetarianism of the cockatoos and macaws, in favor of a carnivorous diet of singular ferocity. And what is odder still, this evil habit has been developed in the kea since the colonization of New Zealand by the English, those most demoralizing of newcomers. The settlers have taught the Maori to wear tall hats and to drink strong liquors; and they have thrown temptation in the way of even the once innocent native parrot. Before the white man came, in fact, the kea was a mild-mannered, fruit-eating or honey-sucking bird. But as soon as sheep stations were established in the island these degenerate parrots began to acquire a distinct taste for raw mutton. At first, to be sure, they ate only the sheep's heads and offal that were thrown out from the slaughter-houses, picking the bones as clean of meat as a dog or a jackal. But in process of time, as the taste for blood grew upon them, a still viler idea entered into their wicked heads. The first step on the downward path suggested the second. If dead sheep are good to eat, why not also living ones? The kea, pon-

dering deeply on this abstruse problem, solved it at once with an emphatic affirmative. And he straightway proceeded to act upon his convictions, and invent a really hideous mode of procedure. Perching on the backs of the living sheep he has now learnt the exact spot where the kidneys are to be found; and he tears open the flesh to get at these dainty morsels, which he pulls out and devours, leaving the unhappy animal to die in miserable agony. As many as two hundred ewes have thus been killed in a night at a single station. I need hardly add that the sheep farmer naturally resents this irregular proceeding, so opposed to all ideals of good grazing, and that the days of the kea are now numbered in New Zealand. But from the purely psychological point of view the case is an interesting one, as being the best recorded instance of the growth of a new and complex instinct actually under the eyes of human observers.

One word as to the general coloring of the parrot group as a whole. Tropical, forestine birds have usually a ground tone of green because that color enables them best to escape notice among the monotonous verdure of equatorial woodland scenery. In the north, to be sure, green is a very conspicuous color; but that is only because for half the year our trees are bare and even during the other half they lack that "breadth of tropic shade" which characterizes the forests of all hot countries. Therefore, in temperate climates, the common ground-tone of birds is brown, to harmonize with the bare boughs and leafless twigs, the clods of earth and dead turf or stubble. But in the evergreen tropics green is the right hue for concealment or defence. Therefore the parrots, the most purely tropical family of birds on earth, are mostly greenish; and among the smaller and more defenceless sorts, like the familiar little love-birds, where the need for protection is greatest, the green of the plumage is almost unbroken. Of the tiny Pigmy parrots of New Guinea, for instance, Mr. Bowdler Sharpe says: "Owing to their small size and the resemblance of their green coloring to the forests they inhabit, they are not easily seen, and until recent years were very hard to procure." And of the green parrot of Jamaica, Mr. Gosse remarks: "Often we hear their voices proceeding from a certain tree, or else have marked the descent of a flock on it; but on proceeding to the spot, though the eye has not wandered from it, we cannot discover an individual. We go close to the tree, but all is silent

and still as death. We institute a careful survey of every part with the eye, to detect the slightest motion, or the form of a bird among the leaves, but all in vain. We begin to think they have stolen off unperceived; but on throwing a stone into the tree, a dozen throats burst forth into a cry, and as many green birds rush forth upon the wing." Green may thus be regarded as the normal or basal parrot tint, from which all other colors are special decorative variations.

But fruit-eating and flower-feeding creatures — like butterflies and humming-birds — seeking their food ever among the bright berries and brilliant flowers, almost invariably acquire in the long run an æsthetic taste for pure and varied coloring, and by the aid of sexual selection this taste stereotypes itself at last in their own wings and plumage. They choose their mates for color as they choose their foodstuffs. Hence all the larger and more gregarious parrots, in which the need for concealment is less, tend to diversify the fundamental green of their coats with crimson, yellow, or blue, which in some cases take possession of the entire body. The largest kinds of all, like the great blue and yellow or crimson macaws, are as gorgeous as Solomon in all his glory; and they are also the species least afraid of enemies; for in Brazil you may often see them wending their way homeward openly in pairs every evening, with as little attempt at concealment as rooks in England. In the Moluccas and New Guinea, says Mr. Wallace, white cockatoos and gorgeous lorries in crimson and blue are the very commonest objects in the local fauna. Even the New Zealand owl-parrot, however, still retains many traces of his original greenness, mixed with the dirty brown and dingy yellow of his acquired nocturnal and burrowing nature.

If fruit-eaters are fine, flower-haunters are magnificent. And the brush-tongued lorries, that search for nectar among the bells of Malayan blossoms, are the brightest-colored of all the parrot tribes. Indeed, no group of birds, according to Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace (who ought to know, if anybody does), exhibits within the same limited number of types so extraordinary a diversity and richness of coloring as the parrots. "As a rule," he says, "parrots may be termed green birds, the majority of the species having this color as the basis of their plumage, relieved by caps, gorgets, bands, and wing spots of other and brighter hues. Yet this general green tint sometimes changes into light or

deep blue, as in some macaws; into pure yellow or rich orange, as in some of the American macaw parrots; into purple, grey, or dove-color, as in some American, African, and Indian species; into the purest crimson, as in some of the lorries; into rosy white and pure white, as in the cockatoos; and into a deep purple, ashy, or black, as in several Papuan, Australian, and Mascarene species. There is in fact hardly a single distinct and definable color that cannot be fairly matched among the three hundred and ninety species of known parrots. Their habits, too, are such as to bring them prominently before the eye. They usually feed in flocks; they are noisy, and so attract attention; they love gardens, orchards, and open sunny places; they wander about far in search of food, and towards sunset return homeward in noisy flocks, or in constant pairs. Their forms and motions are often beautiful and attractive. The immensely long tails of the macaws and the more slender tails of the Indian paroquets, the fine crest of the cockatoos, the swift flight of many of the smaller species, and the graceful motions of the little love-birds and allied forms, together with their affectionate natures, aptitude for domestication, and power of mimicry, combine to render them at once the most conspicuous and the most attractive of all the specially tropical forms of bird life."

I have purposely left to the last the one point about parrots which most often attracts the attention of the young, the gay, the giddy, and the thoughtless; I mean their power of mimicry in human language. And I believe I am justified in passing it over lightly. For in fact this power is but a very incidental result of the general intelligence of parrots, combined with the other peculiarities of their social life and forestine character. Dominant woodland animals, indeed, like monkeys, parrots, toucans, and hornbills, at least if vegetarian in their habits, are almost always gregarious, noisy, mischievous, and imitative. And the imitation results directly from the unusual intelligence; for, after all, what is the power of learning itself — at least, in all save its very highest phases — but the faculty of accurately imitating another? Monkeys for the most part imitate action only, because they haven't very varied or flexible voices. Parrots and many other birds, on the contrary — like the starling and still more markedly the American mocking-bird — being endowed with considerable flexibility of voice, imitate either songs or spoken words with

great distinctness. In the parrot the power of attention is also very considerable, for the bird will often try over with itself repeatedly the lesson it has set itself to learn. But people too generally forget that at best the parrot knows only the general application of a sentence, not the separate meanings of its component words. It knows, for example, that "Polly wants a lump of sugar" is a phrase often followed by a present of food. But to believe it can understand an abstract expression, like the famous "By Jove! what a beastly lot of parrots!" is to confound learning by rote with genuine comprehension. A careful review of all the evidence makes almost every scientific observer conclude that at most a parrot knows a word of command as a horse knows "Whoa!" or a dog knows the order to hunt for rats in the wainscot.

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From The National Review.

#### MENSERVANTS IN ENGLAND.

"THE soul of a lacquey" is an expression generally used as a term of opprobrium. It is supposed to denote a certain measure of low cunning and grovelling meanness. Yet the race of lacqueys has always existed, and continues to be looked upon with considerable favor. No large establishment is complete without its staff of menservants; and the ambition of small people tends to the keeping of a male domestic, be he even of the hybrid order called "single-handed." These single-handed men are types of the worst species. They have all the evils and none of the consummate manner and the perfect gentility of the high-class servant; they are generally married men, who have drifted down from a higher estate through drink or other misfortunes; they are slovenly and lazy, and lord it over the widow and the orphan with whom it is their lot to be cast. I remember one of these gentry, a good specimen of his class, and looked upon as a model by his mistress, a widow of my acquaintance. One day he was suddenly dismissed, to the astonishment of her friends, who knew how highly she valued his services. Her explanation of the matter was that a deputation of the maids in the house waited upon her urgently imploring her to send away the treasure; they were tired, they said, of sitting up for him till two or three in the morning whenever she was out of town. They trusted she would dismiss him with

a month's wages, for he had threatened to kill them if they told her, and they firmly believed he would. Single ladies are fearfully tyrannized over by the domestic of this class—the old butler, who decides what they shall drink, how much they shall drink, and how they shall live, and whom they dare not disturb at odd hours, or in the enjoyment of his meals, by ringing the bell or sending him on a message.

"Single-handed" servants do not enter into the generic category of flunkeys of whom Leech made such fun in the pages of *Punch*, and who have been satirized so keenly by Thackeray in his "Diary of James de la Pluche." The latter is a functionary conventionally arrayed in plush breeches and silk stockings, with well-developed calves and a supercilious expression. Several times a day he partakes freely of nourishing food, including a surprising quantity of beer. He has a wholesome contempt for poor people, small families, and genteel poverty; and talks of *us* and *we* in connection with his master. His meals and his pipe appear the be-all and end-all of existence. After, there comes the washing of his head. This has to be done daily (so he avers) in order to prevent the powder he wears from injuring his luxuriant hair. More prosaic persons believe the reason to be that when he walks out he prefers to look the private gentleman all over, rather than show the badge of servitude in his floured head. The *amour propre* of a flunkey is variously compounded. He likes to strut about in a pot-hat, with a light cane and a cut-away coat, and appear as if he had nothing to do. That is one side of his *amour propre*. The other is satisfaction in his calves, his livery, his six feet two, and the fine turnout of his people. He owns to a great deal of vicarious pride in these matters; and whatever may happen, as far as *he* is concerned, he is determined to keep up the credit of the family. He may be seen lounging superciliously on the door-steps of a summer afternoon, his coat thrown back, his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes, regarding the passing carriages and their well-dressed occupants with approval, or glaring contemptuously at the small boy with a parcel, and the poor music-mistress who arrives on foot and timidly asks whether the young ladies are at home. The tone of the flunkey is carefully graduated according to what he considers the rank of the caller; and it is sometimes an amusing experience to pay an early visit, plainly dressed, when, after being looked over from head to foot as if you were a

thief or a beggar, you give your card as Lady X., and note the instant change from haughtiness to respectful servility. The philosophy of clothes is a lesson which the flunkey never learns. He always judges you by your rich apparel and your surroundings, rather than by your innate worth and your refined and *distingué* manner, for to him "the tailor makes the man." Jeames considers it a part of his duty to be beautiful. "Sois belle in tu peux, sois sage si tu veux mais sois considérée, il le faut" is his axiom of life. Beauty and uselessness go together, he believes; so he heaps all the duties he can decently delegate, to the housemaid and the odd man (a most useful and necessary appendage to every large establishment). He rises as late as possible; he exerts himself as little as he need; he declines to take up the governess's supper or to clean her boots; and he insists on his own breakfast being brought to him in bed whenever his mistress is out of town. A jolly, lazy, magnificent fellow is the flunkey, though occasionally troubled by some peculiar ailments, which the doctor bluntly attributes to overfeeding, but which Jeames puts down to the unhealthiness of his sleeping apartment and the rarity of his days "out." As he generally spends his days "out" in the comfortable seclusion of the public-house, or in that of the servants' club, they are not always conducive to his good health. Clubs are an immense institution and a great resort of servants. They are of all sorts, from those as exclusive as the Marlborough or Arthur's to others bristling with as many secret rules and regulations as the Freemasons' brotherhood are popularly supposed to enjoy. One ordinary rule is that which makes it imperative on a servant not to stay more than two years in a situation, howsoever comfortable he may be, — a capital way of ensuring what the French police call circulation, and preventing any undue attachment to the household he inhabits *pro tem*.

Although Jeames rigidly keeps up the prestige of the establishment before the outside world, in his own heart and to his intimates of the club he discusses and criticises his employers pretty freely. Their faults, their vices, their tempers, their stinginess, and their folly are nowise extenuated; and to know the real man thoroughly you need only consult his *valet-de-chambre*, whose contempt for his master is equalled by his insolence when he dares. As an instance we may quote the speech of a footman who, when told that his mis-

tress — a lady of fidgety temper and high degree — had rung her bell already several times, calmly replied, as he sipped his glass of beer, "Let her ring!" Kindly contempt sometimes takes the place of insolence, as in the case of the servant who happened to be travelling second-class with a friend of mine. As the train stopped at a station he observed of his master — a well-known magnate — "I must look out here, for my bloke always gets hisself left behind!"

Strange and weird are the traditions of household customs, the etiquette of the back stairs, the precedence of the servants' hall. The incessant squabbles about whose "place" it is to do such and such a thing are so aggravatingly prolonged that an exasperated master was once heard to exclaim, "Well, Thomas, as it's nobody else's business to take up the coals, I suppose it must be mine!" On another occasion the equanimity of a whole family was disturbed by an argument between the footman and the ladies' maid as to the precise position of the lady's boots when brought up-stairs; the footman maintaining it was not his place to put them *inside*, and the maid peremptorily declining to take them from outside the door of the bedroom. The weighty matter could be decided only by the dismissal of both the superfine domestics.

Servants lay special stress on their meals "reg'lar," on an unlimited supply of beer, and on a license to waste and spoil according to their pleasure. We all know and dread the unfailing answer we receive when we request a servant to bring up a plate, or a decanter, or a glass not in ordinary use. "Please, sir, there ain't no more of that set!" thus effectually upsetting your hospitable arrangements and disturbing your equanimity for the day. Or, again, the "book," that instrument of domestic torture, which the manservant politely places on your table once a month, and which swells to undue proportions on the most trivial pretexts. How generous is your servant with your money; how lavishly he tips porters and railway servants; how magnificently he pays the cabmen and the coal-heavers, sending them away rejoicing; what a splendid example of open-handedness and genial benevolence he sets you; and how mean and parsimonious your notions of life are, compared with his!

The family butler or steward, if less beautiful, is perhaps a more practical necessity than the flunkey. In his hands are placed the safe routine and thorough re-

spectability of the establishment. It is he who wields the rod of office, dispenses the hospitality of the wine-cellar, and locks the area gate for fear of thieves. It is he who calls Jeames to order for his forgetfulness and shortcomings, and consults with the housekeeper on weighty matters of state and prudence. He is a magnificent personage, with a figure of ample proportions, and the benign and important expression of an archbishop. He is omniscient at dinner (though at other times generally invisible); he knows your preferences (especially if you have tipped him on the occasion of your last visit); he whispers "Very old brandy" and "Château Margot" confidentially in your ear, and pours you out repeated bumpers of the '74 champagne. He knows all the family gossip; drinks the health of the young ladies and gentlemen, in the housekeeper's room, on their various birthdays; and, having married the ladies'-maid, retires in the prime of life to the sanctities of a comfortable public-house — a blessed ending to many well-spent years.

The man-cook is a specimen of quite another kind. He is an artist, and as such a Bohemian. He is always out, excepting when he is concocting some specially delicate *plat* (the ordinary family dinner being provided by the kitchen-maid); he enjoys a wide liberty denied to the other servants; he stays out late — for is he not assisting his friend Alphonse in the preparation of a banquet at the duke of S.'s, and is not this part of the necessary experience and deftness required in his stock in trade? He is independent, very; he is expensive likewise. While the wages of a flunkey range from £30 to £40, merely the salary of a clerk, the butler's from £80 to £100, the salary of a curate, the wages of a *chef*, including his perquisites, range from £200 to £300 or even £400 a year. As a great *gourmet* once observed, "Good cooking is hygiene, and hygiene is life; who would not pay for life?" The man-cook practises his extortions and raises his demands daily. Year by year Italians and Frenchmen invade our shores, and take possession of our kitchens, wielding their *casseroles* in kingly fashion and ruling obsequious kitchen-maids and scullions with a rod of iron. After a few years they wax fat and retire from the fleshpots of Egypt, with their sausages, their garlic, and their wives, to an old age of comfortable competency in their native land.

The "odd man," like the humble earthworm, is the invisible but necessary

worker that causes silent revolutions in the machinery of the universe. He cleans knives and boots, carries coals, and does everything disagreeable and arduous for everybody else. He gets cursed and sworn at; he rises early and goes late to rest; all the misdemeanors of the household are laid on his patient back; he does the work of two menservants and is paid half the wages of one. He bears his apparently miserable life with equanimity and possesses his soul in patience, snatching such mundane consolations as he can in the shape of a few poor perquisites for his sick mother or his little brothers and sisters at home, knowing (sturdy lad of six feet that he is!) that the day will come when he in his turn may taste the joys of prosperity, may lord it over the others, lie in bed in the morning, smoke the pipe of peace, and chuck the housemaid unreprievedly under the chin when he meets her on the staircase. These are the prizes and honors of service to be looked forward to — the rewards which sweeten toil and console a man for the insolence, the hardships, and the overbearing demeanor it is his temporary lot to endure.

Perhaps the king of domestics, while he is certainly the pleasantest, the most useful, and the smartest of officials, is the valet, or gentleman's gentleman. A very butterfly, the Figaro of existence is he; gay, gallant, fascinating in the eyes of ladies'-maids, and agreeable in the sight of their mistresses. Generally the trusted *confidant* of his employer, a lively bachelor like himself, he mentally divides the world into two sections — his master and his friends, and the rest of the world. He knows all about his employer's intrigues; he carries his notes; he purchases his flowers; he visits in the same country houses and is familiar with all the sporting gossip of his set. He describes to the admiring audience down-stairs how "we went in the good thing from Ranksborough Gorse," how "we cut them all down in the Brigade Cup at Sandown," how "we killed the biggest stag in the duke's forest." He has associated with "smart" people and the "*crème de la crème*" until he has entirely forgotten he is not one of them by birth. He receives high wages, of course; he lives in the lap of luxury; he is selfish and untruthful occasionally; but he is an invaluable person. His memory is like unto Macaulay's; he never forgets a single portmanteau or bag or hat-box; he reads "Bradshaw" excellently; he takes the tickets, and, tipping the guard efficiently,

secures a reserved railway compartment; he brings his master tea or brandy and soda at the stations; he engages the only fly at their destination; he has everything unpacked and ready by the time his master leisurely strolls up-stairs to dress. He is a factotum in a hundred. He has the soul of a perfect army commissariat; he lays his plans in advance; he caters like an old campaigner; he is as reserved as Macchiavelli. A word or a glance is sufficient; he understands the merest nod. He ingratiates himself with the maids belonging to the ladies his master—or, as he prefers to call him, “the guv’nor”—admires; he knows their taste in flowers, their style of dress, their peculiar idiosyncracies and flirtations. He looks after “the guv’nor’s” interests in a fatherly way, and advises him to pay an occasional visit to the paternal home, or reminds him to write to his mother and sisters. All this he does without any undue expressions of familiarity, though he may venture occasionally on a word of advice. He has always the same noiseless step and perfect sleekness and politeness of manner, the same absolute good temper and gentleness of tone, with the same subserviency and perfection of voice, the same ardor and energy in his work. Your boots are polished till you can see your face in them; ties are carefully arranged; clothes are ironed; and brushed hats are glossy; the buttonhole is laid out invitingly; hot water is to your hand; your slippers lie in front of the fire; and the obsequious valet stands ready. Who would grudge so many guineas a year for service like this? If he smokes your cigars, your loose cash may lie about freely; he will not touch it. You who are so careless with your studs and sleeve-links and pins possess an attendant who counts and looks after them. If he occasionally helps himself to a glass or two of wine, he pays your bills punctually and in order. If he uses bad language to his inferiors, and haughtily calls the steward’s-room boy an idiot, have you never sworn at him when you were in a hurry and your shirts were not sufficiently starched, or the exact brickdust red of your tops not quite to your taste? If he diverges from the truth occasionally, can you expect him to do violence to his real nature always, to be forever smiling, handy, and obliging, and never to suffer from the toothache or the heartache? Is he a hypocrite? Yes; he is paid for it. Does he feather his own nest amply?—have you not yourself taught him the value of number one?

The gentleman’s gentleman remains an unique specimen of high civilization acting upon a naturally uneducated nature. There is veneer, but no real value underneath. Yet, take him all in all, the gentleman’s gentleman is agreeable to live with, easy to manage, unobtrusively useful, faithful as far as his lights go, devoted to what he thinks your interest and his, amiable and good-tempered, light-hearted and ready-witted. What better can we say of most of our friends?

The gamekeeper, who is not exactly a domestic servant, is yet a functionary of immense importance. Unless he is conciliated by largesses and sympathetically inclined towards you, you will fare badly in your attempts at sport. He will put you in the coolest corners, station you in the outlying boxes at the grouse drive, send you to tramp through the useless spinneys, and generally weary and discourage you. Especially are you in the hands of the forester in a Scotch deer forest. He may do as he likes with you if he bears you a grudge, or merely serve his master docilely, as that one did who asked a titled employer, “Will I give the gentleman a walk or a shot to-day?” Some of these men, born and bred on the hills, and living amidst the grandest and wildest of scenery, possess a keen, homely wit, which renders them interesting companions, and an innate courtesy and refinement of feeling that stamps them as a very different race from the mercenary and unscrupulous town servants. Many are the stories related of their good-natured contempt for the ignorance and clumsiness of the enterprising Saxon, audaciously confident in his skill and helpless as a child in the hands of his guide. Note the sarcastic reply of the stalker, after having swept the hillside with his glass and reported that some stags were on the horizon, to the foolish question of a gentleman, “Such a distance off—how do you know they are stags?” “Stags has horns!” or the curt and pregnant answer of the forester to the despairing tyro who, while a shining light in the political world, yet carefully and persistently missed the easiest shots all through the day, when he piteously inquired, “What is the reason I cannot hit the deer?” “Eh, mon, it’s well there’s beef in Aberdeen!” On another occasion a poor unfortunate sportsman, in his anxiety to do the right thing, apologetically exclaimed, “I was so afraid of haunching him, I shot at his head.” “Deed,” said his companion shortly, “that was no airthly use.” A book might

be written about the shrewd sayings of gamekeepers and their acute judgments of the superior beings committed to their charge; but it would be somewhat straying from the lines of this paper to enlarge further on such an interesting topic. Suffice it to say that tips to gamekeepers, ungrudgingly rendered by the votaries of the chase, form no inconsiderable item in the expenses of a popular and impecunious young man. The whole system of fees to servants demands revision. It amounts, in large establishments, to a system of blackmail; for many are the unwritten penalties of the law to which the unwary visitor exposes himself if he tries to evade them, or is known to be what servants call "mean." He is ill-served, ill-served, treated with neglect by the butler in his official capacity as cup-bearer, with civil contempt by the coachman, and calm indifference by the footman. He is, as it were, boycotted; and his name is inscribed on the tablets of the book as one of those who, when they enter palatial mansions, must leave all hope behind them. If, on the contrary, he is, in the language of the servants' hall, a "real" gentleman, he may bid good-bye to carking care. His bed will be a bed of roses; the coachman touches his hat with a grin as he meets him at the station with the cosy brougham instead of the dogcart; the footman flies to help him out and carry his dressing-case and hat-box; the butler greets him with a kindly inquiry after his health, or a "Glad to see you back again, sir;" the housemaid makes up his fire to the best of her ability, and brings in his hot water punctually; he feels that he is among friends; the warm atmosphere of gratitude and affection pleasantly encompasses him.

Our servants are our severest critics, our sternest mentors; they read our letters; they examine our weekly bills; they judge our expenditure; they are posted up in all our affairs. If we are lavish and indifferent, and don't inquire, but leave matters pretty much in their hands, they serve us willingly and call us good masters and mistresses. *Laissez-fair* is their highest idea of employers' morality, and a "masterly inactivity" meets their full approval. Then, and then only, will they condescend to smooth the crumpled rose-leaves in our paths and study all those comforts of home—that refined elegance, that delicate art of living—which makes an English house the perfection of luxurious order. It is for the enjoyment of these unique privileges, and on the express understanding that we shut our eyes

to the old-established rights of tips, perquisites, followers, and hangers-on, that Englishmen cheerfully forego the independence of the foreigner, the economy of a small staff of servants, and the superior advantage of expending one's income on one's self and not on one's servants. The French, who know how to obtain the maximum of enjoyment with the minimum of expense, often wonder at our allowing ourselves to be eaten out of house and home by an army of idle, extravagant retainers. There are several reasons for this. The arrangement of English houses necessitates more domestics, owing to the number of stairs and the constant ringing of the front and area door bells. (The latter a tax on time and labor entirely removed by the visits of the white-capped French cooks, basket on arm, to the *marché*.) Then, everybody in England considers it his privilege to have some other person to wait upon him. The cook requires a kitchen-maid, the butler a footman, the coachman a helper or groom, and so on *ad infinitum*. The delightful simplicity of the French *ménage*—with its cook, its *valet-de-chambre*, and its *femme-de-chambre*, sufficing for all reasonable wants—continues to be ignored in this country. And truly it would here be impossible to find the cleanly, active *bonne*, who cooks her dinner over the stove in the adjoining kitchen, and carries it in her hands, smoking hot, to the guests in the dining-room. Often have I assisted at such a family repast in Paris; and never do I wish for a better, though on these occasions there were six people at table, and the apartment was a small one. Such things, however, are out of the question in England, and I dare say service in France has its own special drawbacks too. No English mistress, for example, would sanction the independence, the familiarity (sometimes critically affectionate), or the calm annexation of the *sou du franc* perquisite in her Mary Jane. No! our servants belong to our climate like our Christmas fogs, our roast beef, and our cricket. Perfect service can be had at a perfect price; those who keep many menservants, and do not count the cost, fare well and sumptuously. As for the rest of us, the employers of one or two menservants, the plagues and idols of our homes, there is nothing to be done but for us to be very kind and indulgent to them, and blandly to hope they will return the compliment. There is a dignity, a solemnity, and a pretentiousness about flunkys that English people will never dare to dispense with.

VIOLET GREVILLE

From Temple Bar.

## AN AIDE-DE-CAMP OF MASSENA.

THE fascinating memoirs of General Marbot\* throw a flood of light on the campaigns of the great Napoleon and his marshals which will be invaluable for future historians. As the aide-de-camp of Augereau, Lannes, and Massena, he had unequalled opportunities of observing and judging correctly. We see Napoleon at his best in his intercourse with his officers and soldiers. The characters of the marshals are wonderfully portrayed in their strength and their weakness. We know them now. Before we read Marbot they were shadows. How they did quarrel! We see the selfish Bernadotte, instead of succoring Davoust at the battle of Auerstadt, where he was engaged against tremendous odds, coolly ordering his soldiers to make their soup. The heroic Lannes, the Roland of the army, having been all day under the fire of three hundred cannon at Aspern, by way of finishing the evening, proposed to fight a duel with the detested Marshal Bessières. Ney, in Portugal, defied his chief, Marshal Massena, and had to be removed from his command. Junot declined to assist Ney at the battle of Valoutina. What a wonderful portrait is given of Saint Cyr, who had met with great success as an actor in early life! He was equally fortunate as a soldier, and possessed great military talents. When only general he was serving under the brave but unskilful Marshal Oudinot, who, when he got into a mess, always inquired of Saint Cyr what he should do. The only answer he received was "*Monseigneur Le Maréchal!*"—as much as to say, "How can such a poor creature as I am give advice to the great Marshal Oudinot!" When Oudinot was wounded, Saint Cyr took the command, made an admirable disposition of his troops, beat the Russians, and was made marshal by Napoleon. When Oudinot returned, Saint Cyr departed. Marbot tells us that Saint Cyr passed most of his time in playing the fiddle.

How vivid is the description of battles in these memoirs, especially that of Wagram; the contending hosts meeting in a vast plain, whilst the steeples and roofs of Vienna, the country houses, and the hills were covered with a vast assembly of spectators, who waved frantically their hats and handkerchiefs as they saw their splen-

did cavalry drive in wild confusion the left wing of the French army to the Danube. Every one anticipated victory, but the Prince de Ligne, entertaining at his country house a party of the aristocracy to view the battle, observed: "Do not rejoice yet, in a quarter of an hour Prince Charles will be beaten, for he has no *reserves*;" and you see the masses of Napoleon encumber the plain."

Great men have lived since, as before, the time of Agamemnon, whose names are unknown because they have not had the good fortune to find a bard or historian to celebrate their exploits. There was a young aide-de-camp of Massena present at the battle of Wagram, whose name we never heard of before, but whose brief but glorious career, as described by Marbot, was of such extraordinary merit that we hope we may be pardoned in attempting to give a summary of it for the benefit of the readers of *Temple Bar*.

Charles d'Escorches de Sainte Croix, son of the Marquis de Sainte Croix, who was formerly ambassador at Constantinople in the reign of Louis XVI., the first aide-de-camp of Massena during the campaign of Wagram, was undoubtedly the most brilliant young officer in the French army. His early inclination was for a military career, but his family desiring that he should adopt the profession of his father, placed him in the Foreign Office, under the auspices of M. de Talleyrand. As long as the peace of Amiens lasted, Sainte Croix remained quietly at his post, but on its rupture his military instincts revived; and although his age (twenty-three) prevented him from entering a military college, a fortunate circumstance allowed him to follow the career he so much longed for.

Napoleon, after the battle of Austerlitz, desiring to attach to his service some *émigrés* and young nobles who would not enter into military service as privates, conceived the idea of forming regiments on the model of the Swiss and German troops who formed part of the army during the *ancien régime*. Six thousand of the finest soldiers, taken prisoners at the battle of Austerlitz, were chosen to form part of the two new regiments; the first of which was to be commanded by the nephew of the celebrated La Tour d'Auvergne, the second by the Prince d'Isembourg, a great noble from Germany. Before the formation of this new force Napoleon requested Talleyrand to search in the archives of the Foreign Office for the regulations which prevailed during the

\* We are authorized by Messrs. Longman to say that a translation of General Marbot's work will be published by them early in the spring.

reign of the Bourbons, with respect to the engagement of foreign troops.

Talleyrand, well aware of the military tastes of Sainte Croix, gave him the task of preparing a report on the subject for the consideration of the emperor. Napoleon was delighted with the *mémoire* presented by Sainte Croix, which not only traced the history of ancient foreign regiments, but proposed modifications which Sainte Croix thought necessary. Without even seeing him, the emperor nominated him *chef de bataillon*, and shortly afterwards major in the regiment, commanded by La Tour d'Auvergne. This promotion bitterly offended Monsieur de M——, a cousin of the Empress Joséphine, who challenged Sainte Croix on a most frivolous pretext, and a duel ensued. Monsieur de M——, well skilled in arms of all kinds, and confident as to the result, was accompanied by a cavalcade of friends, who waited outside the cluster of trees in the Bois de Boulogne, where the duel took place. The result was that Sainte Croix shot the cousin of the empress dead. The second of Monsieur de M——, horrified at this unexpected event, rushed out of the wood and, without mounting his horse, ran away in the direction of Paris. The cavalcade of friends dismounted and entered into the clump, but found no one there but the body of the unfortunate duellist. They discovered their friend had not only been shot in the breast, but there was also a wound at the back of his head caused by falling on a stump. They immediately accused Sainte Croix of not only shooting their friend in the breast, but that he had also fractured his head with the butt of the pistol. Leaving the wood, the cavalcade was re-formed, and, no doubt swearing and gesticulating as only Frenchmen can, they rode to St. Cloud to inform the empress that her cousin had been murdered! The empress demanded justice from the emperor. Sainte Croix was arrested, and it would have gone hard with him but for the interference of Fouché, who, being a friend of the family of Sainte Croix, knew well how incapable the young officer was of committing so base a deed. Fouché ordered a search to be made for the fugitive's second, who was discovered in the country, and, when brought back to Paris, at once declared that the duel had been a loyal one, and of course Sainte Croix was released and joined his regiment, which was then in Italy.

The Colonel La Tour d'Auvergne was devoid of military knowledge. It was the

Major Sainte Croix who organized the regiment with such zeal that he made it one of the finest in the army. He served with great distinction in the suppression of the revolt in Calabria, and acquired the esteem of Massena, who quickly recognized his great talents; and when recalled from south Italy, to take part in the campaign of Friedland, contrary to the regulations of the army, he took Sainte Croix with him.

Napoleon, remembering the death of the cousin of the empress, received Sainte Croix coldly, and blamed Massena for removing him from his regiment.

There was another reason, we are told, for Napoleon's dislike of Sainte Croix. The emperor, though himself of small stature, had a predilection for tall men of martial appearance. Now Sainte Croix was small, thin, fair, with a charming feminine figure; but under that frail exterior was to be found a boundless ambition, an iron will, a courage truly heroic, and, what is most essential in a commander of men, *une activité dévorante*. The emperor, though recognizing the great qualities of Sainte Croix, did nothing for him after this campaign; but on the war against Austria breaking out in 1809, Massena, who was recalled from Italy to command an army corps, demanded that Sainte Croix should accompany him as his aide-de-camp. This request was granted.

In one of the battles which occurred on the march to Vienna, Sainte Croix took a standard from the enemy, and the emperor made him colonel. He performed prodigies of valor, and showed a rare intelligence at the battle of Essling. After the retreat, caused by the breaking of the bridges of the Danube, into the Isle of Lobau, the services of Sainte Croix became so valuable that, although only first aide-de-camp of Massena, he acted as the chief of the staff of the *corps d'armée* which defended that precarious position. Napoleon, who was in a state of great anxiety lest the Archduke Charles should attack the island, passed seven or eight hours every day in visiting the fortifications he was erecting, and Massena, already a little broken, not being able to accompany him, it was Sainte Croix who became the daily companion and adviser of the emperor. After a hard day's work he accompanied Napoleon to the palace of Schönbrunn, then returning to the island, after a few moments' repose, passed all the nights in visiting the different posts. At break of day he was ordered to be in the bedchamber of the emperor to report

his night's work. For forty-four days, during an appalling heat, this delicate-looking young officer endured this tremendous strain without relaxing one moment in his duty.

Napoleon conceived such a high idea of the value of Sainte Croix's opinion on great military questions that he constantly invited him to be present at the conferences which he held with the Marshals Massena and Berthier. The great question was how to cross the small arm of the Danube in face of the fortifications which the archduke had erected at Essling and Aspern. Sainte Croix advised that they should be turned by executing the passage at Stadt-Enzersdorff. This proposition was adopted. General Becker, the chief of Massena's staff, disapproved of Sainte Croix's plan, but he was quickly sent off to France in disgrace. Napoleon was so enchanted with his new favorite that he said to the Russian envoy: "Since I commanded armies I have never met with an officer more capable, who comprehends better my ideas, and who executes them so well. He reminds me of Lannes and Desaix. Thus, unless a thunderbolt strikes him, France and Europe will be astonished at the career I will open for him."

The three favorites of Napoleon were Lasalle, the famous cavalry general, Junot, and Rapp. Two of these, *mauvais sujets*, Lasalle and Junot, were always coming to the emperor to relate their follies, and ask him to pay their debts, which he always did. Sainte Croix never abused the favor shown to him. One day, as he was walking arm in arm with Napoleon on the sands of the Island of Lobau, Napoleon said to him: "I recollect that after the duel with my wife's cousin I wanted to shoot you; I allow it would have been a fault and a very great misfortune." "That is true," answered Sainte Croix; "but now that your Majesty knows me better, you would not exchange me for one of the cousins of the empress?" "Say for *all*," was the reply of Napoleon.

Another day, when Sainte Croix arrived at the Palace of Schönbrunn, Napoleon, whilst drinking a glass of water drawn from the celebrated fountain, asked Sainte Croix whether he was fond of fresh water. "*Ma foi*, no," said Sainte Croix; "I prefer a good glass of claret or champagne." The emperor turned to his valet and said: "You will send to the colonel a hundred bottles of claret and the same quantity of champagne." The mules of the emperor brought their precious burden to the Isle

of Lobau, and the aides-de-camp of Massena that evening drank with enthusiasm to the health of their emperor.

Napoleon was adored by his soldiers. There is an amusing account of an altercation between him and an old soldier, who demanded the Cross of the Legion of Honor because he had once given a melon to General Bonaparte during the frightful heats of the desert. Napoleon thanked him again for his melon, but declined to decorate him on that ground. The soldier, in a paroxysm of passion, cried out: "*Eh*, you count for nothing seven wounds received at the bridge of Arcole, at Lodi, Castiglione, the Pyramids, St. Jean d'Acre, Austerlitz, Friedland, eleven campaigns in Egypt, Austria, Prussia——"

"*Tu, ta, ta*," said the emperor, "how you storm; you ought to have begun with this story, which is worth more than your melon. I make you *Chevalier de l'Empire* with a dotation of twelve hundred francs. Are you content?" "Sire, I prefer the cross," was the answer. It was with great difficulty the old soldier was made to understand that the cross went with the title of chevalier. At last Napoleon took the cross and placed it himself on his breast, and the veteran went away contented.

It was determined by Napoleon and Massena that an attempt should be made, on the evening of the 4th of July, to surprise Enzersdorff. Napoleon proposed that a colonel, with twenty-five hundred of his best troops, should pass the Danube and seize the town. Sainte Croix demanded that he should take the command. Napoleon granted his claim with pleasure. In the middle of a tremendous thunderstorm, Sainte Croix, with his Grenadiers, crossed the Danube and stormed the fortified town, after a desperate fight with the Croats who guarded the place. Sainte Croix, always at the head of his men, performed prodigies of valor and skill. The French army then rapidly passed over the eight bridges, and the archduke, who imagined that the passage would be attempted between Aspern and Essling, was stupefied to behold, on the morning of the 5th of July, Napoleon and his one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, with six hundred pieces of artillery, in battle array. The archduke, finding his position turned, was obliged to retreat in every direction in order to form a new one.

At the battle of Wagram, Massena, in consequence of a fall from his horse, appeared in a carriage drawn by four grey horses. The Austrians, rightly imagining that the occupant was a great personage,

directed a concentrated fire in that direction. The aides-de-camp had a lively time of it. Sainte Croix, hitherto unharmed, received a severe wound in the leg, and was removed to Vienna, where he remained in bed for many weeks. Napoleon showed his appreciation of Sainte Croix's services by making him, after hardly four years' service, general of brigade, count of the empire, with a dotation of twenty thousand francs yearly, grand cross of the order of Hesse, and commander of that of Baden.

During the illness of Sainte Croix a curious circumstance occasioned a slight coolness between him and Massena. The coachman and postilion of Massena had been personally complimented by Napoleon for remaining unmoved in such a storm of fire, and he told Massena that he considered them the bravest men in the battle, for they were under no obligation to expose themselves. He would have rewarded their zeal, but he feared he might hurt the feelings of Massena. Napoleon need not have been anxious about that. One day Massena and his aides-de-camp were sitting by the bed of Sainte Croix when Massena announced he was about to give his faithful servants twenty pounds each. Marbot, rather maliciously, said he thought twenty pounds a year for each in *rentes viagères* would satisfy them. At the mention of this terrific sum, Massena, who had only forty-five thousand a year, roared like a tigress whose cubs were attacked. "Wretch!" he cried out, "you want to ruin me." Sainte Croix expressed strongly his opinion that the twenty pounds must be paid yearly. Another aide-de-camp, a most distinguished officer—De Ligniville, a member of one of the four great families of Lorraine, allied to the house of Hapsburg (it is characteristic that after the battle of Wagram the emperor of Austria sent an officer with a flag of truce to express a hope that his *cousin* had not suffered any harm)—declared that to give them only twenty pounds each would be unworthy of the character of the marshal. Massena, on hearing this, ran about the room breaking the furniture, and screamed out: "You want to ruin me; I would rather see you all shot, and receive myself a ball through the arm, than sign a dotation of twenty pounds a year in *rentes viagères*. Go, all of you to the devil!" In the end, fearing the wrath of Napoleon, the marshal unwillingly paid the twenty pounds a year.

General Marbot blames Napoleon for

not himself proceeding, after the Austrian campaign, to Spain, in order to stamp out the insurrection; but the emperor was at that time too occupied with his divorce from Joséphine and the subsequent negotiations for his re-marriage. It was in the autumn of 1810 that Massena, *L'enfant chéri de la victoire*, was directed to march on Lisbon, and expel the English from the Peninsula. The Duke of Wellington has often stated that Massena gave him more trouble than any other marshal, but it was only the shadow of the great Massena that Wellington had to deal with. *Cherchez la femme!* Although there was a Madame la Maréchale and a large family, Massena was accompanied by a certain Madame X—, who seems to have been one of the chief causes of the failure of the campaign. On Massena's arrival at the palace at Valladolid, then inhabited by the Duc and Duchesse d'Abrantès, a painful scene took place, for although Junot kissed the hand of his chief's *innamorata* (in his capacity of an old hussar, as he afterwards explained), the duchess reared at the sight of her unexpected guest. Nothing is more astonishing than the follies which a silly woman can make an elderly admirer commit. So Massena consented to the demand of Madame X—, that she should accompany him on horseback through the mountains of Portugal. What makes the matter worse was that his amiable son, Prosper Massena, was with him as aide-de-camp. Even in the days when "Louis Quatorze kept about him in scores what the *noblesse* in courtesy called his Jane Shores—they were called by a far coarser name out of doors"—such a scandal could not have happened. M. Thiers, who had never read the memoirs of Marbot, else his history would have been considerably altered, calls Madame X—"a courtesan," a coarse word. But he was quite unaware of the pranks she indulged in, which had the most disastrous influence on the plan of campaign against the *célèbre Wellington*.

Ladies in camp are not generally a success. The lovely Chryseis and the fair Briseis did not improve the prospects of the Greek army by causing a painful misunderstanding between Agamemnon, king of men, and Achilles, swift of foot. Madame X— was the cause of a quarrel between Massena and his generals. At the beginning of the campaign in Portugal Massena nearly lost the whole of his artillery by sending it without an efficient guard, and it was only saved by a miracle from falling into the clutches of Brigadier

Trant and his Portuguese. Marshals Ney and Junot, General Reynier, and Montbrun, who commanded the cavalry, immediately went to remonstrate with General Fririon, the chief of the staff; but to their surprise they were assured that he was entirely ignorant of the artillery march, everything having been arranged between Massena and Commander Pelet, his first aide-de-camp. Upon this a stormy interview took place with the commander-in-chief; but Massena succeeded in pacifying them, and asked them to partake of a banquet, the table for which was laid in a lemon grove. Massena then, with incredible folly, sent for Madame X—, and asked Ney to hand her to the table. Ney nearly exploded; however, he gave the tips of his fingers to Madame X—, but never opened his lips to her, and confined his conversation to Montbrun. Upon this the hysterical lady's nerves gave way, and she went off in a fainting fit. Ney and the others went off too, loudly expressing their disgust at the conduct of their chief. Even the reprobate Junot held up his hands with horror at such an outrage. Massena's march was delayed by the fatigues of his companion; he stayed for a week at Viscu, a delay which no military man could understand. When he arrived at Mortagoa, instead of inspecting the position of Lord Wellington, he was searching for a lodging for Madame X—. M. Thiers states that the presence of the lady in a carriage had a bad effect amongst the troops. She was obliged to ride on horseback on account of the rocky roads, and in the retreat from Santarem she kept tumbling off her horse, and was at last obliged to be carried by Grenadiers, whilst Massena kept exclaiming, "What a fault I have committed in bringing a woman to the war!" *Quelle faute!* The unfortunate General Vandamme, before his catastrophe at Kulm, was always impressing on his officers the maxim, "Il n'y a point de petite faute à la guerre; un seul instant suffit pour faire perdre le fruit de plusieurs années d'utiles et glorieux services."

When Massena at last came before the position of the English at Busaco, where his army had been placed by Ney, he made but the slightest inspection of the mountain, and said, "I shall be here at daybreak to-morrow, and we will attack," and then, to the stupefaction of the army, he returned to Mortagoa.

"Oh, for one hour of Sainte Croix!" was the cry of the aides-de-camp of Mas-

sena; but the "good genius" of his chief was now commanding a cavalry brigade and escorting a convoy. On their ride back with Massena to Mortagoa Generals Fririon, Marbot, and Ligniville, by conversation amongst themselves, tried to impress on the mind of Massena the danger of attacking an impregnable position whilst it might be easily turned. Massena was struck with their remarks, and in the night sent his aides-de-camp to find out if there were a road by which a flank march might be successfully carried into execution. Marbot and Ligniville galloped off to search, and soon discovered a gardener, who stated that there was a road from Mortagoa to Boialva which would completely turn the position of Busaco. But when they returned with this good news for Massena, they found his mentor, Pelet, with him, who stoutly expressed his disbelief in there being a road, because he with a telescope surveyed the country without discovering any signs of one.

Massena's habitual hesitation began. In vain did General Fririon, his chief of the staff, and the two aides-de-camp supplicate their commander not to risk a defeat. Commander Pelet ruled the mind of the marshal. Pelet was a geographical engineer officer, and had at this time no knowledge of the *pratique* of war. He was a great theorist, as is shown in the books he has written; but theory is one thing, and practice another. Hannibal, after hearing a theorist lecturing on the art of war, exclaimed: "Many an old fool have I heard, but such as this never!" Pelet, although afterwards he performed distinguished services, was certainly by his advice on this occasion one of the causes of the failure of the campaign. The next morning, the 27th of September, at daybreak Massena proceeded to inspect the position at Busaco. When he saw it he said to Fririon and Marbot, "There was some good in your proposition of yesterday;" and they got him again to change his mind and adopt the turning movement, when Ney, Reynier, and Commander Pelet interrupted the conversation. Massena, after some hesitation, again changed his mind. Of course the result was that the troops of Wellington, admirably disposed, repulsed the French with frightful loss. Four thousand five hundred of the soldiers of Austerlitz and Friedland were killed or wounded. A great controversy immediately took place, Ney and the other generals throwing the blame on Massena. Ney insisted on an immediate retreat into

Spain. This Massena very properly refused, but the army was torn with the dissensions of their chiefs.

In the middle of the confusion the "good genius" of Massena, the young Sainte Croix, arrived, and the state of affairs being communicated to him by his chief, Sainte Croix strongly advised him to resume the project of turning the position. Massena assented, and Sainte Croix, with his *activité dévorante*, was soon in the saddle, galloping with Ligniville and Marbot in search of the gardener of the convent, who was engaged as a guide, and laughed at the idea of there not being a road to Boialva. Sainte Croix, with his brigade of dragoons, opened the march, the other troops followed, for Massena, stimulated by Sainte Croix, had spoken as a commander and chief should to his subordinates. Through the night of the 28th of September Sainte Croix continued his march to Boialva, and the position of Busaco was turned. Lord Wellington, on the evening of the 29th, became aware of the French movement. "He looked at the distant columns," writes General Napier, "with great earnestness, his countenance bore a fierce, angry expression, and, suddenly mounting his horse, he rode away without speaking; one hour afterwards the whole camp was in movement."

It was time, for Sainte Croix with his dragoons was rapidly approaching the great city of Coimbra, whose inhabitants, after illuminating for the battle of Busaco, were horrified to hear that the French army, instead of retreating, was advancing in force. A scene of wild confusion ensued, thousands of fugitives followed and encumbered the British army when it retreated through the town. Sainte Croix attacked the rearguard with success before Coimbra; Massena arrived at Coimbra and stayed there three days instead of pursuing the English army, on the pretext that the corps of Junot and Ney were in confusion owing to their repulse at Busaco. "Sainte Croix led the advance to Lisbon," M. Thiers writes, "with as much bravery as skill;" but on its arrival on the Tagus the French army was horrified to find, instead of an easy entrance to Lisbon, the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras. Marbot writes — we know not on what authority — that Lord Hill has declared that if the French had attacked in the first ten days they would have been successful. There is no doubt there was considerable confusion in the English army, Craufurd and his division lost their way, and part of the lines were for a time undefended.

Sainte Croix recommended an immediate attack. Unfortunately for Massena and France, the young general, the rising hope of the French army, so bright in his promise, was, whilst reconnoitring the lines near Alhandra, killed by a cannon-ball. The thunderbolt struck the hero, who would have been marshal, duke, prince!

After his death Massena sent Marbot and Ligniville to report whether an attack was practicable. On their return they informed Massena that it was, as they had found several weak spots where the fortifications had not been finished. Massena, roused by this information, determined to make the attempt, and was supported by Junot and Montbrun. Ney and Reynier violently opposed the marshal's opinion, and Ney, on receiving his orders, positively refused to execute them. There was no Sainte Croix to support Massena, and he gave way to the disobedience of his subordinates.

The other day at Vienna the remains of the famous cavalry general, Lassalle, killed at Wagram, were escorted with great ceremony by the Austrian troops on their way to Paris. We suppose the body of the young Sainte Croix lies in an unknown grave; but if it were possible to disinter it, a fitting receptacle might be found for it in the vicinity of the tomb of the great emperor whom he loved and served so well.

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From The Economist.

#### THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S WAR WITH DISBELIEF.

THE German emperor at length appears to be taxing the loyalty of his subjects by an overstrained use of his personal prerogative. He has contracted the idea, it would seem, not uncommon among the clergy of our own country, that Anarchism, Socialism, and the like are due mainly to the spread of irreligious opinions, and that they can be counteracted by giving a definitely religious bias to primary instruction throughout the hereditary kingdom. He has accordingly introduced into the Prussian Parliament a bill on education, having two definite objects: One is to compel all parents of strongly sceptical or Atheistic views to allow their children to be educated by Christians, among Christians, and in Christian principles; and another is to restore the general influence of the clergy over religious education. By a series of clauses drawn

with considerable adroitness, what would be called in England the conscience clause is got rid of as regards all parents of negative opinions. All children, it is declared, must attend classes for definite religious instruction, though the parents if they belong to any acknowledged "confession," that is, denomination recognized and registered by the State authorities, may settle what this instruction is to be. That seems perfectly fair, especially as any sixty families living in one school district can insist upon a separate building—a provision which will prove exceedingly costly in districts with mixed beliefs; but, unfortunately, Anarchists, Socialists, Atheists and the like avoid registering themselves as belonging to any "confession" whatever. Their children will therefore be brought up as Christians, that is, in Protestant districts as Lutherans, and in Catholic districts as Catholics, education of some sort being, of course, compulsory. This is felt by all these classes, who together dispose of some five hundred thousand votes, as exceedingly arbitrary, and has been strenuously denounced, especially by the Jewish orators, who all over the Continent make themselves the spokesmen of what they describe as unrestricted religious liberty. Herr Eugen Richter, for example, condemns the bill utterly, as, in fact, containing a military word of command to all children that they be not Atheists, under penalties. That is perfectly true, but then, as it is also perfectly obvious, and is admitted almost in words by Count Caprivi, who spoke on the subject with unwonted acerbity, the argument would not of itself suffice to defeat the bill, more especially as the majority are rather disposed to treat the anti-social parties as in some sense outcasts. The Liberals, therefore, with great adroitness, are availing themselves of certain other clauses in the bill, the motive for which is not so readily intelligible. It is probable that the emperor and his advisers desire strongly, on political grounds, to conciliate the Papacy, and possible that they think the separation of the clergy from the work of State education socially injurious. They have consequently in the bill authorized the fullest interference of the clergy of all recognized denominations, not only allowing them to be present in the schools whenever religious instruction is conveyed, but permitting them to rebuke and revise any such instruction, should they deem the lay teachers to be wandering from the true path. Prussian Liberals hardly know how to bear this.

Even when they have no sympathy whatever with negative religious opinions, they share that jealous dislike of the clerical order, as persons hostile to science and enlightenment, which is common all over the Continent, and their leaders consequently use this feeling to defeat the bill as fatal to modern progress. So great is the storm that three cabinet ministers will, it is believed, resign, and it was at first believed that the government majority, which is very steady in the Prussian Parliament, would disappear. As a consequence, however, of some secret negotiations with the National Liberals, or Imperialist fraction of the party, this disaster for the government will, it is believed, be avoided, and the bill, though modified in committee, probably will go through.

We cannot but think, nevertheless, that the emperor has committed his first great mistake. It is essential to his plans as well as to his personal power that he should be a favorite with the masses of his people of all opinions, and he has on this matter allied himself with the reactionaries. That would not matter much as regards the anti-social section of his people, for they are detested or dreaded by the majority with a bitterness which is almost fatal to abstract justice, and which has produced strong repressive laws; but it does matter as regards the new position given to the clergy. That is unpopular with a majority of Protestants, who prefer education to be in lay hands as a guarantee for its efficiency, and who foresee that the clergy, if allowed to interfere during one hour of the day, will make themselves felt during all hours, and is not cordially liked even in the Roman Catholic districts. A great number of persons there, though they never oppose their priesthood as regards education, which every Roman Catholic admits to involve matters of faith and morals, are pleased to see them deprived of effective power in the schools, and know that if re-admitted they will at once become the dictators of the teachers' opinions. The emperor is considered, therefore, to have taken a retrograde step, and though he cannot be resisted, will lose much of prestige as the sovereign who, though he claims too much of political initiative, still uses it to promote modern ideas, and especially to render the position of the poor more than tolerable to themselves. He will be considered a man who holds the old opinion that religion is a necessary support of thrones, and who in reality is thinking not of the welfare of

his subjects, but of that kind of social order which tends most to strengthen his own authority. The suspicion is probably unjust, the emperor, who is a pious man, being mainly influenced by a dislike of Atheism, and cultivating clerical influence only in order to obtain support in his crusade against it; but still, most Englishmen will perceive that he has committed an error. The conviction of the modern world that religion is a matter of individual conscience, and unless the law is broken or civilized morality disregarded — as, for example, by a sect inculcating, as one Russian sect does, the duty of suicide — it should be left alone by the State, may hereafter be subject to revision; but at all events it exists now, and that in so strong a form as to be the basis of a vast mass of modern legislation. To reject it, and declare war on it, is therefore to quarrel with the modern spirit, and to lose the support of all those, usually a majority, who look forward and not backward, and to excite a sympathy for the anti-social parties as men unjustly used. These latter have hitherto been considered as common enemies all over the Continent, so much so, that in Spain a premier has just announced his intention of shooting them down without evoking any European horror, but now they must in Germany be regarded as allies of the Liberals upon a single but important branch of politics. This is an injurious result, and one that will be increasingly visible as the immense departure from Liberal principles which the Prussian bill involves becomes more clearly perceived. There is no guarantee that the emperor will always be a man who hates only Atheism, which will always be a protest rather than a regular creed. The next emperor may be a fanatic Protestant, as several Hohenzollerns have been, or may be, like the late Emperor Frederick, impatient of all clerical influence, and if the royal authority can be used to put down one form of belief or misbelief, it can also be stretched against another. There is no logical standing-point between the ascendancy of some one creed and perfect toleration for all creeds which are not incompatible with Western civilization, and the emperor, in trying to discover such a point, has stepped off a safe and broad rock on to a comparatively fluid soil, which may slip beneath his weight. It is an odd mistake for a man with his keen perceptions to have made, and he may yet retrace his steps, but his habit of hurry has brought him this time into collision with a very powerful force. The

day of complete tolerance may not have come, but the day of persecution is certainly over; and to pass a law that a sceptic shall lose control of his children's education is certainly as near persecution as, without physical pains and penalties, it is well possible to go.

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From Chambers' Journal.

#### A HUNDRED AND THREE DAYS ON A DESERT ISLAND.

THE shipwrecked crew of the barque *Compadre*, eight hundred tons register, Captain Jones, bound from Calcutta to Talcahuano, Chili, recently arrived in New Zealand, after a series of remarkable adventures, having escaped the successive perils of fire and shipwreck, and the hardships of a prolonged sojourn on the bleak and desolate islands to the south of New Zealand, known as the Auckland Islands.

The vessel left Calcutta on the 22d of January, last year, bound for Talcahuano with a cargo of jute bags. All went well until the 16th of March, when a fire was discovered by the captain in the afterhold. The subsequent events are very well told in a clear and graphic narrative which the chief mate, Mr. F. Bates, has given of the affair. The captain, it appears, at once called all hands on deck to cope with the fire. Holes were cut in the cabin deck, and water was poured in incessantly from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., but without much result. Finding it impossible to extinguish the fire, the captain ordered his men to batten all down, and then shaped a course for the Benff, a harbor in the extreme south of the middle island of New Zealand, that being the nearest port. Before finally closing the hatches, several men tried to obtain bread from below, but were rendered insensible by the smoke, and had to be carried on deck. The attempt, therefore, had to be abandoned. The vessel made fair way until the night of the 18th of March, when to the peril of fire that of tempest was added. A furious westerly gale came down upon the ill-fated vessel, accompanied by terrific squalls. At 7 A.M. on the 19th of March land was discovered on the starboard bow, distant about twelve miles. It was very hazy at the time, and, owing to the fearful sea, the vessel labored heavily. One tremendous wave swept the foresail and foretopmast staysail out of the bolt ropes, burst the forecable ports, smashed the scuttle forehatches, and

swept the decks of everything movable. Worse than this, it burst in the cabin, thus giving air to the fire, which could not be prevented from breaking out, though immense quantities of water were flooded in. The men could not man the pumps, being washed away by the seas which continually broke on board.

It is almost impossible to imagine a situation of greater peril. The carpenter sounded the well and found eight feet of water in the hold. The vessel was rapidly sinking under foot, and it was quite impossible to lower the boats in such a sea. Only one hope remained, and that of the slenderest possible character. The land which had been sighted was the Auckland Islands, and the vessel was now to the windward of the North Cape. The captain therefore ordered the mainyard to be squared, and steered for the land in the hope of saving life. It must, however, have indeed seemed a forlorn hope in such an angry sea, with a rock-bound coast backed by precipitous cliffs towering hundreds of feet above the sea-level. Still, with the indomitable pluck and resolution of British seamen, those on board determined to make the best fight they could for their lives. Just before the vessel struck, oil was poured on the waters over the stern, which greatly reduced the violence of the sea; and then all hands hastened to the bow and hung on the bowsprit, waiting for the critical moment. Their coolness and prudence were rewarded with good fortune. The vessel struck with a great crash, every one making a jump for the rocks; and all got safely to land, although some were much bruised by the violence of the concussion. In ten minutes nothing of the vessel but loose wreckage was to be seen.

Although the men had safely reached land they were in a pitiable plight. The Auckland Islands in the winter are as drear and desolate a place as one can imagine. They are swept by furious tempests and almost incessant rain. They are the homes of such sea-birds as love the storm; but except for the occasional visits of sealers or of a government steamer searching for shipwrecked mariners, the islands see no trace of human life, save only, as in the present case, when shipwrecked seamen are cast upon their inhospitable shores. On several occasions the place has been the scene of disastrous wrecks. The Invercauld, Grafton, General Grant, and Derry Castle are the names of a few of the vessels which occur to the mind. In many cases the loss of life has

been total and complete. In the case of the Invercauld, out of nineteen men who scrambled ashore, three only were rescued after twelve months of fearful suffering.

The surface of the islands for the most part is mountainous, and a great deal of it is covered either with dense bush or a wilderness of high tussock, standing in deep peat, almost equally impassable. The prospect which met the *Compadre* castaways, therefore, was by no means hopeful. They had of course been able to save nothing in the shape of food from the vessel, and were barefooted and scantily clothed, each man having partially stripped, preparing for a swim for life. It so happened, however, that assistance in the shape of food and clothing was within their reach, although they were not aware of it, and only discovered the fact by a sad and curious accident, although it turned out fortunately for the bulk of them. After getting on the rocks, the whole ship's company climbed the cliffs, which, as already stated, were several hundred feet in height. They saw a mountain in the distance, and made straight for it, to get a better view of the island they were cast upon. They reached it with some difficulty, and looking round, saw a flag-staff close to the beach. They at once went towards it; but losing their way in the bush, and night coming on, they made for the nearest beach, where they found a few limpets and one little fish, which they divided into sixteen parts, one for each man. This scanty fare was greedily devoured, as they had only had one meal since the fire broke out, four days before. What stores were saved from the lazarette had been kept for the boats, and were therefore lost when the ship went to pieces. While the men were dividing their miserable meal, it was discovered that one of the seamen, named Peter Nelson, was missing. An attempt was made to find him; but the night was so dark that the attempt had to be given up. A miserable night was spent owing to the rain and snow, which fell incessantly. In the morning, they divided themselves into parties, and proceeded to search for Nelson, but with no success. In the course of their wanderings, however, they came upon a neatly built hut, and on examining it, found that it contained a store of food and clothing. It was a *depôt*, established by the New Zealand government for the relief and succor of shipwrecked seamen cast upon the islands. By a strange oversight, however, the existence of such a *depôt* is not mentioned in any of the ship-

ping directories; and but for the fact of poor Nelson wandering away to his death in the bush, his comrades might never have hit upon the depôt, and, like him, might have perished of starvation.

From a record in the hut, the castaways learned that the New Zealand government steamer *Hinemoa* had visited the islands only a week before on her periodical cruise, and they made up their minds that they would have to make a prolonged stay on the islands before there was any chance of being rescued. Consequently, they had to be very careful with the food in the depôt. There is scarcely any fish to be caught at the Aucklands; and the castaways found that the sea-birds and seals, which were comparatively easy to approach at first, became so wild after a week or so of contact with human beings that it was impossible to get near them. The shipwrecked people, however, found some goats and sheep, which had been placed on the island by the New Zealand government. Of the former they caught three, and of the latter eight. The sheep, never having been shorn, were covered with very long, fine wool, which also proved very serviceable to the men.

It is not necessary to enter into details of the life of the castaways on the islands. They suffered a good deal of pain and discomfort from the exposure; but the government stores preserved them from danger of absolute starvation, and they enjoyed fairly good health during their stay. On Monday, the 6th of July, to their great joy, the sealing schooner *Janet Ramsay* called at the islands; and the men, having been there exactly one hundred and three days, were taken on board and brought to New Zealand. At the nautical inquiry which was held, the court, it is needless to say, adjudged that the wreck was entirely due to misadventure, and that the captain and crew had done all that was possible under the circumstances.

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From The Athenæum.  
UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF  
WASHINGTON.

Mt. Vernon 8th May 1798.

DEAR SIR, — Having occasion to write another letter to Sir John Sinclair I take the liberty of giving you the trouble of it, and Mrs. Washington begs the favor of you to put her letter, to her old neighbor & friend Mrs. Fairfax into a channel for safe delivery, if you should not see her yourself.

Knowing from experience, that Masters of Vessels, never sail at the time they first appoint, Mrs. Washington and I propose to call upon you on our return from the City, in full confidence of seeing you then. If however, contrary to expectation, the Capt<sup>n</sup> of the Vessel you embark on, should be more punctual than usual, and we should be disappointed in this, we beg you to receive our ardent wishes for a safe and pleasant passage to England — the perfect restoration of your health — and happy meeting with your family & friends when you return — To these wishes let me add assurances of the affectionate regard of Dear Sir,

Your Obed. Servant,

G<sup>e</sup> WASHINGTON.

Our Compliments to Mrs. Fairfax  
& the family

The Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Fairfax Mount Eagle.

---

Mount Vernon 30th Dec. 1798.

MY DEAR SIR, — If General Pinckney should have left Richmond, let me request the favor of you to forward the packet herewith sent, in the manner he may have directed; or, as your own judgment shall dictate, to assure its delivery to him in Hallifax, or on the Road thro North Carolina. — The Alien and Sedition Laws having employed Many Pens — and we hear a number of tongues, in the Assembly of this State, — the latter, I understand, to a very pernicious purpose, — I send you the production of Judge Addison on these subjects, — Whether any new lights are cast upon them by his charge, you will be better able to decide when you have read it. — My opinion is, that if this, or other writings flashed conviction as clear as the Sun in its Meridian brightness, it would produce no effect on the conduct of the leaders of opposition, who have points to carry, from which nothing will divert them in the prosecution.

When you have read the charge give it to Bushrod Washington, or place it to any other uses you may think proper — I wish success to your election, most sincerely — and if it should fail (of which I hope there is not the least danger) I shall not easily forgive myself for being urgent with — to take a Pen —

I offer you the compliments of the Season and with much truth remain

Dear Sir,

Your Most Obed and

Affect<sup>e</sup> H<sup>ble</sup> Servant

G. WASHINGTON.

General Marshall.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume LXXVIII. }

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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXOIII. }

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Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## AFTER WATERLOO.

ON the field of Waterloo we made Napoleon  
rue  
That ever out of Elba he decided for to  
come,  
For we finished him that day, and he had to  
run away,  
And yield himself a prisoner on the Billy-  
ruffium.

'Twas a stubborn fight, no doubt, and the  
fortune wheeled about,  
And the brave Mossoos kept coming most  
uncomfortably near,  
And says Wellington the hero, as his hopes  
went down to zero,  
"I wish to God that Blücher or the night  
was only here!"

But Blücher came at length, and we broke  
Napoleon's strength;  
And the flower of his army—that's the  
wonderful Old Guard—  
They made a final sally, but they found they  
could not rally,  
And at last they broke and fled after fight-  
ing bitter hard.

Now Napoleon he had thought, when a British  
ship he sought,  
And gave himself uncalled-for, in a manner  
you might say,  
He'd be treated like a king, with the best of  
everything,  
And maybe have a palace for to live in  
every day.

He was treated very well, as became a noble  
swell,  
But we couldn't leave him loose, not in  
Europe anywhere,  
For we knew he would be making some gigan-  
tic undertaking  
While the trustful British Lion was repos-  
ing in his lair.

We tried him once before near the European  
shore,  
Having planted him in Elba, where he  
promised to remain,  
But when he saw his chance, why he bolted  
off to France,  
And he made a lot of trouble—but it  
wouldn't do again.

Says King George to him, "You know, far  
away you'll have to go,  
To a pleasant little island off the coast of  
Africay,  
Where they tell me that the view of the ocean,  
deep and blue,  
Is remarkable extensive, and it's there  
you'll have to stay."

So Napoleon wiped his eye, and he wished  
King George good-bye,  
And being stony-broke made the best of it  
he could;

And they built a pleasant dwelling on the  
island of St. Helen,  
And Napoleon Buonaparty is provided for  
for good.

Now of that I don't complain, but I ask, and  
ask in vain,  
Why me, a British soldier, as has lost a  
useful arm  
Through fighting of the foe, when the trum-  
pets cease to blow  
Should be forced to feed the pigs on a little  
Surrey farm,

While him, as fought with us, and created  
such a fuss,  
And in the whole of Europe did a mighty  
deal of harm,  
Should be kept upon a rock, like a precious  
fighting cock,  
And do no work whatever, which would  
suit me to a charm?

Longman's Magazine. R. F. MURRAY.

## A VOLUNTARY TESTIMONIAL.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HER.

UNDER the "daisy quilt,"  
Snug, in the sun,  
Old Sally's tucked away—  
*Her* story's done.  
Friends, an old friend lies  
Under this knoll—  
Green in our memories  
Lives a Good Doll!

When a fickle world frowned  
On poor babes in disgrace,  
What comfort we found  
In her pink, smiling face!  
How oft for some mourner,  
Dear Sally, you drew  
It's sting from "the Corner"  
By "cornering," too!

Her end—it's ill talking  
Of griefs while they're green;  
But her funeral—"walking"—  
Was a sight to have seen.  
Inky-plumed, sable-suited,  
Four friends bore the pall  
To—right dolesomely tooted—  
The Dead March in "Saul!"

O robin, sing sweetly!  
Columbines, wave!  
Leaves, rustle lovingly  
Over her grave.  
Children, step lightly,  
And, should ye draw near,  
Hats off, politely:  
A Good Doll sleeps here!

Cornhill Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.  
THE GENIUS OF PLATO.

BY WALTER PATER.

ALL true criticism of philosophic doctrine, as of every other product of human mind, must begin with an historic estimate of the conditions, antecedent and contemporary, which helped to make it precisely what it was. But a complete criticism does not end there. In the evolution of abstract doctrine as we find it written in the history of philosophy, if there is always, on one side, the fatal, irresistible, mechanic, play of circumstance — the circumstances of a particular age, which may be analyzed and explained; there is always also, as if acting from the opposite side, the comparatively inexplicable force of a personality, resistant to, while it is moulded by, them. It might even be said that the trial-task of criticism, in regard to literature and art no less than to philosophy, begins exactly where the estimate of general conditions, of the conditions common to all the products of this or that particular age — of the "environment" — leaves off, and we touch what is unique in the individual genius which contrived after all, by force of will, to have its own masterful way with that environment. If in reading Plato, for instance, the philosophic student has to re-construct for himself, as far as is possible, the general character of an *age*, he must also, so far as he may, re-produce the portrait of a *person*. The Sophists, the Sophistical world, around him; his master, Socrates; the Pre-socratic philosophies; the mechanic influence, that is to say, of past and present; of course we can know nothing at all of the Platonic doctrine except so far as we can see it in well-ascertained contact with all that; but there is also Plato himself in it.

A personality, we may notice at the outset, of a certain complication. The great masters of philosophy have been for the most part its noticeably single-minded servants. As if in emulation of Aristotle's simplicity of character, his absorbing intellectualism — impressive certainly, heroic enough, in its way — they have served science, science *in vacuo*, as if nothing beside, faith, imagination, love, the bodily sense, could detach them from it for an

hour. It is not merely that we know little of their lives (there was so little to tell!) but that we know nothing at all of their *temperaments*; of which, that one leading abstract or scientific force in them was in fact strictly exclusive. Little more than intellectual abstractions themselves, in them philosophy was wholly faithful to its colors, or its colorlessness; rendering not grey only, as Hegel said of it, but all colors alike, in grey.

With Plato it was otherwise. In him, the passion for truth did but bend, or take the bent of, certain ineradicable predispositions of his nature, in themselves perhaps somewhat opposed to that. It is, however, in the blending of diverse elements in the mental constitution of Plato that the peculiar Platonic quality resides. Platonism is in one sense an emphatic witness to the unseen, the transcendental, the not-experienced — the beauty, for instance, which is not for the bodily eye. Yet the author of this philosophy of the unseen was: Who can doubt it who has read but a page of him? this, in fact, is what has led and kept to his pages many who have little or no turn for the sort of questions Plato actually discusses: The author of this philosophy of the unseen was one, for whom, as was said of a very different French writer, "the *visible* world really existed." Austere as he seems, and on well-considered principle really is, his temperance or austerity, æsthetically so winning, is attained only by the chastisement, the control, of a variously interested, a richly sensuous, nature. Yes! The visible world, so pre-eminently worth eyesight at Athens just then, really existed for him; exists still — there's the point! — is active still, everywhere, when he seems to have turned away from it to invisible things. To the somewhat sad-colored school of Socrates, and its discipline towards apathy or contempt in such matters, he had brought capacities of bodily sense with the making in them of an *Odyssey*; or (shall we say?) of a poet, after the order of Sappho or Catullus; as indeed also a practical intelligence, a popular management of his own powers, a skill in philosophic yet talkable Greek prose, which might have constituted him

the most successful of "Sophists." You cannot help seeing that his mind is a storehouse of all the liveliest imageries of men and things. Nothing, if it really arrests eye or ear at all, is too trivial to note. Passing through the crowd of human beings, he notes the sounds alike of their solemn hymns and of their pettiest handicraft. A conventional philosopher might speak of "dumb matter," for instance; but Plato has lingered too long in braziers' workshops to lapse into so stupid an epithet. And if the persistent hold of sensible things upon him thus reveals itself in trifles, it is manifest no less in the way in which he can tell a long story, — no one more effectively! and again, in his graphic presentment of whole scenes from actual life, like that with which "The Republic" opens. His Socrates, like other people, is curious to witness a new religious function; how they will do it. As in modern times, it would be a pleasant occasion also for meeting the acquaintance one likes best: *ξυνεσόμεθα πολλοῖς τῶν νέων ἀνθρώποις*: "We shall meet a number of our youth there; we shall have a dialogue; there will be a torchlight procession in honor of the goddess, an equestrian procession; a novel feature! — What? Torches in their hands, passed on as they race? — Ay! And an illumination through the entire night. It will be worth seeing!" — that old midnight hour, as Carlyle says of another vivid scene, "shining yet on us, ruddy-bright through the centuries." Put alongside of that, and for lifelike charm, side by side with Murillo's beggar-boys (you catch them, if you look at his canvas on the sudden, actually moving their mouths, to laugh and speak and munch their crusts, all at once), the scene in the "Lysis" of the dice-players. There the boys are; in full dress, to take part in a religious ceremony. It is scarcely over; but they are already busy with the knuckle-bones, some just outside the door, others in a corner. Though Plato never tells one without due motive, yet he loves a story for its own sake, can make one of fact or fancy at a moment's notice, or re-tell other people's better; how those dear, skinny grasshoppers of Attica, for instance, had once been human creatures, who, when the

Muses first came on earth were so absorbed by their music that they forgot even to eat and drink, till they died of it. And then the story of Gyges in "The Republic," and the ring that can make its wearer invisible; it goes as easily, as the ring itself round the finger!

Like all masters of literature, Plato has of course varied excellences; but perhaps none of them has won for him a larger number of friendly readers than this impress of visible reality. For him, truly (as he supposed the highest sort of knowledge must of necessity be) all knowledge was like knowing a *person*; and the dialogue itself, being, as it is, the special creation of his literary art, becomes in his hands, and by his masterly conduct of it, like a single living person; so comprehensive a sense does he bring to bear upon it of the slowly developing physiognomy of the thing — its organic structure, its symmetry and expression — combining all the various, disparate, subjects, of "The Republic," for example, into a manageable whole, so entirely that, looking back, one fancies this long dialogue of at least three hundred pages might have occupied — perhaps an afternoon.

And those who take part in it! — If Plato did not create the "Socrates" of his dialogues, he has created other characters perhaps as lifelike. The young Charmides, the incarnation of natural, as the aged Cephalus of acquired, temperance; his Sophoclean amenity as he sits there, pontifically, at the altar, in the court of his placid house; the large company, of varied character and of every age, which moves in those dialogues, though still oftenest the young in all their youthful loveliness; who that knows them at all can doubt Plato's hold on persons, that of persons on him? Sometimes, even when they are not formally introduced into his work, characters that had interested, impressed, or touched him, inform and color it, as if with their personal influence, showing through what purports to be the wholly abstract analysis of some wholly abstract moral situation. Thus, the form of the dying Socrates himself is visible pathetically in the description of the suffering righteous man, actually put into his

own mouth in the second book of "The Republic;" as the winning brilliancy of the lost spirit of Alcibiades infuses those pages of the sixth, which discuss the nature of one by birth and endowments an aristocrat, amid the dangers to which it is exposed in the Athens of that day; the qualities which must make him, if not the saviour, the destroyer of a society which cannot remain unaffected by his showy presence. *Corruptio optimi pessima!* Yet even here, when Plato is dealing with the inmost elements of personality, his eye is still on its object, on *character* as seen in *characteristics*, through those details, the changes of color in the face as of tone in the voice, the gestures,—the really physiognomic value, or the mere tricks, of gesture or glance or speech,—which make character a sensible fact. What is visibly expressive in, or upon, persons; those flashes of temper which check yet give renewed interest to the course of a conversation; the delicate touches of intercourse, which convey to the very senses all the subtleties of the heart or of the intelligence; it is always more than worth his while to make note of these.

We see, for instance, the sharp little pygmy bit of a soul that catches sight of any little thing so keenly, and makes a very proper lawyer. We see, as well as hear, the "rhapsodist," whose sensitive performance of his part is nothing less than an "interpretation" of it, artist and critic at once; the personal vanities of the various speakers in his dialogues, as though Plato had observed, or overheard them, alone; and the inevitable prominence of youth wherever it is present at all, notwithstanding the real sweetness of manner and modesty of soul he records of it so affectionately. It is that he loves best to linger by; to feel himself in contact with a condition of life, which translates all it is, so immediately, into delightful color, and movement, and sound. The eighth and ninth books of "The Republic" are a grave contribution, as you know, to abstract moral and political theory, a generalization of weighty changes of character in men and States. But the observations on the concrete traits of individuals, young or old, which enliven us

on the way; the difference in sameness of sons and fathers, for instance; the influence of servants on their masters; how the minute ambiguities of rank, as a family becomes impoverished, tell on manners, on temper; all the play of moral color in the reflex of mere circumstance on what men really are;—the characterization of all this has with Plato a touch of the peculiar fineness of Thackeray, one might say; Plato enjoys it for its own sake, and would have been an excellent writer of fiction.

There is plenty of humor in him also of course, and something of irony,—salt, to keep the exceeding richness and sweetness of his discourse from cloying the palate. The affectations of sophists, or professors; their staginess or their inelegance; the harsh laugh, the swaggering ways, of Thrasymachus, whose determination to make the general company share in a private conversation, is significant of his whole character; he notes with a finely pointed pencil, with something of the fineness of malice—*malin*, as the French say. Once, Thrasymachus had been actually seen to blush. It is with a very different sort of fineness Plato notes the blushes of the young; of Hippocrates, for instance, in the "Protagoras." The great sophist was said to be in Athens, at the house of Calicles, and the diligent young scholar is up betimes, eager to hear him; rouses Socrates before daylight. As they linger in the court, the lad speaks of his own intellectual aspirations; blushes at his confidence. It was just then that the morning sun blushed with his first beam, as if to reveal the lad's blushing face: *καὶ ὅς εἰπεν ἐρυθρίασας, ἥδη γὰρ ὑπέφαινέ τι ἡμέρας, ὥστε καταφανῇ αὐτὸν γενέσθαι*. He who noted that so precisely had, surely, the delicacy of the artist, a fastidious eye for the subtleties of color as soul made visibly expressive. "Poor creature as I am," says the Platonic Socrates, in the "Lysis," concerning another youthful blush,— "Poor creature as I am, I have one talent: I can recognize, at first sight, the lover and the beloved."

So it is with the audible world also. The exquisite monotony of the voice of the great sophist, for example, "once set in

motion, goes ringing on like a brazen pot, which if you strike it continues to sound till some one lays his hand upon it." And if the delicacy of eye and ear, so also the keenness and constancy of his observation, are manifest in those elaborately wrought images for which the careful reader lies in wait. The mutiny of the sailors in the ship, — ship of the State, or of one's own soul; the echoes and beams and shadows of that half-illuminated cavern, the human mind; the caged birds in the "Theætetus," that are like the flighty, half contained notions of an imperfectly educated understanding. *Real* notions are to be ingrained by persistent thoroughness of the "dialectic" method, as if by conscientious dyers. He makes us stay to watch such dyers, as he had done, busy with their purple stuff; adding, as it were, ethic color to what he sees with the eye, and painting while he goes, as if on the margin of his high philosophical discourse, himself scarcely aware; as the monkish scribe set bird or flower, with so much truth of earth, in the blank spaces of his heavenly meditation.

Now Plato is one for whom the visible world thus "really exists" because he is by nature and before all things, from first to last, unalterably a lover. In that, precisely, lies the secret of the susceptible and diligent eye, the so sensitive ear. The central interest of his own youth — of his profoundly impressible youth — as happens always with natures of real capacity, gives law and pattern to all that succeeds it. *Tὰ ἐρωτικά*, as he says, — the experience, the discipline, of love, had been that for Plato; and as love must of necessity deal above all with visible persons, this discipline involved an exquisite culture of the senses. It is "as lovers use," that he is ever on the watch for those dainty messages, those finer intimations, from eye and ear. If in the later development of his philosophy the highest sort of knowledge comes to seem like the knowledge of a person, the relation of the reason to truth like the commerce of one person with another, the peculiarities of personal relationship thus moulding his conception of the, properly invisible, world of ideas, — this is partly because, for a lover, the entire visible world, its hues and outline, its attractiveness, its power and bloom, must have associated themselves pre-eminently with the power and bloom of visible living persons. With these, as they made themselves known by word and glance and touch, through the medium of the senses, lay the forces, which, in that inexplicable

tyranny of one person over another, shaped the soul.

Just there, then, is the secret of Plato's intimate concern with, his power over, the sensible world, the apprehensions of the sensuous faculty; he is a lover, a great lover, somewhat after the manner of Dante. For him, as for Dante, in the impassioned glow of his conceptions, the material and the spiritual are blent and fused together. While, in that fire and heat, the spiritual attains the definite visibility of a crystal, what is material, on the other hand, will lose its earthiness and impurity. It is of the amorous temper, therefore, you must think in connection with Plato's youth — of this, amid all the *strength* of the genius of which it is so large a constituent — indulging, developing, refining the sensuous capacities, the powers of eye and ear, of the fancy also, which can re-fashion, of the speech which can best respond to, and reproduce, their liveliest presentments. That is why, when Plato speaks of visible things, it is as if you saw them. He who in the "Symposium" describes so vividly the pathway, the ladder, of love, its joyful ascent towards a more perfect beauty than we have ever yet actually seen, by way of a parallel to the gradual elevation of mind towards perfect knowledge, knew all that, we may be sure — *τὰ ἐρωτικά* — all the ways of lovers, in the literal sense. He speaks of them retrospectively indeed, but knows well what he is talking about. Plato himself had not been always a mere Platonic lover; was rather, naturally, as he makes Socrates say of himself, *ἡττων τῶν καλῶν*, subject to the influence of fair persons. A certain penitential color amid that glow of fancy and expression, hints that the final harmony of his nature had been but gradually beaten out, and invests the temperance, actually so conspicuous in his own nature, with the charms of a patiently elaborated effect of art.

For we must remind ourselves just here, that, quite naturally also, instinctively, and apart from the austere influences which claimed and kept his allegiance later, Plato, with a kind of unimpassioned passion, was a lover in particular of temperance; of temperance too, as it may be seen, as a visible thing, — seen in Charmides, say, in that subdued and grey-eyed loveliness, "clad in sober grey;" or in those youthful athletes which, in ancient marble, reproduce him and the like of him, with sound, firm outlines, such as temperance secures. Still, that some more luxurious sense of physical beauty had at one time greatly disturbed him,

divided him against himself, we may judge from his own words in a famous passage of the "Phædrus" concerning the management, the so difficult management, of those winged steeds of the body which is the chariot of the soul.

Puzzled, in some degree, Plato certainly remains to the last, not merely in regard to the higher love and the lower, Aphrodite Urania, and Aphrodite Pandemus, as he distinguishes them in the "Symposium;" not merely with the difficulty of arbitrating between some inward beauty, and that which is outward; with the odd mixture everywhere, save in its still unapprehended but eternal essence, of the beautiful with what is otherwise; but he is even more harassed still by the experience (it is in this shape that the world-old puzzle of the existence of evil comes to him), that even to the truest eyesight, to the best trained faculty of soul, the beautiful would never come to seem strictly concentric with the good. That seems to have taxed his understanding as gravely as it had tried his will, and he was glad when in the mere natural course of years he was become at all events less ardent a lover. It is he is the authority for what Sophocles had said on the happy decay of the passions as age advanced; it was "like being set free from service to a band of madmen;" as his own distinguishing note is tranquil after-thought upon this conflict, with a kind of envy of the almost disembodied old age of Cephalus, who quotes that saying of Sophocles amid his placid sacrificial doings. Connect with this quiet scene, and contrast with the luxuriant power of the "Phædrus," and the "Symposium," what, for a certain touch of later mysticism in it, we might call Plato's evening prayer, in the ninth book of "The Republic:"—

When any one, being healthfully and temperately disposed towards himself, turns to sleep, having stirred the reasonable part of him with a feast of fair thoughts and high problems, being come to full consciousness, himself with himself; and has, on the other hand, committed the element of desire neither to appetite, nor to surfeiting, to the end that this may slumber well, and, by its pain or pleasure, cause no trouble to that part which is best in him, but may suffer that, alone by itself, in its pure essence, to behold and aspire towards some object, and apprehend what it knows not,—some event, of the past, it may be, or something that now is, or will be hereafter: and in like manner has soothed hostile impulse, so that, falling to no angry thoughts against any, he goes not to rest with a troubled spirit, but with those two parts at peace

within, and with that third part, wherein reason is engendered, on the move:—you know, I think, that in sleep of this sort he lays special hold on truth, and then least of all is there lawlessness in the visions of his dreams.

For Plato, being then about twenty-eight years old, had listened to the "Apology" of Socrates; had heard from them all that others had heard or seen of his last hours; himself perhaps actually witnessed those last hours. "Justice itself"—the "absolute" justice—had then become almost a visible object, and had greatly solemnized him. The rich young man, rich also in intellectual gifts, who might have become (we see this in the adroit management of his written work) the most brilliant and effective of sophists; who might have developed dialogues into plays, tragedy, perhaps comedy, as he cared; whose sensuous or graphic capacity might have made him the poet of an *Odyssey*, a *Sappho*, or a *Catullus*, or, say, just such a poet as, just because he was so attractive, would have been disfranchised in the perfect city; was become the creature of an immense seriousness, of a fully adult sense, unusual in Greek perhaps even more than in Roman writers, "of the weightiness of the matters concerning which he has to discourse, and of the frailty of man." He inherits, alien as they might be to certain powerful influences in his own temper, alike the sympathies and the antipathies of that strange, delightful, teacher, who had given him (most precious of gifts!) an inexhaustible interest in himself; he inherits, in this way, a preference for those trying severities of thought which are characteristic of the Eleatic school; an antagonism to the successful sophists of the day, in whom the old sceptical "philosophy of motion" seemed to be renewed as a theory of morals; and henceforth, in short, this master of visible things, this so ardent lover, will be a lover of the invisible, with,—Yes! there it is constantly, in the Platonic dialogues, not to be explained away,—with a certain asceticism, amid all the varied opulence, of sense, of speech and fancy, natural to Plato's genius.

The lover, who is become a lover of the invisible, but still a lover, and therefore, literally, a seer, of it, carrying an elaborate cultivation of the bodily senses, of eye and ear, their natural force and acquired fineness,—gifts akin properly to τὰ ἐρωτικά, as he says, to the discipline of sensuous love,—into the world of intellectual abstractions; seeing and hearing there too, associating forever all the imagery of

things seen with the conditions of what primarily exists only for the mind, filling that "hollow land" with delightful color and form, as if now at last the mind were veritably dealing with living people there, living people who play upon us through the affinities, the repulsion and attraction, of *persons* towards one another, all the magnetism, as we call it, of actual human friendship or love: There, is the *formula* of Plato's genius, the essential condition of the specially Platonic temper, — of Platonism. And his style, because it really is Plato's style, conforms to, and in its turn promotes in others, that mental situation. He breaks as it were visible color into the very texture of his work; his vocabulary, the very stuff he manipulates, has its delightful æsthetic qualities; almost every word, one might say, its figurative value. And yet no one perhaps has with equal power literally sounded the unseen depths of thought, and, with what may be truly called "substantial" word and phrase, given locality there to the mere adumbrations, the dim hints and surmise, of the speculative mind. For him, all gifts of sense and intelligence converge in one supreme faculty of theoretic vision, *θεωρία*, the imaginative reason.

To trace that thread of physical color, entwined throughout, and multiplied sometimes into large tapestried figures, is the business, the enjoyment, of the student of the dialogues, as he reads them. For this or that special literary quality indeed we may go safely by preference to this or that particular dialogue; to the "Gorgias," for instance, for the readiest Attic wit, and a manly practical sense in the handling of philosophy; to the "Charmides," for something like the effect of sculpture in modelling a person; to the "Timæus," for certain brilliant chromatic effects. Yet who that reads the "Theætetus," or the "Phædrus," or the seventh book of "The Republic," can doubt Plato's gift in precisely the opposite direction; his gift of sounding by words the depths of thought, a plastic power, literally moulding to term and phrase what might have seemed in its very nature too impalpable and abstruse to lend itself, in any case, to language? He gives names to the invisible acts, processes, creations, of abstract mind, as masterfully, as efficiently, as Adam himself to the visible living creatures of old. As Plato speaks of them, we might say, those abstractions too become visible living creatures. We read the speculative poetry of Wordsworth, or Tennyson; and we may observe that a great metaphysical force

has come into language which is by no means purely technical or scholastic: what a help such language is to the understanding, to a real hold over the things, the thoughts, the mental processes, those words denote; a vocabulary to which thought freely commits itself, trained, stimulated, raised, thereby, towards a high level of abstract conception, surely to the increase of our general intellectual powers. That, of course, is largely due to Plato's successor, to Aristotle's lifelong labor of analysis and definition, and to his successors the Schoolmen, with their systematic culture of a precise instrument for the registration, by the analytic intellect, of its own subtlest movements. But then, Aristotle, himself the first of the Schoolmen, had succeeded Plato, and did but formulate, as a terminology "of art," as technical language, what for Plato is still vernacular, original, personal, the product in him of an instinctive, imaginative power, — a sort of *visual* power, but causing others also to see what is matter of original intuition for him.

From the first, in fact, our faculty of thinking is limited by our command of speech. Now it is straight from Plato's lips, as if in natural conversation, that the language came, in which the mind has ever since been discoursing with itself concerning itself, in that inward dialogue which is the "active principle" of the dialectic method as an instrument for the attainment of truth. For, the essential, or dynamic, dialogue, is ever that dialogue of the mind with itself, which any converse with Socrates or Plato does but promote. The very words of Plato, then, challenge us straightway to larger and finer apprehension of the processes of our own minds; are themselves a discovery in the sphere of mind. It was he made us freemen of those solitary places, so trying yet so attractive; so remote and high, they seem, yet are naturally so close to us; he peopled them with intelligible forms. Nay, more! By his peculiar gift of verbal articulation he anticipated the mere hollow spaces which a knowledge, then merely potential, and an experience still to come, would one day occupy. And so, those who cannot admit his actual speculative results, precisely *his* report on the invisible theoretic world, have been to the point sometimes, in that their objection, by sheer effectiveness of abstract language, he gave an illusive air of reality or substance to the mere nonentities of metaphysic hypothesis, — of a mind trying to feed itself on its own emptiness.

Just there,—in the situation of one shaped, by combining nature and circumstance into a seer who has a sort of sensuous love of the un-seen,—is the paradox of Plato's genius, and therefore, always, of Platonism, of the Platonic temper. His aptitude for things visible, his gift of words, empower him to express, as if for the eyes, what except to the eye of the mind is strictly invisible,—what an acquired asceticism induces him to rank above, and sometimes, in terms of harshest dualism, oppose to, the sensible world. Plato is to be interpreted not merely by his antecedents, by the influence upon him of those who preceded him, but by his successors, by the temper, the intellectual alliances, of those who directly or indirectly have been sympathetic with him. Now it is noticeable that, at first sight somewhat incongruously, a certain number of Manicheans have always been of his company; people who held that matter was evil. Pointing significantly to an unmistakable vein of Manichean, or Puritan, sentiment actually there in the Platonic dialogues, these rude companions or successors of his, carry us back to his great predecessor, to Socrates, whose personal influence had so strongly enforced on Plato the severities, moral and intellectual alike, of Parmenides, and of the Pythagoreans. The cold breath of a harshly abstract, a too incorporeal, philosophy, had blown, like an east wind, on that last depressing day in the prison-cell of Socrates; and the venerable commonplaces then put forth, in which an over-strained pagan sensuality seems to be re-acting, to be taking vengeance, on itself, turned now sick and suicidal, will lose none of their weight with Plato: That "all who rightly touch philosophy, study nothing else than to *die*, and to be *dead*;" That "the soul reasons best, when, as much as possible, it comes to be alone with itself, bidding good-bye to the body, and, to the utmost of its power, rejecting communion with it, with the very touch of it, aiming at what *is*." It was, in short, as if for the soul to have come into a human body at all, had been the seed of disease in it, the beginning of its own proper death.

As for any adornments or provision for this body, the master had declared that a true philosopher as such would make as little of them as possible. To those young hearers, the words of Socrates may well have seemed to anticipate, not the visible world he had then delineated in glowing color as if for the bodily eye, but only the chilling influence of the hemlock; and it

was because Plato was only half convinced of the Manichean or Puritan element in his master's doctrine, or rather was in contact with it on one side only of his complex and genial nature, that Platonism became possible, as a temper for which, in strictness, the opposition of matter to spirit has no ultimate or real existence. Not to be "pure" from the body, but to identify it, in its utmost fairness, with the fair soul, by a gymnastic "fused in music," became, from first to last, the aim of education as he conceived it. That the body is but "a hindrance to the attainment of philosophy, if one takes it along with one as a companion in one's search," a notion which Christianity, at least in its later though wholly legitimate developments, will correct,—can hardly have been the last thought of Plato himself on quitting it. He opens his door indeed to those austere monitors. They correct the sensuous richness of his genius, but could not suppress it. The sensuous lover becomes a lover of the invisible, but still a lover, after his earlier pattern, carrying into the world of intellectual vision, of *θεωρία*, all the associations of the actual world of sight. Some of its invisible realities he can all but see with the bodily eye: the absolute temperance, in the person of the youthful Charmides; the absolute righteousness, in the person of the dying Socrates. Yes, truly! all true knowledge will be like the knowledge of a person, of living persons, and truth, for Plato, in spite of his Socratic asceticism, to the last, something to *look* at. The eyes which had noted physical things, so finely, vividly, continuously, would be still at work; and, Plato thus qualifying the Manichean or Puritan element in Socrates by his own capacity for the world of sense, Platonism has contributed largely, has been an immense encouragement towards, the redemption of matter, of the world of sense, by art, by all right education, by the creeds and worship of the Christian Church,—towards the vindication of the dignity of the body.

It was doubtless because Plato was an excellent scholar that he did not begin to teach others till he was more than forty years old,—one of the great scholars of the world, with Virgil and Milton; by which is implied that, possessed of the inborn genius, of those natural powers, which sometimes bring with them a certain defiance of rule, of the intellectual habits of others, he acquires, by way of habit and rule, all that can be taught and learned; and what is thus derived from

others by docility and discipline, what is *rangé*, comes to have in him, and in his work, an equivalent weight with what is unique, impulsive, underivable. Raffaele, — Raffaele as you see him in the Blenheim "Madonna," is a supreme example of such scholarship in the sphere of art. Born of a romantically ancient family, understood to be the descendant of Solon himself, Plato had been in early youth a writer of verse. That he turned to a more vigorous, though pedestrian, mode of writing, was perhaps an effect of his corrective intercourse with Socrates, through some of the most important years of his life, — from twenty to twenty-eight.

He belonged to what was just then the discontented class, and might well have taken refuge from active political life in political ideals, or in a kind of self-imposed exile. A traveller, adventurous for that age, he certainly became. After the *Lehr-jahre*, the *Wander-jahre*! — all round the Mediterranean coasts as far west as Sicily. Think of what all that must have meant just then, for eyes which could see. If those journeys had begun in angry flight from home, it was for purposes of self-improvement they were continued; the delightful fruit of them is evident in what he writes; and finding him in friendly intercourse with Dionysius the elder, with Dio, and Dionysius the younger, at the polished court of Syracuse, we may understand they were a search also for "the philosophic king," perhaps for the opportune moment of realizing "the ideal state." In that case, his quarrels with those capricious tyrants show that he was disappointed. For the future he sought no more to pass beyond the charmed theoretic circle, "speaking wisdom," as was said of Pythagoras, only "among the perfect." He returns finally to Athens; and there, in the quiet precincts of the Acadêmus, which has left a somewhat dubious name to places where people come to be taught or to teach, founts, not a state, not even a brotherhood, but only the first college, with something of a common life, of communism on that small scale, with Aristotle for one of its scholars, with its chapel, its gardens, its library with the authentic text of his "Dialogues" upon the shelves; we may just discern the sort of place, through the scantiest notices. His reign was after all to be in his writings. Plato himself does nothing in them to retard the effacement which mere time brings to persons and their abodes; and there had been that, moreover, in his own temper, which promotes self-effacement. Yet as

he left it, the place remained for centuries, according to his will, to its original use. What he taught through the remaining forty years of his life, the method of that teaching, whether it was less or more esoteric than the teaching of the extant "Dialogues," is but matter of surmise. Writers, who in their day might still have said much we should have liked to hear, give us little but old, quasi-supernatural stories, told as if they had been new ones, about him. The year of his birth fell, according to some, in the very year of the death of Pericles (a significant date!) but is not precisely ascertainable; nor is the year of his death, nor its manner. *Scribens est mortuus*, says Cicero; after the manner of a true scholar, "he died pen in hand."

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### TEA AT THE MAINS.

WE might not, at another time, have looked upon a tea-drinking at the Mains as a very exciting form of dissipation. But to Ella and me, aged ten and eleven respectively, it was a serious and responsible business, as it was our first entrance into society unguarded by anybody old enough to set us an example of good manners. Our parents being absent, the kind farmer's wife had thought it would be "a divert" for the young gentlefolks, and had invited the whole party, including the governess, to partake of her genteel hospitality. But our governess was a martyr to neuralgia, and dreaded the evening air. She was also afraid of being left alone at home. "What if a strange man should enter the house?" she said. So Daphne, our eldest sister, decided to stay behind and protect the nervous lady, and dismissed us with an admonition to behave politely, but not to eat more cake and jam than we could help.

Mr. Affleck was our father's principal tenant, but had seldom or never, as far as I understood, been able to pay his rent. Nevertheless he maintained a prosperous and thriving appearance. He was a remarkably big, strong man, with bushy black hair, whiskers, and beard, and a very long, straight upper lip, shaven but stubbly. We looked upon him as a type of masculine ugliness, and considered that he exactly fulfilled our ideal of a gorilla, except that the ape probably possessed a more sportive and genial character — for Mr. Affleck was a very serious

man, an elder of the Free Kirk, and an authority upon all religious questions. This alarming fact recurred to St. Clair's mind as he walked between Ella and me on our way to the farm. St. Clair was our only brother. Our youngest sister Rosie followed with Petite, the little Maltese terrier.

"I say," said St. Clair, stopping suddenly with a tragic start, "what *are* we to say if Mr. Affleck asks us why we were not in church on Sunday? What duffers we were to go to the Established Church!"

It had hitherto been our usual custom to attend public worship at the Free Church, not by any means as a matter of principle, but simply because the parish church happened to be a mile and a half farther off, and was thought to be too long a walk for little Rosie. But the Sunday before being a fine day, and Rosie's sixth birthday, we had thought it time to make a change, to our great satisfaction for the moment.

"Would it be rude to say we had been at the Established Church?" I inquired diffidently.

"Of course it would," returned St. Clair—"the height of rudeness. I've heard Mr. Affleck say there is no salvation in the Establishment. Better let him think we didn't go to church at all."

"Perhaps he won't ask us," said Ella.

"He's sure to," said St. Clair gloomily.

"Oh dear!" sighed Ella, "how I wish we had Daphne! Even Miss Tucker would be better than nobody."

Mr. Affleck's dwelling was rather a pretty one, and as we opened the gate we stopped to admire the well-kept garden. A gravel walk led straight up to the door, on each side of which bloomed late crimson tulips, wallflower, and London pride, while the house itself was covered with a jargonelle pear-tree, now white with blossom. We had no need to ring the bell, for the farm lass at once appeared at the door, and ushered us, with much solemnity, into a bedroom to take off our things. This apartment did not seem to be inhabited. It was elegantly furnished, and abounded with crochet mats, shell pin-cushions, and china lambs and dogs, from the contemplation of which we had great difficulty in tearing Rosie away. On the chest of drawers a looking-glass was placed for our use, and there too were laid out a comb and brush, a paper of pins of all sizes, Bogatsky's "Golden Treasury," and the shorter Catechism. Here were also to be seen daguerreotypes of the family, very smudgy and washed out,

besides a modern photograph representing Wilhelmina, the married daughter of the house, and Wilhelmina's baby, and her husband standing behind, with his hand on her shoulder. We might have spent a much longer time in admiring these treasures but for the remonstrances of St. Clair, who, being a singularly well-behaved boy himself, was in mortal dread that we should disgrace him. He dragged Rosie forcibly away, and opened the door; and the lass, who, we were shocked to find, had been waiting patiently outside, next conducted us to the parlor, where, on this festive occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Affleck were both sitting, although in general they lived in the kitchen. Mrs. Affleck was a fat, comfortable woman, good-natured and motherly. She had a habit of turning up her eyes and making Scriptural quotations; but this, I am sure, was only assumed in deference to her husband, to whom she was a most dutiful and admiring wife. She had put on her best gown in honor of our visit, a grey alpaca with black and gold buttons; and some lavender bows adorned the limp black net cap which was her invariable headdress. Mr. Affleck had made no change in his dress, except that he had taken off his boots and substituted a pair of green carpet-slippers, ornamented with brown dogs' heads.

When the pair had welcomed us with polite formality, and invited us to "take chairs," had inquired for missy and the "go-verness," and remarked that Mr. St. Clair was a very tall boy, and Petite a very small dog, the conversation began to languish. I was painfully conscious that I was the only member of the company who had not contributed a remark; and St. Clair, whose chair was next to mine, frowned fiercely upon me, and formed with his lips the words "say something," which sealed my lips effectually. Finding me still dumb, St. Clair gave me a contemptuous but severe kick, and said something himself.

"What a beautiful picture that is, Mrs. Affleck!" said he, in a voice which sounded so high and unnatural in the silence that we all jumped. The work of art to which my brother referred represented a dark and rocky scene, in which a group of figures in plaids was dimly to be discerned, and underneath it was written, "The Covenanters' Retreat."

We made a point of admiring this picture every time we came, and Mrs. Affleck always made the same speech in reply. She said that whenever she looked upon

it she was thankful she was not driven to living in dens and caves of the earth, where many a one must have lost his health. We next turned our attention to a leopard skin which was spread on the floor, and heard how "Wilhelminy's husband, when he was in the East Indies, had killed the dangerous beast." St. Clair examined the skin all over to find the shot-holes, and Rosie danced upon it, causing Mr. Affleck to compare her to a weaned child putting its hand on the cockatrice's den, and his wife to quote the lines:—

Our feet on dragons trample shall,  
And on the lions young.

Mrs. Affleck was now called out of the room by the lass, who opened the door, looked at her in a mysterious manner, and then withdrew. Mr. Affleck being left alone to entertain us, an alarm once more possessed St. Clair's mind lest he should reprove us for our defection as regarded church-going, and he telegraphed vigorously to each of us to talk, and so divert attention from the subject. We understood his signs perfectly; but unhappily the volatile Ella was seized with an inclination to giggle, while nervousness deprived me of the power of speech. Mr. Affleck meanwhile was looking at his watch impatiently, and presently he said, "Rintoul's late." At this our alarm increased; for the Rev. Hercules Rintoul was the Free Kirk minister at whose feet we ought to have sat on Sunday, and whom we were evidently to meet at tea. At the same instant the door-bell rang, and the lass, instead of answering it, entered precipitately, came to a stop in front of my chair, and said breathlessly, "Please to rise." I obeyed, wondering, whereupon the lass snatched up my chair and carried it off to the dining-room, I suppose for Mr. Rintoul to sit upon, leaving me helplessly rooted to the spot. At this sight Ella could no longer control herself; she broke into peals of laughter, and I joined her, for I was easily infected with fits of unseasonable giggling. We laughed until we cried; while St. Clair sat looking as if he would like to kill us, and Mr. Affleck, who at first had looked merely surprised, was heard to murmur something about the crackling of thorns under a pot. Mr. Rintoul presently came in, followed by Mrs. Affleck, and we went down to tea, which was laid out in the dining-room, and presented a very magnificent appearance. There was a nosegay of flowers in the middle of the table, bound very tightly together, and packed into a blue hyacinth-

glass. There was a large silver teapot—at least it looked like silver, it was so bright—and a highly interesting butter-dish with a silver cow upon it. There was every imaginable variety of scones and cakes, also a beautiful honeycomb, and different sorts of jam in glass dishes. Our host authoritatively desired Mr. Rintoul to "ask a blessin'," which he did rather nervously, contriving to convey a delicate compliment to the excellence of the food he saw before him. He was obviously very much afraid of his host, who was the chief pillar of his church, and Mr. Affleck seemed to regard the minister rather as his pupil than as his spiritual guide. Mr. Rintoul was young, and had but lately come to the neighborhood. He was small, lame, and sickly looking, but more refined than many of his class; and was so shy and nervous that he evidently did not know what he ate, but buttered his short-bread and put raspberry jam into his tea, protesting all the time that it was most excellent. We were all pressed to eat both by our host and hostess, and few had the strength of mind to refuse anything offered to them.

"Take it up, Miss Elly—it'll do you no ill." "Take another cup of tea, Mr. St. Clair, if *you* please." "Miss Lettice, you'll take some apple jeely, and pass it to Miss Rosie." "I must have Mr. Rintoul's opeenion of our honey."

The unhappy minister protested, though in vain, against taking any more sweetmeats; but observed that the honeycomb was a wonderful structure to be raised by the insect race; to which Mrs. Affleck answered, sighing, "that they little creatures of bees might well be an example to the human frame."

These remarks showed that the meal was nearly at an end, for at first a solemn silence had reigned, broken only by the necessary civilities of the table. Mr. Affleck pushed back his chair and called for some more hot water; he disdained tea, and had been drinking strong whiskey toddy steadily, and now, having mixed himself a still stiffer tumbler, he invited Mr. Rintoul to partake. But the little minister declined, urging that he was "a total abstainer from alcoholic beverages."

"That's bad," said Mr. Affleck, in rather an offended tone.

"Not that I disapprove of the use of alcohol, Mr. Affleck, in the case of a gentleman like yourself. Far from it, sir—far from it. But the cause of temperance is better promoted by example in my case."

"You're wrong, Rintoul — you're wrong!" said Mr. Affleck, waxing argumentative under the influence of the toddy. "Tak' the case of Teemothy. Teemothy was a man — shuperior, doubtless in speeritual gifts, but no' so unlike yourself in form. I would say," he continued, surveying his guest with a calm and dispassionate eye, "that in respect of size ye were just something seemilar. What does Paul recommend?"

"A little wine for the stomach's sake," answered Mr. Rintoul meekly; "but then —"

"Wine," said Mr. Affleck, "may in this passage be also interpreted speerits, as I have been informed by first-class co-mentators; and in like manner I would recommend speerits to you, Rintoul."

"It's a pity but you had turned your mind to the ministry in early life," said Mr. Rintoul, changing the subject dexterously. "You would have made a fine speaker."

"I would not say that I could preach a sermon," replied Mr. Affleck modestly, yet not without sternness; "but I hope that I can draw an inference, and the inference I draw here is speerits."

Mr. Rintoul looked appealingly at his hostess; but that worthy matron was sitting with downcast eyes twirling her thumbs, as she usually did during her husband's flights of eloquence. He next sought by our help to divert the current of Mr. Affleck's thoughts, and turning to Ella, who sat next to him, he said, blunderingly and helplessly, that he hoped we were all well at home.

"I did not happen to observe any of you on Sabbath," he went on, "and I feared some domestic affliction had kept you absent from worship."

"Oh, no," answered Ella, with ready presence of mind, speaking very fast to bring in as long a story as she could. "Papa and mamma have gone to Edinburgh for a week. They started on Friday by the one o'clock train, and —"

"And what kept *you* from the house of prayer?" demanded Mr. Affleck.

The dreaded question had come. St. Clair trod violently on my foot under the table — not that I had any intention of doing anything; and we all looked at our plates in confusion.

"I like Dr. Goodall's church best," observed Rosie calmly, after a silence, during which she had evidently been weighing the respective merits of the two places of worship.

"And what makes you like *it* best, little

missy?" asked Mr. Rintoul kindly, and with an attempt at playfulness.

Rosie seldom gave a direct answer to any question. "Daphne says we're always to go there now," she said. "And I'm glad. It has a nicer smell."

"You see what it is, Rintoul," said Mr. Affleck, regarding the minister sternly with one eye, "when the very babes reject ye."

We all looked at our host in alarm. It was a relief to see that he did not notice us at all; but why did he seem angry with Mr. Rintoul? and what was the matter with his eyes? One of those orbs had become fixed in its gaze, while the other revolved in a curious manner without seeming to see anything.

"You're as bad as Goodall himself," he continued; "as bad? you're worse, — a La-odicean — a lukewarm veshel. And me that has labored for ye to come to this vineyard! I've wrestled for ye, man — I've just *wrosted*" — here Mr. Affleck made a demonstration with his arms to express the violent nature of the mental struggle. "This is a terrible place," he went on, dropping his voice and becoming slightly affected. "Oh, it's a terrible place! When I was in Aberdeen I never wanted a freend that would come and take me by the hand and say, 'Mr. Affleck, how's your soul?' But here they care no more about your soul than if it was made of cast-metal!"

With these melancholy words Mr. Affleck laid down his head upon his arms and remained apparently overcome by his feelings.

The minister turned very red, looked doubtfully at Mrs. Affleck, and rose from his seat.

"I — I doubt I'll need to be moving," he said. "It's getting late, and I'm pretty busy at present. Mr. St. Clair, and you, missies, would you be inclined to give me your company a bit, as we go the same road?"

St. Clair rose, evidently relieved, and bade good-night to Mrs. Affleck, who, to our surprise, made no attempt to detain us. But Ella and I doubted whether it was either kind or polite to leave our host thus overcome by sorrow without offering any consolatory remarks. We stopped and looked at him, and at length Ella touched him on the shoulder and said timidly, "Good-night, Mr. Affleck." He raised his head, and seemed to collect himself.

"That's — these pigeons of your brother's," he said. "They're mischeevous brutes."

"Our pigeons!" I said in surprise. "The fantails? But they are not here — they are at home."

"And will ye hinder them coming here to eat my hens' meat?" demanded our host. "Will ye hinder them coming in at my vera door, even on the Sabbath-day, and working their abominations in my vera scullery? If I had gotten a grip of that beast, I would have wrung its neck — I would have wrung its neck."

"Tuts, Affleck!" said his wife, taking compassion on us, "what way would you scare the young misses? They're but bairns. It's just that he was put about, Miss Lettice, on Sabbath morning, when he was going to shave himself for the kirk, to see the creature sitting curdooking and curdooking before its own image at his glass in the scullery."

"They are so tame," I pleaded. "They often come into our room. You know pigeons are fond of a looking-glass."

"Maybe so," said Mr. Affleck, "but yon beast was a spectacle of vanity and of sin, the which was an offence to be seen."

We stood irresolute, afraid to bid our judge good-night, and afraid to go away without doing so.

Mrs. Affleck brought a cup of tea to her husband's side, but he waved it away.

"None of your tea for me! I began life," he said, waving his arm feebly, "at the pleugh's tail, and I've raised myself to my present poseition by my own industry, and worldly vanities I spurned them. And or ever I came here to this land o' corruption, where Satan's seat is —"

Here we were hurried out of the room by Mr. Rintoul, who seemed to think we might resent this unfavorable description of my father's property; but as we went through the passage we still heard Mr. Affleck's sonorous voice concluding his harangue, —

"I joined a seeck society, and I joined a buryin' society, but I'm for none of your d——d temperance. Where's the speerits?"

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From The National Review.

#### THE EARLY ANCESTORS OF OUR QUEEN.

THANKS to the daily increasing facilities with which railway enterprise is tempting us to indulge our truly Athenian craving continually for "some new thing," Ammergau has become almost a household word among us. Everybody has heard of its "Passion Play." Every tenth year

sees Britons rushing in shoals to the picturesque banks of the Ammer, to witness there, while it may be witnessed, the last surviving specimen of that popular religious drama which in bygone times helped the Church so materially, and over so wide an area, to impress her truths upon men's minds. But I question, if among all those thousands of sight-seeing Britons, who gather as interested spectators, there are many who realize in what very close relation that same little valley stands to the early fortunes of the ancient family whose head now occupies our throne, and whose deep-seated hold on the affections of the English people has recently been testified, in a striking if melancholy manner, on the occasion of the lamented death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. How many, indeed, among us can be said to know very much at all about that race? And yet its history ought to be of some interest to us. In these latter days it has become intertwined with our own. It is marked by striking contrasts of ups and downs, at one time leading the Guelphs on a rapid triumphal progress up to the very steps of the imperial throne, then again dropping them down to the obscure level of paltry insignificance. It tells of a race endowed with a strong individuality — manly, chivalrous, generous; but generally also headstrong and reckless. It is interwoven with pathetic legend. Its early beginnings are lost in the dim haze of a prehistoric age. Its latter end has not yet come. There is no dynasty now surviving equally ancient — there is but one which can join in the boast that on the throne on which it was planted centuries ago it has retained its hold to the present generation. That second dynasty, I may explain, is the family, originally Slav, of the Obotrite Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg, the same race whom our Alfred the Great speaks of as "Apdrede." The present grand dukes are the direct descendants of that terrible Prince Niklot, of the twelfth century, whom among German princes only the Guelph, Henry the Lion, was found strong enough to subdue. But before Bodrician Niklot had mounted his barbarian throne, Henry the Generous had already been installed as chief over Lüneburg — the principality over which his family continued to rule down to 1866, when the cruel fortune of war decided against the last Guelph prince. In the adjoining Duchy of Brunswick, over which, as forming part of ancient Saxony, the Guelphs were set as heads in 1127, the family continued to

hold sway till 1884, when death removed the last scion of their older line, in the person of the late Duke of Brunswick. The Guelph pedigree, however, goes very much farther back than the time of Henry. Long even before Guelph Odoacer, at the head of his Teuton hordes, dethroned that caricature of an emperor, Romulus Augustulus, there were Guelph "Agilolfings" leading to battle, as trusted chiefs, their own Scyrian tribes. What the later history of the family might have been, if to its constitutional valor and generosity had been joined the less showy but far more useful qualities of prudence and caution, we may now, by the light of past events, readily imagine. The Guelphs were in Henry's day by far the strongest dynasty in Germany, at a period when for the imperial throne above all things a strong dynasty was needed—there have been no breaks in their succession. Had Germany elected Henry the Generous as emperor, as everybody expected that she would, the Guelphs might still be wearing the crown of Charlemagne, and Germany might have had a different tale to tell, both of her past experiences and of her present position. For it deserves to be noticed that all the troubles which came upon the empire, by minute subdivision of its territory, and by the setting up of "opposition emperors," sprang directly and demonstrably from contests provoked with the Guelphs. It was Henry IV.'s resistance to Welf IV. that led to the multiplication of vassal crowns which subsequently became a curse to Germany. It was the powers pledged to the support of the Guelphs—most notably the popes and our Cœur-de-Lion—who put forward those troublesome "opposition emperors," the forerunners and direct cause of the ruinous interregnum—"die kaiserlose, die schreckliche Zeit"—and by such means of the political prostration of the country enduring through centuries.

But our interest, in England, lies more with the Guelph, than with Germany. One cannot help sympathizing with a race which, being evidently designed for greatness, advanced towards it with giant strides, only to find the prize at which it ambitiously grasped snatched from its hand in the very moment of seeming attainment.

Of the very early history of the Guelphs we have fairly definite, but only very fragmentary, information. They were leaders of the Scyri, we learn—a Teuton race of the Semnone family, mentioned by Pliny, by Zosimus, and by Jornandes—who

poured over Germany, in the days of Valentinian, along with hosts of other German tribes, and who, having been all but exterminated by the Goths, united with some other tribes of the same family, the Rugii, the Heruli, the Turcilingi, to form a composite nation which, for convenience, adopted the common name of Bajuvarii. Bavarians accordingly the Guelphs originally were, as the historian Theganus is careful to point out—not Swabians, as German historians have often named them; Bavarians, as seem to be evidenced, among other things, by the dark features and black hair which for a long time distinguished them, more especially from their opponents of a century, the fair-haired and light-complexioned Hohenstaufens. Of the confederate Bajuvarii, the Agilolfings or Guelphs still continued chiefs. Under a Guelph Eticho—whom Priscus Rhetor praises as a man of exceptional capacity and high character—we find the nation attaching themselves as auxiliaries to the host of Attila, and rendering the Hunnish king signal service. Eticho was by no means a mere rough warrior. He fully appreciated Roman culture and civilization—which led the eunuch Chrysaphas to propose to him the murder of his chief, a suggestion which the honest Guelph rejected with scorn. From the midst of the Bajuvarii the Guelph Odoacer went forth on his march to Rome. The Bajuvarii were then settled on the banks of the Danube—roughly speaking in what is now Austria, and Bavaria, and the Tyrol. Hence we find the earliest known seats of the Guelphs in the Bavarian Highlands. Ammergau was theirs, and Hohenschwangau was one of their earliest castles, founded indeed by a Guelph. When, after a revolt of the Rugii—which was successfully suppressed by Odoacer—some of the allied tribes dispersed to seek new homes in the tempting districts on the banks of the Ens and around the lake of Constance—both at the time sorely devastated and depopulated by the Goths—the Guelphs, without giving up their old seats, accompanied their men. And thus it came about that the earliest castle which we hear of as having been built by the Guelphs is supposed to have stood in Thurgau, of which country the Guelphs subsequently became counts. This is all mere inference; but as such it seems legitimate. For the monastery of Rheinau is known to have been founded by a Guelph. And such monasteries were never built far away from the founder's stronghold. Hence the Guelphs

connection with the Black Forest, of which the Guelph St. Conrad is the cherished patron saint; and hence their connection with Alsace, of which they were long counts — such powerful counts that Pepin the Short judged it advisable to reduce them to the position of removable governors — *missi camerae*. St. Odilia, the patron saint of Alsace, whose name is a household word among her own countrymen, and about whom Goethe grew enthusiastic, was an undoubted Guelph. Hence, also, their connection with the whilom country of the Burgundians, among the nobles of which land we find a Guelph chief, in 605, standing up manfully against the aggressive usurpations of Protadius, a Frankish major-domo, and acting as spokesman.

As *missi camerae* the Guelphs had a serious brush with the Church — the only tiff, practically speaking, which ever occurred between them and Rome. Of this quarrel, in which the Guelphs were probably in the right, we find a tradition kept up for some centuries. The abbot of St. Gall figured in those days in Germany as the exact counterpart to the rich and grasping "Abbot of Canterbury" of our ballad. For some pilfering of crown lands, the Guelph Warin, as a conscientious *missus camerae*, had Abbot Othmar imprisoned, which brought about the abbot's death. Rome at once canonized her "martyr," and exacted heavy retribution from his "persecutors," not merely in the shape of severe penances and the foundation of masses, carried on for many generations, but by the more substantial satisfaction, also, of large transfers of landed estates to the injured abbey — Affeltangen and Wiesendangen, and I know not how many properties more, till even to the pious Guelphs the demands appeared to grow beyond all measure of reason. It is true, they recouped themselves elsewhere — *quod si cui minus credibile videatur*, say the monkish chroniclers — "which, if to any it appear a little incredible, let him read the ancient histories, and he will find nearly all their territories to have been violently taken and held by them of others."

It is with Warin's son Isembart, living in the time of Charlemagne, that the better known history of the Guelphs begins. He was the hero of that ridiculous fable about the "pups," which has been invented to explain their adoption of their peculiar name, but which one may well be surprised to find recorded on something resembling official authority in the cata-

logue of our recent Guelph Exhibition. Isembart's wife Irmentrude, it is said, having uncharitably reproached a poor beggar woman for having borne triplets — which she held to be a proof of unfaithful conduct towards her husband — was punished for her unwarrantable accusation by being herself made to bear at one birth, not three sons, but twelve. To screen herself from a reproach such as she had unkindly fastened upon the beggar, she hit upon the rather inapt device of having eleven of those newly born sons drowned as supposed "whelps." The twelfth she kept — and he is said to have become "Welf," the founder of the race. The other eleven were happily rescued by their father, who came up just in time to save them. What our catalogue writer omits to mention, but what is really a very essential "feature" of the myth, is that the eleven rescued "whelps" — with the exception of one who became a bishop — all lived to be the founders of princely houses. One of them is said to have been Thassilo, the reputed ancestor of the Hohenzollerns. The meaning of all this is that, by survival and intermarriage with other royal families of Europe, the Guelphs have in course of time become, in a sense, the parent of most royal lines — Zähringens, Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns, Capets, Bourbons, and the rest of them.

The fable of children being sent to be drowned as "whelps" — and in every case rescued — is, as it happens, by no means peculiar to the Guelphs. It occurs in the Black Forest, in connection with a family bearing the name of "Hund." It occurs in Lower Lorraine in that pretty *trouvère* legend recording the doings of "Helias," the "Chevalier au Cygne," whom we moderns know as "Lohengrin." It is interesting to note that, along with that fable, Guelph tradition in Bavaria shares with the tradition of Lorraine the far more attractive and poetical myth of an enchanted swan — the swan, in fact, of "Lohengrin" — a bird specifically emblemizing purity — whence the extinct "Order of the Swan" of the Margraves of Brandenburg. That order was an aristocratic social purity league, which Frederic William IV. would have been glad to revive could he but have found sufficient candidates for it among his nobility. But his proposal met with very poor support. Hence, also, the equally ancient "Order of the Swan" of Cleves, having a like object.

As regards the "whelps" of the

Guelphs, the existence of very different and contradictory versions helps to show what a made-up story the whole legend is. The only authority for it is the monk Bucelinus, who himself quotes no more ancient source. And he is said to have invented it for the mere purpose of showing off his monkish Latin, in order to deduce from the Latin word for "whelp" — *catulus* — an imaginary descent, supposed to be complimentary, from a fabulous Roman senator "Catilina," and through him from the ancient Trojan kings. In opposition to this, it is a fact that there were Welfs long before Isebart. The name, therefore, could not have been first suggested by Irmentrude's unsuccessful trick. Isebart lived in the ninth century. But, as early as in the fifth, Odoacer had a brother called "Welf." "Welf" and "Eticho" were in fact the two favorite names of the family from prehistoric days downward. Sir Andrew Halliday's suggestion, that the name may have been first taken from an ensign which the Guelphs are supposed to have borne in battle, is equally wide of the mark. For that ensign, we know, from the Agilolfings down to the Hanovers, never was a "whelp" at all, but a "lion." In truth, the name "Welf" has nothing whatever to do with "whelp," but is derived from "hwelpe," "huelfe" — help. As Eticho means "hero," so Welf means "helper" — *auxiliator*. The popular Latin rendering for it in olden days was "Bonifacius." "Salvator" would be a more exact rendering, but would obviously be liable to misinterpretation. In confirmation of this theory, we find that, migrating into Italy about Charlemagne's time, a Guelph, becoming Count of Lucca, as a matter of course takes the name of "Bonifacius." And in his line, for further confirmation, we observe the same peculiarity which marks the Guelphs, that is, the naming of all sons of the family, without distinction, by the style of "Counts" — a practice altogether unknown in those days among other races.

So much for the name and origin of the Guelphs. Now I must ask the reader to return with me to Ammergau, which is peculiarly sacred to the memory of Eticho, styled the Second, who was probably the son of Isebart. Eticho lived in the days of Emperor Lewis the Pious, who in second nuptials married the Guelph's sister Judith. Judith's birth of little Charles — who became "the Bald" — gave rise to that unnatural war between Lewis and his three elder sons, in the course of which

alike Judith and two of her brothers were imprisoned in Tortona, from which place of confinement Bonifacius II. of Lucca, marching to their relief avowedly as a kinsman, loyally rescued them. Eticho's daughter, Lucardis, again married an emperor, Arnulf of Carinthia — of whom Carlyle need not have spoken quite so unkindly as of a "Carolingian Bastard," seeing that he made a far better ruler than any of his legitimate kinsmen of his time. Thanks to Lucardis it was that Eticho was driven to seek a refuge, as a hermit, in the wild seclusion of Ammergau. He went there to mourn, with twelve chosen companions, over the loss of Guelph independence, which his son Henry, so he thought, had, at the instigation of his sister, ingloriously bartered away for a "mess of pottage" — a pretty substantial one, it must be admitted. In truth, Henry did exceedingly well for his house. This is how the Saxon annalist relates the story. Henry, ambitious for wealth and power, agreed to swear fealty to the emperor, if in return, in addition to his own lands, he were given in fee as much territory as he could drive around with a car, or else with a plough — on that point the versions differ — in the time between sunrise and the conclusion of the emperor's afternoon nap. Arnulf thought the bargain a cheap one for himself. However, Henry had stationed relays of the swiftest horses that he could procure at different points, and with their help he raced round the coveted territory with such marvellous speed that — having started from the Lech — by the time when the emperor awoke he had actually reached the Isar. The emperor was just beginning to move restlessly in his chair and to show signs of returning consciousness, when Henry arrived at the foot of a mountain which he had designed as the extreme limit of his new possessions. If his mare would but last out the journey, one brisk gallop would carry him to the appointed goal. Unfortunately, the mare refused — in consequence of which for many centuries the Guelphs would mount no mare. The hill which Henry just failed to obtain still goes by the name of Mährenberg, the "Mare's mountain." Arnulf considered that he had been "done." But, having pledged his word, he held himself bound. Eticho, grieved, mourned out his life in his hermit's cell in Ammergau. Henry — who was after his adventure named *Heinricus cum aureo curru* — does not appear to have made any particular effort to propitiate his father. But when the

old man was dead, he carried his remains with great pomp and show to the monastery of Altomünster, very near his own new seat of Altorf, where he raised a gorgeous tomb to Eticho's memory, at which Guelph chiefs made it a practice to kneel for generations after, thus evidencing their respect for an ancestor who came to be looked upon as specifically the emblem of independence. The homage paid became a cult; and in Ammergau shortly after rose up, where Eticho's cell had stood, a wooden memorial church, to be replaced, in 1350, by a much larger monastery, built at the expense of Emperor Lewis the Bavarian, a descendant of Eticho. The monastery is still known as "Ettal" — that is, "Eticho's Thal," "Etichonis vallis."

Altomünster, I may mention in passing, was the "Minster" supposed to have been founded by St. Alto, a Scottish saint, the companion and disciple of St. Boniface, who managed, like Moses, to make a hard rock give forth a spring of rushing water by striking it with his staff. The spring still flows; and, as it was specially blessed by St. Boniface, its water is no doubt entitled to the peculiar veneration in which it is still held.

From their new seat at Altorf, up to the death of Welf III. the Guelphs continued to take their name. While there, they managed to better their fortune not inconsiderably. It was a rough neighborhood then, with nothing but forest all round, forest spreading out for miles, stocked with wolves, and bears, and all manner of game. To the present day some thirteen thousand acres remain under timber. There are plenty of dales, and caves, and peaks, and the like, in the district, which have given rise to an innumerable host of legends. One of Henry's sons was that excellent Bishop Conrad, who became the family saint *par excellence*, and who first inaugurated the traditional friendship with Rome. Welf II., feeling his power growing, ventured to break a lance with the emperor, in support of his friend Ernest of Swabia, whose Burgundian possessions — very large ones — the emperor had wrongfully seized. It did no good to Ernest; but it taught the emperor that the Guelphs had become a power to be reckoned with — a power with whom it was advisable to stand well. And accordingly we find the next emperor, Henry III., with a view to propitiating the succeeding Guelph, Welf III., preferring him to the dukedom of Carinthia, which was a very important office in those days — Carinthia

being a frontier march, and embracing Verona and part of Venetia. So great was the importance attached to this position that for seven years Henry had, for want of a sufficiently strong candidate, advisedly kept it open. Welf took the duchy — and then pursued his own course, defying the emperor at Roncaglia, and refusing to render him service — which was politic and, according to the notions of his day, not dishonest.

Welf III. was the last Guelph of the male line. After him we find the Guelphs of the female branch succeeding to the family honors — the "Guelphs of Ravensburg," as they were fond of styling themselves. These are the Guelphs from whom our queen is descended. To what extent the family had added to their estate while settled at Altorf was seen when, in 1055, Welf III. died. The possessions which he left embraced a good bit of Alemannia, the greater half of Bavaria (which then included the present Austria), the greater part of the Tyrol, and a tidy slice of northern Italy. It is no wonder that "Mother Church," always alive to temporal opportunities, cast her eyes a little longingly on so fair an estate, and, in default of a male heir, demanded it for herself. But there was a Guelph beforehand with her — Welf IV., the son of Chuniza, the sister of Welf III., by her marriage with Azzo (a direct descendant of the Guelph Bonifacius). Welf IV. proved himself a particularly strong and able ruler — *vir armis strenuus, concilio providus, sapientia tam forensi quam civili præditus*, the monkish chroniclers call him. Hence his surname, which he well deserved — "the Strong." By his accession he added to the family territories those rich estates in Italy which for a long period made his family one of the most wealthy in Europe. For Azzo was reputed the richest and one of the most powerful *Marchiones* of Italy. Welf's younger brother was Hugo, who first took the name of Este, and so became the founder of a race which has been held particularly noble. Welf IV. secured his family other gains. Man of war that he was, the emperor Henry IV. was thankful to have him for a supporter in his struggles with the rebellious Saxons, before whom the Swabian companies had recoiled. At the battle of the Unstrut Welf completely broke their power, and thereby secured to Henry for a time the peaceful possession of his purple — and for himself, as a reward, the dukedom of Bavaria. That office was worth even more than

the dukedom of Carinthia. For at that time Germany owned but four regular dukes, representing severally the four principal tribes which made up the nation. And with these four dukes, under the emperor, rested in the main the power in the empire.

Following in the footsteps of his uncle, we find Welf IV. drawing closer the links which connected him with Swabia, while correspondingly loosening his proprietary relations with Bavaria, and in token of such policy fixing his residence in pretty Ravensburg. The reason evidently was, that the laws of Swabia conceded to vassal lords more extensive rights than did the laws of Bavaria. Accordingly, we find Henry the Generous, when dispossessed of his duchy by Conrad III., appealing specifically to the laws of Swabia against the emperor's monstrously unfair judgment. But, apart from that political reason, Ravensburg was also no doubt more attractive on the score of its pleasant situation and its delightful surroundings. You may identify both sites, when sailing down the lake of Constance, among that picturesquely outlined cluster of hills, on which your eye is sure to rest instinctively — the hills rising on the northern bank, in the very face of the tall Alps of Appenzell, among which the lopsided Säntis is particularly conspicuous. From Ravensburg both the lake and the Alps are clearly visible, and, moreover, a charming landscape nearer than either, with that pretty Schusenthäl right in front, and a multitude of rocky peaks dotted about the forest, alternating with shady dales, smiling fields, and lush meadows. Of the castle there is now but a crumbling, weather-worn old gateway left. The town still exists, and flourishes after a fashion — consisting of a group of faint, picturesque, out-of-date houses, looking for all the world like a piece of grey antiquity recalled to life. At Ravensburg used to be stored the archives of the Guelph family. A valuable and interesting collection they must have been. What has become of them nobody knows. They may have been destroyed by fire. They may, with heaps of other precious material for history, have been carried to greedy Vienna, to be there preserved as so much lumber.

During Welf IV.'s reign happened that historic conflict between Church and State, Pope Hildebrand and Henry IV. of Germany, for his share in which Henry has been censured a good deal more than in justice he deserves. Really, in going to Canossa, the emperor did — so far as

his intention was concerned — a very prudent thing. The German princes had bluntly informed him that while he remained at feud with the pope, he would look in vain for their obedience. With the pope, accordingly, Henry strove to set himself right. Could he certainly foresee that, urged on by the malignant Countess Matilda, Gregory would take advantage of his duress, while he was literally hemmed in between two outer walls of the castle, to force upon him so bitter a cup of humiliation? Matilda was a Guelph — destined to play a very important part in Guelph history. Welf IV. was her near kinsman, and had, moreover, become a zealous supporter of the pope. Therefore it is no wonder that we find him with Hildebrand and Matilda at Canossa, witnessing his chief's degradation. It is no wonder, either, that when Henry once more fell out with the pope, we should find Welf commanding the rebel forces raised to support the "opposition emperor," Rudolph of Swabia. And, being a Guelph, it is no wonder that he should have taken advantage of the opportunity of his victory, to extort from the emperor terms materially benefiting his own house — namely, the recognition of his private property in Swabia as held directly from the emperor, and, which was more important, the recognition of his Bavarian dukedom as hereditary in his family. How great was the power wielded at that period in Germany by this early Guelph prince, is evident from the fact that after his conclusion of a separate peace with the emperor the opposition practically collapsed, and Hermann, the new "opposition emperor," found himself almost without support. Welf IV., I ought to mention, was the first Guelph to connect his family in a manner with our island. He married Judith, the daughter of Count Baldwin of Flanders, and the widow of Tostig, king of Northumberland, the son of Earl Godwine of Kent, and brother of the unfortunate King Harold. Leaving Judith at home with the two sons whom she had borne him, Welf and Henry, Welf IV. started in 1098, at an advanced age, on a crusade to the Holy Land, which he successfully accomplished. But on his return home he was struck down by a fatal illness, which overtook him in the island of Cyprus.

This brings us down to the time of a tragic little incident which has furnished the subject for the favorite family legend of the Guelphs. At the time of their father's death both Welf and Henry were

mere boys, left in charge of a good monk, Kuno, a Benedictine of Weingarten. Considering how important a part Weingarten has played in Guelph history—that its monks have become the carefully minute but provokingly inaccurate chroniclers of the Guelph family—and that, thanks to the pious liberality of the late king of Hanover, in the Abbey church of Weingarten the gathered bones of most of the early Guelph lords have found an honored resting-place, perhaps I ought to say just a word about that monastery. It was Welf the Third's foundation, set up at a short distance only from Ravensburg, on a site commanding a magnificent view of the country all around, and was intended to provide accommodation for those pious monks, originally of Altomünster, who had been twice at very short intervals burnt out of Altorf. It still stands; its three towers form a conspicuous landmark in the Schussengau; and to its shrine still are undertaken pilgrimages from a wide circuit—a survival that from a worship of olden days which was one of the great spectacles of the mediæval Church. Before setting out for the Holy Land, Welf IV. entrusted to the monks of Weingarten for safe keeping a relic which was at the time held in far more than ordinary esteem. It consisted of some drops of the Saviour's blood, believed to be thoroughly genuine, and preserved; enclosed in a costly vessel made of pure gold of Arabia and valued at three thousand florins. There was a history to those drops. Pious inquirers have ascertained that the name of the centurion who was present at the Saviour's crucifixion, as the Gospel relates, was Longinus, and that he was a native of Mantua. Seeing the precious drops trickling down, it is said, he caught them up in a vessel, and, becoming converted by what he witnessed, returned home to Mantua, still reverently carrying them with him. He was in due time baptized, and became a missionary and a martyr. For something like eight hundred years the holy blood remained buried in his garden at Mantua. Then it was discovered by accident, only to be once more concealed somewhere or other. But in 1049, when Pope Leo IX. happened to be at Mantua, once more it came to light, to be instantly claimed by the pope on behalf of the Supreme See. The Mantuans objected; but in the end Leo obtained, at any rate, part of the precious treasure. Of his share he kept half. The other half he gave away to his friend the emperor Henry III., who, on his death, bequeathed

it to Baldwin of Flanders, from whom, in her turn, Judith got it—carrying it with her to Northumberland, and then on to Ravensburg, where she dutifully made it over to her husband. And when Welf started on his crusade, he, as observed, entrusted the relic to the monastery of Weingarten. The monks knew well how to turn so valuable a possession to account. The Good Friday ceremony of worshipping the sacred blood became one of the most frequented, most impressive, and most honored ceremonies of the Church. As many as thirty thousand people have been known to flock to the place from all quarters, turning the hillside into a huge pilgrim's camp, and contributing not a little to the prosperity of the religious house. Under the circumstances, the monks decided to restrict the attendance at the procession—which was the main part of the ceremony—to horsemen only, whence the whole function came to be popularly named “Der Blutritt.” As many as fifteen thousand horsemen are known to have joined in the monster cavalcade. At the head rode the *custos* of the relic, a monk, holding up the blood for adoration. He was followed by a horseman doing duty for Longinus, clad as a Roman warrior, having in his hand the supposed “sacred spear.” After him marched a small squad of other horsemen, representing Roman legionaries. Next followed a goodly muster of princes and counts and lords. And the rear was brought up by a long file of mounted soldiers, contributed by the surrounding dozen or so of petty principalities, all gay in their best uniforms, reflecting in the variety of their dress the unhappy division of the empire, and joining lustily in the sacred song “*Salvator Mundi*.”

But we must now return to Ravensburg and young Welf. Not far off from Ravensburg still stands, conspicuous upon its lofty hill, the old castle of Waldburg, the cradle of the noble race of the Truchsesses of Waldburg, who were at times rather a rough set. There is a story of one particularly brusque count who, having rallied the Abbot of Weingarten upon his sumptuous living and soft raiment, and having been told in reply that such things were far more creditable than riding about the country robbing and stealing, promptly retorted with a vigorous box on the abbot's ear—at the abbot's own table. The count thereupon withdrew, but shortly after paid the monastery an even more hostile visit, setting fire to the village and burning it down to the ground.

In punishment he was sentenced by the emperor to abstain for life from wearing a helmet. Hence the bare head and flowing locks of the Knight of Waldburg, always to be seen in the thick of the fray, which became a valued figure in the family escutcheon. But at the time of which I am speaking the Waldburgs were thoroughly peaceable folk. The particular knight of Welf's day had, as it happened, a lovely daughter, just about two years younger than young Welf, who, of course, fell desperately in love with Bertha, as in return Bertha did with him. Hundreds of innocent little amatory interviews of the two took place, either at Waldburg or else in the forest, with the full acquiescence of Kuno, who saw nothing to object to in the proposed match. However, Kuno died, and was in his guardianship replaced by a monk of a very different character—Anthony, a schemer and intriguer—who would without doubt have been a Jesuit, if the order had been then established. To Welf's utter dismay, this Anthony, one fine morning, informed his young charge that in the interest alike of the Guelph family and of the Church he, a youth of eighteen, must forthwith marry Gregory the Seventh's friend, Matilda of Canossa, Spoleto, Parma, etc., the persecutress of Henry IV., a Guelph herself, the widow of Godfrey the Hunchback of Lorraine, very rich and very powerful—*nobilissimi ac detissimi marchionis Bonifacii filia*—but mannish—*femina virilis animi*—accustomed to leading her own men in battle, scheming, ugly, ill-tempered, and forty-three to boot. Hers were splendid possessions—Parma, and Mantua, and Ferrara, and Spoleto, and Reggio, and Lucca, and Tuscany. But all these riches were as nothing in the eyes of Welf, who had made up his mind that he must marry Bertha, aged sixteen, or no one. A little plot was quickly concocted, and one fine night Welf, in disguise, might be seen slyly escorting Bertha, likewise in disguise, and accompanied only by her private maid, Francisca, through the forest down to Lindau, on the border of the lake, where a boat was in readiness to bear the fugitives across to Constance. From that place, Welf said—probably thinking of his mother's connections with our country—"we will make our way straight to England, where a Guelph's arm and sword are sure to be welcome and to find employment." The lake was reached, and the oars splashed briskly over the smooth surface—when all of a sudden, at half-way, over goes the boat, capsizing, and

Bertha sinks down to the bottom, to be seen no more. Diving, and swimming, and calling proved all in vain. Thoroughly unhappy, indifferent to all that might happen, Welf consented to wed the elderly Matilda, with whom he settles down to live at Spoleto, in such relation as is possible. One day a nun begs to be allowed to see him. She turns out to be Francisca, the maid, driven by pangs of conscience to make a frank confession of a horrid crime committed. Bribe by Monk Anthony, she said, she had on that disastrous night drugged poor Bertha with a handkerchief—then, when she was thoroughly drowsy, on the sly tied a stone to her feet—whereupon Anthony, disguised as a boatman, had overturned the boat. Anthony had told her there was no sin in all this, it was an act *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*; but her conscience would leave her no peace. Next day, at her own wish, Francisca was executed as a murderess, and Welf left his wife—who turned out to have been a party to the conspiracy—in anger and disgust, vowing to see her no more, and formally repudiating her before long—*nescio quo interveniente divorcio*, says the monkish chronicler.

We have now reached the very eve of that brilliant period when the Guelphs appeared to have risen, rapidly, high above other dynasties—only to drop even more suddenly to a humble level of prosaic obscurity, on which they were destined to continue for centuries. The records of that brief spell of meteoric greatness read like a romance. The Guelphs were giants, visibly overtopping all their contemporaries, Henry "the Great," Henry "the Generous," Henry "the Lion"—their very names tell of vigor and influence, of strength of character and striking individuality. Their domains came to stretch from sea to sea, from the Northern Ocean, which we call the German, to the Mediterranean—and breadthways across the whole continent of Germany, eastward into those still only half-explored Slav regions in which dwelt the uncultured Bodricians and Luticzians, backed by the Russians and the Poles. Even Denmark was in a state of dependence under them. And the Guelph duchies represented a power almost superior to that of the empire. Had not Frederick Barbarossa been so very great a ruler, it is said, Henry the Lion's realm would infallibly have either swallowed up the rest of Germany or else have been constituted a separate empire. Under Henry the Generous the imperial crown seemed to be actually at the feet

of the Guelph dynasty. They need but have stooped a little to pick it up. But stooping was the one thing which they could not bring themselves to do. As a result they were jockeyed out of this prize just as their late successor was the other day jockeyed out of his kingdom of Hanover. Germany, it is to be feared, lost more by that dishonest trick than did the Guelphs. Under a race of heroes like those Henries, with plenty of power of their own at their back to support them against rivals and malcontents, it did not seem too much to expect that something like the halcyon days of the Saxon emperors might have been brought back. All ended in smoke. There was that family quarrel between Guelphs and Ghibellines, which ruined both houses — unfortunately, the Guelphs first. It seems a strange coincidence that the two rival cousins, Frederick Barbarossa and Henry the Lion, should both have been born at Ravensburg. It seems odd, also, that after being long the warmest of friends the two houses should have become such implacable foes. The Hohenstaufens had no one but Welf IV. to thank for the Swabian crown. It was he who had extorted it from Henry IV. And it seems more than strange, it seems hard, cruel, and unjust, that not only should the Guelphs a second time have been punished in their private capacity for what they had done in the service of the empire, but that, moreover, the emperor's persecution, which led to their fall, should have been, as I shall show, the direct consequence of loyal service rendered to the imperial crown.

Welf the Fifth's was a brief reign — and about the only pacific one in that early period. A staunch friend to the pope, but at the same time strictly loyal to the emperor, he managed to overcome resistance, say the monks of Weingarten, "by liberality and graciousness rather than by cruelty and force." His brother, Henry, surnamed variously "the Black," and "the Great," was a man of entirely different mould. He it was who about 1100 first acquired by marriage with Wulfhilde, the daughter of Magnus, Duke of Saxony, the valuable "allodium" of Lüneburg, which up to 1866 formed the nucleus of Guelph possessions in northern Germany. Henry's son, Henry the Generous, bettered that example by obtaining the Saxon dukedom. He was a staunch friend to Lothair of Saxony, the emperor of his time — married his daughter Gertrude — and in his support made war upon the

Hohenstaufens, who had seized, without claim or title, imperial territory, more especially the city of Nuremberg. In 1126 his troops carried Nuremberg by storm, and as a reward Lothair conferred the dukedom of Saxony upon his son-in-law, who thereby came to hold two dukedoms at the same time. The victory over the Hohenstaufens was completed a few years later by Henry's capture (on behalf of the empire) of Ulm. Clearly Henry was altogether in the right. But the Hohenstaufens, smarting under deserved defeat, seized the opportunity of his absence — in Italy, where he was, to attend the emperor's coronation — to ravage his lands in revenge. Of course, he retaliated. And thus was begun that memorable great feud which rent Germany in two and brought it down to the very brink of ruin and disintegration. The sad result might still have been averted if the general expectation had been fulfilled, and Henry the Generous had been elected to the imperial throne. So confident was Lothair of his succession that at his death he entrusted the imperial insignia — those precious *clenodia* of Trifels — to him for keeping. But the Hohenstaufens balked him by a clever election trick. Summoning the electing princes — a very indeterminate body at that time — with the exception only of the Bavarians and the Saxons, privately to Coblenz — not by any means a proper place for the purpose — they easily secured the choice of Conrad, in which the Saxons weakly acquiesced — being then still new to the rule of their duke — and which the pope, just as weakly, confirmed. Little he knew what a scourge he was binding for the punishment of his successors. Those two confirmations practically decided the issue. Nevertheless, so little assured did Conrad feel of his position that he fled from Augsburg by night, fearing an attack from the Guelphists. Arrived at Würzburg, contrary to all law and justice, he condemned Henry unheard, proclaimed against him the sentence of proscription (*reichsacht*), and declared him to have forfeited both his duchies. A furious contest ensued, Welf VI. fighting in Bavaria, Henry in Saxony. In Germany the two factions are commonly spoken of as "Welf" and "Waiblingen." But it is by no means certain that the latter name is correct. It is quite as possible that "Ghibelline" is intended to stand for "Giebelingen," the name of the castle in which Frederick Barbarossa was brought up, and near which the Hohenstaufens gained one of

their first decisive victories over the Guelphs. In the south things went for the most part against the latter. Welf VI. has been christened "the German Achilles." He tried to justify that name — being seconded, rather feebly, by the kings of Hungary and of Sicily. But in spite of all his fighting, as the Bavarians showed themselves lukewarm, his efforts fell short of adequate success. In the north things went better. The Saxons, holding strong views in favor of what we should term State rights, manfully stood by their duke, who pressed the Hohenstaufen emperor so hard, that before long Conrad was almost compelled to ask for an armistice. The armistice was granted; and before it came to an end Henry died at Quedlinburg, — it is said by poison. That left the Guelphs at a serious disadvantage. For Welf VI. had quite as much to do as he could manage, to maintain himself as a belligerent in the south. And in the north, besides the Duchess Gertrude and her mother, the Empress Richenza, there was only Henry the Lion, a boy of ten, to head the rebel tribe. Conrad skilfully disarmed Gertrude by persuading her, still quite a young woman, to marry Leopold of Austria, the new Duke of Bavaria, and to consent, as a condition of that marriage, to her son's waiver of his rights in the south. In the north we find Berlin stretching out its hands eagerly for the Guelph duchy — just as in 1866 — but without success. The covetous Margrave of Brandenburg, I ought to explain, was not a Hohenzollern, but Albert the Bear. The Hohenzollerns were at that time still very small folk — so small that some years later, when Welf VI., disgusted with affairs of State, and grieving over the loss of his son, gave himself up to a life of reckless pleasure, and held a private court at Zurich, in ostentatious magnificence, we find the Count of Zollern of those days in attendance upon him, as a sort of noble retainer. Once Henry attained his majority, he quickly made his power felt. He must have been a character whom one could not help admiring. Brave, chivalrous, frank, generous to a fault, and zealously solicitous for the welfare of his subjects, for the extension of commerce, the improvement of agriculture, the development of self-government, a friend and supporter to every kind of progress — but, at the same time, headstrong, rash, impetuous — he seemed the very beau-ideal of knight-hood, a man morally as well as physically of the colossal stature that the sculptor has attributed to him at Brunswick — a

fit companion for his brother-in-law and staunch ally, Richard Cœur-de-Lion. For a time fortune favored Henry. The Wends were constantly making incursions into German territory, keeping the border provinces in a state of perpetual disturbance. The emperor alone was no match for them. Henry was sent for; and, like a German Charles Martel, he struck down Prince Niklot and his host with crushing blows. The result was a short-lived reconciliation with the emperor, and Henry's reinstatement, for a brief period, in both his duchies — Bavaria having, however, previously been reduced in size by the cutting off of what is now Austria. Had Henry but had the prudence to use his opportunities, all might still have been well. For Welf VI. made him an offer of his Italian possessions — Spoleto, Tuscany and Sardinia — a valuable *point d'appui*, which must have helped Henry to maintain his balance in Germany, or at the very least to save more than he did out of the subsequent wreck. In the course of a life of lavish prodigality, Welf had come to an end of his available resources. He wanted money. Now, would Henry buy those Italian possessions of him? Henry declined, calculating a little too securely upon an unbought inheritance at Welf's death. In that calculation he made a great mistake. Welf, angry at his refusal, repeated the offer to his other nephew, Frederick Barbarossa, who as a matter of course jumped at it. And so the opportunity was lost. Fresh contests ensued, fresh proscriptions, banishments, outlawry. As an exile Henry was driven to seek the protection of his ally Richard, taking refuge repeatedly in Normandy and in England. Then he managed to renew the fight — and at last, by the emperor's grace, he received back, of all his vast territory, those little principalities of Brunswick and Lüneburg, which to almost the present day have remained specifically identified with Guelph rule, and in which the Guelph counts and dukes — subsequently electors and kings — managed to live on in their prosaic, humdrum, humble way, powerless and uninteresting princelets of the great German family of little sovereigns — till an accident, lucky for them, called them across to England.

One brief flickering-up there was, before their candle finally went out on the larger scene of Continental politics. But it was a very poor flickering indeed, and no credit to any one concerned. A Guelph became emperor at last. But no thanks to his own prowess or his own merit, or to

a *bonâ-fide* popular choice. It was our Cœur-de-Lion who, at the pope's partisan instigation, to avenge his humiliation at Hagenau — with the help of his *multa pecunia*, as chroniclers relate — forced his nephew, Otto IV., on the throne which, according to strict law, had already young Frederick II. for an occupant. It was a poor, weak travesty of a reign. Had not Philip of Swabia opportunely died, it would have been no reign at all.

For many a century the star of the Guelphs seemed set. The *virī nobiles, egregiæ libertatis* of ancient times counted for little in the game of European politics. Early in the present century the elder line, that of Wolfenbüttel, brought forth one more hero of the old Guelph type — that brave Brunswicker who, in the great war of German liberation, by his brilliant gallantry quickened all young Germany to a more fiery patriotism. The younger line, that of Lüneburg, found a new sphere of action opened to it in this country, and now lives to perpetuate on a throne even greater than that which "the Generous" and "the Lion" had filled, that

Dynastia Guelphicorum  
Inter Flores lilium,  
Inter Illustres Illustrissimus  
Eorum memoria in Benedictione.

Under the new aspect of things, if, fortunately, Henry the Lion's bold bent for war be wanting, his characteristic care for the welfare of his subjects has been retained; and it is a satisfaction to know, in a reign that has already happily outlived its jubilee, that there is no longer occasion for that sorrowful plaint to which, in the warlike days of the race, Countess Itha gave expression — the wife of the great-grandson of Eticho II., of Ammergau — that "No Guelph was ever known to live to a great age."

HENRY W. WOLFF.

From Temple Bar.  
NORWAY IN WINTER.

IN summer Norway is familiar holiday ground; but among the crowd who flock to its shores during the season of long days and warm weather, few have hitherto cared to make trial of the country during the reign of frost and snow. In the breasts of certain travellers, however, who had seen what summer had to show, and yet felt that Norway was not completely revealed, there arose a strong desire to

find out by actual experiment what attractions the country had to offer to visitors during the winter months. The Norway of literature, too, presents pictures of seasons and weather with regard to which the experience of ordinary tourists is a blank.

Impelled by curiosity upon these and other points, a small party of travellers, of whom the present writer was one, set out at the end of January last\* for a short visit to Norway. The plan of the trip did not include much moving about, as time was limited, and we were uncertain how far locomotion was possible; but we intended to reach the nearest inland point from Bergen at which we could find the country fully under snow, and where we should have an opportunity of enjoying the snow sports proper to the season. We promised ourselves much sledging, skating, and, in the words of a Norwegian correspondent, "gliding down smooth slopes on hand sledges," *i.e.*, tobogganing. Besides these gross and material attractions there gleamed before our imagination visions of snowy landscapes and a brilliant atmosphere, and altogether it was with high hopes that we embarked on board our old friend the Norge at Newcastle, Halvorsen's line, *en route* for Bergen. Beyond a couple of commercial men, Norwegians, we had the ship to ourselves, otherwise there might have been some difficulty in stowing away the enormous quantity of rugs and wraps with which, in anticipation of an Arctic climate, we were provided.

The voyage, which as a winter experience had some terrors for us, proved calm and prosperous, but the precise time of our journey was unfortunate, a general thaw having set in over the whole of Europe. We reached Bergen in a storm of rain which boded ill for our prospects, but afforded some compensation by giving us a magnificent view of the approach to the harbor. Hitherto we had known the quaint northern city only as a gay cluster of many-colored houses nestling in the inmost recesses of a calm fjord beneath a circle of bare green hills. Now driving mists blurred its outlines, and towers and houses loomed dimly purple under a canopy of beetling rocks thickly streaked with snow. Wrapped in storm and cloud, with a grey, rough sea around, and frowning hills above, the huddled settlement on the barren rocks looked every inch the haunt of sea robbers that once no doubt it

was. On landing, we found that the snow had entirely disappeared from the streets, sledges were replaced by wheeled carriages, and an umbrella was the unfailing companion of every Norseman who stirred abroad. Yet in some respects the town looked more itself than in summer, an effect to which the absence of English tourists no doubt greatly contributed. Men in fur caps and bearskin coats—the hair worn outwards—thronged the streets, and in the fish-market groups of women darkly dressed, and with woollen shawls round their heads, chattered with the sailors for their catch. The little fishing-boats bobbed up and down on a cold, wintry water, and men in sou'-westers and oilskins handed out the fish, while behind rose the red eaves of the warehouses, and above, the snow-clad hills. It was Bergen in its work-a-day dress, engaged in the hard winter labor which is the real life of the people. Though the rain poured, therefore, we were content, and took the astonished exclamation of the street boys—"Englisk!"—as a token that we were now, for the first time, seeing the Norwegians at home. At this season too, it may be noted, the Norwegian host is at his best. Even in summer he treats you as a friend, and you leave him with a feeling that whatever your bill may be you still owe him something; but in winter there is literally nothing that he will not do for his guests. As for mine host of Smeby's Hotel, he took us so completely under his charge that we began to wonder whether we could possibly get along anywhere without him.

But our destination was Vossevangen, between sixty and seventy miles from Bergen, for there, knowing the greater severity of the inland climate, we hoped to find the snow that was lacking on the coast. The railway ride, a four hours' affair, is interesting enough in summer, but in winter it is doubly fine. First we passed through a landscape of low hills and patches of water, where Bergen merchants have their country houses in summer, and their skating-grounds in winter. Here the ice was breaking up, and lying piled in masses of great thickness. After a while we again touched the sea, skirting the shores of the Sörefjord, an open sheet of blue water, whose surface, dotted with sails, was shining in the sunlight. We escaped from the stifling heat of the car, and stood on the platform enjoying the keen air. Then again the line turned inland, and we were soon in the midst of as frowning and inhospitable a landscape as

could well be conceived. Grey mountains with white peaks, and grey lakes beneath, mirroring their outlines; no level ground but the sheets of ice reaching to the rocks in whose steep sides the railroad was cut; a country of iron, a landscape of steel, with no relieving color save the pale blue sky above. Here and there a hamlet clinging to the sides of the rock; no other signs of life. Such an austere wintry scene was worth coming all the way from England to see, and it was with regret that we were at length forced by cold and darkness to retreat once more within the car. Arrived at Voss we were not ill-pleased to be greeted by the cheery laughter of Mr. Fleischer, the well-known innkeeper, who, with his wife, made us warmly welcome. The large hotel, we found, was at our sole disposal, for other visitors there were none.

Next morning we were glad to throw open the windows of our stove-heated rooms, and let in the fresh, keen air. With eager eyes we scanned the prospect. It was not what we expected or desired, but it was surpassingly lovely all the same. The lake lay before us, covered with ice, and wrapped in rolling mists, which as they turned and twisted, rising here and falling there, gave glimpses of wooded hills beyond, thickly streaked with snow. Then again the curtain fell, and the landscape resolved itself into a grey, dim shimmer; earth, sea, and sky seeming to float in mist together. Ever and anon came the tinkling of sleigh-bells and the sharp runners on the ice, as a dark silhouette of sleigh and driver passed across the lake, its image being reflected in the wet ice (for there had been much rain) with perfect clearness. These shadowy figures were constantly passing along a track which was evidently the winter highway, and the misty landscape, with the tinkling sounds of the bells in the clear, still air, combined to throw such a spell upon us that the unfavorableness of the weather was for a time forgotten. To gaze upon a scene of such weird beauty was for the present enough.

Unfortunately for our visit there had been much less snow than usual in western Norway this winter. What little had fallen at Voss had been turned by the recent rain and partial thaw into ice. Men and boys skated along the roads as the easiest and by far the quickest way of getting over the ground. The ponies, with their spiked shoes, were perfectly sure-footed, and it was pretty to see them picking their way through the water which

covered the ice for some yards around the edge of the lake. Every now and then a boy would come skating rapidly down the ice slope that led to the margin, apparently about to take a header into the pool; but a swift turn at the very edge would send him off in a different direction, and away he would glide undismayed. Children careered wildly down the icy roads on their little toboggans, but the incessant rain and the wetness of the ground hardly made the fun inviting for other than natives. It may be mentioned, however, that a small party of English visitors who were at Voss at Christmas had excellent skating on the lake, and in ordinary winters there would probably be no lack of other amusements.

At last the weather began to show signs of clearing, and our host agreed that we might safely take a sleighing expedition to Stalheim, to get a view of the famous Naerodal, familiar enough to English travellers in the summer, but little visited in the winter season. We had a merry starting, Mrs. Fleischer and the maid packing up the ladies of the party in countless wraps, encasing our feet in woollen socks and huge fur boots, and our heads in shawls and hoods, till we felt sure that our nearest relatives would hardly know us; Mr. Fleischer settling us into the sledges and covering us with bearskins, to the sound of his unfailing, cheery laughter. The young horse which was to lead the way, he informed us proudly, had won three trotting prizes in succession. Off we started, the sledge-bells jingling, just as the sun, a welcome visitor, was touching the mountain-tops with gold. As we passed along the little street, the villagers gazed at us with an expression that was nothing less than awe-struck. What these unmistakable English people could be doing there in winter they evidently could not imagine. The single street of Voss was an ice causeway, crossed here and there by narrow streams running a foot or so below the level of the road. The horses stepped carefully over these places, and the sleighs bumped slowly after them. The "prize" horse proved equal to his reputation, and distinguished himself by occasional attempts to bolt, performances which set the sleigh swaying wildly, but which the occupants were too full of the spirit of the morning to mind. After such mixed winter weather as had recently been experienced, Norwegian roads become so much raised in the centre that the natives aptly describe them as "round," and for walkers to hold their footing at the side

when making way for a passing sleigh is a work of some difficulty. The natives are accustomed to it, and execute a rapid skating movement towards the edge which appears to bring them into imminent danger of descending the ever-present precipice, but they always stop in time. We, however, were not to the manner born, and in consequence occasionally found ourselves in a kneeling posture, thankfully embracing a boundary stone. When sleighing on a road of this description, especially where a stream or a thawing mass of snow has been pouring over it, a very slight twist suffices to send the sleigh swirling sideways, particularly as the way in which the shafts are fixed to the runners almost lifts the forepart off the ground. But the driver on his little stool behind is equal to the emergency; he jumps off, seizes the sleigh by handles provided at the back for the purpose, and pulls it bodily into its place again.

Leaving Voss behind us, we crossed a bridge over the river that feeds the lake, and noticed that but for a narrow channel the stream was ice-bound. Wooden buttresses have been placed in midstream to protect the bridge, and these now stood out from a solid mass of ice. Then we turned our faces towards the wild country of the Sognefjord. As we glided along through the snow in the sharp morning air, the scene was one of perpetual change but of unceasing beauty. The streams, buried in deep ravines, were almost completely frozen, pools of light green alone showing where the water had forced a way over the ice. The waterfalls were silent (a great improvement, some of us were heretical enough to think), and prismatic colors tinged the curtains of ice and frozen foam which took the place of falling water. During a partial thaw the water had poured over the rocks through which the road was cut, and the frost that followed had congealed the whole into a mantle of transparent green, clothing the rocks from head to foot, and finished here and there with a fringe of icicles.

The trees had lost their frosty spangles, but the stems of feathery birches rose gracefully from their snowy beds, and wherever a wider landscape opened out the eye met nothing but a wide sweep of snow rising to the mountain-tops, broken only by patches of black rock. The shadows were blue in the sunlight, and a pale, turquoise sky shone above. On we whirled in the growing sunlight, past the old, brown cottages of Tvinde and the Lake of Opheim, now hard frozen, but which our

drivers, for reasons best known to themselves, declined to cross. We stopped to change horses at Vinje, and entered the deserted-looking inn. A brisk business goes on there in summer, but now the inn was evidently out of use, and a bottle of *öl* was the utmost refreshment that its resources could provide. The innkeeper came with us as driver, a picturesque figure in fur cap and fur-lined coat, with a long scarlet muffler twisted round his throat and waist. On again we drove in the sparkling sunshine, through the lightly wooded country, where in summer children stand to open gates, till, turning round a sharp corner, the fissure of the "Narrow dale" came suddenly into sight, the cleft opening almost at our feet. I do not hesitate to say that the gorge is many times grander in winter than in summer. The form of the valley, with its steep, pillar-like hills, can never be anything but fine, but in summer it is all green grass and grey rocks, while the top of the Jordalsnut bears a painful resemblance in shape and color to a bald head. Now, however, the flanks of the mountains had darkened into deep purple, warmed with golden tints of grass and lichen, while the peaks were all crowned with snow. Below lay the dale—a picture of desolation. A slender stream meandered, half frozen, through a carpet of brown grass, and a grey *débris* of fallen stones trailed like a lady's skirt at the foot of every crag. Only the white crown of snow above relieved the severity of the scene. Nor did the inhospitable appearance of the glen belie its real character. We much desired to go on in our sledges to Gudvangen, where dale deepens into fjord, and the narrow inlet of seawater is hemmed in by high, precipitous rocks. But the hills, we are told, were taking advantage of the recent thaw to relieve themselves of superfluous burdens, casting down large stones at intervals into the valley. We might see the *scree*s in process of formation if we liked, but the experiment would be dangerous. Further down, the hills of the Naerofjord were imitating the bad example of their neighbors, and were playing the game of stone-throwing with considerable vigor. The houses of Gudvangen, nestling under the rocks, were in some danger, and a barn had been crushed in by a falling stone. The fjord, as is often the case with these narrow extremities, was frozen over for a length of many miles; the branch of the Hardanger fjord leading to Odde being likewise, we heard, in the same condition. When the ice is firm there is no difficulty, and sledges

may sometimes be seen unloading cargo under the ship's side; but when it becomes unsafe, or has water on it, as was now the case, the only method of conveying mails and cargo is by dragging boats along the surface, the men jumping in whenever the ice gives way. Truly the exigencies of a Norwegian winter are no light matter, and one ceases to wonder at the expression of patient endurance which stamps the faces of a race engaged in such a close and constant struggle with the forces of nature. The discipline has tamed the wild Norseman till he is as gentle as a child.

We were reluctant to leave Stalheim, but the narrow limits of daylight (about this season from 8.30 A.M. to 4.30 P.M.) compelled us to move on. We strolled down the zigzag road to look at the twin waterfalls, now but shadows of their former selves; gathered some juniper berries and alder catkins in evidence of where we had been, and, after a cup of coffee at the hotel (now rebuilding and tenanted only by workmen), again packed ourselves into the sleighs. If we had thought for a moment about the condition of the road we should have deferred the embarkation for a few hundred yards. Immediately below the hotel the road descends a steep hill, down which, on our arrival in the morning, we had seen children triumphantly tobogganing. We soon found that we were following their example, sleighs and horses sliding at a rapid pace down the slope. The drivers got out, and, holding the reins tightly, stuck their spiked boots into the ground, stiffened their backs, and in fact turned themselves bodily into brakes. Matters were further complicated by the second horse, who, in his anxiety to pass his rival, got himself entangled with the sledge in front. For a few minutes the scene was lively; the ponies slid, the sleighs slid, the drivers cried "Burr-r!" (Norse equivalent for "Woa!") and ground their spikes into the ice, and the whole cavalcade descended in a sliding mass to the bottom of the hill, the second sleigh nearly rolling into the ditch by way of a finish; after which the ambitious horse, having secured the lead, set off at a gallop, and we all laughed heartily at our new experience in Norwegian wayfaring.

When we reached Opheim we found a number of men engaged in marking out a course upon the lake with birch stems, and inquiring the reason we learned that a trotting-match with light sledges was to take place on the lake in a day or two. The day was now growing grey; soon dusk changed to evening, and it became

interesting to know how the driver managed to discern the colorless road from equally colorless surroundings; but these details are generally left to the horse. It was in complete darkness, and with a few drops of rain on our faces, that we trotted into the lights and icy thoroughfare of Voss.

As the weather still remained uncertain, we determined, after a few days, to make a move towards the fjords. The Sognefjord being impracticable, we fixed our thoughts upon Eide on the Hardanger fjord, whence a steamboat could be taken to Bergen. Our host seemed doubtful; the roads were "round;" we "*might* get through." Disregarding all gloomy hints, however, we set off on a sunny morning which turned Voss with its now visible circle of shining snowy hills into a fairy place.

The scenery between Voss and Eide is less grand than that towards Stalheim, the whole Hardanger district being softer in character than that of the Sogn; but it was full of beauty, nevertheless. At the Graven Lake came the great pleasure of the day. The drivers stopped to parley with some men and inquired about the ice. "Was it safe?" "Ja, ja, ja!" and accordingly the horses' heads were turned down a short, steep slope; we splashed slowly through a watery border, and with a gallop our steeds set off across the frozen surface, the prize horse getting up an impromptu race with another and beating him hollow. It was an exhilarating drive. Sometimes the ice was hard, sometimes rough and heavy; and sometimes "cat-ice" cracked sharply as we passed over it, suggesting catastrophes to nervous imaginations. We traversed in this way the whole length of the lake, several kilometres, and as we went we thought of the fish in the depths below, for whom we had angled in summers gone by. At last we turned up the slope at the other end of the lake, where the leading sleigh distinguished itself by an attempt to roll bodily into a ditch; past the few huddled cottages, whose inhabitants seemed all crowded into a single window. In summer we had visited these cottages, and the men had sung folk-songs to the accompaniment of a Hardanger fiddle; "Ingo-mard," a fine old woman in Hardanger dress, working her loom awhile for our edification. But we had no time now to look up our friends. Down the steep slope of Skjervet we hurried, reaching Eide at sunset, to find fjord and the mountains bathed in a golden light. Maeland's hotel was in full order for visitors,

and an hour's interval was sufficient to put a good dinner upon the table.

At night we went on board the Hardanger, which was to sail soon after midnight. Small steamer though she was, her berths were comfortable; but for some hours we preferred the open deck and the sight of the winter heavens. The air was cold but still. Dark hills hemmed in the narrow fjord, in whose black water the stars trailed golden lines. The spell of northern enchantment was upon the scene, so strange in its utter stillness and in the sense of remoteness which it conveyed. Even when stowed away in our berths and the steamer in motion, it was difficult to lie still, for every now and then there was a sound like the crunching of ice, and the open porthole disclosed visions of black water, and dim hills streaked with white. At length came sound sleep, and it was broad daylight when we emerged on deck as the boat stopped at Bakke. I do not ask to see anything more beautiful than the Hardanger fjord on a sunny winter morning. It was a harmony in blue and white, softened with pearly tints; each shade of color in rock or sky being faithfully reflected in the still water below. As we turned into the sheltered bay of Rosendal, the steamer's bows cutting through a thin sheet of ice as it went, the mist in the hollows gave an added touch of unreality to the fantastic mountain shapes behind, for now the sea was solid and the dry land seemed to float. It is not from the northern summer, with its long, suave days, its clear lights, or even from the witchery of its unending evenings, that the romance of Norway has its rise; it must be sought in winter, when snow and storm, mist and sunlight, struggling together, wrap the land in a halo of mystery, making ethereal that which, seen in summer's uncompromising daylight, resolves itself into prosaic matter of fact. Again I say, "Give me Norway in winter!"

Our journey was now practically over. We floated into Bergen upon the stillest of calm waters. Of course our indefatigable landlord was upon the quay, and (equally of course) he had possession of the luggage which we had sent by train from Voss. Again he took us under his charge, and even when we had, as we thought, parted from him on the deck of the Norge, he reappeared once more, having made a special journey across the harbor to bring us a parcel of fruit. There is no getting to the end of these Norwegians; they have always a surprise

in reserve, and for the hundredth time we had humbly to confess ourselves beaten.

A. AMY BULLEY.

From The Fortnightly Review.

#### SOME POSSIBILITIES OF ELECTRICITY.

WE know little as yet concerning the mighty agency we call electricity. "Substantialists" tell us it is a kind of matter. Others view it, not as matter, but as a form of energy. Others, again, reject both these views. Professor Lodge considers it "a form, or rather a mode of manifestation of the ether." Professor Nikola Tesla demurs to the view of Professor Lodge, but thinks that "nothing would seem to stand in the way of calling electricity ether associated with matter, or bound ether." High authorities cannot yet even agree whether we have one electricity or two opposite electricities. The only way to tackle the difficulty is to persevere in experiment and observation. If we never learn what electricity is; if, like life or like matter, it should always remain an unknown quantity, we shall assuredly discover more about its attributes and functions.

The light which the study of electricity throws upon a variety of chemical phenomena — witnessed alike in our little laboratories and in the vast laboratories of the earth and sun — cannot be overlooked. Without going into transcendental speculations as to the origin of all things, it may be mentioned that the theory which now meets with most favor as best representing the genesis of the chemical elements is, that at the time each element was differentiated from the all-pervading *protyle*, it took to itself definite quantities of electricity, and upon these quantities the atomicity of the element depends. Professor Oliver Lodge expresses this when he says: "Every monad atom has associated with it a certain definite quantity of electricity; every dyad has twice this quantity associated with it; every triad three times as much, and so on."\* Helmholtz considers it to be probable that electricity is as atomic as matter, and that an electrical atom is as definite a quantity as a chemical atom. This, however, must not yet be regarded as a certainty, for it is possible that all the facts at present known may be explicable in another way. If an atom of matter is endowed with the prop-

erty of taking to itself one, two, three, or more units of electricity, it does not follow that electricity is atomic. Imagine the atoms of matter to act like so many bottles, capable of holding one, two, three, or more pints. Imagine electricity to be like water in the ocean, which for the purposes of this argument may be considered inexhaustible and structureless. One of the atomic "bottle" elements dipped into the ocean would certainly take to itself one, two, three, or more pints of water, but it would by no means follow that the ocean was atomic in that it was capable of being divided up into an infinite number of little parcels, each holding a pint or its multiple.

For this and other reasons I think we must accept the hypothesis of the atomic character of electricity as not yet definitely proved, although it is not improbable.

I have spoken of the "ether" — an impalpable, invisible entity, by which all space is supposed to be filled. By means of the ether theory we can explain electrical phenomena, as well as those appertaining to the phenomena of light.

Until quite recently we have been acquainted with only a very narrow range of ethereal vibrations, from the extreme red of the solar spectrum on the one side to the ultra-violet on the other — say, from three ten-millionths of a millimetre to eight ten-millionths of a millimetre. Within this comparatively limited range of ethereal vibrations and the equally narrow range of sound-vibrations all our knowledge has been hitherto confined.

Whether vibrations of the ether, longer than those which affect us as light, may not be constantly at work around us, we have, until lately, never seriously enquired. But the researches of Lodge in England and of Hertz in Germany give us an almost infinite range of ethereal vibrations or electrical rays, from wave-lengths of thousands of miles down to a few feet. Here is unfolded to us a new and astonishing world — one which it is hard to conceive should contain no possibilities of transmitting and receiving intelligence.

Rays of light will not pierce through a wall, nor, as we know only too well, through a London fog. But the electrical vibrations of a yard or more in wave-length of which I have spoken will easily pierce such mediums, which to them will be transparent. Here, then, is revealed the bewildering possibility of telegraphy without wires, posts, cables, or any of our present costly appliances. Granted a few reasonable postulates, the whole thing comes well within the realms of possible

\* On Electrolysis, British Association Reports, 1885.

fulfilment. At the present time experimentalists are able to generate electrical waves of any desired wave-length from a few feet upwards, and to keep up a succession of such waves radiating into space in all directions. It is possible, too, with some of these rays, if not with all, to reflect them through suitably shaped bodies acting as lenses, and so direct a sheaf of rays in any given direction; enormous lens-shaped masses of pitch and similar bodies have been used for this purpose. Also an experimentalist at a distance can receive some, if not all, of these rays on a properly constituted instrument, and by concerted signals messages in the Morse code can thus pass from one operator to another. What, therefore, remains to be discovered is—firstly, simpler and more certain means of generating electrical rays of any desired wave-length, from the shortest, say of a few feet in length, which will easily pass through buildings and fogs, to those long waves whose lengths are measured by tens, hundreds, and thousands of miles; secondly, more delicate receivers which will respond to wave-lengths between certain defined limits and be silent to all others; thirdly, means of darting the sheaf of rays in any desired direction, whether by lenses or reflectors, by the help of which the sensitiveness of the receiver (apparently the most difficult of the problems to be solved) would not need to be so delicate as when the rays to be picked up are simply radiating into space in all directions, and fading away according to the law of inverse squares.

Any two friends living within the radius of sensibility of their receiving instruments, having first decided on their special wave-length and attuned their respective instruments to mutual receptivity, could thus communicate as long and as often as they pleased by timing the impulses to produce long and short intervals on the ordinary Morse code. At first sight an objection to this plan would be its want of secrecy. Assuming that the correspondents were a mile apart, the transmitter would send out the waves in all directions, filling a sphere a mile in radius, and it would therefore be possible for any one living within a mile of the sender to receive the communication. This could be got over in two ways. If the exact position of both sending and receiving instruments were accurately known, the rays could be concentrated with more or less exactness on the receiver. If, however, the sender and receiver were moving about, so that the lens device could not be

adopted, the correspondents must attune their instruments to a definite wave-length, say, for example, fifty yards. I assume here that the progress of discovery would give instruments capable of adjustment by turning a screw or altering the length of a wire, so as to become receptive of wave-lengths of any preconceived length. Thus, when adjusted to fifty yards, the transmitter might emit, and the receiver respond to, rays varying between forty-five and fifty-five yards, and be silent to all others. Considering that there would be the whole range of waves to choose from, varying from a few feet to several thousand miles, there would be sufficient secrecy; for curiosity the most inveterate would surely recoil from the task of passing in review all the millions of possible wave-lengths on the remote chance of ultimately hitting on the particular wave-length employed by his friends whose correspondence he wished to tap. By "coding" the message even this remote chance of surreptitious straying could be obviated.

This is no mere dream of a visionary philosopher. All the requisites needed to bring it within the grasp of daily life are well within the possibilities of discovery, and are so reasonable and so clearly in the path of researches which are now being actively prosecuted in every capital of Europe that we may any day expect to hear that they have emerged from the realms of speculation into those of sober fact. Even now, indeed, telegraphing without wires is possible within a restricted radius of a few hundred yards, and some years ago I assisted at experiments where messages were transmitted from one part of a house to another without an intervening wire by almost the identical means here described.

The discovery of a receiver sensitive to one set of wave-lengths and silent to others is even now partially accomplished. The human eye is an instance supplied by nature of one which responds to the narrow range of electro-magnetic impulses between the three ten-millionths of a millimetre and the eight ten-millionths of a millimetre. It is not improbable that other sentient beings have organs of sense which do not respond to some or any of the rays to which our eyes are sensitive, but are able to appreciate other vibrations to which we are blind. Such beings would practically be living in a different world from our own. Imagine, for instance, what idea we should form of surrounding objects were we endowed with eyes not sen-

sitive to the ordinary rays of light but sensitive to the vibrations concerned in electric and magnetic phenomena. Glass and crystal would be among the most opaque of bodies. Metals would be more or less transparent, and a telegraph wire through the air would look like a long, narrow hole drilled through an impervious solid body. A dynamo in active work would resemble a conflagration, whilst a permanent magnet would realize the dream of mediæval mystics and become an everlasting lamp with no expenditure of energy or consumption of fuel.

In some parts of the human brain may lurk an organ capable of transmitting and receiving other electrical rays of wave-lengths hitherto undetected by instrumental means. These may be instrumental in transmitting thought from one brain to another. In such a way the recognized cases of thought transference, and the many instances of "coincidence" would be explicable. I will not speculate on the result were we eventually to catch and harness these "brain-waves."

Whatever be the length of the electric wave, the velocity with which it travels is constant, and is equal to the velocity of light, or about one hundred and eighty thousand miles a second. Professor Oliver Lodge, who has worked for some years on these subjects, gives\* formulæ for calculating the frequency of vibration and the wave-length of the electrical rays given by the discharge of Leyden jars of different capacities. The bigger the jar and the greater the size of the circuit the longer will be the waves. Thus, a pint jar discharging through a two-yard circuit will give waves of a length of fifteen or twenty metres, and they will follow each other at the rate of ten millions a second. A jar the size of a thimble will give waves only about two or three feet long, and they will succeed one another at the rate of two hundred and fifty or three hundred millions a second. With every diminution in size of the apparatus the wave-lengths get shorter, and could we construct Leyden jars of molecular dimensions, Professor Lodge considers the rays might fall within the narrow limits of visibility. We do not know the ultimate structure of a molecule sufficiently to understand how it could act as a Leyden jar; yet it is not improbable that the discontinuous phosphorescent light emitted from certain of the rare earths, when excited by a high tension current of electricity in a

good vacuum, is really an artificial production of these electric waves, sufficiently short to affect our organs of vision. If such a light could be produced more easily and more regularly, it would be far more economical than light from a flame or from the arc or incandescent lamp, as very little of the energy is expended in the form of heat rays. Of such production of light nature supplies us with examples in the glow-worm and the fire-flies, whose light, though sufficiently energetic to be seen at a considerable distance, is accompanied by no liberation of heat capable of detection by our most delicate instruments.

By means of currents alternating with very high frequency, Professor Nikola Tesla has succeeded in passing by induction, through the glass of a lamp, energy sufficient to keep a filament in a state of incandescence without the use of connecting wires. These lamps possess one interesting feature: they can be rendered at will more or less brilliant by simply altering the relative position of the outside and inside condenser coatings. If exhausted glass tubes are used as the source of light, very beautiful effects are produced. The electric generator is capable of exciting the tubes at a considerable distance, and the luminous effects are very striking. For instance, if a tube be taken in one hand, the observer being near the generator, it will be brilliantly lighted, and will remain so, no matter in what position it is held relatively to the observer's body. Even with tubes having no electrodes there is no difficulty in producing by this means sufficient light to read by, and the light will be considerably increased by the use of phosphorescent materials, such as yttria, uranium-glass, etc.

The ideal way of lighting a room would be by creating in it a powerful, rapidly alternating electrostatic field, in which a vacuum tube could be moved and put anywhere, and lighted without being metallically connected with anything. Professor Tesla has obtained such a condition by suspending, some distance apart, two sheets of metal, each connected with one of the terminals of the induction coil. If an exhausted tube is carried anywhere between these plates it remains always luminous. In such a room, in addition to the luminous phenomena mentioned, it is observed that any insulated conductor gives sparks when the hand or any other object is approached to it, and the sparks may often be powerful.

Alternating currents have at best a somewhat doubtful reputation; but it fol-

\* Modern Views of Electricity, pp. 246-7.

lows from Tesla's researches that, as the rapidity of the alternation increases, they become incomparably less dangerous. It further appears that a true flame can now be produced without chemical aid—a flame which yields light and heat without the consumption of material and without any chemical process. To this end we require improved methods for producing excessively frequent alternations and enormous potentials. The energy required is very small, and if light can be obtained as efficiently as, theoretically, it appears possible, the apparatus need have but a very small output. For the production of light at least, the heavy machinery at present in use would seem to be unnecessary. There being a strong probability that the illuminating methods of the future will involve the use of very high potentials, one of the problems in the near future will be to perfect a contrivance capable of converting the energy of heat into energy of the required form. The extent to which this new method of illumination may be practically available experiment alone can decide. In any case our insight into the possibilities of static electricity have been extended, and the ordinary electrostatic machine will cease to be regarded as a mere toy.

Another tempting field of research, scarcely yet attacked by pioneers, awaits exploration. I allude to the mutual action of electricity and life. No sound man of science endorses the assertion that "electricity is life;" nor can we ever venture to speak of life as one of the varieties or manifestations of energy. Nevertheless, electricity has an important influence upon vital phenomena, and is in turn set in action by the living being, animal or vegetable. We have electric fishes—one of them the prototype of the torpedo of modern warfare. There is the electric slug, which is reported to have been met with in gardens and roads about Hornsey Rise, and which, if touched, occasioned a momentary numbness of the finger-tip. There is also an electrical centipede. In the study of such facts and such relations the scientific electrician has before him an almost infinite field of inquiry.

If we take a bird's-eye view of the solid work that lies ahead, the first requisite is certainly a source of electricity cheaper and more universally applicable than the tedious conversion of chemical energy into heat, of heat again into mechanical power, and of such power into electric current. It is depressing to reflect that this roundabout process, with losses at

every step, is still our best means of obtaining a supply of electricity. Until this is accomplished, we are still haunted by the steam-engine with its clouds of smoke and its heaps of cinders and ashes. Water power to set dynamos in action is only available in exceptional cases, and very rarely indeed in our country. Whilst we are seeking for cheaper sources of electricity, no endeavor must be spared to tame the fierceness of those powerful alternating currents now so largely used. Too many clever electricians have shared the fate of Tullus Hostilius, who, according to the Roman myth, incurred the wrath of Jove for practising magical arts, and was struck dead with a thunderbolt. In modern language, he was simply working with a high tension current, and, inadvertently touching a live wire, got a fatal shock.

We know that the rays of the arc light, allowed to act judiciously on plants, may, to a more or less extent, compensate for lack of solar heat and light; but so long as electric energy is so costly, we cannot bring this interesting fact into industrial practice. In respect to vegetation, it is still uncertain whether electrical currents exercise any decided or uniform influence upon growing crops of grain or fruit; or whether such influence would be favorable or the reverse. Experiments tried by the late Sir W. Siemens lead to the opinion that electricity may induce earlier and better harvests; but much further study is here needed. Nor have we yet solved the equally important and closely connected question, whether we may by electrical action rout the parasitical insects and fungi which in some seasons rob us of no less than the tenth of our crops. A moderate estimate puts the mean loss in the home kingdoms at £12,000,000 per annum. In India and some of the colonies, a number of destroyers, which it is not my business to specify, are less easily contented. Like Falstaff, in the words of Dame Quickly, they seek to take, "not some, but all." The attacks of the phylloxera have cost our French neighbors more than did the Franco-Prussian war.

It has been found in not a few experiments that electric currents not only give increased vigor to the life of the higher plants, but tend to paralyze the baneful activity of parasites, animal and vegetable. Here, then, is unlimited scope for practical research, in which the electrical engineer must join forces with the farmer, the gardener, and the vegetable physiologist. We have definitely to decide

whether, and under what circumstance, electricity is beneficial to our crops; and whether, and under what conditions, it is deadly to parasitic pests.

With regard to the possible applications of electricity to agriculture, I may mention that the total amount of *vis viva* which the sun pours out yearly upon every acre of the earth's surface, chiefly in the form of heat, is eight hundred thousand horse-power.\* Of this mighty supply of energy a flourishing crop utilizes only thirty-two hundred horse-power, so that the energy wasted per acre of land is seven hundred and ninety-six thousand eight hundred horse-power. We talk loudly of the importance of utilizing the refuse of our manufactures; but what is the value of alkali waste, of furnace slags, of coal tar, or of all of them together, compared to the loss of seven hundred and ninety-six thousand eight hundred horse-power per acre?

The application of electricity to sanitary improvements is another possibility, turning again mainly on a cheap supply of current. The electrical treatment and purification of sewage and industrial waste waters is a demonstrated reality which merely requires a reduction in the cost of the agent employed.

The sterilization, *i.e.*, the destruction of disease germs by electrical means, of the water supply of cities has been proposed and discussed. Theoretically, it is possible, but the practical difficulty of dealing with the vast volumes of water required for the daily consumption of London is prodigious. But, "a difficulty," said Lord Lyndhurst, "is a thing to be overcome." There is a still more important consideration: the living organisms in water are by no means all pathogenic — many are demonstratively harmless, and others are probably beneficial. Pasteur proposed to bring up young animals on sterilized food and drink with a view to determine whether their health and development would be affected for the better or for the worse. Decisive results are not yet forthcoming. Before the sterilization of our water sources can be prudently undertaken, this great question must be first decided by experimental biologists.

Another point at which the practical electrician should aim is nothing less than the control of the weather. We are told that these islands have no climate —

merely samples — that an English summer consists of three fine days and a thunderstorm, and that the only fruit that ripens with us is a baked apple. There is more than a grain of truth in this sarcasm. The great evil of a thunderstorm in this country is not that the lightning may kill a man or a cow, or set barns or stacks on fire. The real calamity consists in the weather being upset. The storm is followed by a fall of temperature; and a fit of rain, clouds, and wind, which rarely lasts less than a week, sadly interferes with the growth and ripening of grain and fruits. The question is, Cannot the accumulations of electric energy in the atmosphere be thwarted, dispersed, or turned to practical use? In like manner we may hope to abate the terrible fog nuisance, which is now in point of time no longer confined to the month of November, and by no means limits its attacks to London. It has been shown that during a genuine London fog the air is decidedly electro-positive. What the effect would be of neutralizing it would not be very difficult to show.

We hear of attempts at rain-making said to have been more or less successful. Shall we ever be able, not to reduce our rainfall in quantity, but to concentrate it on a smaller number of days, so as to be freed from a perennial drizzle?

I shall, perhaps, be styled a dreamer, or something worse, if I remotely hint at still further amending the ways of nature. We all know, too well, that cloudiness and rainfall occur chiefly by day, and clear skies at night. This is precisely the opposite distribution to that which our crops require. We need clear heavens by day, that the supply of sunshine may not be interfered with, and we want clouds at night to prevent the earth losing by radiation the heat which it has gained in the day. As we have just seen, nature supplies energy amply sufficient. How is this enormous quantity of power to be made available? These are problems which may safely be left to the devices and the inspirations of our electrical engineers.

I have thus glanced at some of the intricate electrical problems to be solved — some of the enormous difficulties to be surmounted. Progress, a word now in the mouth of every one, may — as Dean Swift observed — be too fast for endurance. Sufficient for this generation are the wonders thereof!

WILLIAM CROOKES.

\* The Perplexed Farmer, by George Ville. English edition, by W. Crookes.

From The Leisure Hour.  
STATESMEN OF EUROPE.

RUSSIA.

I.

IN speaking of Russian statesmen we are able only to consider those men who occupy posts which in western Europe would be called ministerial, because, in point of fact, Russia has no statesmen according to our acceptation of the term. Of official administrators Russia has enough and to spare; the life of a man would not suffice to enumerate and describe them all. The country is eaten up by a very plague of officialdom. Had it five-sixths fewer of these men and a larger measure of self-government and personal liberty, our daily papers would be less full of thrilling and heart-rending tales regarding the deeds and misdeeds of official tyranny in Holy Russia. But Russia, as we all know, is an autocracy, the most terrible, most crushing that exists in Europe; indeed, the last survival of that system which was long ago abolished in more civilized lands, and to which the French Revolution gave the *coup de grâce*.

In constitutional countries the will of the people counts for something, indeed, for much; the monarch or the president is only the emblem of that power — is merely its visible impersonation; the ministers are the executors and commentators of the will of the nation. If they misrepresent or misinterpret this will, they must cede their posts to other functionaries more perspicacious or more honest. There are, of course, men whose patriotic desires and ambitions are ahead of the people they represent, men who know how to point out new roads, new methods, towards progress and civilization. The will of such men is not, however, forced on the people by law, but by eloquent appeals from the tribune. Nothing of this kind exists, even in embryo, in Russia, that land of pure despotism, influenced by divers streams of tendency; that of Tartar barbarism and that of Byzantine exhaustion; a people, in short, of whom it may surely be said that it shows signs of rottenness before ever it has attained to maturity. In Russia the will of the nation is a thing unknown, the Russian czar is the only individual who has an unlimited power, and therefore possesses the possibility of manifesting his own will; hence his will is the law, and no other practically exists throughout the country.

In western Europe the ministers serve

the kingdom — the interest of the nation — and are therefore called servants of the State; in Russia they serve the czar, and are hence known as servants of the czar. And they are nothing else. This expression that they are servants of the czar is continually in the mouth of Russian officials. For this reason we assert that Russia has no statesmen; still, whoever thinks that Russia is governed solely by the czar and his supreme will is utterly in error. In Russia "whoever has physical force has power," says one of their proverbs, and on this account in Russia every petty official rules. This fact is so notorious that even Nicholas I., that political Torquemada, himself recognized that Russia is governed by *chefs du bureau*. And in point of fact wherever irresponsibility has sway, where law does not exist, the very sentiment of legality is absent; where military discipline takes the place of moral force there can be no possibility either of ceding or of obeying. Each official rules according to his own ideas and methods, and consequently in Russia there are as many State functionaries as there are officials, and of these the number is innumerable.

Before proceeding to describe the present Russian ministers, it may be well to say a few words about the method in which in Russia the will of the czar is made manifest, and what is held incumbent on a Russian minister. We must bear in mind that the czar is sufficiently independent in his actions to be able to formulate a law without his ministers, without calling together the Cabinet, or without presenting the law before his councillors. The law thus formed is then promulgated by the Senate, and is made known to the minister whom it concerns — let us suppose for a moment the minister of foreign affairs, who is called upon to put it into execution. On this account the ukase, for thus the personal laws of the czar are designated, is accompanied by a circular which elucidates the matter in question; this is sent to the governor of the city, or, if it be in the provinces, to the governor-general. The ukase is generally expounded in such a fashion that the will of the czar occupies a very small place, and that the ministerial circular, often diametrically opposed in spirit to the law in question as at first formulated, entirely overshadows the imperial restriction. The governor or governor-general, after having received the ministerial circular, finds it necessary to furnish it with comments; and in his turn he changes the sense of the ministerial cir-

cular according to his own views and ideas. He then sends the circular, thus retouched and corrected, to other dignitaries, who once more on their part expand it and retouch it, and send it to their underlings furnished with their personal comments. Thus manipulated, corrected, expanded, the decree finally reaches the head officer of the district, which latter, usually without comment, throws the pile of papers into the waste-paper basket, and announces to the authorities that their will is executed.

We have cited as an example the case of a law emanating from the czar on his own personal initiative, but in practice a similar case rarely exists; few czars, commencing with Peter the Great, have had or have personal initiative; and the present czar, especially, rarely signs anything except what his ministers lay before him for signature—that is to say, he signs it if it happens to please him, or if his humor is that way inclined; and it must be said that a Russian czar hardly ever studies seriously and carefully what is placed before him for signature. The present czar, for example, has a special horror of voluminous reports, and above all of those that relate to official questions. Documents relating to matters of this kind, all of which are very long, he signs *bonâ fide* without examination in order to have done with them the sooner. The only reports that really interest him are those of the minister of war; but even here it is not so much the military and technical questions that attract him, as nice points regarding the cut of a uniform, or some petty detail of the soldier's dress. After the minister of war, he gives special attention to the reports of the minister for foreign affairs, and also to those of the functionaries who are charged to search after the revolutionary hydra. The minister of public instruction also enjoys some special attention from the czar, perhaps because his reports are never complicated and exceedingly brief. It is thus that the law in Russia issues forth from the portfolios of the ministers, to submit to all those transformations which render the convolutions of the Circumlocution Office, as satirized by Dickens, a trifle in comparison. Notwithstanding that this is how things are really done; according to the Russian Statute Book, before the project of any new law is signed by the czar, it should be considered by a committee of ministers, and if approved by them should be passed into one of the departments of the Imperial Council, where it must be

unanimously approved, and where, if not approved, it must be laid before the assembled committee of another department of the Imperial Council, in order that here, if possible, it may obtain a majority of votes. The law, thus approved and thus examined, should then, and only then, according to the Russian Statute Book, be laid before the czar for signature. But since in Russia the Statute Book is one thing, and the only real Statute Book and law is the will of the czar, this order is rarely carried into effect, and a document, no matter in what manner it has been put together, is laid before the czar for his signature, and becomes *ipso facto* a law.

Thus recently the law regarding the expulsion of the Hebrews from Moscow was decreed without acquainting the committee of ministers or the Imperial Council. It was settled upon simply after a report handed in by the minister of foreign affairs, who had been encouraged to this step by the Grand Duke Sergius Alexandrovitch. On the other hand, it must not be thought that even if a project of law has been approved and discussed by the majority of ministers, on this account it will be approved by the czar. It not rarely happens that Alexander III. will accept a law in the sense desired by the minority rather than the majority of his ministers, above all if among this minority he finds some of his favorites. Thus the law relating to the district commanders, one of the most reactionary that has been passed in that reactionary country for many a long year, and which has produced a radical transformation in the entire internal organization of the empire, and has placed in the power of the nobles all Russia that is not noble, was approved by the czar in favor of the minority of his ministers. Such preference for the views of the minority can only be explained by the fact that the czar dreads the least approach to a constitutional form of government; and the system which prevailed before the re-institution of these district commanders left a certain amount of self-government in the hands of various communes. This re-institution of district commanders is the bitter root of the aristocratic tree which the late Count Tolstoi planted but too successfully in Russian soil. Russia is a peasant State; the interests of the rural classes should be paramount, their tacit support ought to be essential for the maintenance of any form of government. Alexander II. recognized this, and that is why he emancipated the serfs; his son, who is anxious to undo the few reforms that his

father inaugurated, has abolished at one stroke the peasant's right to self-government by thus placing above them these district commanders, and has re-introduced that system of unalloyed bureaucracy above and practical serfdom below which is the sum total of the changes introduced in Holy Russia under the reign of the present czar. But even the present czar had not the courage totally to abolish the antique institution founded about a hundred years ago, when a liberal wave swept over Russia, which gave to the peasants their village tribunals and a good deal of personal independence. He managed instead to reduce to zero the significance of this privilege, by placing above them those district commanders, whom they are not at liberty to elect, and who unite in their persons the functions both of administrators and judges, and who must be, moreover, hereditary nobles. All other qualifications for this important post, education, and even property, may be dispensed with; but hereditary nobles they must be, and here lies the political meaning of this reform.

Of the issuing of ukases, of the making of laws, there is no end in Holy Russia; it is the same here as with the officials; there are too many of them, and they do not do their duty. As Count Vasili, a friendly critic of things Russian, has remarked: "The greatest misfortune of Russia is that she possesses a quantity of good laws, of excellent measures for public order, but that these laws and these measures only exist upon paper, and are never put in force."

There are in Russia in all ten ministers, and five assistant ministers or heads of departments who enjoy the same rights as the ministers. They consist of the imperial controller, who directs the chancellery of the emperor, the administrator of the chancellery of the empress, the administrator of the chancellery of the supplications addressed to his Imperial Majesty, and last, but not least, the procurator-general of the Holy Russian Synod. It is the czar himself who nominates the ministers, who dismisses them, who remunerates them, who punishes them. They are his personal servants, called on to execute his personal will. Russian ministers, notwithstanding the multifarious duties thrust on them, have at bottom but one duty to fulfil, and this is the protection and conservation of the life of the czar and the maintenance of the monarchical principle in the most antiquated and despotic form. The interest of the nation, of

the people whose territory is the largest in the world, not only is forgotten, but does not even enter into the limit of the functions of these ministers, or into the principles upon which they govern.

The most important functionary in Russia is the minister of the interior. To this minister, above all others, pertains as his chief duty the protection of the sacred person of the monarch; he too must above all others uphold the inviolability of his Majesty's autocracy. Now since defence in its most elementary sense means military and police force, the post of minister of the interior was for a long time given by preference to military men, such as retired generals — men who did not need to have great professional courage, but who understood how to maintain a severe military discipline among their subordinates, and, better still, understood the art of spreading terror in the breasts of pacific citizens, so that they might not even dream of rebelling or revolting against superior commands.

The murder of Alexander II. demonstrated two things to the Russian authorities: in the first instance, that the minister of the interior, chosen from among the generals of the army, was not on that account necessarily in a position to protect the life of the czar; and in the second place it proved how unfounded was the idea that had become current under Alexander II.'s more liberal *régime*, that a few concessions accorded to the people would suffice to render the personal security of the czar greater, and to engender patriotic feelings. Once these facts were so plainly evinced by the murder of the autocrat, his son and successor Alexander III. decided that in future he should nominate civilians to the important post. The first person chosen under this new *régime* was the ex-diplomat Ignatieff. Ignatieff is a man of whom much has been said and written, and concerning whom the most contradictory statements are afloat. He was certainly intelligent, but he had too much of the Slav easy-going and indolent character to be a good ruler of men. Ambitious, vacillating, desirous to be all things to all men, he gave with one hand and took back with the other. Lavish in promises, he was lax in their performance. Further, he had no organizing capacity, and while desirous to change, ameliorate, and reform the chaotic conditions he found reigning in his ministry, he was quite incapable of tackling with so gigantic a task. On his fall he was succeeded by Count Dimitri Tolstoi, one of the most despotic and retro-

grade officials it has been the fate of Russia, which has brought about much in this respect, to produce. Certainly the assassination of the late czar Alexander II. was not merely a crime, but a blunder. As George Brandes, the eminent Danish critic has justly observed: "Nothing has set Russia further backward than this occurrence, which was pregnant with misfortune. It immediately prevented the formation of a sort of parliamentary constitution which had just then been promised. It frightened the successor to the crown back from the paths his father had entered upon at the beginning of his reign, and it seemed to justify the rulers in reprisals and measures of persecution of every kind." Alexander III. selected his instrument well when he elected Count D. Tolstoi to fill the post left vacant by Ignatieff. A very different man was this, neither vain nor ambitious—a calm, glacial person who neither ceded nor obeyed, who was inspired by all the fatalism, the superstition, those dominant characteristics of the Slav, but who lacked the Slav enthusiasm and power of soaring. As Vasili remarks, he was "a mathematician grafted upon a tyrant." Before being called to fill the post of minister of the interior, he had been chief of the department of public instruction, and his elevation to the higher post struck terror into the hearts of all Russians. They knew how the universities and schools had trembled under his iron hand, and could foresee that in this new post his hand would weigh upon them no less heavily. The Liberals accused him of desiring to put into practice once more the despotism of Ivan the Terrible, and it is certainly beyond question that under his *régime* Nihilism and discontent in all its various forms have increased in Russia. No man was ever more hated in a country than Tolstoi was in his; his name was execrated, his person detested and feared, but the emperor and the officials liked him. He served their purpose, their aims, and when he died in April, 1889, they mourned his loss as that of a good public servant. His policy cannot be stigmatized as violently reactionary; had it been violent it would perhaps have met with more resistance. No, it was rather a persistent, steady policy of quiet opposition to all modern ideas. Monsieur Durnoff was chosen as his successor, who immediately made known to all his subordinates that he should follow entirely in the steps of his predecessor—and so, indeed, he has faithfully done. He does all in his power

to imitate Tolstoi; but he lacks the energy of Tolstoi, the experience. Neither does he so fully understand State questions. Tolstoi was a fervent partisan of conservatism; that is to say, he recognized the necessity of the imperial autocracy, not so much in the name of the czar as in the name of the privileged classes, in the name of the rights of the nobles, impugned, according to the ideas of Tolstoi, if the people had also enjoyed some liberty. The system on which he worked was to subject and subdue the peasants, and to upraise and protect as far as possible the nobility, whose rights had become curtailed after the emancipation of the serfs under Alexander II. Seven years did the rule of Tolstoi endure, and for seven years this policy was consistently carried through.

This is not the place to demonstrate all the absurdity of a similar system, of the fruitlessness of such efforts to return into antique roads which even Russia herself had abandoned during the last thirty years. For our purpose it is enough to say that only the czar's want of perspicacity, the mediocrity of his intelligence, could have forced him thus blindly into the arms of Tolstoi; because surely there is nothing more perilous for absolutism than to be surrounded with a strong nobility. But the czar could not see anything else in the measures of Tolstoi but the aspiration to institute a class that should form the prop and stay of the empire; and when Count Tolstoi died the czar telegraphed to his widow that the death of her husband was an irreparable loss, that it would be impossible to find any one to take his place. Still, a substitute was found, but in choosing Durnoff to succeed Tolstoi, the czar showed that he did not desire to have about him a man of talent, but rather an obedient public servant. He doubtless feared that a capable and independently thinking man would break with the system which had now become a part and parcel of the institutions of the land, and with which his own name had become identified. If William II. chose Caprivi as his chancellor instead of Bismarck, it was because William desired to hold the reins of government in his own hands; for the same reason Alexander III. chose Durnoff to succeed Tolstoi, with the sole desire that Russia should continue to be governed according to the ideas of the defunct minister.

Durnoff owes his career to a mere chance. When in 1881 General Ignatieff held the portfolio of minister of the inte-

rior, he begged the czar to nominate Durnoff as his assistant, meaning a man of the same name with that of the actual minister, a friend of Ignatieff, and a good Slavophile.

"Which Durnoff?" asked the czar. "That stupid general?"

"The governor of Ekaterinoslaff," promptly replied the ex-diplomat Ignatieff, instantly observing that the czar was not too much disposed in favor of his *protégé*, and desiring to get out of the quandary in which he found himself. Now Ignatieff knew nothing but the mere name of this Durnoff, and yet, *volens volens*, he had to accept him as his assistant. Thus a man who was nothing but a simple administrator came to hold one of the most important offices of State. When Ignatieff was succeeded by Tolstoi, Durnoff was chosen to the post of head official of the chancellery of the emperor, and then was nominated minister of internal affairs. During the two years that he has held his post he has initiated no political measures, for all those passed under his rule were already prepared by Count Tolstoi, who thus continues, though dead, still to fill his original office. In fact, at present M. Durnoff has shown himself nothing but the political executor of his predecessor — *i.e.*, wholly opposed to the modern spirit, for those are the terms of the testament to which he gives effect. In the whole Western world the march of events is all one way; government becomes more and more self-government. In Russia, in so many respects a land of change, where the material novelties of Western civilization are greedily adopted and copied, the rulers are for the present steaming right against the stream which carries along the rest of Europe. Not only do they seem bent upon resisting demands for further popular reforms, but they are busy withdrawing some of those introduced by the late czar. The men most influential in the counsels of Alexander III. seem fairly persuaded that the telephone and electric light may be freely used without their spreading enlightenment among the masses, and that railroads and popular government have no rational connection.

One of Durnoff's latest moves has been the publication of an ukase diminishing and abridging the jurisdiction of the jury, in fact, leaving that tribunal next to nothing to do. To special courts composed of judges are assigned many of the crimes which a free people would consider peculiarly fit to be decided by a popular tribunal — that is to say, offences alleged to be

committed by government officials, acts of insubordination or insults to such officials, and frauds or forgeries. Trial by jury has not been, it is said in justification of this measure, very successful in Russia; it was introduced crudely and hurriedly, and the people did not make better use of it as they became better accustomed to it. In Russia the juryman has been too much emotional and lenient; he has allowed hardened offenders, whose guilt was manifest to every one, to escape for purely sentimental reasons; he is untrustworthy where a person happens to be charged with an offence against the State. These criticisms concerning the failure of the system are not entirely unfounded, but, as one competent to speak has remarked: "It is hard to say whether the miscarriages of justice have been due more to the unfitness of the Russian people in their present conditions to make good use of an alien system, or to an ill-regulated desire to protest, in season and out of season, against abuses in the system of government, and to employ those systems as an engine of agitation." Much the same charge was made as to the behavior of the district justices of the peace, who, it was said, would not put sentiment and politics aside, but persisted in being philanthropists and reformers. That is why they too have been replaced by the new district administrators, nobles and landowners, who it is thought are likely to act more to the satisfaction of the minister of the interior. Yet another backward step has been the formation of the State police into a powerful independent department entirely distinct from the Home Office. This department is also presided over by a Durnoff, cousin of the above. With bitter sad truth it may be said that in the hands of this Durnoff lies the destiny of all the Russians, since it is his office to persecute all revolutionary elements.

It is a curious fact worth naming that this man is greatly interested in the young Russian literature, and that his favorite authors are Corolenco and Potapenko, the latter the author of that successful book lately translated into English under the title of "A Russian Priest." Were it not for the fact that Potapenko writes in a manner that attracts the favor of Durnoff, doubtless this exquisite literary gem would have been put under the ban of the censorship, for what are its contents but a preaching of doctrines of the truest tolerance and freedom from prejudice? The tendency of Corolenco's writings, too, is purely humanitarian, and gently opposed

to all tyranny and oppression; and yet the man who likes to read such writers oppresses his countrymen beyond all powers of endurance, were not Russian powers of endurance so marvellously great. A similar combination of cynical arbitrariness and barbarous cruelty, even Russia, accustomed to much in this respect, has not possessed for some while past. It is in Durnoff's power to condemn men to exile for life on such charges as that "of belonging to a society that intends at a more or less remote time in the future to overthrow the existing form of government."

In a country in which every action of the life of a citizen, even the most private, is regulated by rules formulated by the police, it is obvious how important is this post held by M. Durnoff. To read some of the police regulations would raise a smile on civilized lips, did not the full sadness of it all weigh on us, and did we not realize what terrible suffering this rigid oppression means to thousands of our fellow-creatures. The legislation relating to the police fills more than five thousand sections in the collection of Russian laws; and it is no exaggeration to say that in the villages, away from the centres of education and enlightenment, the police are the omnipresent and omnipotent regulators of all human conduct, a sort of incompetent bureaucrat substitute for Divine Providence. They determine when people should partake of the holy communion, they regulate the sale of tooth-powder, of soap, of starch, of brilliantine, of insect-powder; it is necessary to offer for their supervision the visiting-cards of all the citizens, their seals, their rubber stamps; to take a book out of the library requires a permission from the police; in short it would be impossible to follow them through their multifarious duties. It is strange that the preposterous absurdity of the whole system, its expense, its ultimate inefficiency, does not strike the advisers of the czar, who, after all, are some of them men of brains and of Western culture. But the police are venal and corrupt, and are besides very frequently men of far less brains and intellectual resource than those whom they are set over to watch. Hence it is possible to evade and mislead them. Were it not so, life in Russia would be even more terrible than it already is.

Let us leave this sad theme and turn to yet another minister whose elevation to his post raised great hopes—hopes that, however, have scarcely been fulfilled. We refer to the minister of finance, Vischne-

gradsky. The mere nomination of this man in 1886 to be a member of the Superior Council caused a sensation in the best Russian society. Up to this time there had been nominated as administrators in the Imperial Council only such men as occupied high posts, like governor-generals, senators, and the like. There were only two examples in which persons who had not previously occupied some post in a high administration were chosen into this Council, and they were the Count Dobrinsky and Galasceno. But the former was the chief of the nobles of the district of St. Petersburg, and by electing him as member of the Imperial Council it was shown how great an importance was attached to the nobility; the second had shown himself an able man on divers occasions. In any case the reputation of the two members had not been in any way tarnished beforehand. With regard to Vischnegradsky matters stood very differently. At the time of his election he was known not so much as a professor and director of the Technical Institute of St. Petersburg, as he was notorious for being a sort of underhand stockbroker, who, in his position as president of the district and director of a railway, was able to "bull" and "bear" shares according to his own profit.

Whoever understands what is meant by a railway company in Russia will know how these companies rob the government without mercy, and will also know how the main art of the director consists in misleading the government in the most able manner in order to enrich himself at their expense. And now all of a sudden a director of this kind, and above all one who enjoyed the reputation of being an especially sharp card, was elected to form a member of the Imperial Council—that is to say, was called upon to protect the interests of the government and of society. After this, his further elevation as minister of finance no longer astonished anybody, for all had foreseen that his previous nomination was only the first step towards a portfolio. Vischnegradsky owes the high post he now occupies almost entirely to the defunct editor of the *Moskowskia Vedomosti*, the notorious Katkoff, a journalist who enjoyed the special confidence of the czar. Katkoff knew how to persuade his friend Tolstoi, then the minister of the interior, that no one was better suited for recommendation to the czar than Vischnegradsky, who was so learned in all financial matters.

Notwithstanding, at that moment Visch-

negradsky was not elected. In his place was chosen N. C. Bunghe, who held the post of president of the Council of Ministers. Bunghe, who had been a professor of political economy, directed the ministry from 1881 to 1887, and left a good memory behind him, thanks to his attempts to regulate factory labor and his desire to lighten the burden of the taxes and to cause them to bear more heavily upon capital and less heavily upon labor. As might be expected, his attempts only remained good intentions, for they met with formidable opposition in the Russian merchant class, especially among the merchants of Moscow, who found an able defender in the person of Katkoff. Profiting on the one hand by his own personal influence, and on the other taking advantage of the well-known fact that Bunghe was opposed to limiting the liberty of the press, Katkoff, by means of his paper, daily lashed the minister of finance, declaring that he was the cause of all the miseries under which the country groaned, accusing him of Liberalism, of Nihilism, and even of revolutionary leanings.

This paper war continued for a long while, until at last Katkoff won, and Bunghe was replaced by Vischnegradsky. Under this new minister the commercial classes rejoiced. The Russian merchant is retrograde, lazy, bigoted, and ignorant; he understands but one way of enriching himself, and that is by means of prohibitive taxes; and the new minister followed the protectionist policy *à outrance*. The interest of the people, of the laboring classes, was totally ignored. Accustomed to the manipulation of stocks and shares, the minister, instead of occupying himself with radical reforms, busied himself with various Stock Exchange interests, thinking by this means to raise Russian credit. But these operations have not helped him; whatever manipulations he may try to make with Russian paper money, the Russian rouble will not on this account obtain a fixed value in the European market.

All these conversions of Russian credit, the issue of new shares with or without interest, the buying of gold, and much besides, are powerless to ameliorate the state of the Russian peasant, of the Russian artisan; nor do they enable the people to develop their industry or their commerce; they have not the power to satisfy the consumer. Vischnegradsky vaunts as one of his merits the lack of a deficit in his budget during the last two years; but during these years Russian harvests had been especially good, and had

contributed to make the rouble rise in value, augmenting the contributive force of the people. Besides, and this is most essential, the absence of a deficit is only important when the imports are so great that they cover the exports; but if the absence of a deficit is due only to no costs having been incurred for the necessities of the people, this balance only reveals their horrible poverty, and not the normal equipoise. And under a deficit we must understand the disproportion between the needs of a nation and the means to satisfy them. It is only a Russian minister of finance who judges the solidity of an institution in the sense of an equipoise of the budget in measures purely financial and fiscal, and not in economical measures that embrace the whole of a people's life, industrial and social.

Notwithstanding that Vischnegradsky has been a professor, and therefore is a man of some learning, notwithstanding that he was educated in Paris, scarcely did he become minister than he grew to hate publicity of every kind. A journal or review, no matter which, if it permitted itself the smallest criticisms of his measures, was immediately punished. Of recent times the Russian press has dared to write nothing concerning the ministry of finance except dithyrambics of the minister of finance. Last year (1891) Vischnegradsky was especially proud of his budget, which, contrary to custom, was published in October instead of towards the end of December. This departure may probably be ascribed to his desire to prove to his French friends the soundness of the Russian financial position before the issue of the forthcoming loan. The realization of the budget of 1890 showed a surplus of over sixty-five million roubles in the ordinary revenue over the ordinary expenditure; the ordinary expenditure was eight hundred and seventy-eight million roubles. In the extraordinary budget the revenue amounted to one hundred and four million roubles, and the expenditure to one hundred and seventy-nine million roubles. Any one who carefully examines these figures will see that the deficit in the extraordinary revenue is larger than the surplus in ordinary revenue.

The late minister of Russian finance, Bunghe, was always opposed to the idea of the conversion of all loans into a sole loan; he feared that the oscillations of the Stock Exchange might be so great as to sorely shake Russian credit. The oscillations in a variety of loans, often

contradictory among themselves, are not followed by grave consequences, and paralyze one another. The present minister, Vischnegradsky, starts from a diametrically opposite point of view; his great idea is to effect the unitarian loan, and he does everything in his power to bring this about. It was for this purpose that he tried to negotiate a loan from Rothschilds, a loan that was refused because of the persecution of the Hebrews in Russia, the Rothschilds not caring to give money to a country that might turn it against their brethren. By means of cajolery and the most transparent flattery, the Russians have now persuaded the French people to give them the money desired. The affection at present existing between the greatest autocracy in Europe and a republic is a matter that causes laughter and amusement to unprejudiced spectators, and the wonder is merely how long this friendship will endure. It must be said in justice to Vischnegradsky that he is not in favor of the persecution of the Jews; he is far too acute a financier not to recognize the great importance of the Hebrews on the Stock Exchange, and for this reason he has always been an upholder of religious tolerance. But for him the persecution against the Jews might have broken out sooner, and it is possible that this persecution may be the cause of his ultimate fall. It is a subject of constant dispute between him and the minister of the interior, who is the champion of intolerance and of rigorous measures; and it is possible that Vischnegradsky might have overturned his adversary Durnoff on this question, if Durnoff were not the man of straw of the omnipotent president of the Holy Synod, Pobiédonostzeff.

This infatuated zealot, who makes conversions by force, even in the bosom of the imperial family, is the great enemy with whom Russia now has to combat—a man who desires nothing better than to exterminate all Protestants, and all Catholics who are not of the Orthodox Church, and every Hebrew ever born upon the earth. The czar, who has become yet more bigoted than he already was, in consequence of the ill-fortune that seems to follow his steps and those of his family, has already sacrificed various ministers to Pobiédonostzeff, and it is quite possible that he will in the end sacrifice to him the minister of finance, should any notorious financial failure come about. If we regard the question of a country's finance merely from the financial side, and not as representing the general and real well-

being of a land, we must concede that Vischnegradsky is to be admired, and that he pursues a more patriotic policy than that of all his adversaries united. This policy, to which a certain originality cannot be denied, and which up to date has had successful results, is inspired by the patriotic desire to emancipate Russia from the domination of foreign capitalists, to get rid of foreign money, reducing the interest due to the State, by continual conversions of the national loan. His definite desire is to put together a military resource in view of a possible war, to accumulate in the strong boxes and the cellars of the Imperial Bank of St. Petersburg an inalienable war-treasure five times as great as that which Prussia preserves so jealously in the Julius Thurm, near Spandau, where three hundred and sixty million of marks, taken from the war indemnity paid by the French, have lain since 1871.

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From The Quarterly Review.

DIARY OF A SPANISH GRANDEE.\*

JAMES FRANCIS FITZJAMES STUART, Duke of Liria and Xerica, Earl of Tyne-mouth and Baron of Bosworth, is a personage not without interest to Englishmen. His father was the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II., and his mother was Honora, Dowager Countess of Lucan. He was born at St. Germain in October, 1696, and James and his queen were his sponsors. So certain was Berwick of his own restoration to England that, on being created duke and peer of France, he excluded his eldest son from the succession, as being destined to inherit his English possessions. When these hopes waned, Berwick relinquished to his heir the duchies of Liria and Xerica, once the appanage of the infants of Aragon; and the young duke struck yet deeper root in Spain by his marriage with the sister and heiress of the wealthy Duke of Veragua. He was, moreover, endeared to Spaniards and to the new Bourbon dynasty by his gallant conduct in the War of Succession; and for his services at Barcelona the golden fleece was placed round his neck by Philip's own hands. Naturally devoted to the Stuart cause, the Duke of Liria followed the Pretender to Scotland in

\* *Diario del Viaje á Moscovia del Embajador Duque de Liria y Xérica (1727-1730)*. Published in "Colección de Documentos Inéditos para la Historia de España," Vol. XCIII. Madrid, 1889.

1715; and after hairbreadth escapes from shipwreck and dragoons, he made good his retreat to France. When Alberoni ran his tilt against the powers of Europe, in 1718, the duke threw in his lot with Spain, though his father commanded the French invading force. Yet he had never bowed the knee to Alberoni; and since the peace he had lived the uneventful life of a courtier as gentleman of the chamber. The magnificent Duke of Arco, and the satirical Marquis of Santa Cruz, with our sprightly Duke of Liria, formed a trio of inseparable friends, who gave to the monotonous domesticity of Philip and Elisabeth what little life the court of Spain possessed. It was under these circumstances that the duke formed a close friendship with St. Simon, who visited Spain as envoy extraordinary; and who found at Liria's palace dinners and conversation more adapted to his taste than the sweetmeats and solemnity of the indigenous *tertulia*. St. Simon composed his "Memoirs" in their present form in later life, but they do not substantially differ from his less formal diaries. Their interest for the present purpose lies in the fact that it seems tolerably clear that the diaries formed the model for the work under review; and the existence of this work may be another obligation which posterity owes to St. Simon. The short characters, in particular, of the chief personages at the various courts which Liria visited recall the sharp outlines of St. Simon's sketches; to which indeed they are scarcely, if at all, inferior. The French writer has another point of contact with the Spanish nobleman's diary, for it seems certain from the following passage that he had read it: "From his embassy the duke returned to Paris, where he consoled himself to the best of his ability for the *ennui* of Spain, and where we met each other again with great pleasure. He even wished to give me some very curious pieces of his composition upon the court and government of Russia."\* It was these lines that led us to welcome the publication of this diary, and to believe that it contained more interesting matter than the average of unpublished documents.

St. Simon was professedly a panegyrist of his friend. He describes him as being intelligent, honorable, and reasonably ambitious. His conversation was very gay, and also instructive when he was made to talk about what he had seen in different

countries, and seen extremely well. A thorough courtier, he could unbend without sacrifice to dignity. So peculiar was his talent for languages, that he could speak Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, English, Scotch, Irish, German, and Russian like a native. Passionately devoted to pleasure, he was made for a free, varied, and agreeable social circle, which he did not find in Spain.

English ministers formed a less flattering estimate of the duke. Scattered references to him are to be found in the despatches of Colonel Stanhope and Benjamin Keene, and they are rarely complimentary. This was partly due to Hanoverian prejudice, for his palace was the asylum for all Jacobite refugees and adventurers who starved or fattened on Spanish bounty and credulity. Yet it is noticeable that the same criticisms are not applied to the party leader, the Duke of Ormond. Liria's intimacy with the Duke of Wharton was perhaps hardly creditable. "The formidable hero over his bottle," as this adventurer was termed by Holzen-dorf,\* was, wrote Stanhope, hardly ever sober, and never had a pipe out of his mouth.† Keene was not unduly moderate, for the Abbé Montgon, who accompanied him to Gibraltar, was lost in admiration at the geniality of this shrewd diplomatist in drinking level with the officers of the garrison. Yet Keene also spoke contemptuously of Liria as the leader of the young Jacks who in their cups restored the Pretender. Even after the close of the events recorded in his diary, when Liria, with a considerable diplomatic reputation, was sent to Vienna to forward an Anglo-Imperial alliance, he is described by Keene as "but a vain, weak creature, full of projects and suspicions, and consequently difficult to treat with."‡ Readers of the diary will probably convince themselves that there is some truth in Keene's sharp criticisms, as well as in St. Simon's panegyric.

Early in 1725 the diplomatic conscience of Europe was shocked by the announcement of the unnatural alliance between the two irreconcilable rivals of the War of Succession. Ripperdá, who, if not the author, had been at least the agent of this

\* Holzen-dorf to Delafaye, April 29, 1726. Record Office: Spain, 179.

† The Bavarian had promised to obtain for Stanhope a detailed plan by Liria for the invasion of Scotland, but for ten whole days he was unable to procure it, because the duke was incessantly drinking with Wharton. (Stanhope to Newcastle, May 6, 1726. Ibid.)

‡ Keene to Delafaye, April 13, 1731. Record Office: Spain, 196.

\* Mém. de St. Simon, ed. Chéruel, xviii. 23.

combination, fell a victim to the fire which he had kindled; but his fall only added fuel to the flames. In the autumn of 1726 over against the allies of Vienna stood the alliance of Hanover, composing France and England, to whom the States accorded grudging, and the king of Prussia untrustworthy, support. In September, when its prospects seemed peculiarly gloomy, the court of Madrid was cheered by the news that the emperor had formed a close alliance with the czarina, the widow of Peter the Great. Stanhope gives a graphic picture of the excitement which this announcement caused.\* The czarina's fleet was believed to be at sea, and the war in the north begun; nothing was thought more certain than that the English Baltic squadron had been destroyed, the king of Prussia frightened from the alliance, while King George would in a few months lose his German electorate, and the Pretender be seated on the throne of England. The Duke of Liria publicly announced that it would shortly be a crime in Spain to mention George as king; he and his friends at a royal concert played the old Jacobite tune, "The king shall enjoy his own again;" and on an explanation of its meaning, the queen replied, "I wish Stanhope would come here that we might welcome him with this tune." It was publicly stated in King George's speech to Parliament, and has been taken for granted since, that the Pretender's restoration was one of the very secret articles which supplemented the Treaty of Vienna.† This was not the case, but it was unquestionably included in the somewhat visionary programme of the Spanish court, and Albe-roni's idea of throwing a Russian force upon the eastern coasts of Britain was revived. For this purpose it was essential to form a direct alliance with the Muscovite court. Liria's personal friendship with his king and queen, his Jacobite enthusiasm, his high rank and great social qualities, marked him out to be, as was believed, the first Spanish ambassador to the court of Russia. In December, 1726, his instructions, which are printed in an appendix to the diary, were presented to him. They provided for the formation of an alliance similar to that already existing between the czarina and the emperor, with such alterations as the different circumstances demanded, especial precautions

being taken to throw cold water upon demands for extensive commercial privileges. The main object was the execution of a diversion upon England by the mobilization of a fleet, under some plausible pretext, at Archangel or elsewhere. Even a small number of troops would enable the Pretender's numerous partisans and the discontented classes to declare themselves, and great results would follow in favor of the Church, and the peace of Europe. Besides official instructions, the minister received others of a less formal and a somewhat miscellaneous character. He was ordered to hasten the march of the thirty thousand auxiliaries which the czarina had promised to the emperor, to amuse the Russian court by a proposal for a marriage between the Princess Natalia and Don Carlos, who was seriously, however, intended for the Archduchess Maria Theresa, and *en route* to effect a reconciliation between the Pretender and his wife, whom his bad conduct had driven from her home. After visiting the Pretender at Bologna, he was instructed to enter into confidential communications with the court of Vienna, and thence to repair to those of Dresden and Berlin.

Thus the duke's journey across Europe was a substantial part of his mission; and to this journey nearly a third part of his diary is devoted. Few persons probably could have described such close relations, in the course of three years, with the old and the young Pretender, the Emperor Charles and Prince Eugene, Augustus the Strong and his successor, Frederick William of Prussia and the great Frederick, Maurice of Saxony, who was to become celebrated as Marshal Saxe, the Czar Peter II., the Czarina Anna, and the future Czarina Elisabeth, in addition to all the important ministers of the empire, Saxony, Prussia, and Russia.

The duke left Madrid on March 10, 1727, his only companions for a great part of his journey being his valet and *attaché*, for whom he formed a singular attachment. This latter was no less than an Irish captain of dragoons, one Don Ricardo Wall, of whom history had much to say hereafter. The diary illustrates the dangers of the Mediterranean coasts of France from African pirates, the grim horrors of the Riviera route, relieved only by San Remo with its groves of lemon and orange, stone-pine and palm. The Republic of Genoa is seen in session, and its ballot-box with silvered and gilded sides is described. Due appreciation is bestowed upon the Certosa, and the duke's

\* Oct. 4, 1726. Record Office: Spain, 179.

† These very curious articles — of which Von Arneth failed to discover the imperial copy — exist in the archives of Alcalá de Henares: Estado: Legajo, 3369, No. 31.

"Venice in a day" is worthy of another century and another continent. The splendor of the Archbishop of Salzburg; the squalor of Mittau, capital of Courland; the amber-producing shores of the Baltic; the spotlessness of Dantzic doorsteps; the filth of east European inns, and the misery of eighteenth-century travel, all find their place in the Spanish envoy's diary. But in these pages the more important incidents of his mission can alone receive attention. At Genoa the Duke of Liria had received the Order of the Garter at the hands of the Earl of Inverness, who informed him that, finding himself to be the main obstacle to the reconciliation of his king and queen, he had absented himself from the court. At Bologna the traveller was warmly welcomed by James himself, and repaid his hospitality by re-establishing a *modus vivendi* between the separated pair. His letter to the queen, who had hitherto declined to discuss the subject, induced her to relent, and to return to her husband's home. This was probably the most successful moment in the duke's mission. It is amusing to read the principles enunciated by Elisabeth Farnese, the termagant of Spain, who was believed to rule her husband with absolute authority. "The Catholic queen has ordered me to tell your Majesty in her name that it is time to close so unpleasant a dispute, and that, even if a husband gives his wife some reason for displeasure, it is prudent on her part to disguise her feelings, and to attempt to restore him to his better self by a gentle and blind resignation to his will." Even in the eighteenth century domestic scandals affected political prospects, for the queen added that this continued separation was injuring the Stuart cause, not only in England, but at the courts from which the most support could be expected. The sympathetic Liria was loath to bid farewell to the Pretender, with whom he had been brought up, and whom he tenderly loved; and he never tired of looking at his children. The Prince of Wales was a beautiful boy of six and a half, agile, graceful, and intelligent; he could read perfectly, could speak English, French, and Italian fluently, and knew his catechism as well as his tutor. Not only did he ride and shoot, but was so skilful with his cross-bow, that he killed sparrows on the housetops; and if a ball were thrown on the ground, he would pierce it running without missing once in ten times. His brother, then two years old, was pretty, and remarkably strong.

At Vienna, the personality in whom the Spanish envoy was mainly interested was Prince Eugene, whom he enthusiastically regarded as a hero of the first order, possessing all gifts, moral, physical, and intellectual. The empress was the most dignified and agreeable princess that he had seen, except perhaps her predecessor; but his Bourbon prejudices led him perhaps to touch lightly upon the quondam Archduke Charles. He speaks sympathetically of the Spanish refugees who had crowded to Vienna, laden with honors and possessions by the emperor, but absolutely excluded from German society, and in danger of being stoned or starved upon the emperor's death. During the duke's visit the ambassadors of Spain, France, and Holland were busily discussing the preliminaries of peace, and on June 9 the fact of the signature was published. A few days previously the news reached Vienna that the Czarina Catherine had died, leaving the succession to her husband's grandson, Peter, a boy of eleven years old. A regency was appointed until he should be sixteen, and the change of government was effected with unexpected calm; the first minister, Menshikoff, assuring the imperial government that the foreign policy of his court would remain unaltered. An equally important announcement was that of the death of George I., which, had it been earlier, would possibly have prevented the signature of the preliminaries, and which undoubtedly long delayed their ratification at Madrid. The Duke of Liria conveyed the news in a postscript to his letter of June 30. He felt that, as George had to die so soon, he might as well have gone to the other world a month earlier; the English, instead of dictating the law to Spain, would then have had to come a-begging for conditions. Knowing the character of the Prince of Wales, he believed that in six months' time there would be a general revolution, if not before; and that if Walpole had an ounce of spirit and resolution, he would try to restore King James, which he had the power to do. Otherwise he was a lost man, and the new king would cut his head off. "Time will tell," he concludes, "whether I am a good prophet or not." The duke was not a prophet; but this confidential opinion from a leading Jacobite illustrates the current views respecting the fidelity of Walpole to the Hanoverian cause.

Liria lingered at Vienna in the hope that the changed circumstances might render his mission to Russia unnecessary. At

length, however, on July 8, he took his leave with greater regret than when he left Paris, his fatherland, for the first time.

His reception at Dresden must have consoled the duke for the extreme discomfort of his journey. The minister, Count Flemming, suspected indeed that he was commissioned to discuss the thorny questions of succession and religion, but was assured that his only mission was to renew a friendship too long interrupted, and at most to persuade the king of Poland to accede to the alliance of Vienna. Social life at Dresden was far too busy for politics. All day long the ambassador shot with the king, and dinner at the royal table at Pilnitz was followed by concerts and French plays. The queen's very recent death did not interrupt the Michaelmas festivities.

On the 28th there was another play, and then we dined in a room with four small tables, and lots were drawn to distribute the guests among them. After dinner I led off the ball with the king's favorite natural daughter, and we danced till 5 A.M. The whole time that the ball lasted everybody did nothing but drink, so that we were all cheerful, for his Majesty set the example, and at 1 A.M. there was a second supper. After the ball I went straight off stag-hunting, and, having killed five, returned home to mass, for it was Michaelmas day. In the evening there was another play, and a ball at night. This day also people drank quite as much as was good for them, so that the liveliness lasted two days.

Notwithstanding the dancing and drinking and hunting, with interludes of mass, the ambassador did not fail to take notes upon the Saxon government, and regarded its form as being that of most well-governed countries; consisting, as it did, of a cabinet of five ministers and two secretaries. The real monarch was Count Flemming, who was abhorred both by king and heir; but they could not shake off his yoke, because he had become indispensable. A Pomeranian, and therefore no vassal of the king, he is another striking example of the absolute cosmopolitanism in governmental and military circles in the eighteenth century. The little fat man, with his handsome face, had made a great stir in the world, yet was not the great man he was thought. Craving in vain to meddle in all the affairs of Europe, he was reduced to domineering over his own court in the pettiest details, saying all the time that he was tired, and did not wish to interfere. A Lutheran by profession, he would turn Turk or Catholic to suit his ends. Eminently mediocre, he

believed himself to be perfection, in flirting, in riding, in music, as in politics and war. He had saved vast sums of money and had married a Polish princess, in the hope of succeeding his master, and was constantly striving to lead the king of Prussia to his views. The celebrated elector king, Augustus the Strong, with his bright eyes and *distingué* though not handsome features, had been the strongest man in Europe, and still excelled in all physical exercises, as in all accomplishments. Nobody understood better than he the interests of foreign powers and the political condition of Europe. His courtesy and kindness were unequalled, and he was liberal to excess; yet, notwithstanding the vast sums which he was squandering, his revenue was free from debt. Liria, however, does not conceal the shady side.

In the midst of these great qualities he has some incurable defects; though he works hard, he detests application to business, and this makes him lean upon his ministers. His affection for the feminine sex is notorious, for he has an infinite number of natural children; he has been a little too fond of wine, and has committed countless excesses in the company of Bacchus, as in that of Venus. In the first respect he is already somewhat reformed, and his years are bringing moderation in the second. Nevertheless, he is the most lovable monarch in Europe, and carries away the hearts of all who know him.

The prince was a striking contrast to his father. He was tall and handsome, but very fat. He loathed wine, was unswervingly faithful to his wife, and was a zealous and self-sacrificing Catholic. Notwithstanding a tender affection for his father, he lived in retirement, for fear of exciting the jealousy which Flemming was only too anxious to foster. A war of religion in Germany seemed at this moment to be among immediate possibilities. Flemming and the Saxons feared that, once on the throne, the prince would cease to employ Lutherans, and gradually force his subjects into Catholicism. The minister was suspected of laying the train of a revolution which should place the zealous Lutheran line of Gotha on the electoral throne, and to this were attributed his frequent visits to the king of Prussia. The Duke of Liria, however, believed that such a Protestant combination had no prospect of success against the emperor, supported by the Catholic electors. Notwithstanding the rise of the Hohenzollerns, Protestantism had, to all appearances, been greatly on the wane.

During the duke's Dresden visit two

events occurred in Russia which were likely to have unfortunate results for the Spanish mission. The imperial ambassador Rabutin died, and it was with him alone that the Spanish envoy was to work in closest harmony, and from him alone he could obtain the necessary lights. Equally serious was the sudden disgrace of Men-shikoff, who was ruling Russia with absolute authority, and had hoped to perpetuate his influence by the marriage of the young czar with his daughter. It was during Liria's residence in Russia that injudicious friends caused the great minister's final fall. Banished to the Isle of Berosova on the White Sea, he died, working with his own hands for sustenance—a terrible example to Russian royal favorites.

The court of Berlin differed widely from that of Dresden. Here there was no Cabinet, no all-powerful minister. The king administered the whole monarchy himself. Every day the despatches were sent to him under seal, and he returned the result of his resolutions on paper to the ministers. He had, indeed, a Privy Council, but no use was made of it. The tribunals and departments forwarded a daily report of their proceedings to the king. Frequently as Frederick William has been described, the Duke of Liria's impressions may be worth recording. The king was of middle height and fairly fat, with a bright complexion, though much tanned, for every day he spent hours in hunting. He always wore his blue uniform with waistcoat and breeches, and never took his boots off. He liked to dine in company; but his table was very poor, which was not surprising in the stingiest prince in Europe. He would trust no one with money, and was his own treasurer and paymaster. Not gifted with much intelligence, he did not lack a cunning comprehension of his interests, which made him the most unreliable of allies; for if it were to his own advantage he would change sides on the instant. His rule was most disastrous for his kingdom, which, if he lived ten years more, would be entirely ruined. The beautiful town of Berlin, with all its facilities for navigation, had completely lost all its trade since his accession, notwithstanding the presence of the French refugees, whose workmanship was as perfect as in Paris. All money that came into the country went to the treasury and never left it; thus the sources of trade and wealth were inevitably dried up. Yet the king had his merits; he was frank, and liked others to be so; he disliked nothing so much as hints and mys-

teries; he hated women, and had no inclination for drink, though a great smoker. His Calvinistic zeal amounted to hypocrisy; yet full liberty of conscience was accorded, and favor was even shown to Catholics, not from any affection which he bore them, but from love for his Grenadiers, for he cared for nothing else; and as there were six hundred Catholics in the regiment, he favored Catholicism to keep these men contented. On the subject of Grenadiers he was a spendthrift, and would give all the money in his treasury to keep or recruit a tall man. Liria naturally visited Potsdam to inspect the celebrated regiment, and was entertained at dinner by the officers. The first battalion contained no man under six feet two, while the tallest, Jonas, a Norwegian, measured seven feet. With such a regiment the king naturally thought himself a great warrior, and indispensable to Europe, though his personal courage was open to doubt. The Guards numbered twenty-five hundred men, and the army seventy thousand of the best quality that the duke had ever seen, while the train of artillery and military stores were unsurpassed. The whole character of the State was completely military; no official could appear before the king except in uniform. The general impression left is that of Prussia of to-day, minus its professors.

At Berlin, as at Dresden, the Duke of Liria was made welcome. He hunted with the king at Wusterhausen; he begged the life of an Irish Grenadier; and the king's dinner of four courses was increased to six—a most unusual distinction. Yet it is clear that he looked forward to the future *régime*, and paid his court to the prince, with whom he promised to correspond from St. Petersburg, as in fact he did. Frederick he regarded as a prince of great promise. Completely the reverse of his father, he was liberal, courteous, and yet reserved. He was fond of music and books, though he was obliged to read on the sly, for his father would have him as ignorant as himself. The people loved the prince as much as they detested the king, and the very princes of the blood spoke equally ill of the king and well of his heir in the most barefaced manner.

From Berlin the Spanish minister travelled by way of Dantzic, Königsberg, and Mittau to Riga, and thence to St. Petersburg. At Dantzic he stayed to buy his furs, and was deeply interested in the great Hanse town, now under Polish protectorate. He dwells on its civil and mil-

itary constitution, its peculiar relation to the Polish crown, its brisk commerce, the exquisite cleanliness of its inhabitants, and, notwithstanding its Lutheran establishment, its toleration of Jews, Anabaptists, and the numerous Catholic religious orders. By the senators he was greeted with a Latin speech and twelve pitchers of wine; but a greater pleasure was the accidental meeting with Maurice of Saxony, the elector's natural son, who in former years had been his intimate friend at Paris. The future hero had started badly. Having been elected by the nobility of Courland as heir to the absentee and childless duke, he had fled at the approach of General Lacy, leaving his followers and his luggage in Russian hands. For the latter he was the more concerned; for one portmanteau contained his love-letters, and a diary of the amours of his father's court, which, if once seen, might be his ruin. The recovery of this compromising literature was one of the chief interests of the Duke of Liria during his Russian mission.

The envoy's stay at St. Petersburg was only sufficiently long to receive his first audience, to present his somewhat miscellaneous gifts of snuff and chocolate, silk handkerchiefs, and perfumed pastilles, and to receive in return the inevitable furs. He was already pressed to assume the character of ambassador, instead of that of minister plenipotentiary, and to concede to the czar the title of emperor. To neither of these proposals was he authorized to consent, and he was of opinion that the imperial title should be the price for substantial advantages. After witnessing the curious ceremony of the blessing of the Neva, he followed the court to Moscow in company with the Polish envoy Lefort,\* who did his best to compensate him for the irreparable loss of Rabutin. While the horses were being changed at Novogorod he visited the town, which he describes as typical of all Russian cities, large and badly built, the houses all of wood, very low, and distributed without plan. Its chief curiosity was the body of St. Anthony, which had come from Rome by water on a millstone. Being the seat of the primacy, Novogorod was ecclesiastical in character, and contained one hundred and twenty-five convents. The primate was a man of learning, a phenom-

enon among the Russian clergy; he had studied in Rome, and knew Latin and Italian.

Moscow was reached on February 11; and from the date of the czar's formal entry on the 15th, the plenipotentiary's mission may be said to have seriously begun. The period of his visit to Russia has its peculiar interest as lying between two eras of premature expansion. The latter of these is naturally associated with the name of Catherine, but it may be said to have set in with the appearance of a Russian *corps d'armée* on the Rhine in 1735. The reign of Peter II. was reactionary. It seemed to prove that his grandfather was but an ill-timed individual genius, and not the representative of a progressive nation. Nobles and people hated the belauded reforms, and struggled desperately to return to comfortable barbarism. On the other hand it is already possible to trace the power, to Englishmen incredible, which an unpopular officialism can exercise over Slavonic myriads. The czar himself, his nobles, and the mob of Moscow, did their best to hamper the administration, essentially German, which Peter the Great had bequeathed to Muscovy. Yet this bureaucracy, even in the absence of any genius of the first order, subsisted and governed, outlasted an oligarchical revolution and a monarchical *coup d'état*, and was ready to the hand of a czarina who was to all intents and purposes a German. It is this all-important dualism between East and West, between indigenous conservative and exotic progress, the everlasting action and reaction of Teuton and Slav, which gives the interest to the Duke of Liria's diary. His mixed English, French, and Irish blood, and his Spanish associations, gave him a standpoint peculiarly external and impartial. His social gifts procured ready admittance behind the scenes, and his mingled sympathy and satire endowed him with the choicest qualifications of a critic.

Throughout the reign of Peter II. it seemed probable that Russia would turn her back upon the West. It is true that several high officials of the late *régime* still surrounded the young czar. But Golofkin, the chancellor, was very old, and Apraxin hated the novelties which the great reformer had introduced. He had never left Russia, was a mortal enemy to foreigners, and would sacrifice all to restore the monarchy to its ancient condition. The court, as the Council, was divided into two parties. Around the czar gathered all the Russians who longed to rid the country

\* The duke could hardly have found a better informant than Lefort, who is probably the best authority for this period. His despatches, though printed, are hidden away in the somewhat inaccessible *Büsching's Magazine*, vol. ix.

of the foreigners. His sister, however, the Grand Duchess Natalia, and his Aunt Elisabeth adhered to the principles of Peter the Great. The balance of practical ability was on their side, and their main supporter was the Vice-Chancellor Osterman. The son of a Lutheran pastor in a Westphalian village, he had been utilized by Peter as interpreter. On the czarina's death, Menshikoff had made him guardian and grand chamberlain of the young czar; he was now practically first minister. He was untiring, and, though avaricious, incorrupt, desiring honestly the good of the Russian monarchy. Religion was of little or no importance to him, for he had passed through three. A master of dissimulation, he gave such a semblance of truth to statements which were directly the reverse, that the most experienced were deceived. "In a word," concludes the writer, "he was a great minister; but had he been even an angel descended from heaven, the brand of foreign extraction would be enough to make him loathed by the Muscovites, who frequently did their best to ruin him, though his ability always saved him."

The continuance of Osterman's power was doubtless facilitated by the number of foreigners who held high position not only in the government, but in the public services. The navy was naturally almost exclusively commanded by strangers; but even in the army foreign names were numerous in the highest ranks. Field Marshal Sapieha was a Pole, and no credit to his nation, for he neither possessed a shadow of intelligence, nor the first rudiments of strategy; he was passionate, false, vindictive, and drunk every day in the week. Field Marshal Bruce, venerated even by Russians, was Scotch; and among the generals were Lacy, an Irishman; Bohn, Weisbach, and Münnich, Germans; and the Scotchman Keith. Yet Osterman could hardly have maintained his position but for the split in the Russian party between the two great houses of Galitzin and Dolgoruki. The former seemed most extreme in its conservatism. "What do we want new fashions for?" was old Prince Dimitri's stock question; "as our fathers lived, so can we live too, without foreigners coming to impose new laws upon us." Less prejudiced was Field Marshal Galitzin, the hero of Russia, the darling of the troops, feared by the grandees and by the great czar himself, who would have been in a less barbarous land a truly great man. Hating foreigners as he did, he yet did justice to those who

served with merit. This house was more hostile to Osterman's system, and he had consequently added Princes Basil and Alexis Dolgoruki to the Council of Four.

The alternative of Moscow or St. Petersburg as capital was the test question between the native and the foreign party. Peter and his widow had made the latter their residence, to be in sight of their growing marine, and to keep the Swedes in awe. The young czar could not bear the sight of the sea nor of ships, and was passionately devoted to hunting. The Russians, who longed to return to Moscow, which was nearer to their estates, dwelt incessantly on the beauty of its climate, and the abundance of game in its neighborhood. Throughout the reign of Peter II. the attempts to make him return to St. Petersburg and to keep him at Moscow have more than a merely personal interest; it was realized that on the issue depended the future of Russia.

The other subject of vital importance was the maintenance of the fleet. On June 19, 1728, the Duke of Liria wrote that the Grand Council had decided that Moscow should be the capital, and that he was informed as a fact of two other decisions which, if true, would completely restore the monarchy to its ancient condition: first, that no more ships were to be built, while those which existed were left to wear out; and secondly, that commerce was to be transferred to Archangel, which would imply the ruin of St. Petersburg.

The Spanish minister regarded the great Peter's favorite creation with some contempt. The grand admiral, Apraxin, did not know the first principles of navigation. The other officers were excellent, but they were all foreigners, and it seemed likely that, as they died or retired, others would not be appointed; while the natives could never learn seamanship, for their self-conceit made them think that they knew more than Ruyter, as soon as they had learnt the elements of manœuvring. Seamen, moreover, were lamentably deficient, for the crew of a ship in commission comprised only one hundred sailors, while all the rest were landsmen. "The Russians are like a schoolboy wearing a sword for the first time; every moment he looks at it, and turns it round, and tries to see if everybody notices that he has got a sword, and is delighted if they think that he knows how to use it." In July, 1728, the Cronstadt squadron was commissioned, to impose upon the imperial minister. Sails were bent to make neighbors believe that it was no mere joke; but the ships had no

crews but scrubbers. Of the five captains appointed, two were English, two Dutch, and the other a Dane. Half the ships were bought in Holland; those of Russian build did not last more than seven or eight years.

In other departments the artificial order of Peter was giving place to total disorganization. "As to the government," wrote Liria, "everything is going badly; the czar does not attend Council, nor does he think of doing so. Nobody is paid; and as nobody knows what is to be the end of the Treasury, every one goes on robbing as best he can. All the departments are at a standstill; there is an infinity of grumblers; each man does just what he fancies; nobody thinks seriously of a remedy, except Baron Osterman, who cannot apply it unaided, so that in my opinion we are daily exposed to some revolution which might redound to the irreparable ruin of the monarchy."\* It is no wonder that the salvation of the nation was felt to depend upon Osterman's life, and that all honest men sustained a shock on hearing that the vice-chancellor had been sick fifty times in a single day. They regarded him, with reason, as the monarchy's sole support.

The czar's character caused serious apprehension. Before he was thirteen he declared himself of age. He had already had amours, which Liria stated to be not so surprising; for notwithstanding the climate, the age of puberty was earlier in Russia than in Spain, and boys of eleven were sometimes married. No one dared to correct the czar, while the Russians lured him on in his evil propensities. Osterman alone ventured to lecture the young monarch on his mode of life; the czar turned his back upon his guardian, and answered not a word. Returning to the charge, the vice-chancellor said that a few years hence the czar himself would cut his head off, if he now failed to point out the precipice towards which he was rushing; as he did not wish to witness his ruin, he should resign his guardianship. The impetuous but inconsequent young Slav fell on his guardian's neck, implored

him not to desert him, and that very night returned to his evil courses.\* Yet his death was dreaded, for fear lest worse should follow. "If this monarch were to die," concludes Liria, "there would be a terrible revolution. I do not venture to prophesy what would happen; I will only say that Russia will relapse to its old condition, without a hope of raising herself again, at least in our days." Of such a revolution the first result was expected to be a massacre of foreigners; even during the duke's embassy it was feared that the mob would fire their houses on account of their unreasoning prejudice. The heir-presumptive, the Princess Elisabeth, had strong German sympathies, and the Russian party was full of projects for her marriage and removal. She was not unlikely to have suitors. Liria, who was a connoisseur, regarded her sister, the Duchess of Holstein, as probably the most beautiful princess in Europe. On her early death Elisabeth had strong claims to the vacancy. The duke had rarely seen a more beautiful woman in his life. Her marvellous complexion, her roguish eyes, her perfect mouth, were set off by a beautiful throat and matchless figure. She was tall and extraordinarily lively, danced well, rode fearlessly, and was full of fun. On the other hand, she was false, avaricious, and susceptible to a superlative degree. No wonder that the amorous infant of Portugal loved her at first sight, and that she had to retire from court to avoid his parting importunities. The scion of the Stuarts was at once amused and shocked at her being suggested as a substitute for the wife with whom the head of his house was believed to be at ill accord. A cadet of the house of Brunswick was rejected as inadequate, but it was thought that she might import an agreeably sparkling element into the Bayreuth branch of Hohenzollern. Yet she was not a desirable wife. While yet a girl her passions led her into the excesses which disgraced her as czarina. Her fancies ranged from Prince Butlerlin to Grenadiers of the Guard. Her most serious suitor was undoubtedly the czar, her nephew. He was for long completely under her spell. If later he showed publicly his displeasure, it was perhaps rather due to pique than cooling of affection. After his engagement to Princess Dolgoruki, he still visited her in

\* Cf. Lefort, July, 1728: "Scarce a feeble shadow of the government of the czar's grandfather seems left. We live in a state of incomparable indolence, and of carelessness so blind that it is hard to conceive how so huge a machine can still continue to exist, when nobody puts a hand to it. Nobody will assume any responsibility, nobody dares open his mouth, every one passes the ball on to his neighbor. . . . The monarch by the Grace of God knows that no one dare contradict him, and people have constantly been zealous to convince him of it. Hence it is that no reasonable measure can be carried through, and everything is left to chance."

\* The czar's favorite pastime was, according to Lefort, to dash through the streets at night in his sleigh. He dwells on the rapid deterioration of his character, adding that he resembled his grandfather in all but his good qualities. (Nov. 22, 1727.)

private, and aunt and nephew wept bitter tears over their enforced separation. But contiguity was a fatal bar to their not unnatural affection; and had the Greek Church been as lax on the subject of royal avuncular marriages as the Latin, the fortunes of the house of Romanoff might have been somewhat different. The gross excesses of the later czarina cannot altogether deprive the brilliant and unfortunate girl of sympathy.

Amid the lust, the drunkenness, the falsity, the barbaric extravagance of Russian life, there was one pure pathetic personality on which the Duke of Liria loved to dwell. The Spanish, French, and English elements in his character all found some sympathy with the czar's sister, the Grand Duchess Natalia. The pupil of St. Simon hits as hard as his master, but he redeems his scientific savagery by a tenderer touch. It was a mere accident that he was instructed to amuse the Muscovite court by asking the hand of Natalia for Don Carlos, whom his mother destined for Maria Theresa, and none other. His feeling for the young girl is obviously personal, and not diplomatic. In this simple character the mock-heroics, the sham sentimentalism of Slavonic life and literature are entirely absent. She is described as adorned with all the gifts that imagination could bestow. She was no brilliant beauty, for her face was ugly, though her figure good. Lovable, generous, thoughtful, all graciousness and goodness, she attracted every one that knew her. She spoke French and German to perfection, was fond of reading, and a patroness of foreigners. "All these qualities made one wish that she might live long; but God would not allow it, and he took her to himself after a lingering illness, on November 3, 1728, at the age of fourteen and a half, bewailed by Russians and foreigners, by small and great." These are no mere courtly phrases. A man who in ill-health and bad humor praises an ugly woman, may be believed. Post-mortem characters are justly regarded with suspicion, but the passage in the diary, dated May 18, 1728, attracts sympathy not only to the ill-fated Russian girl, but to Keene's "Young Jack," who caroused with the Duke of Wharton, and to the diplomat whose headpiece was criticised by Prince Eugene as "being a little English."\*

The health of the princess was not good, and the doctors believed that she had inflam-

mation of the lungs, and treated her as a person whose chest was affected. But her real malady was not consumption, and the only doctor who could cure her was her brother. To understand this, we must go some way back. When the czar succeeded to the throne he had such complete confidence in his sister, that he did whatever she told him, and could not be a minute without her. . . . Little by little he fell in love with his Aunt Elisabeth and the czar's favorite, and other courtiers who disliked the grand duchess, owing to her affection for Osterman and all foreigners, tried to increase the influence of Elisabeth, who could not bear her niece. Consequently she gradually alienated the czar from his sister, so that in six months' time he never talked to her on business, and their confidences entirely ceased. The grand duchess, who had the best heart that I have ever known, deeply felt her brother's estrangement, and her unhappiness was increased by the constant slights which he inflicted upon her, publicly showing preference for his aunt, who in turn triumphed in her victory, affecting to make no count of the grand duchess. This was the real cause of her ill-health, for heart-ache had such an effect upon her as to cause a slow fever, which was within an ace of carrying her to the grave. However, her strong constitution and tender age saved her.

The czar's sister was not spared for long. On the night of December 2 she slept for two hours, but in the morning was seized with a violent access of fever. In the evening it abated, and at 10.15 she knelt down to pray. Her prayers finished, she returned to bed, but at that moment was convulsed, and died in less than two minutes. "She was not pretty, but what matters the beauty of the face when the heart is perfect? She was the idol of honest men, the pearl of Russia, and, in a word, too perfect for God to leave her in the midst of barbarians who do not know what true and solid virtue is." It was a Russian custom to kiss the hand of deceased royal persons, as though they were alive, and it was with the greatest tenderness that the duke kissed his young friend's hand. Her brother was away hunting when she died, but her bier was opened, that he might kiss the corpse.\* It seems strange that in so matrimonial an atmosphere this charming princess died without having had a serious suitor, but, as the Spanish envoy remarks, few princes would care to send to Moscow to find a wife.

\* Il a la tête un peu Anglaise et parle assez librement. (Von Arneth, "Prinz Eugen," iii. 576.)

\* Lefort states that when Natalia's death seemed imminent, five couriers were sent, one after another, to fetch the czar, who disregarded the summons. At the moment of death her only attendant was a Finnish maid, who stole her jewels.

Meanwhile reaction was observed in all departments. Peter the Great's victims were rehabilitated. Among these was his first wife, whose estrangement and imprisonment had been due partly to her dislike of foreigners, partly to the discovery of her amours. Even in prison she had found a lover, who suffered the not uncommon penalty of impalement for his offence. Her restoration to the palace was expected to give fresh impetus to the reaction. Religious intolerance was on the rise. Eighteen natives of Smolensk who had become Catholics were forced to revert, and one more obstinate than his fellows was condemned to death. He finally yielded, and the whole party were despatched to Siberia until they should give proofs of their detestation of Catholicism. Yet complete tolerance was still extended to foreigners, and Lord Marshal's brother, James Keith, whose Protestantism disqualified him for a colonel's commission in Spain, was at Liria's request made a general in the Russian service.

Eastern affairs naturally excited interest at the Russian court, and much enthusiasm was caused by the return of Count Sava Jaguzhinski from China. He had, beyond all hope, re-established relations long broken, and had secured an advantageous commercial treaty; overcoming the national cleverness and distrust of the Chinese. In November, 1729, the news that the emperor of China had resolved to despatch a formal embassy caused the highest satisfaction. There was no precedent for such a mission to any European power, and it was thought glorious for Russia that the first should come to its sovereign. In Persia, also, Russia derived great advantages from a treaty with the usurper Esref. The acquisitions of the recent war were recognized, and although the merely nominal possession of the provinces of Astarabat and Mazandaran was abandoned, it was stipulated that they should be alienated to no other power, a precaution against the Turkish ambition to obtain a foothold on the Caspian shores. Above all, Russia obtained full rights of commerce throughout Persia, and her caravans had for the first time access to India and Bokhara.

Negotiations with the Porte related to Turkish aggression towards the Caspian, and to Russian intrigues in Georgia and Circassia. Yet the sultan declined, in consideration of his ancient friendship with the czar, to accept the request of the Prince of Daghestan to place himself under his protectorate, on the plea of com-

mon religion. The czar, while acknowledging the friendliness of this refusal, could not refrain from saying that uniformity of religion gives no right to appropriate that which is not one's own; that as in Russia there were many vassals who professed the Mohammedan creed, so in the dominions of the Porte there were many who held the same religion as the Russians; and that, in conclusion, it was not uniformity of religion, but treaties established and confirmed which formed the guarantee of a nation's possessions, and the limitations of its boundaries. The principle involved in this reply is noticeable when viewed in the light of subsequent Russian diplomacy.

Eastern complications were only a subject of intelligent interest to the Spanish minister. The fortunes of his embassy were decided in the West. Even before his arrival in Russia his mission had become well-nigh without an object. He attempted to employ himself by countermining against the subterranean approaches of England, acting at first for the court of Vienna as well as for his own, for the alliance of Vienna still retained apparently its solidarity in the face of the league of Hanover. But in the summer of 1728 rumors reached Moscow that the court of Madrid had been seduced by the engagement of France and England to convey Don Carlos to Italy with a Spanish force, and that the inevitable result was a breach with the emperor, who believed his possession of Sicily to be endangered. The duke officially assured the Russian ministry that nothing could change the complete harmony which reigned between his court and that of Vienna; but he could not deceive himself. He had constant information that distrust was daily increasing; that Count Königsegg had only for the moment prevented Elisabeth Farnese from throwing herself into the arms of the allies of Hanover; but that the Imperial Alliance could not last, for the emperor would never of his own free will consent to the transport of Spanish troops to Italy.

At the close of the year arrived the news of the Treaty of Seville. The English and French agents now entered into friendly relations with Liria, while Osterman and the new imperial envoy Wratislaw treated him with increasing reserve. With the latter he had never had real sympathy. A worse minister than Wratislaw could hardly have been selected, and it was suspected that Rabutin's friends had sent him to Russia to immortalize the late minis-

ter's memory. The Russians expected ambassadors to be courteous, well-bred, and sumptuous. Count Wratislaw belonged to an old Bohemian family, but he showed his coarseness even in ladies' society. He boasted of his extravagance, but his avarice was transparent; false to the core, he dilated on the excellence of his heart. Talking incessantly, he would not listen to others, even when he let them speak. He plumed himself upon his gambling, but his dirty tricks were discovered the second time that he touched the cards. His intelligence was as scanty as his conceit was illimitable; and such was his credulity, that he believed anything to another's prejudice. "He was," concludes his critic, "more fit to be an old woman, and send children to sleep with his old wives' tales, than to be a minister."

Henceforth the Duke of Liria's efforts were directed to counteracting the policy of Osterman and Wratislaw. Sent to Russia to hasten the march of her auxiliaries, he stayed to retard their departure. In his heart he had always believed that a Russian alliance would be rather a burden than a boon. At the most he had fancied that an advantageous treaty of commerce might be framed, with a view of eliminating the English, Dutch, and Hamburg middleman, and buying at first hand. Russia supplied Spain with masts, sails, tackle, hemp, suet, and pitch. Siberian iron was the best and cheapest in Europe; while oil of hemp and linseed, flax, tow, pigskins, dried and salted fish would find a ready market in Spain, which could buy her imports with her wines, brandies, and fruits. If three or four light frigates were sent each year to Archangel, the crown would make the full profit, and also provide a training school for sailors, for one voyage to Archangel was worth four to the Indies. The export duties were two and a half per cent. higher than at St. Petersburg; but freightage, lading, and insurance were cheaper, the duties of the Sound were saved, and the North Sea was less dangerous than the Baltic. Another alternative was to commit the Russian trade to the new Caraccas Company and the Biscay whaling fleet. To students of prices the elaborate schedule which accompanied the report, giving the prime cost, duties, package, and freightage of numerous articles, is of considerable interest. Among the more fancy wares are caviare at three and a quarter roubles the cask of forty pounds Russian, and black bearskins at four roubles the skin.

National prejudices or mere brutishness added to the diplomatic difficulties of the Duke of Liria. His gentlemen were well-nigh beaten to death by an officer of Guards, his attendants, and the mob. Another guardsman, coming uninvited to a banquet in the Pretender's honor, drank himself mad, hit the sentinel with drawn sword, and insisted on fighting his host. Nothing could reconcile the Spanish envoy to the incurable melancholy of Russian life. He began his diary for 1729 with an ardent wish for speedy recall from a land where he found neither friendship nor amusement, and where he was losing the little health and patience which remained to him. He deeply felt the enforced departure of Captain Wall, who fell into such an extreme melancholy that he could not leave his room. "He talked with so much pathos that I could not resist his desire to return to our own Spain. But I have felt few things so deeply, for I placed all my confidence in Wall, and unbosomed myself to him in all my disagreeables, which were many; and when he left, I had to stay without any one in whom I could repose real trust." On the score of health, an interesting passage refers to the scourge of influenza in April, 1729. In every house more than two-thirds of the inmates were ill, and the doctors began to fear some contagious epidemic. The czar, however, ordered a post-mortem examination of all who died suddenly, and a diagnosis of the current complaints, and it was found that they possessed no malignant character. It seems probable that the czar himself was a sufferer, for he had a feverish chill with a cough; but he stayed in bed three days, and, after twice perspiring freely, was well again. It may be worth noting that in the following winter the epidemic spread to the western extremities of Europe. The Abbé Montgon describes it as keeping the Spanish royal family indoors for four days, while Villars wrote of it as being universal round Paris, and as killing some eight hundred persons per week in London.

If Russia were not amusing, it was not for lack of entertainments. These were unusually magnificent, owing to the fashion of inviting the czar to the more important parties. Liria was notorious in Spain for the excellence of his dinners, and the brilliancy of his entertainments. His first essay in Russia was confessedly the finest feast that had yet been seen. Though the minister's house was one of the largest in Moscow, two spacious rooms were built in the courtyard, plates of which are given

in the diary. On four buffets, ten feet wide, the choicest Chinese porcelain contained exquisite sweets and fruits, the huge Portuguese oranges evoking especial admiration. The ten varieties of iced drinks comprised chocolate, melon, strawberry, and cherry syrups; but the guests did not confine themselves to these, for the evening's consumption included three hundred and ten bottles of Tokay, two hundred and fifty of champagne, one hundred and seventy of Burgundy, two hundred and twenty of Rhenish wines, one hundred and sixty of Moselle, twelve barrels of French wine, two of brandy, and twelve of beer. The czar arrived at 7 P.M. and opened the ball by a minuet with his sister. Dinner was served on a horse-shoe table in the second hall. The *diner à la Russe* does not seem to have been yet in vogue, for the hot and cold meats were on the table, though down the middle ran a long line of oranges. At midnight a second supper was served, consisting exclusively of fish, for the fast of St. Peter then began, and Russians were rigid in respect of fasts. Dancing lasted until 3 A.M., and the czar expressed himself well satisfied, as well he might be. After the ball the guests inspected the minister's illuminations. St. Simon states that the Spaniards surpassed all other nations in this art, and the host's detailed description on this occasion proves an elaboration unknown in these degenerate days. The cost of the banquet amounted to two thousand doubloons. A later entertainment was marred by the news of the wreck of a ship which was to replenish the duke's cellars, a loss which he keenly felt in a country where much wine was drunk, and not a drop that was good was to be bought.

Meanwhile the absorbing topic of conversation was the announcement of the czar's engagement. Since his arrival at Moscow the Dolgoruki influence had become supreme and sole. Every morning after his toilet Peter was carried off by Prince Alexis to a country house, a league from Moscow. The professed object was to remove him from the fascinations of his aunt, but the real desire was to defer a return to St. Petersburg, to prevent the czar from applying himself to government, to press upon him the re-introduction of the old system, and finally to marry him to one of the prince's daughters. Alexis even availed himself of his own son's neglect of duty to undermine the favorite's influence with Peter. "Some may think this strange," the duke writes, "but it must be realized that in Russia there is no

such thing as obligation to any one; each man seeks his own end, and to attain it will sacrifice father, mother, relations, and friends."

Patriots regarded the monopoly of Prince Alexis with extreme disfavor. While the czar amused himself the live-long day with childish games, the disorder of the government was complete. The people of Moscow respected no authority, and vented its spite upon the foreigners. The deserted Princess Elisabeth consoled herself with gallantries, which had become a public scandal. The climax of the czar's fate was felt to be approaching when the Princess Dolgoruki and her two daughters accompanied him to the hunt. On November 30, Peter formally announced his engagement, and on December 11 the betrothal was celebrated. The function took place in a hall of the palace. The czar's betrothed sat on the Epistle side of the altar in an armchair, with her relations behind her. On her left were the princesses of the blood on low stools; on her right the widowed czarina in an armchair. On the Gospel side sat the czar, with the foreign ministers on his right, and the native magnates on his left. In front of the altar was a gorgeous *balдахhino* held up by six field marshals. Beneath this the Archbishop of Novogorod exchanged the rings of the affianced couple, according to the Greek rite. Every one kissed the hands of the czar and the princess, and all the artillery of Moscow burst into a *feu de joie*. Yet, notwithstanding the fireworks and the dancing, the festivities were dreary. The *fiancée* was tired, and her withdrawal stopped the ball. "There was no supper," plaintively adds the diarist, "though divers tables were provided with all that was necessary for those who wanted supper."

It was of ill-omened significance that during the ceremony the ordinary guard of one hundred and fifty men was increased to twelve hundred, and that as the czar entered the hall the Grenadiers, commanded by his favorite, surrounded the guests, and held the doors. Muskets were loaded; and if the function were disturbed, for which in Russian history there were several precedents, they had orders to fire. These arrangements were made by Alexis Dolgoruki without the knowledge of his uncle, the field marshal, who frankly expressed surprise on the entrance of the Grenadiers. He had indeed strongly opposed the marriage, from which he foresaw the ruin of his house.

The czar's betrothal was but the prelude

to his death. Rarely has there been more rigid adherence to the established sequence of court doctors' bulletins. "The king is ill." "The king is better." "The king is dead." On January 18 the czar was feverish, and stayed indoors; three days later virulent small-pox declared itself; on the third day copious perspiration allayed the fever; by the 28th he was out of danger, and at 1.25 A.M., on the 30th, he was dead. Notwithstanding previous criticisms, Liria regarded Peter's loss as irreparable for Russia, for his excellent understanding, his ready power of comprehension, and his reticence gave promise of a glorious and happy reign. He had shown, so far, no very particular propensity to any form of vice, and drunkenness, so common in Russia, was not to his taste. He was good-looking, and extraordinarily tall for his age. He spoke Latin, French, and German fluently, and had received a fair educational grounding. Having begun to reign, however, at eleven years old, he had never looked at a book again, and the Russians in his *entourage* tried to give him a dislike for reading, that he might be as ignorant as his predecessors. As yet he had not sufficient strength of will to act for himself, and Prince Alexis Dolgoruki, his guardian, and Prince Ivan, his favorite, abusing his weakness, governed at their pleasure, and with such absolute authority, that nobody felt the young monarch's death, in whom was closed the main line of the house of Romanoff after a rule of one hundred and eighteen years.

Peter's consent to his betrothal was extracted from him.\* "Many people thought," writes Liria, "that he would never have married; it is certain that he made very little of his betrothed, and I

could bear witness that he would scarcely look at her. One very peculiar circumstance is that, from the day of the commencement of his engagement, he fell into such deep melancholy that nothing could cheer him, and he told his *confidants* that he should die before long, and that he had nothing to live for."

An infinity of Slavonic pathos lies in that phrase, "he had nothing to live for." The czar of all the Russias, with his fourteen years, his splendid physique, his rapid intelligence, his lack of resolution, and his premature amours, had exhausted life! The Duke of Liria rightly judged that Russia, with all its drink, was a melancholy land; a melancholy partly the result of the Slavonic temperament, partly of hereditary vice, — twin causes hard to disentangle. The death of the young Czar Peter recalls many a half-forgotten or recently read romance of Slavonic life and character, from "La Cousine Bette" to "Marie Baskirtseff." The latter would have found a more interesting ideal for her ambition and a more sympathetic partner for her morbid melancholy in the young Czar Peter than in the florid duke of her unwholesome dreams.

Before the czar was dead, the Grand Council and the magnates discussed the question of succession. The claims of the czar's betrothed were pressed by her family, but he had not the strength to sign a will in her favor. A majority offered the crown to the czar's grandmother, who declined on the ground of age and gout. The Princess Elisabeth, and her sister's son, the Prince of Holstein, were respectively proposed by two other parties, who found small support. The house of Galitzin, which had lost its influence, now once more lifted up its head. It had long cherished the idea of tying the hands of the monarch by an aristocratic constitution on the English model.\* It was proposed to elect Anna, widowed Duchess of Courland and daughter of Czar Ivan, if she would accept capitulations. The Dolgoruki concurred in the proposal, which was carried by the majority of the Junto. Within four hours of the czar's death, the Council, the Senate, the other tribunals, and all generals and colonels in Moscow, were summoned to the palace. The chancellor being hoarse, Prince Dimitri Galitzin proposed the Princess Anna, whose name was received with repeated *vivas*. The generals notified the election to the troops, and

\* Lefort fully confirms Liria's impressions. "The czar bites at the apple, but without showing good appetite." "If the betrothed couple are not more affectionate *tête-à-tête* than they appear in public, no very grand predictions can be formed of their happiness." Even before the engagement, when at a game of forfeits it fell to the czar's lot to kiss the princess, he left the room and rode away. He would weary of hunting and go home alone, making presents of his hounds, and sending hunting, and those who drove him to it, to the devil, in no measured terms. In the three weeks succeeding the betrothal he only paid two visits to his *fiancée*, and his preference for his aunt was an open secret. But the princess deserves little sympathy, for within three months of Peter's death Lefort writes: "La chaste promise du défunt czar est heureusement accouchée d'une fille, digne production d'un Chevalier Garde." — *April 17, 1730*. According to Mme. Rondeau, the princess was a victim to her father's ambition, for she was engaged and deeply attached to the imperial minister's brother. After the betrothal ceremony she sat passive, while the czar held out her hand to receive the salutations of the guests. When her late lover approached, she tore her hand away, and, with signs of strong emotion, gave it to him to kiss. (Letter V.)

\* Lefort believes that the aristocratic reaction which followed the death of Charles XII. in Sweden, was the model for the Russian magnates.

three deputies were sent to Mittau to obtain the czarina's signature to the conditions of election. These capitulations formed a remarkable attempt to replace absolutism by an oligarchy intended to resemble that of the great Whig families. It was provided that the government should rest with a Grand Council of eight members. The czarina could neither marry, nor nominate a successor, nor declare war, nor make peace, nor bestow any commission above the rank of colonel. The royal domain, the treasury, the command of the guards and the army, were out of her control. The monarch could levy no new taxes, nor degrade nobles without just cause; the good of the people was the sole rule for conduct. To these astounding conditions Anna subscribed, adding the words, "If I do not govern in accordance with the above articles, I declare myself to have forfeited the crown." The Council summoned a convention of some eighty persons to consider the czarina's acceptance. Prince Dimitri Galitzin, after reading the capitulations, invited free discussion, and, turning to General Jaguzhinski, asked him to take the articles in his hand, examine them, and state his conscientious conviction without roundabout phrases. Jaguzhinski was at a nonplus, whereupon Galitzin ordered him not to leave the room. The general turned white, and with good reason, for Field Marshal Dolgoruki entered with a sergeant-major of Guards, and carried him off to the palace prison. After so promising a constitutional exordium, Galitzin told the nobles that any scheme for an improved constitution, if committed to writing, would be considered.

Jaguzhinski's arrest caused much excitement. He was a personage in Moscow, owing to his resolution and capacity for intrigue. A devoted servant of the czarina, he had written to advise her to stand firm, for he and his friends would sacrifice their lives to give her the same sovereignty which her predecessors had enjoyed. His envoy arrived five hours after the deputies, and his letter was intercepted. But the party of absolutism was not disarmed. Prince Cherkaski realized that time is against a revolution, and to gain time proposed a constitutional reform levelled against the oligarchical ring of Dolgoruki and Galitzin. This provided for a supreme tribunal of twenty-one persons, and of a Senate of eleven members for the more rapid despatch of business. The election to these and other important offices was left to the Estates-General;

and to check the dominating influence of the great families, a provision familiar to students of the Venetian Constitution was introduced, that not more than one member of a family could be elected, and not more than two could vote. The function of legislation was attributed to the Supreme Tribunal, the Senate, the nobles, and the Commons. Measures were to be suggested for the entrance of the nobility into the army without a liability to more than twenty years' service, and the reaction against the recent system was seen in the provision that no noble should be compelled to serve in the navy, nor to learn any mechanical duties. The clergy and the merchants were relieved from the quartering of soldiers, and the peasants, as far as possible, from taxation. A project was drafted by General Matuskin on much the same lines, adding that the czarina should be compelled to reside at Moscow; while a memorial by Prince Kurakin suggested that a distinction should be made between the old and the new nobility, as in other free countries. These projects were practically set aside by the determination of the Council that eight persons only should form the government, and that these should belong exclusively to the two great houses of Dolgoruki and Galitzin.

Public opinion was much disturbed by this resolution, and was further excited by the appearance of an unusually brilliant meteor. All the old men and women regarded this phenomenon as a divine warning of some imminent disaster. The majority believed that the very fiery color portended civil war, forgetting that nothing was more common in Russia than meteors, which were due to the coldness of the climate.

The meteor portended, if anything, the collapse of the Constitution. The new czarina, to judge by the Duke of Liria's later sketch, was ill-calculated to be a cypher. "She is tall, fat, and swarthy, and, to tell the truth, has a very masculine face. She is amiable, friendly, and extraordinarily attentive. Her liberality amounts to prodigality; she has an excessive liking for display, and has placed her court upon a footing which is unquestionably the most gorgeous in Europe. She likes to be obeyed and punctually informed of all that happens. Neither services, nor yet offences, are forgotten, and she is extremely liable to nurse any dislike that she has once conceived. People say that she is somewhat susceptible, and I am inclined to believe it; but her operations are secret, and I can assert that she

is a princess of high quality, and worthy to reign many years." Anna, before entering Moscow, expressed to the officers of the Preobrazhenski Guards and the Horse Guards her intention of being colonel of the one, and captain of the other. The officers were beside themselves with joy, kissing her hand and bathing it with tears. The oligarchs had resolved to deprive the czarina of the command, but her intrepid action reduced them to silence or applause. They had no courage to present to the troops the form of oath of fidelity to the czarina and the Council, which they had drafted.\* The czarina entered Moscow on the 26th of February, and on the 8th of March she became absolute. The Council, fully aware of Cherkaski's views, had resolved to send him to Siberia; but he forestalled their action. Prepared by his wife, the czarina gave a reception to the nobility. Cherkaski here read a memorial, stating that the capitulations inspired alarm. He therefore prayed that the schemes suggested should be examined, and that the proposal favored by the majority should be presented for the czarina's approval. Upon this, the Council requested her to retire for consultation. Her sister, the Princess of Mecklenburg, said that deliberation was unnecessary, and advised her to sign Cherkaski's memorial. This was greeted by a general murmur, and Anna, calling the captain on guard, ordered him to obey no orders but those of her uncle Soltikoff, his lieutenant-colonel; adding that she did not feel her person to be safe. She then took a pen and signed. The nobility withdrew, and in the evening besought the czarina to accept the sovereignty as her predecessors held it, and to annul the capitulations. It was suggested that the Council and Senate should be replaced by a Senate of twenty-one members, and that the seats therein, as well as the provincial governments and the presidencies of the colleges, should be distributed, as of yore, among the nobles. It was a blow levelled as well against the exotic bureaucracy as against the indigenous oligarchy.

Upon hearing the petition, the members of the Council became as graven images. The czarina ordered the chancellor to bring the capitulations, and tore them in pieces in the sight of all. This act was greeted with a general *viva*, and nobles and officers crowded to kiss her hand. Jaguzhinski was released, and received

again his sword and Order of St. Andrew. Had the Council offered resistance, or had the czarina left the hall, there would have been bloodshed, but the blood would have been that of the councillors, for they were only five. The chancellor favored the lesser nobility, and Osterman had since Peter's death stayed in bed on pretence of illness, giving constant counsel to the czarina through the medium of his wife.

Basil Dolgoruki was deprived of his office of grand chamberlain. He had brought the czarina from Mittau almost as a prisoner, and had been the mainspring in the attempt to keep her as "a slave in a golden cage." Beyond this no immediate punishment was inflicted. Six members of the late Council were included in the new government. But the fall of the house of Dolgoruki was not long deferred. Prince Alexis and his son had appropriated not only the diamonds of the ill-starred Menshikoff, but royal plate and jewels, and the best of the horses and dogs from the royal stables and kennels. Immediate restitution was demanded, though robberies from the treasury were pardoned. Within three months their ill-fortune reached its climax. Alexis and his family were banished to Berosova, where Menshikoff had expiated his ambition. Basil was confined in a rock convent hanging over the Glacial Sea, which the climate and continuous fish diet, unbroken by bread or wine, made equivalent to a death sentence. The brothers of Alexis suffered lighter penalties, Alexander being condemned to serve as ship's lieutenant on the Caspian Sea. "Thus," concludes the diarist, "was completed the ruin of that branch of the house of Dolgoruki, and its fall seemed a just judgment of God for its ill-governance and its unmeasured pride and ambition."

The last act of the Grand Council had been to order the despatch of the contingent promised to the emperor. The Spanish minister had vainly protested that this was neither obligatory nor prudent, he had extolled the power of Spain and her allies, and not without skill laid bare the weakness of the imperial system. The czarina's *coup d'état*, in which he fully sympathized, did not advance his interests. Anna, who fell completely under the influence of the German party, was resolved to fulfil her treaty obligations. Liria's position became intolerable. Osterman conspired with Wratislaw and the Russian ambassador to ruin his credit. He was represented as the close friend of Basil

\* Lefort states that the Guards threatened to break Field Marshal Dolgoruki's legs if he presented the oath.

Dolgoruki, as the opponent of absolute monarchy, as the intimate correspondent of Maurice of Saxony. For some six months the minister was boycotted by the court. He showed a brave face, but he keenly felt his isolation. He was a man of warm affections, and the death of the Swiss master of ceremonies, Habichstal, deeply touched him, especially as he died in the errors of Calvinism. "This," he writes, "was the greatest loss that I could experience, for this worthy friend was my sole consolation in that hell where they do not know what friendship is." A little later died Count Soltikoff, the czarina's uncle, whose death also went to his heart, for nothing was rarer in Russia than a virtuous man and a trustworthy friend, and Soltikoff had proved himself to be the latter when all others had turned their backs. It is gratifying to learn that the duke regained his credit before leaving Russia. He convinced the czarina that he had been on bad terms with Basil Dolgoruki; he had privately ridiculed the republican enthusiasm as absurd and mad; he had always informed his court that the situation would end in absolutism, though, as it did not matter to his master whether the czarina were absolute or not, he had not been fool enough to meddle in what did not concern him; his correspondence with Maurice related solely to Maurice's *billets doux*, which could not affect the Russian monarchy, and which Osterman, notwithstanding repeated promises, delayed to deliver. The czarina generously admitted her misconception; the minister gallantly replied that his greatest consolation would be to pass many years at her feet, and that the order to leave Russia was the only mandate of his master which he obeyed with displeasure. This rejoinder was only diplomatically true. He had long been craving for his recall. This was now necessitated by the withdrawal of the Russian envoy from Spain. The order for departure reached Moscow in August, 1730, but the minister could not pay his debts; illuminations and banquets had brought him into too intimate relations with the Russian Jew. If the Marquis d'Argenson is to be trusted, Spanish ambassadors of this period were apt to pay with their foretopsail; but Liria was too proud for this. The English consul facilitated an adjustment with reasonable creditors. But the Jew Liebman was unconscionable. In vain the Comte de Biron pledged his credit, offering a bill at six months. Rescue came from the czarina. Hearing of the Jew's rascality in desiring

payment, she asked the minister to a farewell dinner, and insisted on advancing the full amount. Such was the financial finale of this brilliant embassy, which cost the Spanish government two million one hundred thousand reals, in addition to six hundred and fifty thousand reals which its minister was unable to recover.

The duke finally left Moscow on November 30. On December 27 he entered Warsaw, crossing the floating ice of the Vistula, with only his bag, and in complete prostration. Travelling in eastern Europe was not luxurious. For twenty-nine days he had not changed his clothes; the necessities of life could only be found in the Jews' houses, and they were such a rough and dirty people, and their houses were so offensive, that he could not enter them. From Warsaw the duke passed to Vienna, where he aided in the negotiations for the Treaty of Vienna. Here he was happier than in Russia. Viennese cookery and Viennese ladies were thoroughly to his taste. He never returned to Spain; after a visit to his beloved Paris he served with Don Carlos in his Neapolitan campaign. His health had, however, been undermined by his residence in Russia, and he died of consumption at an early age on June 2, 1738.

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From The New Review.

#### THE SIMIAN TONGUE.

A SHORT time ago I made arrangements with the superintendent of the Zoological Garden at Central Park, New York, to make some experiments with the phonograph and the monkeys contained in that excellent collection of animals. From the vast interest manifested on the part of the reading public, and the scientific world in general, I feel called upon to give a description of some of these experiments, and show to them how I am progressing in the solution of the Simian tongue. Early in the morning I retired to the monkey house, and, for the first time, approached a cage containing four brown capuchin monkeys, two white-faced sapajous or ringtails, one cudge monkey, and a small spider monkey, none of which I had ever seen or conversed with before. On approaching the cage I saluted them with the word which I have translated from the capuchin tongue to mean "food," and also as described in a former article of mine, as being used in a much wider sense, possibly as a kind of "shibboleth," or peace-

making term among them. On delivering this word to them, almost immediately one of them responded to it and came to the front of the cage, on repeating it two or three times more the remaining three came to the front, and on thrusting my fingers through the bars of the cage they took hold of them and began playing with them with great familiarity and apparent pleasure. They seemed to recognize the sound at once, and also to realize that it had been delivered to them by myself. Whether they regarded me as a great ape or monkey, or some other kind of an animal speaking their tongue, or not I am unable to say. Up to this time I had shown them no food, or drink, or anything of the kind; but soon thereafter I secured some apples and carrots and gave them small bits of them in response to their continual request, using this particular sound until I had satisfied those present that they really understood the word that I had used, and that it was properly translated food. This was not only gratifying to me, but doubly so in view of the fact that I satisfied those present who had come to witness these experiments that I was correct in my solution of this word. Then, placing my phonograph in order, I made a record of the sound, and, turning the instrument upon a cage containing one small rhesus monkey, together with two or three other varieties, I recorded a word of the rhesus monkey which I had believed to correspond in meaning, though quite different in sound, to the capuchin word for food. I then turned the cylinder and repeated it to some monkeys of the same variety in another cage. Then, on presenting some small bits of apple and carrot, I induced the monkeys in the other cage to use the same sound, which they continually did and appeared to me to be asking for food. The cage contained some eighteen or twenty monkeys, and I took a very accurate record of them, almost in chorus. This was just before and during the breakfast hour; I was satisfied that I had discovered the sound in the rhesus dialect which meant food, though it was used in a somewhat more restricted sense than the word which I have described as meaning food (and also with a wider meaning) in the capuchin dialect.

On the same evening there arrived in Central Park a shipment of monkeys brought there from Europe. They were seven in number. At my request they were placed in the upper part of the old Armory building, entirely out of communication with any other monkeys. They

had never seen or heard any of the monkeys in Central Park.

Early on the following morning I repaired to the room in which the monkeys had been placed. In company with me were the superintendent of the Zoological Garden and two or three other gentlemen who had been permitted to come to witness the experiments. I requested them not to offer the monkeys anything to eat, or display anything of the kind, or by any means to attempt to induce them to talk, until I could arrange my phonograph to deliver to them the cylinder which I had recorded on the preceding day. Having arranged my phonograph I repeated this record that I had made in the monkey house. Up to this time there had not been a word spoken or a sound emitted by any of the new arrivals; but immediately upon the reproduction of the record taken in the monkey house they began to respond, using the same sounds, and gave every evidence of understanding the meaning of the sounds delivered through the horn. It is exceedingly difficult to represent this sound by any formula. But as nearly as I can express it in letters it is approximated by the letters nqu-u-w, being the long u, equivalent to double o in the word shoot. One of the most difficult things in the study of the language of the Simian is to find either verbal or literal expressions that will adequately convey the idea of either the meaning of the word or its sound, because in the Simian tongue one word often represents an entire sentence, and this one word is generally composed of sounds which are not usually represented by alphabetic characters; hence the great difficulty. The needs or demands in this particular language have never heretofore caused an alphabet to be invented, although it is possible to invent letters to represent their sounds as it was to invent letters to represent the sounds of the human voice. But as there has never been any use for them before, there have never been any letters invented to represent the Simian sounds. Their peculiar mode of thought gives rise to their peculiar mode of expression, and there are no expressions in the human speech that are equivalent to the simple *monophones* (as I denominated them) in the Simian tongue. I next proceeded to take a record of the new arrivals. They were all of the same species, being rhesus monkeys. There were three mothers and four babes, one of the babes being an orphan, the mother having died on her passage across the ocean. Of these I succeeded in getting

two very excellent records — one of the orphan babe and the other of one in an adjoining compartment. He was exceedingly talkative, very noisy, but quite intelligent for his age. These monkeys do not generally talk or make a noise, except when they really desire to communicate some idea by their sounds. I do not think that they are given to habitually chattering in a meaningless or senseless way, but my opinion is that their chattering is always accompanied with definite ideas and a desire to convey them to others. After having made records of these two young monkeys, I carried the cylinders to the monkey house, where I reproduced them on the phonograph, in the presence of the rhesus monkeys confined there, and found that they gave evidences of understanding; although the great number of them prevented its having the effect that it otherwise would have had, because it was impossible for them to distinguish whether these sounds were made by some of their own number, or some new monkeys that had been introduced into the house. The consequence is I did not get their attention in such a marked degree as I have in many other instances. And as I succeeded in getting the attention of the new arrivals, having them to themselves, where they were not interrupted by the continuous babble of the monkey house, I feel thoroughly satisfied that the new word which I have discovered in the rhesus dialect is indeed the word for food, as used among these monkeys. And I confidently feel that one more step in the direction of the mastery of the Simian tongue has been taken. And I believe this translation to be practically correct and tenable. Remember that these records were taken under very great difficulties, and yet I regard the experiments as being very conclusive. The great difficulty of taking the records, or rather of reproducing them with the desired effect in the presence of so many monkeys, of course can only be appreciated after one has tried these experiments. But where one monkey is alone very much better results can be reached, since in that event you can attract his attention and keep it fixed on what you are trying to do; whereas a number of them occupying the same cage or even the same house are in such close proximity to one another that their chattering and continual talking attract the attention of the monkey upon which you are trying to operate, and thus in a measure defeat your purpose. However, I am thoroughly satisfied with my experiments

and their results on my last visit to Central Park.

After an absence of some days I returned to the park, and, entering the monkey house, approached the cage which contained my little brown capuchin friend. There were a good many visitors in the house at the time, but on the instant of my entering the door my little Simian friend recognized me and immediately set up quite a howl, begging me to come to him. I went to the cage, giving him my hand to play with; he gave every evidence of great pleasure at my visit. There was another little monkey of the same species in the same cage with him, who had shown some disposition to become friendly with me, and on former visits had manifested some interest in me. On this occasion he came playfully to the bars of the cage and desired to share the pleasure of my visit with his Simian brother, but this was denied him by the first monkey (whose name was McGinty), who pounced upon him immediately and drove him away, as he also did the other monkeys in the cage, monopolizing my entire society himself. He refused under any conditions to allow any other inmates of the cage to receive any of my caresses, or any of the food that I had for them. I have made a good many observations among the spider monkeys, but they are not very intelligent, and possess only a very limited number of sounds. Their vocal powers are very inferior, and their sounds exceedingly ambiguous. They are well disposed and docile, but their language is almost as far inferior to that of the brown capuchin as the brown capuchin's appears to be below the chimpanzee's and as the chimpanzee's appears to be below the lowest order of human speech.

For the past month I have been making records in the Zoological Garden at Washington at such times and with such objects as I could find.

In the collection in that Garden is still to be found old "Prince," the original grey *Macacus* from which I made the first record in the phonograph that I ever made. I regard his language, however, as very far inferior to that of the brown capuchin which, as I believed a year ago, was superior to that of any other monkey. In the Garden here I also found some four or five capuchins, some of them very good specimens, all except one being quite young. The brightest one in the collection is a little brown monkey, whose name is "Pedro." He is exceedingly clever and communicative. On my first visit to him

a month ago I found him caged with several others. In the same cage was a small spider monkey who was very fond of playing with little Pedro, and who had a habit of catching him by the tail and dragging him around on the floor. This, Pedro seemed to dislike very heartily. He complained very frequently and very loudly, but to no purpose. The other monkeys seemed to impose upon him, depriving him of his food and all other liberties that a bright little monkey ought to have had in a free country like this. And when I first visited the cage I took his part against the other monkeys, and we soon became friends. He would catch hold of my fingers through the meshes of the cage and chatter and show every mark of appreciation. We soon became quite good friends. A little later I had him placed in a cage to himself, where I have been able to handle him with comparative ease. I have made a splendid phonographic record of his speech. I got him to hold his mouth right up to the tube and talk quite loud. Each succeeding experiment gives me more and more assurance of the ultimate success of my studies. And when I see how many truly scientific people and great scholars and naturalists are firm believers in my theory, I can well afford to ignore the shallow wags who try to say something funny about it. Were it not for such moral support, however, one might feel discouraged at the great tax on time and patience which is necessary to learn even one word of this most singular language. The discovery of the rhesus word for food has accelerated my efforts and intensified my hopes; and, while it has required many months of labor to learn this one new word, I feel amply rewarded for my pains. I hope very soon to be able to add one more word to the list, in which event it will be duly announced. I shall soon furnish a full description of my work here at Washington.

R. L. GARNER.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE LADIES' GALLERY.

BIG BEN is striking two, and if we intend to secure good seats we must hurry. Breathless with haste, we reach the little door through which it is necessary to pass to gain the Ladies' Gallery. Here a stern policeman stands guard, who demands the name of the member whose order we hold. Having inscribed this on a sheet of blue

paper, he ushers us into a little dark waiting-room, where we must sit and possess our souls in patience for more than half an hour. The House meets at three, and the door of the Ladies' Gallery is opened a quarter of an hour before that time; but in order to obtain seats in the front row, it is best to appear on the scene not long after two o'clock, or on very special nights, even earlier than that. Wearily the time drags along; unless, warned by previous experience, we have provided ourselves with literature of some kind, there is nothing for it but to wait as cheerfully as we may, deriving some information and amusement at least from the behavior of our fellow-victims. With what envied ease those who possess a personal and domestic interest in some of the members comport themselves. How calmly they converse with each other on their private affairs, in not always modulated tones. Look at those girls, how shy and excited they seem; they have never been here before, it is clear. Some of these ladies have visited the House so often that it is now almost a bore to come, at least they no longer feel any enthusiasm over it. Others are enjoying the pleasant excitement of a new experience; while others, again, are still placidly interested and curious, although the novelty of the thing has worn off. Ladies of all kinds, in short, are to be seen here from time to time—political, fashionable, young, and old, and dames that are nondescript.

At length the guardian policeman puts his head in at the door and announces that we can now receive our tickets. In the order, then, of our arrival, numbered white bone or ivory discs are presented to us, and with these in our hands we commence to climb the stairs. Three long, steep flights are there, and each step of the last flight at least is accompanied by sighs for a lift. Passing through the swing-door at the top, we find ourselves in the midst of a long, bare corridor with swing-doors at each end. Through that on our right hand men with a business-like air and sheets of white paper in their hands, occasionally pass and repass. These are the reporters of various newspapers on their way to and from the Reporters' Gallery, which lies immediately in front of and below the one set aside for ladies.

The entrance to the Ladies' Gallery itself is on the other side of the corridor from the one at which we entered, and a little lower down to the right. But there are still some minutes to pass before the magic door is opened. Novices in the

ways of the place generally plant themselves as close to the door as possible, in the hope of rushing in first. Vain delusion! The numbers on their tickets betray them, and the courteous official in charge gently relegates them to their own place. There are only eighteen seats in the gallery in all, and these are divided into two rows, the back one being raised a step higher than the front. In spite of this, a position in the second row is not much to be coveted, as from it little can be seen of the House, except by standing up and craning over the heads of those seated below. In the front row the case is quite different; there you can draw your chair close up to the oft complained-of, over-abused grating, and look down comfortably upon all that passes. As regards the said grating, it really is not so bad as it has been painted. Its meshes are wide, and, beyond rendering the gallery rather dark, and producing a slight sensation as of a veil continually before the eyes, it interferes not at all with the comfort of those seated behind it, or with the view they obtain.

At present the House is almost entirely empty. A few officials stand idly near the door, an odd member or so wanders aimlessly in, gazes about him vaguely for a few moments, deposits a hat on a chosen seat, and wanders out again. It is not yet three o'clock.

We look about us for a while. The Ladies' Gallery is set far back, and commands a view of almost the entire hall. On the right, between the end of the Ladies' Gallery and the wall, is the Speaker's Gallery, which of course we cannot see. Just below is the Reporters' Gallery, extending the whole width of the House and a little round on each side. It is divided into a number of small compartments, just large enough to hold one man, who enters from the back, steps down, shuts himself in, and sits like a Jack-in-the-Box. Over the edge of this gallery appears the green canopy of the speaker's chair, which will effectually screen him from our view when he is seated beneath. In front of the chair stands a big table, covered with books, pamphlets, etc. This is the clerks' table, and along the foot of it, presently, the glittering mace will be laid. The members' benches are on either side, the front Ministerial and Opposition Benches facing the table on the right and left hand of the speaker respectively. A narrow gangway on both sides of the House divides the front benches and those immediately behind them from the rest.

Benches, therefore, below this are "below the gangway." The principal entrance to the House is through a wide door facing us, on either side of which are the "cross-benches," extending as far as the "bar of the House." From where we sit, the brass knobs of the latter can only just be faintly discerned sticking out from the ends of the nearest cross-bench on each side. Here, too, is placed the big elbow-chair of the serjeant-at-arms. Above the doorway and over the cross-benches are the galleries for peers and strangers, the latter generally well filled. Galleries also extend along the sides of the House for the use of members; on the night of a great debate these are full to overflowing, but at other times frequently empty.

At length on the stroke of three, the cry of "Speaker!" is raised in the lobbies without, and presently the doors are swung back, and the great man appears in his wig and gown. Preceded by the serjeant-at-arms bearing the mace, and followed by the chaplain, he passes towards the chair, bowing right and left at every step. The doors are then closed, and prayers are read by the chaplain. During this ceremony the few members present fidget somewhat after the manner of schoolboys on a similar occasion.

Then comes "Question-time." This lasts a longer or shorter period, according to the number and character of the questions honorable members desire to ask those in authority. It is no doubt a most useful indispensable institution; but question-time is nevertheless, as a rule, rather dull, though sometimes enlivened by a sharp skirmish between smart speakers on both sides of the House.

A slight pause precedes the commencement of the serious business of the day. The benches are by this time fairly well filled, and a slight rustle goes through the assembly as the first speaker rises to address the House on the matter in hand. On the night of a big speech by some leading orator and statesman, the House of Commons is indeed a sight worth seeing. The floor and galleries are crammed, not a vacant seat is to be found anywhere; the members are disposed in various attitudes, characteristic or peculiar, yet all listening intently. At one moment a stillness deep as death may prevail, broken only by that one voice ringing through the room, sweeping its hearers along in a tide of eloquence, swaying them this way and that with its persuasive eloquence. The next — some chance word of the orator breaks the spell — a storm arises; cheers, counter-cheers,

calls and other expression of accord or dissent. "Order! Order! Order!" "Hear! Hear! Hear!" roll like waves of sound from one end of the building to the other. The wildest confusion of voices obtains, and it is some time before the tumult is stayed. Such a scene is superb but indescribable.

How great, then, is the contrast when some prosy individual holds the floor, boring the House with his especial fad. Rapidly the seats empty; one by one the members steal away; while those who remain to suffer martyrdom for the sake of "keeping a house" stretch themselves comfortably to sleep if they can. Occasionally a stray member or two peeps in, listens for a few minutes, then hurries away; sometimes one look at the speaker is a sufficient reason for beating a hasty retreat.

It is while a particularly pronounced specimen of the latter type of orator is holding forth that we retire for afternoon tea. On the fine bright afternoons of summer, gallant members are wont to entertain their lady friends to tea on the terrace, which runs along by the river. Here we can sit and see the boats glide up and down the Thames, or watch the living stream passing ceaselessly over Westminster Bridge. On such an occasion as this the terrace is a pretty sight; the gay hues of the ladies' dresses brighten the sombre stone walls and add picturesqueness to the scene. Talk and laughter float lightly round, forming a merry accompaniment to the demolition of cake and strawberries. Our staid legislators for the time being have laid aside the cares of the State. But to-day the harmony is not destined to remain undisturbed. The division bell rings imperatively, attendants appear to shout the summons in our deafened ears, members depart hastily, and for a while the ladies are left forlorn.

After tea, before returning to the gallery, a walk through the building is proposed by our entertainer. So away we go through corridors and up staircases, mazy and bewildering to the stranger. Every now and again we catch glimpses of inviting-looking reading and smoking rooms, whither we may not enter; but at length our pilgrimage ends in the waiting-lobby outside the hall of the Commons. Between the outer and inner doors of the entrance to the latter is a little seat in the left-hand corner. To this we are conducted, and standing on it in turn, peep through the little glass window into the House. Now at last we see the speaker

seated in state, get a near view of a gesticulating orator, scan the green leather-covered benches and the rows of faces, inspect the "bar of the House," glance upwards to the bars of the Ladies' Gallery, and descry dim forms within. This peephole is very enticing; but we must tear ourselves away, and once more mounting the weary stairs, find our way back to our old places.

The House has wakened up over some question, and a lively debate is in process, amid much laughter, cheering, and cries of "No! No!" Then comes the shout "Divide! Divide!" It is a great misfortune that from our present position we cannot hear the words of the speaker very well, but we manage to make out that he puts the question, that there is a shout of aye! on the one hand, and of no! on the other, and then the speaker announces that the ayes! have it. "No!" is shouted again. So an adjournment to the lobbies is necessary to settle the matter. A pause ensues, during which we can hear the attendants calling "Division!" from lobby to lobby, till the sound dies away in the distance. Members drawn from various occupations, and from remote parts of the building, come sauntering or hurrying in. There is a moment of expectation before the speaker puts the question for the second time, and the same performance is repeated as at first. "Ayes to the right, Noes to the left," says the speaker, and the members file out. It is curious and interesting to watch the various methods of progression adopted: some saunter languidly; others move with a quick, brisk, decided step; many join in groups of two or three to hold an earnest conversation as they pass out; a few rush out the instant the word is given; far more hang back till the House is nearly empty before they slowly take their departure. The lobby without is then cleared and the doors locked. Presently, a thin stream of men begins to come back, while the sound of a teller's voice falls faintly on our listening ears. At last all are counted, and the four tellers forming into line, march up to the table, bow to the speaker, one of the tellers on the winning side announces the numbers, and the episode is over.

Soon after half past seven we descend for dinner to a dining-room overlooking the terrace. Here members may only dine when they are accompanied by ladies. At this hour numerous ladies in evening dress are to be met with flitting about the corridors and staircases, while cosy parties

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## A LATTERDAY VALENTINE.

(LEAP YEAR: NEW STYLE.)

*(From Miss Anastasia Jay, New York, to  
Thomas, Earl of Dunbrowne, London.)*

VALENTINES plebeian  
 Cannot fix an earl —  
 I'm as you may see, an  
 Ardent Yankee girl.  
 Nothing "soft" you'll find here,  
 No old-fashioned lay;  
 Say then, you'll be mine, dear,  
 In the modern way.

You (we haven't met as  
 Yet I must record)  
 Figure in "Debrett" as  
 Out-and-out a lord:  
 Ancestors, a thousand,  
 Dignities, a score —  
 Hear my bashful vows, and  
 Think this matter o'er.

I don't in for pa go;  
 Pa despised New York;  
 Porpa in Chicago  
 Cultivated pork:  
 Ma was born a Gerald;  
 Birth was morma's pride —  
 As the *New York Herald*  
 Mentioned when she died.

Well, my pile's a million,  
 That's a fact, you bet:  
 I'm in our cotillon  
 Quite the Broadway pet:  
 I can sing like Patti;  
 And to win I went  
 For the Cincinnati  
 Tennis Tournament.

I've a lovely right hand;  
 For my face I've sat  
 By electric light — and  
 Elegant at that!  
 I enclose the photo,  
 Just for you to see,  
 But deny *in toto*  
 That it flatters me.

You, I've read, are rather  
 "Up the spout" for cash,  
 Owing to your father  
 Having been so splash:  
 I from debt could free you,  
 And in politics  
 Calculate to see you  
 Bagging all the tricks.

Any earl who marries  
 Anastasia Jay  
 Will (except in Paris)  
 Get his little way,  
 Fear no interference;  
 Relatives remain, —  
 But their disappearance  
 Beats me to explain.

Thomas, I adore thee! —  
 "Thomas" *is* thy name,  
 Isn't it? — the more the  
 Scandal and the shame!  
 All I ask you, Tom, is  
 Just one loving line,  
 One type-written promise  
 Publishing you mine.

Matrimony's heart is  
 Houselike, "half-detached,"  
 Seldom save at parties  
 Or in papers matched —  
 Answer "Yes," or break 'll  
 This poor heart of mine.  
 Be my *Fin-de-Siècle*,  
 Be my Valentine!

Punch.

## A SPRING CHANSON.

THE glad springtide is here again;  
 The thrushes sing all day;  
 We've violets in the sheltered glen,  
 And gorse-bloom on the brae;  
 Along a green and daisied world,  
 The lights and shadows flit;  
 The cherry-trees with buds are pearled,  
 The crocus lamps are lit.

From gnarled apple-boughs the buds  
 Of perfumed white and red  
 Are peeping forth; in scented woods,  
 The wind-flower lifts its head;  
 In lonely swamp and hollow springs  
 The wild marsh marigold;  
 Beneath the flow'ring currant, sings  
 A blackbird gay and bold.

The shimmering sunbeams sport and play  
 Upon the beeches tall,  
 And rest on the laburnums gay  
 Beside the garden wall.  
 Oh, glad springtime; from shore to shore  
 Your gifts are scattered free,  
 And best of all, you bring once more  
 My true love back to me!

Chambers' Journal.

M. ROCK.

## CHANGE AND REST.

*(In Sight of the Pyrenees.)*

SHALL all our troubled life soon cease?  
 Our life like yonder rushing stream —  
 Shall purity be ours and peace,  
 Like yonder snowy peaks that gleam  
 Beneath the dazzling morning light,  
 And all unconscious slowly change?  
 Shall we like frozen flakes, once white,  
 Again rush on and joyous range  
 Adown some new and happier ways?  
 O mystery of life that flows,  
 And ebbs again, and seeks repose:  
 A thousand years shall seem but days.

Academy. BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF COUNT  
POZZO DI BORGO.\*

THE island of Corsica, with a population of less than a quarter of a million, produced, nearly at the same time, two of the most remarkable men among those who played leading parts in the great events of the closing years of the last and the early years of the present century: the one was Napoleon Bonaparte, the other Charles André Pozzo di Borgo, the great Russian diplomatist, whose official correspondence during a few eventful years is now being given to the public by his nephew. Almost simultaneously a life of him by the Vicomte Maggiolo gives the most complete account yet published of his career, and shows how great was the influence that he exercised over the foreign policy of both Russia and France, especially during the years from the first restoration of the Bourbons in 1814 to their fall in 1830. The dream of his diplomatic life was to bring about an alliance between the two powers, and in the pursuit of it he did not allow himself to be troubled by any inconvenient scruples about the morality of the means by which it was to be effected, nor by regard for the interests or rights of any other nation. The Russian government is perhaps the only one which, without ever losing sight of an object it has once determined to attain, knows how to wait and to bide its time, desisting, when necessary, from its immediate pursuit, while watching for a favorable opportunity for taking it up again; and everything that throws light upon the basis on which it was proposed to found the alliance in the past helps to show what may be expected if it should be attempted in the future.

Count Pozzo's family was one of the oldest and most considerable of Corsica. At the time of his birth in 1764 the struggle to shake off the yoke of the republic of Genoa had long been going on under the leadership of the great patriot, Pasquale Paoli, and the Pozzo di Borgos were

among the foremost of their countrymen in the cause of independence, which had been practically achieved when, in 1768, the Genoese government, recognizing their inability to reduce the island to submission, sold their asserted rights over it to King Louis XVI. of France. Charles André Pozzo di Borgo, being born four years earlier, was thus entitled in after life to boast that he had been "born free," while his great countryman and contemporary, Napoleon, who was no less anxious to be considered as born a Frenchman, gave 1769 as the year of his own birth, a date the accuracy of which has been much questioned. The Bonapartes, like the Pozzo di Borgos, had been energetic partisans of Paoli, and, although they were of a much lower social position, a close intimacy sprang up between the two families. Charles André was the friend and constant companion of Joseph and Napoleon Bonaparte, and in his memoirs he describes their characters at that time, when they were all mere lads. Joseph, he says, was the gentler of the two, while Napoleon had more vivacity and *emportement* in his actions and in his manners; but it was with him, the younger brother, that it was necessary to count in the small matters arising between them, which makes it difficult to suppose that, however great his precocity, there can have been as much as five and a half years difference in their ages.

When the Corsicans, who flattered themselves that they had achieved their independence, found themselves handed over to the French king without their consent or knowledge, their indignation and anger knew no bounds, and Paoli and his friends, among whom the most energetic was Charles Bonaparte, the father of Joseph and Napoleon, resolved to oppose the French as they had opposed the Genoese; but they could not offer effectual resistance to the forces sent against them, and after a brief struggle they were overpowered, Paoli himself being obliged to fly and take refuge in England. The new government, however, interfered little with existing usages and customs, and was altogether administered with so much consideration that the people were gradually reconciled

\* 1. *Correspondance Diplomatique du Comte Pozzo di Borgo*. Par le Comte Charles Pozzo di Borgo. Paris: 1890.

2. *Pozzo di Borgo*. Par le Vicomte Adrien Maggiolo. Paris: 1890.

to it, and Count Pozzo's father, a former champion of the independence, became a member of the Council of Twelve under the French governor. Everything went on peaceably and well till the breaking out of the French Revolution produced in Corsica the same agitation that it had provoked in every other part of the kingdom, and two parties arose in the island. The one, having at its head the governor and public functionaries, wished to oppose it; the other, adopting the new ideas, was enthusiastically in favor of accepting the decrees of the National Assembly and the tricolor cockade.

The magical word "liberty," which was constantly in the mouth of the Revolutionists, had an irresistible attraction for the Corsicans, and it was no sooner pronounced in the island than the people clamored for the return of General Paoli, who was recalled from his exile by a decree of the National Assembly, and the town of Ajaccio deputed Charles André Pozzo and Joseph Bonaparte to go to meet and escort him back to Bastia, where Napoleon was one of the first to welcome him.

Paoli on his own authority [says Count Pozzo in his memoirs] proceeded to convoke a meeting, open to every one, at the Convent of Orezza. The convent and the valley were filled with armed men coming from every canton, and the general proposed and the meeting decided that a petition should be sent to the National Assembly asking that Corsica should be declared an integral part of France and constituted a Department, and that two delegates should be chosen to present a petition to this effect to the Assembly.

On Paoli's suggestion Gentili, a veteran of the struggle for independence, and the young Charles André Pozzo di Borgo were elected as the delegates. They proceeded to Paris and presented the petition at the bar of the National Assembly, which, after an eloquent speech by Mirabeau in support of it, unanimously passed a decree in conformity with its demands. After that Count Pozzo says:—

I passed five months at Paris, attending the sittings of the Assembly and cultivating the remarkable men of the time. Mirabeau encouraged me much to go to him, and I some-

times dined with him. I was intensely interested in what I saw and heard. I shared the doctrines of the day, in the belief that they would only lead us to reforms, but not to revolution. I went sometimes to the meetings of the Jacobins, which disgusted me by the triviality, exaggeration, and bad taste that reigned in them.

After the dissolution of the Constituent Pozzo was elected as one of the Corsican deputies to the Legislative Assembly, which he describes as consisting of the Girondins, who wished for power and the republic, of the Jacobins, who wanted the republic and popular tyranny, and of the Moderates, who were in favor of a constitutional monarchy, with which last, as "morally and politically the least bad," he was in the habit of voting, and he was present at the sitting of the fatal August 10, when the king and the royal family were arrested. A National Convention was convoked; but, disheartened and discouraged by all he had seen, he wrote to Corsica to decline a nomination to it, and after remaining a short time longer in Paris, and becoming a silent spectator of the proclamation of the republic, he returned home.

On his arrival in Corsica Paoli, who received him with the affection of a father, questioned him closely on the state of France, and was confirmed by his answers in the belief that not only France but Europe was about to go through a crisis which might disturb the whole world. He saw and appreciated the general danger, but in the isolated position of Corsica his first care was to see to the safety and tranquillity of his native island and to watch the development of events on the Continent without becoming the victim of them. He decided to submit to the decrees of the Convention, without, however, putting in force the most oppressive of their dispositions, and although it was determined, while waiting for better days, to carry on the government according to the new forms, the confiscation of the small properties left behind by the Corsican *émigrés*, who were few in number, was not enforced. The friendship that had subsisted between the Pozzo di Borgos and the Bonapartes had for some time been on the wane, and was soon to be followed by

the animosity which lasted to the fall of the French Empire. Napoleon had resented the election of Charles André as deputy to the Legislative Assembly in preference to his own brother Joseph, and he was still further irritated when, through the influence of Paoli, his nomination as procureur général syndic gave him the most important of the ministerial functions and made him virtually the governor of the island. But the Bonapartes had not yet openly broken with Paoli, though they associated with the Jacobins and frequented the Jacobin club founded at Ajaccio in connection with those of Toulon, Marseilles, and Paris.

While the Reign of Terror in France filled the prisons with "suspects," and established the guillotine in permanence, a moderate and conciliatory administration kept Corsica in a state of comparative tranquillity; for the Corsicans, though devoted to freedom, for which they had always been ready to shed their blood, were not revolutionists of the French type, Saliceti alone of their deputies to the Convention having voted for the death of the king. But though Paoli and Pozzo were undoubtedly acting in unison with the wishes of the great bulk of their countrymen in making it their aim to save the island from the Terror, the task proved beyond their strength. The Jacobin clubs denounced them to the National Convention, which sent three commissioners to Corsica with unlimited powers, the regicide and terrorist Saliceti being one of them. Saliceti, on his arrival, had an interview with Pozzo, who describes it in his memoirs.

We could not understand or trust each other: his plan was to instal the Terror in Corsica, mine to do nothing extraordinary—to preserve the peace of the island without quarelling (*sans nous brouiller*) with France, and still less separating from her, republic as she was; and to wait for the end of the crisis, which was too violent to last. General Paoli advocated this system without any *arrière-pensée* either of independence or of submission to the English.

Things were in this state when, at the instigation of Lucien Bonaparte, the National Convention passed a decree in which

the names of Paoli and Pozzo di Borgo were included in a list of the persons to be proscribed, the spirit that actuated him being betrayed by an intercepted letter from him to his brothers announcing the decree in the triumphant words, "*Paoli e Pozzo decretati e la nostra fortuna fatta,*" which, when the services of the former to their common country are considered, offers a scarcely credible example of the unscrupulous self-seeking of the Bonaparte family. When the decree of the National Convention, which was equivalent to a sentence of death, was known, a perfect storm of indignation arose throughout the island, for Paoli was a national hero, adored by the whole people, and the citation addressed to him and Pozzo by Saliceti and the two other commissioners was responded to by a summons from the General Council convoking deputies from all the communes to meet "to save the country from anarchy and to demand the revocation of the decree." Above a thousand deputies, furnished with full powers from their communes, presented themselves at the place of meeting, accompanied by an enthusiastic host of followers; they invited the attendance of Paoli and Pozzo, who declared their readiness either to resist or to leave the country, according to the decision of the meeting, upon which, with a burst of universal acclamation, every man present swore to defend them to the last. Paoli was confirmed in his title of Generalissimo and Father of the Country, while Pozzo was declared to have deserved well of his country and maintained in his position as procureur général syndic, and it was resolved that an address should be sent to the Convention to set forth the state of affairs. The next day the text of the address was voted, the powers of the Conventional commissioners were declared null and those of the provincial administrations confirmed, and Paoli was ordered to see to the defence of the country, and to resist any hostile invasion. There was still no thought of throwing off the connection with France, and the address declared "that the people of the Department of Corsica, faithful to their oaths and to their promises, persist in their union with

the French Republic, but always free and unoppressed."

The next day the conventional commissioners made an attack on Ajaccio with a frigate, a corvette, two gunboats, and transports, but, after five days of fruitless efforts, were obliged to abandon the enterprise and to re-embark their troops, which were under the command of Napoleon Bonaparte, who went first to join his family at Calvi and thence proceeded to France. He was soon followed by Saliceti, upon whose report the Convention pronounced Paoli and Pozzo di Borgo, together with a number of the most considerable citizens of Corsica, traitors to the Republic and *hors la loi*, and when this decree reached the island another general assembly was called. It expressed its horror of the system of violence and rapine that was attempted to be enforced upon the Corsicans, and especially of the persecution and the destruction of all religion, and ended by pronouncing the dissolution of every connection with France, declaring Corsica a monarchical state, of which the constitution would be elaborated by a national assembly, and offering the sovereignty to George III., king of Great Britain, on condition of his swearing to respect the liberties of the country. The offer having been favorably entertained in London, Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Lord Minto, and Lord Hood, commanding the Mediterranean squadron, arrived in Corsica in January, 1794, as commissioners from the British government, with full powers to make the necessary arrangements; but little could be done at first, as the French, though driven by the people from the country districts, still held the strong positions of Bastia, Calvi, and San Fiorenzo, and Lord Hood concluded a convention with Paoli agreeing that the British forces should assist the Corsicans in expelling them. The operations were, however, protracted by misunderstandings between the naval and military commanders, the latter refusing for a long time to co-operate in the bolder plans of attack advocated by Lord Hood and Nelson, which, when ultimately adopted, led to the capture of Bastia, the last of the French strongholds. Immediately after this event Sir G. Elliot, who had received his commission as viceroy, formally announced the king's acceptance of the crown and sovereignty of the island, and in his Majesty's name took the oath, solemnly promising to respect the constitution and the liberties of the Corsican people.

Sir Gilbert, on his arrival, had met with the most cordial reception from Paoli, whom he found old and much broken in health, and protesting that his only wish was to retire into private life after seeing tranquillity and a good government established in the island; but in his earliest letters to his government the viceroy expressed some doubt whether, when it came to the point, a man who had played so great a part would willingly descend to a second place, and in this he was not mistaken. The British government, moreover, did nothing to conciliate Paoli or to keep him in good humor, but treated him with entire neglect, seeming to ignore his very existence. It was he who had given the crown of Corsica to the king, and it was not unnatural that he should be both hurt and indignant when he did not receive from his Majesty's ministers one word of acknowledgment for his services or of hope that he would continue to exert his vast influence over his countrymen in consolidating the new order of things. He had, moreover, entertained the hope of being himself appointed viceroy—an arrangement which the British government obviously could not sanction—and, when another was nominated to that post, his resentment was at once made manifest and his attitude altogether changed.

He withdrew from all public business, remaining at home brooding over fancied wrongs, and, although the first parliament called under the new constitution at once elected him president and voted that his bust should be placed in the Chamber, he would not appear within its walls even on the occasion of its installation, and he became jealous of and estranged from the best of his former friends. Sir G. Elliot had quickly recognized the talents and great capacity for business of Pozzo di Borgo, who, proving himself an admirable coadjutor in carrying on the administration, became the right hand of the viceroy, as he had before been that of Paoli, and from that time dates the lasting friendship that was established between them. But Paoli bitterly resented what he considered the desertion of his former lieutenant by the transfer to another of the allegiance he thought due to himself alone, and Pozzo was deeply pained by the accusation. He loved and venerated Paoli as a father, and his affectionate and generous nature never allowed him under any provocation, either at the time or later, to speak of his old leader otherwise than in the terms of regard and respect which he said was due to him from every Corsican.

Paoli after a time became the centre around which all the malcontents rallied, causing much embarrassment to the government, till he was induced to accept an invitation from the king to proceed to England with a pension of 3,000*l.* a year, which he received during the remaining years of his life; but the spirit of disaffection he had done so much to arouse continued after his departure.

The extraordinary successes of Napoleon in his Italian campaign had encouraged the partisans of France; he was threatening an expedition against Sardinia, the capture of which would render precarious the position of Corsica, where many of the people were dazzled by the exploits of their countryman, while the British government, deaf to repeated remonstrances, though giving no hint of abandoning the island, did nothing to strengthen its means of defence against a serious attack. The viceroy's letters had been left unread, and lay unopened on the Duke of Portland's table, and it was with no less surprise than mortification that in October, 1797, he received peremptory orders for an immediate evacuation, which he had no choice but to obey. No sooner, however, had they been sent off than the government bethought themselves of the unopened letters, and having read them repented their decision, and in all haste despatched fresh orders countermanding the first. They naturally arrived too late, and when they reached Corsica the last of the troops were already embarked on board the transports. Napoleon, informed of the preparations for the evacuation of the island, at once sent a force under General Gentili to take possession, and took the opportunity of indulging in the animosity with which he pursued Pozzo di Borgo to the end of his reign by giving that officer specific orders to exclude him from the general amnesty that was to be proclaimed.

This closed forever Pozzo's connection with his native island, of which he had conducted the administration with great ability at a very difficult period, and with unshaken loyalty to the British viceroy, whose esteem he ever after retained. He proceeded to England, and never saw Corsica again; for although his heart remained true to the land of his birth he could not visit it while the Empire lasted, and after the Restoration he never had a moment's leisure. Arriving in London, a proscribed fugitive, unknown and without resources of his own, his situation would have been far from enviable if it had not

been for the friendship and liberal assistance of Sir G. Elliot, by this time created Lord Minto, to which in after years, when at the height of prosperity and distinction, he frequently referred in terms of grateful acknowledgment. Lord Minto was one of the most prominent politicians of the day, and the eminent men in whose intimacy he lived, and to whom Pozzo was introduced by him, were not slow in perceiving his unusual abilities, while his genial character and brilliant conversational talents soon made him universally welcome in society, and gave him a leading place among the *émigrés* belonging to the first French families who were then collected in London.

When, in 1799, Lord Minto was sent as envoy extraordinary to Vienna, he invited Pozzo to accompany him, and treated him as a member of his own family as long as he remained. This determined Pozzo's future career; although he had no official position, it initiated him in the diplomatic transactions of the day, which he followed with all the enthusiasm of his nature, and he was thoroughly absorbed in foreign politics long before he had any official connection with them. At Vienna, as in London, he quickly became intimate with the Prince de Ligne, Prince Adam Czartoryski, and others of the same distinction, with whom he discussed the affairs of Europe. But the freedom with which he developed his own views, and probably criticised the equivocal policy of Austria, provoked the authorities to proceed to his expulsion, which was averted only by the prompt interposition of Lord Minto, who, not being able to claim for him the privileges of a member of his legation, appealed to the emperor in his favor.

After this, however, he seems not to have considered it advisable to remain in Vienna, and towards the end of 1800 he returned to England, where he renewed his relations with the French *émigrés*, who, like himself, were hoping for the restoration of the royal family. Pozzo must be regarded at this time in the light of a political adventurer, anxious, as his admiring biographer states, to "*retrouver à la fois une patrie et un champ d'action.*" Action was, in fact, what he panted for, and he was ready to make a *patrie* of any country that gave him a field for it, and perceiving he could not hope for it in England he determined to return to Vienna.

In announcing this determination to the Comte d'Artois, in a letter of March, 1802, he reminded him of his previous offers of service, urged him to look forward to a

restoration, and reiterated the assurances of his own devotion. To this the prince replied in terms of equal confidence, and invited further correspondence. When he reached Vienna, Metternich, Gentz, and Cobentzel were greatly impressed by him, and constantly exchanged their views on the most important public matters; but no overture leading him to hope for official employment was made to him till, chafing under inaction, he turned his eyes towards Russia. His old friend Prince Adam Czartoryski had become the Emperor Alexander's minister for foreign affairs, and to him, in February, 1804, he addressed a letter formally proposing to be received into the Russian service, and asking to be allowed to go to St. Petersburg if his request were not summarily rejected. He expressed the strong desire he had always entertained of devoting his energies to public business, and complained of having been condemned for years to bear the terrible burden of doing nothing.

Separated by irresistible causes from the sphere of his duties and of activity, he had often cast his eyes on the map of the world to find a country and a sovereign he would wish to serve, and none had impressed him so much as Russia, which is the only country that is great without having developed all its natural resources; while the eminent qualities of the sovereign, his love of good, and even his youth, are an encouragement to those who aspire to serve him with constancy and integrity.

The answer to this appeal was an invitation to proceed at once to St. Petersburg, accompanied by a warning not to allow the motive of his journey to be known and to let it be supposed that he went merely as a traveller to visit a country he had not before seen — a hint on which he acted so successfully that his most intimate friends had no suspicion of the truth, as appears from a delightfully characteristic letter that he received from the well-known Prince de Ligne, which it would be a pity to spoil by translation.

Les glaces de la Néva ne couvriront jamais le Vésuve de votre cœur et de votre esprit, mon cher ami. La lave un peu suspendue n'en coulera que mieux dans la petite maison couleur de rose à votre retour. Vous verrez beaucoup de gens presque d'esprit, de beaucoup d'astuce et presque aimables, et ceux qui ne seront pas comme cela bien médiocres. Vous verrez quelques beaux restes de la grande Femme, qui savait bien qu'il faut de la fable et de la magie à un pays comme celui-là, qui sans cela n'est que le squelette d'un géant. Elle savait lui donner de l'embonpoint et se servait du mythologiste Potemkin pour

cela. Tous les deux vous auraient aimé à la folie. J'espère qu'on ne vous connaîtra pas assez pour vous aimer ou vous détester. Le premier est dû à vos qualités aimables, et le second aux grandes et essentielles qui humilient la canaille. Or le monde d'à présent n'est que cela. . . . Revenez-nous bien vite; songez à la fable des deux pigeons. Je suis celui qui ne voyage pas. Vous ne serez pas pris dans les filets, mais vous nous reviendrez boiteux pendant trois ou quatre jours d'une chute en traîneau, etc.

Pozzo arrived at St. Petersburg towards the end of 1804, and immediately communicated to Prince Czartoryski a memorandum containing his views upon the relations of Russia and France, quickly following it with others on the affairs of other countries, which so much impressed the emperor that within three months he was selected for a mission to Vienna, whence he was afterwards to proceed to Italy as general commissioner to assist General Lacy, who commanded the Neapolitan forces.

*En route* he stopped at Mittau, in order to be presented to King Louis XVIII., who was living there *incognito* under the title of the Comte de Lille, and by whom he was more favorably impressed than he had expected. He remained more than seven months among his old friends at Vienna, and there, immediately before his departure for Naples, he received from Prince Czartoryski the intimation that the emperor had made him a conseiller d'état actuel; but he had scarcely reached his destination when the news of the capitulation of Ulm, followed by the battle of Austerlitz, determined him to hurry back to St. Petersburg. He had no sooner arrived there, in May, 1806, than he wrote a letter to Czartoryski, giving his views on the state of affairs and the lines of policy it would be necessary for Russia to adopt. "There were," he said, "but two alternatives: either, in concert with England, to endeavor to secure a peace on a solid basis — if Napoleon would consent to it — or else to prepare resolutely for the struggle." He pointed out the danger to Russia of the relations between France and Turkey which Sebastian was endeavoring to establish at Constantinople, and in which the fatal weakness of Sir J. Duckworth allowed him to be successful, prophesying that the day would come (fifty years later) "when the French artillery and infantry would be found fighting with the Turkish cavalry against the Russians."

In the autumn Pozzo, who had received rank in the Russian army, and was at-

tached as colonel to the person of the emperor, was again despatched on a mission of importance to Vienna, where he was to ascertain the real intentions of the Austrian court and endeavor to determine it to unite with Russia and Prussia in a campaign against France; but by the time he reached the Austrian capital Napoleon was already at the gates of Berlin, and there was clearly nothing to be done.

He was then directed to proceed to the East, to assist in negotiating a peace that should put an end to the war between Russia and Turkey, which the influence of the French ambassador at Constantinople had brought about, and he was present at the action off Mount Athos, called the battle of Monte Santo, in which the Russian admiral Seniavin defeated and destroyed a great part of the Turkish fleet commanded by the Capitan Pasha, which, however, only led to an armistice, as the negotiations for a treaty of peace were put an end to by the news of the Treaty of Tilsit, upon which Pozzo at once returned to St. Petersburg.

Pozzo di Borgo's conduct on this occasion was in the highest degree creditable to him. The arrangements of the Treaty of Tilsit were so much opposed to his own views that he felt that he could not, as an honest man, remain in the service of the emperor to assist in carrying out a policy of which he entirely disapproved; and this he stated to his imperial master with perfect openness. The emperor declared that there was no occasion for his leaving the service, and that his own friendship with Napoleon did not impose any such sacrifice upon him; but Pozzo insisted that he could not be useful to the sovereign, and would only be a cause of embarrassment; that Napoleon, who had not forgotten his old enmity, would be certain sooner or later to demand his extradition; and though the czar would be too generous to consent to it difficulties would follow on his refusal.

According to Capefigue, who was an intimate friend of Pozzo, and probably heard it from himself, he concluded his conversation with Alexander with these striking words:—

The alliance of your Majesty and Napoleon will be of no long duration; I know the false-ness and insatiable ambition of Bonaparte. At this moment your Majesty has one arm held by Persia and the other by Turkey, and Bonaparte is weighing on your breast; free your hands first, and then you will easily throw off the weight on your chest. In a few years we shall see each other again.

But, whatever credit may be due to Count Pozzo for his readiness to sacrifice his own position and interests rather than be associated in policy that he disapproved, it would be more satisfactory if his conduct on this occasion could be attributed to any high-minded objection to be a party to a nefarious scheme of rapine and plunder instead of to his deep-rooted aversion to and distrust of Napoleon. It is, however, impossible to take this favorable view when we know that, when the emperor had fallen and the Bourbons were replaced upon the throne of France, he used his utmost endeavors to bring about an alliance between Charles X. and the Emperor Nicholas upon much the same conditions as those agreed upon at Tilsit between Napoleon and Alexander for the aggrandizement of France and Russia.

Pozzo, having received permission from the emperor to leave St. Petersburg, went at once to Vienna, where he lived about two years as a private individual in the intimacy of his numerous old friends till he was pursued by the rancor of Napoleon, who deprived him of that asylum by demanding his expulsion, which the Austrian government were afraid to disobey. Prince Metternich, when informing him of this demand, pretended that the emperor had refused to comply with it, but at the same time he begged him immediately to leave the capital. He at first received the intimation haughtily, claiming his privileges as a Russian subject and officer attached to the person of his sovereign, and said that he must consult his ambassador before he gave an answer; but from the ambassador he obtained little encouragement. Count Schouvalow, who had evidently got instructions, received him awkwardly and with embarrassment, declaring that he could not enter into any official communication on the subject, and ending, like Prince Metternich, by recommending him to leave Vienna as though of his own free will.

He perceived that he was to be sacrificed to his all-powerful enemy, and addressed a somewhat indignant letter to Alexander, couched in firm though respectful language, offering to resign his appointments into his Majesty's hands, and asking permission to leave Europe, but energetically declining to accept the "miserable position" that Metternich had proposed to him. He owed it to himself, he said, "not to submit to any proposal unworthy of him; he could not forget that he was born free and a gentleman, and,

having sacrificed everything in order to remain such in the estimation of his superiors and of his equals, no consideration of danger or of interest should ever induce him to descend from the rank in their esteem to which he felt himself entitled ;” and he wound up by assuring the emperor that, whithersoever his destiny might take him, his Majesty might be assured of always finding in him a faithful servant, who had taken too great an interest in the glory of the throne and of the country which had adopted him for it ever to be effaced from his heart. The day would come when all those devoted to the interests of Russia would find occasion to share her dangers, and he hoped under his Majesty’s auspices to co-operate in her triumph. From the closing sentence of this appeal it would almost appear that he still entertained some hope that the generosity of Alexander’s nature would prompt him to stand by a faithful servant whom he had treated as a friend, for it concluded with the words, “*Mon sort est entre les mains de votre Majesté Impériale et je l’attends sans inquiétude ;*” and if so, he was doomed to disappointment.

Russia and Austria were both far too much under the domination of Napoleon for either of them to venture to disobey or displease him, and the answer that he received to his letter was an intimation that the emperor accepted his resignation, but would continue the emoluments he had been receiving in whatever country he determined to establish himself. This gave him no choice, and he left Vienna in the last days of 1810, though we do not gather, either from Capefigue or from the Vicomte Maggiolo, whether he waited for the official order for his expulsion or finally accepted Metternich’s “miserable” suggestion of going apparently of his own accord. He did not carry out the intention of leaving Europe, which he had announced to the emperor; he must have been conscious that he would be wretched if far removed from all that was going on, and in 1811 he found an asylum in England, where he had found one in 1797, and he remained in it till the course of events took him back to Russia.

Pozzo must have been more than human if he did not deeply resent his abandonment by his sovereign, but with him resentment was a much less permanent sentiment than his passion for political activity, and, perhaps it should be added, his wish to aid in the destruction of his great countryman and enemy. His old friend Lord Minto, being then governor-general of

India, was not among those to welcome his return to England, where, however, he was sufficiently well known not to need any introduction. Lord Castlereagh and Lord Wellesley were in the habit of applying to him for the information on the state of affairs on the Continent which he was so well able to give, and towards the end of 1811, when Napoleon was making preparations for the invasion of Russia, they made him the medium for conveying to the emperor their wish to come to an understanding upon the resistance to be offered.

In a long letter to Alexander, Pozzo informed him of this overture, and offered to re-enter his service; but the czar, in reply, merely thanked him for the communication without inviting him to St. Petersburg, where his presence might, no doubt, be inconvenient if it became necessary for him to make peace with Napoleon; but, when the invading army had penetrated as far as Moscow, Alexander became anxious for his presence, and urged him to lose no time in joining him “by the quickest and safest route.” The route by way of Sweden, being considered the most secure, was adopted by Pozzo, and this accidental circumstance led to important results, and to his own greatest diplomatic success, by enabling him to gauge the feelings towards Napoleon of Bernadotte, who was governing the country under the title of Prince Royal. When he joined the emperor at Kalisch he was received with every mark of affection and reinstated in the Russian service, and, proceeding to give an account of his interviews with Bernadotte, expressed his belief that he might be detached from France by suggesting that the annexation of Norway to his Swedish kingdom would be the price of his defection.

Alexander, after listening to all he had to say, was struck by the importance of the object to be gained, and in a few days despatched Pozzo back to Sweden on an official mission with instructions to endeavor to secure it. On his former visit he had been a mere private individual, able to speak only in his own name, but this time he came before the Prince Royal armed with the authority of an accredited agent of the Russian government. His task, however, was by no means an easy one, as Bernadotte at first insisted on receiving a distinct pledge that Norway should be given to him, while Pozzo was not authorized to go further than to offer a conditional promise, and to encourage the expectation that this would be done;

But, in the end, he was entirely successful and carried his point. His description of Bernadotte, in his letters to Nesselrode, is extremely amusing. The prince was, he says, utterly unlike any statesman with whom he had ever been called upon to do business—a man of undoubted talent, with manners that showed the revolutionary school in which he had been brought up, breaking out into the rages and the language of a “muleteer,” and of a vanity which made him believe that it was only by his gracious permission that the sun showed itself in the heavens. It was well known that this vanity had made him entertain the expectation of being Napoleon’s successor on the throne of France, and in the strange letter in which he signified his acceptance of the Russian proposal he said that, “although he had always been convinced that after the death of Napoleon his empire would pass to the most worthy, and although, by continuing the ally of France, he would have claims like the other lieutenants of that illustrious captain, he nevertheless preferred the alliance of the czar.” He perceived which was likely to be the winning side, and to it he determined to attach himself.

On the successful termination of his mission to Sweden Pozzo was sent to England, whence he accompanied Lord Castlereagh to the headquarters of the allies, remaining in attendance on Alexander till, on the first restoration in 1814, he was appointed to represent his sovereign at the court of the Tuileries, and the volume of his correspondence lately published by his nephew, Count Charles Pozzo, shows that he was already as completely French in feeling as he continued to be to the end of his career. He had not, however, and could not possibly have, any sympathy with Prince Talleyrand, then prime minister of the king, whose character was in every respect the reverse of his own. He himself possessed in the highest degree the courage, which is so rare among diplomatists, and in which the other was entirely deficient, of expressing his opinions without caring whether they were those of his employers or not, and on reading his correspondence it is impossible not to admire the fearlessness with which he supported them, sometimes braving and incurring the displeasure of the czar in a way that dismayed the more pliant Nesselrode and Capo d’Istria.

From the moment of his nomination as Alexander’s envoy at Paris he devoted his energies to the consolidation of the close alliance between Russia and France, which

he believed to be essential to the interests of both countries; and he was to a considerable degree successful, although not so much so as he hoped, as he never succeeded in getting the signature of the formal treaty he wished for. The first step towards this alliance was to have been the marriage of the Duc de Berry to the Grand Duchess Anna Paulevna, the sister of the Emperor Alexander, once the destined bride of Napoleon and afterwards queen of the Netherlands. Whether the project originated or not in Pozzo’s fertile brain does not appear, although it seems highly probable, for he certainly took it up with even more than his usual ardor. “Neglect nothing,” he wrote to Nesselrode in June, 1814, “to ring it about. It is necessary and even indispensable. The peace of the world, perhaps, depends upon it.” Both courts and both countries favored the match, though the Russian government was far more bent upon it than the French; but the religious question, of which Pozzo at first made light, proved an obstacle that could not be overcome, owing to the disagreement of the sovereigns as to the period at which the princess should declare her conversion to Catholicism, for the czar would not consent to its taking place as long as his sister remained in Holy Russia. The correspondence that passed on this subject was very curious, and gave Pozzo the opportunity of displaying amusing ingenuity in suggesting devices by which the difficulty might be removed. At one time the Catholic metropolitan of Mohilew was to inform the king that he had ascertained that the princess had a marked disposition for the Catholic faith, and that her marriage with the Duc de Berry might decide her to proclaim it publicly. Next the pope was to be appealed to through Cardinal Consalvi, who undertook to induce his Holiness to sanction the marriage, and the king was to allow the grand duchess a private Greek chapel, “*en laissant aux miracles de la grâce d’amener avec le temps la conversion volontaire de S. A. Imp.*”

But it was all of no avail. Neither the king nor the emperor would give way, and Nesselrode, in his private letters to Pozzo, confidentially expressed his belief that the stiffness shown by their imperial master was owing to his doubt of the stability of the French throne. That a Russian princess, after publicly abjuring her religion, should find that she was not to be queen of France was a risk that Alexander was in no hurry to run, and he apparently

wished the matter to drag on till he saw the Bourbons more firmly established than he thought them in 1814. Louis, on the other hand, being impatient for the marriage of his heir, wished the Russian alliance to be either concluded or broken off, and with this view, on December 10, he wrote to Prince Talleyrand, who was then attending the Congress of Vienna:—

I have given my ultimatum. I will not enquire what may pass in a foreign country, but the Duchesse de Berry, whoever she may be, shall not cross the frontiers of France without openly professing the Catholic, Roman, Apostolic religion. On these terms I am not only ready but anxious to conclude; if, on the contrary, these conditions do not suit the emperor of Russia, let him say so, and we shall none the less remain good friends, but I will treat for another marriage.

Talleyrand's letter acknowledging the receipt of this ultimatum is a perfect specimen of the art with which he always strove to maintain himself in favor by saying whatever he knew would be agreeable, and by flattering his master's sense of his own dignity and importance. The king, he said, could not possibly do otherwise than insist, as a *sine qua non*, on the conditions he had laid down in his ultimatum, and, proceeding to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of the Russian marriage, he found that the objections predominated. He admitted that at first, when the state of France was insecure, he had thought a family alliance with Russia very desirable. But now things were changed; France had no longer need of foreign help, and the king was not now called upon to make sacrifices for such an alliance. The grand duchess in herself was everything that could be wished, but her change of religion for purely political motives must encourage in the people that feeling of religious indifference which is the malady of our days. For the house of Bourbon to ally itself to houses inferior to itself was a necessity not to be avoided, since an equal was not to be found in Europe; but, he declared, when the house of Bourbon honored another by its alliance he would prefer that it should be with one that acknowledged the honor rather than with one which pretended to an equality. Of the four sisters of the Grand Duchess Anna one was married to an archduke and the three others to little German princes. Shall Russia, which had never been able to place one of her princesses on any throne, now see one called to the throne of France? It would be too great a piece of fortune for her, and it would not be

pleasant to see the Duc de Berry placed in close relationship with a crowd of princes of the lowest category.

After alluding to Alexander's ambitious views and revolutionary ideas, Talleyrand entreated the king to contrive that the rupture of the negotiation should not be complete till the questions that were being discussed by the Congress were disposed of, as it would only add to the indisposition the emperor was already exhibiting towards France, and he wound up by suggesting that the daughter of the Prince Royal of Naples, whose marriage with the Duc de Berry was arranged in the following year, would be a suitable bride for him.

Count Nesselrode, who reached Vienna to take part in the Congress in the middle of September, announced his arrival to Pozzo in a letter which is a curiosity in its way, from its entire omission of all mention of the great questions about to be discussed, and from the evident importance he attached to the private matter with which it dealt.

I must speak to you about some private matters, and although it is always great questions that have attractions for you I believe that this will still more be the case in one affecting a fair lady. Know, therefore, that there is about to arrive at Paris Madame Phillis, actress and singer at the theatre of St. Petersburg, who, after the rest of the company had been sent away, remained in the service of the Court, and is still there. The emperor has always had *beaucoup de bienveillance* for her, and his Majesty has ordered me particularly to recommend her to you. He wishes that she should be considered as still in his service, and protected from the persecution of the Théâtre Feydeau, where she was formerly engaged. I beg you not to treat this matter lightly; *it is more serious than might be thought*.

It does not appear how Pozzo acquitted himself of this delicate commission, and we are deprived of the information on more important matters that would have been derived from his correspondence with Nesselrode, as a few days later the latter summoned him to Vienna, declaring that no great question could be settled without him. On arriving there he found France and Russia in violent antagonism; the emperor was bent on carrying out his projects respecting the grand duchy of Posen, and had secured the support of the king of Prussia by promising that the kingdom of Saxony should be annexed to his dominions, and England and Austria were at first not indisposed to acquiesce

in the arrangement. But Talleyrand, espousing the cause of the king of Saxony, offered a determined resistance, conducted with consummate ability, and ultimately succeeded in detaching the latter powers from their northern allies, and obtained the signature by Castlereagh, Metternich, and himself of the secret treaty of January 3, 1815, which bound England, Austria, and France to stand together.

Nesselrode had not received from the ambassador the assistance in carrying out their master's wishes on which he had counted when he summoned him from Paris, for Pozzo disapproved of the emperor's projects in regard to Poland, and, in his usual outspoken way, not only pointed out his objections, but insisted upon them in such strong language as to offend Alexander; insomuch that he had scarcely seen him at Vienna, and was on the point of sending him back to Paris. He remained, however, at Vienna till Napoleon, after escaping from Elba, was approaching Paris, when he proceeded to Ghent, whither the king had retired, and found there a field for his activity—at once opening a correspondence with Nesselrode at Vienna and with Lord Castlereagh and Prince Lieven in London, in which he sketched, with his usual clearness, the position of affairs and his views upon the course it would be desirable to follow.

Fully recognizing the ineptitude and folly of the king in not having chosen to govern, according to the spirit of the Constitution, by means of a responsible ministry, and urging that this should be pressed upon him whenever circumstances should make it possible, he insisted that in Louis's restoration lay the only safety that was to be found for France. The country was, he said, divided into three parties—the army, which was unanimously in favor of the emperor; the Jacobins and regicides, who, aspiring to power themselves, had need of Napoleon to exclude the Bourbons; and, finally, the Moderates, composing the mass of the nation, who wished for a constitutional monarchy. To support these last the allies must therefore be prepared to combat Bonaparte and the army, assisted by all the aid the existing Jacobin ministry could give them.

His arrival at Ghent had, he wrote, "been hailed like the apparition of an angel, though he had no pretensions to be one," and among the persons he met there was the Duke of Wellington, who told him that, just as he was leaving Paris, Fouché, who was at the very moment accepting the ministry of police under Napo-

leon, had made to him the curious piece of confidence that he was at the same time keeping open for himself the resource of treating with the allies. In addition to this Fouché sent a secret confidential agent to the king to tell him that he was ready to "se défaire de Bonaparte" on receiving the promise of being maintained as minister of police under a government of which Prince Talleyrand would be the head.

Pozzo's comments on all this show how well he was acquainted with the wiles of the arch intriguer, and how clearly he foresaw what occurred three months later. Fouché, he wrote, is exhausting all the resources of his genius to secure a safe game for himself, however events may turn out. He tries to keep open an asylum in England if every hope is lost of continuing minister of police in France. He shows the Duke of Orleans the throne in prospect if it is impossible to effect a reconciliation with Louis XVIII., while to the latter he proposes to replace him on his throne. In all this there is nothing real, but what is certain is that he is serving Bonaparte in every way that can be injurious to the allies, and that he is betraying him by views which can be useful to himself alone.

The last lines of this report must be given in Pozzo's own words:—

Fouché sees the war approaching; as long as Napoleon can maintain himself he will remain a spectator of the strife; if he fails, Fouché will be seen appearing at the barriers of Paris to receive the allies, and to try to take possession of the Government, in order to turn all the events to his own advantage and to that of his friends. Till then nothing will be obtained from Fouché except intrigues and sterile communications which, when the victory is assured, he will represent as real services.

Pozzo was soon to find his own opinions at variance with those of his government. Towards the middle of May he received from Count Nesselrode a memorandum for his guidance, containing the views of the Russian government upon the attitude they wished the allies to adopt at the present conjuncture, and without communicating them he was directed to ascertain whether they agreed with those of the Duke of Wellington. The Russian government wished the allies to proclaim that they were making war on Bonaparte alone, and that when they had expelled him and made his return impossible they would interfere no further; the king should release the members of the Chamber from their

oaths to the constitution granted by his Majesty, and would announce that a new Assembly should decide upon one that would give satisfaction to the people of France. Pozzo di Borgo spoke to the Duke of Wellington in the sense of this memorandum, as though he did so of his own initiative, but the duke declared himself entirely opposed to it. The existing charter contained all that was necessary, with some modifications, to secure every reasonable liberty, and with France in its present state nothing but confusion could result from summoning an Assembly, of which the composition was altogether uncertain, to elaborate a new constitution.

Pozzo reported the duke's objections to the Russian proposal at great length, and in terms so clearly indicating his own participation in them that it provoked Count Nesselrode into saying that he wished, both for his own sake and for that of the Bourbons, that he was less "crûment Bourbonnique." The Bourbons were at that moment in the czar's black book. Upon Napoleon's approach to Paris the king had fled with such precipitancy that the ordinary precaution of carrying away or destroying important public documents had been neglected. Talleyrand wrote from Vienna expressing the earnest hope that at least his own correspondence during the Congress had been placed in safety, as it contained matters that would not be agreeable to some of the allies; but he had the mortification of learning that it had been left behind with the rest, and fell into the hands of Bonaparte, who thus became acquainted with the secret treaty of January 3, which had been directed against the ambitious projects of Russia and Prussia. Napoleon, with malicious pleasure, forwarded a copy of the treaty to Alexander, to show him how he was treated by those who called themselves his allies; but the czar declared his determination to adhere to the alliance, though his irritation against Louis, whose minister was the author of the treaty, was so great that he entertained serious thoughts of getting the Duke of Orleans called to the throne on the expulsion of Napoleon; and this it was that made him resent Pozzo's Bourbonnique tendencies.

The letter in which Pozzo replied to Nesselrode's reproaches is one that it is impossible to read without a feeling of respect and admiration for the man who wrote it.

Your letter [he said] has greatly grieved me. I see in it, as usual, the proofs of your friendship, but unfortunately also of your con-

viction that my way of judging the affairs of France is not approved. I have served and serve the emperor with all the devotion I owe to him as my master, my sovereign, and my benefactor. In the matters in which the orders I receive are positive I obey; in those in which my judgment is left free I act according to my conscience and my lights. I could certainly divine the intentions and write in the sense of them, whatever might at bottom be my own opinion, and thus secure favor, I will not say at the cost of truth (for I will not blame any one, or pretend to see clearer than others), but by a course contrary to my own conviction. No; never shall Pozzo have to reproach himself for such a fault; there lies in my heart a feeling that commands me to respect myself, and if I had the misfortune to stifle it I should no longer be anything in my own eyes. I am accused of judging the Bourbons better than they deserve, but if ever there was a man who supported their cause solely on principle I am that man. The Bourbons are an institution and not a family, and I put all sovereigns in the same category. I am persuaded that Europe has need of them if it is to remain at peace, and that France, if it is to be free, cannot do without them.

Count Pozzo was the servant of an autocratic government, little accustomed to view with indulgence any backwardness in complying with its behests, and this letter gives a good example of the fearless independence which formed such a noble feature in his character. No personal consideration could induce him to express an opinion he did not honestly entertain, and he would not keep silence if he thought it would appear like a tacit acquiescence in what he disapproved. He seems, indeed, at all times to have felt an imperative necessity for giving a free vent to his opinions upon all questions that interested him, and he considered it the duty of a conscientious servant not only to execute his orders, but to state his views freely in every matter affecting his master's interests, as he invariably did in the forcible language which he delighted in using, and which often provoked the anger of his employers.

According to Capefigue, Pozzo was present and severely wounded at the battle of Waterloo; but, however good the authority, it is difficult to believe that, if this were so, no mention whatever of it should be found either in Vicomte Maggioro's life or in his letters to or from Count Nesselrode.

From that time, or very soon after, Pozzo di Borgo must be regarded as much in the light of a confidential adviser of the king of France as in that of the diplomatic representative of the emperor of

Russia, and in the former character his correspondence shows that his advice was uniformly sagacious in all matters relating to internal administration, and that he did his utmost to induce the sovereign to follow a course calculated to reconcile all classes of his subjects, without suffering himself to be guided by the narrow views of the Comte d'Artois and the extreme Royalists. He remained with the king after the battle, and it was at his instance that the proclamation promising pardon and constitutional reforms was issued at Cambrai; and having secured this, to which he attached great importance, he proceeded at once to the Duke of Wellington's headquarters, where he arrived at the moment of the capitulation of Paris, and found the duke as anxious as himself to spare the capital from occupation by foreign troops. But Blücher, of whose hardness and "brutality" he often speaks with indignation, too much bent upon retaliating on the French for their occupation of Berlin to listen to any remonstrances, insisted on quartering his troops in the town where "leurs pillages et dévastations font horreur." In his letters he constantly contrasts their behavior with that of the British under the Duke of Wellington, whose conciliatory attitude does not, however, seem to have been much appreciated by the French, for a year later we find Pozzo, after again alluding to the harshness of the Prussians, writing that the English government continued to act with much consistent moderation, but that England was to France "un pôle de répulsion;" that neither reason nor policy, nor even the force of circumstances, would ever diminish the bitterness and distrust caused by the rivalry of the two countries. He did not believe that there ever was a period when the two nations were more widely separated or when the two governments were less so.

After Napoleon's abdication at Fontainebleau in 1814 France was allowed to retain the frontiers of 1792, and the territories conquered up to that time were restored to her; but in 1815 some of the powers, wishing to take advantage of the position to aggrandize themselves, were unwilling to grant even the frontiers of the kingdom as they were before the commencement of the Revolutionary war, and brought forward a draft treaty by which, among other extreme conditions, the cession to the allies of Alsace, of a part of Lorraine, and of other important provinces was insisted on. The draft treaty was submitted to Pozzo for his remarks, and he declared in

his report that if the king were to consent to it France would be effaced from the map of Europe, which he believed to be the real object aimed at; that Louis could not accept what was required from him without committing an act of political suicide; but, as in his position some sacrifices were unavoidable, there were concessions he might make and still have a hope of safety. He suggested, therefore, among other modifications of the project, that the old frontier of the monarchy should be retained, but that the conquered territories annexed to it by the Treaty of 1814 should be given up, and that the occupation of the kingdom by the allied armies should be limited to three years instead of being extended to seven, as was proposed. Alexander was more disposed than his continental allies to act generously towards France, and, influenced by Pozzo's energetic advocacy, directed him to concert with the king in drawing up such a letter to him as might be communicated to the other governments setting forth his objection to comply with their demand. The letter suggested by the emperor appears to have been drafted by Pozzo with extreme art, so as to avoid awakening a suspicion of its having been inspired by the czar himself, or even betraying a knowledge that he was not in entire agreement with the other allies. The king began, on the contrary, by expressing the grief with which, in his conversations with Alexander, he had heard him advocate the proposals that had been made, though his knowledge of his Majesty's generous nature prevented him from believing it possible that he could be irrevocably in favor of ruinous and dishonorable conditions, and he ended by a formal declaration that he would descend from the throne rather than become an instrument for the destruction of his people.

The stratagem was completely successful; the allies durst not insist upon terms that would lead to the abdication of Louis and to complications of which the issue could not be foreseen. The compromise suggested by Pozzo was adopted as the basis of the treaty, and, though it may well be questioned whether the part played by Alexander was consistent with loyalty to the allies, with whom he was associated, there can at least be no doubt of the service rendered by Pozzo both to France and to his own government, which acquired by it the predominant influence at the Tuileries that lasted till the fall of Charles X. in 1830.

Prince Talleyrand necessarily became

the head of the first administration of Louis when he found himself once more upon his throne; but it was soon evident that it would not be easy for him to maintain himself long, and he endeavored to strengthen his position by inviting Pozzo to join his administration with any portfolio he might select; but, although the emperor himself favored the arrangement, the offer was firmly declined, partly from his dislike of Talleyrand and on account of the precarious nature of a ministerial office, and partly, no doubt, because he felt that, as Russian envoy, he could more effectually serve the cause of France, which he continued to do with a zeal and impetuosity that alarmed his friends Nesselrode and Capo d'Istria, who constantly urged him to show his French sympathies less openly. The former wrote to him: "I beseech you, my dear Pozzo, to be impartial and not to disguise from yourself the extent of your responsibility." But to ask Pozzo to be impartial was to require of him an impossibility. When he had once formed an opinion he was not troubled by doubt or misgiving; he was perfectly indifferent to anything that could be urged in favor of views differing from his own, whether by friends or by opponents, and he must often have been an embarrassing agent for those who had to negotiate with other governments, to whose opinions they were obliged to show some deference. Being convinced that the policy of Prussia was inspired by a vindictive hatred of France, while that of Austria was guided by a wish to weaken the position of the king, and so to keep open a possibility of placing the king of Rome upon the throne, he conceived it to be his duty to oppose those two powers at every turn.

Alexander had not forgiven Talleyrand for the treaty of January 3, nor for his inclination for a close understanding between France and England, and the natural difficulties with which the minister was surrounded not being lessened by the action of the Russian ambassador, his speedy fall was inevitable, and Pozzo di Borgo exerted all his influence over the king to secure the nomination of the Duc de Richelieu, who had long been in the Russian service, in which he had distinguished himself in the campaign against Turkey, and who might be relied upon for his Russian sympathies. Consequently, when the latter was appointed successor to Prince Talleyrand, Pozzo's activity was redoubled, and the two worked together like members of one administration. In a letter to Nesselrode he wrote:—

I am obliged to twist myself about like a dog tormented by a swarm of flies: I, of all men the least of a courtier, have to pay my court to the Duke of Wellington; to urge the king to be firm; to beg his minister not to allow himself to be discouraged; to tell Monsieur that if he does not alter his system he will ruin himself and those belonging to him, the Jacobins that they are scoundrels, and the Ultra-Royalists that they are madmen.

And this was scarcely an exaggeration. He was not over-modest in his estimate of his own achievements, for we find him assuring his government that, although they did not seem satisfied with the way in which things had been going on, they would not go on at all if it were not for himself. But the French government also was so much convinced of the services he had rendered in the negotiations for the treaty of peace that a few months after its signature, in November, 1815, King Louis proposed to create him a count and "pair de France," with an annual dotation of sixty thousand francs—an offer so obviously ill-timed, while the troops of the allies were occupying French territory, and while many arrangements had still to be combined between them, that Alexander refused to permit its acceptance by his ambassador, and only gave his consent three years later, when the evacuation decided upon at Aix-la-Chapelle had been carried out. In the double character in which he must be regarded at this time Pozzo di Borgo was at least as much occupied by the internal affairs of France as by the ordinary duties of an ambassador, and there was a striking inconsistency in his conduct with regard to them. He recognized the necessity for the establishment in France of a liberal constitutional government, and he threw his whole weight on the side of those who were opposing the reactionary efforts of the Ultra-Royalists, who wished to replace the sovereign in the exercise of the unfettered authority possessed before the Revolution. But in all other countries where a spirit of freedom began to manifest itself he was ready to go any lengths in suppressing it, and he attended the congresses of Troppau, Laybach, and Verona when the Holy Alliance carried into practical effect its doctrine of intervention on behalf of arbitrary power by sanctioning the invasion of Naples and Piedmont by Austria and of Spain by France.

When the Greek revolution broke out Pozzo at once perceived that sooner or later it would be followed by a war between Russia and Turkey, which might

help the realization of his long-cherished scheme of alliance between Russia and France, of which the Ottoman Empire would bear the cost, and he found his government well disposed to support him. In June, 1825, Count Nesselrode instructed him to make a confidential but official overture to the French Cabinet, and to intimate that if France would give Russia a loyal and energetic support the emperor might be counted upon to prove the high value he attached to the service.

It was one of the last instructions Pozzo received from Alexander, who died before the end of the year, and for a time the matter went no further; but when the battle of Navarino was followed by the war between Russia and Turkey, which Pozzo had from the first foreseen, the French government, remembering the overture made to them three years before, set themselves to consider the price they might demand in return for the assistance they were ready to render to the czar. After much deliberation they resolved to propose to the emperor a scheme of alliance, involving not only the partition of Turkey, but the reconstruction of the map of Europe, from which Holland and Saxony, for the preservation of which France had made such efforts at the Congress of Vienna, were to be erased as independent states. It had not, however, been submitted to the Russian government when the news unexpectedly reached Paris of peace between Russia and Turkey having been concluded at Adrianople in September, 1829, and the favorable moment was considered to be past.

When we remember the position then held at Paris by Pozzo di Borgo, the confidential footing on which he stood with the French government, the absolute agreement of the foreign minister with his own views, of which he continually boasts in his correspondence with Count Nesselrode; there does not remain a doubt of his having been the prompter or real author of the project, and although its immediate accomplishment was interrupted by the peace of Adrianople he was not the man to be deterred from pursuing his object. The equivalent that the French government bargained for in return for the Turkish provinces which were to go to Russia comprised Belgium with North Brabant to the Rhine, Luxemburg, and Landau. The support of Prussia was to be purchased by the promise of the kingdoms of Saxony and of Holland as far as the Rhine, leaving to France the part between

the Rhine and the Meuse; the assent of Austria was to be got by giving her Serbia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina; and it was hoped that England might be "squared" by the offer of the Dutch colonies.

It is difficult to understand how it can have been supposed that such a gigantic scheme of spoliation, requiring the assent of all the great powers, could be carried out except after a general war, but there has long been evidence, believed to be trustworthy, that in 1829 it was being matured by the French government, and now we have the indisputable evidence of M. Pallain to prove that during the year that followed the peace of Adrianople till the fall of Charles X. in 1830, negotiations on the subject had been going on between France and Russia, and had made much progress, all to the advantage of the latter power.

In 1829 the advance of Russia into Turkey as far as Constantinople does not appear to have been a part of the plan of the French government. The emperor was professing the warmest possible sympathy for the kingdom of Greece, then in the process of creation, but the fixed determination he afterwards expressed of never tolerating a large extension of it was not known, and it is believed that, according to the first French project, in addition to Crete and the Archipelago, Greece was to have Constantinople and a great part of Turkey in Europe, with a population of eight millions. It is evident that this could not suit the views of the Emperor Nicholas, and consequently when the negotiations were resumed in 1830 the French government found that if they were to obtain the Rhine frontier by Russian assistance they must bid a higher price for it than they had at first intended. We learn from M. Pallain that they did not hesitate to do so, and that Europe was only saved from the convulsions which must have followed an attempt to realize the project by the revolution which precipitated Charles X. from the throne. M. Pallain's statements may be accepted without reserve or hesitation, for he has been chef de cabinet at the French Foreign Office, and, writing after having free access to its archives, he points out in his preface to the "*Correspondance inédite du Prince Talleyrand*" that Pozzo di Borgo had never abandoned the policy of an alliance between France and Russia, which had been begun at Tilsit, and that during the whole of the Restoration his principal aim had been to carry it out. He adds:—

It is now known that at the moment when, by the folly of the Polignac ministers, the revolution of 1830 broke out, the plan of M. Pozzo was on the point of success. France had the promise of the Rhine frontier, while Russia *avait licence de pousser jusqu'à Constantinople*; and the expedition to Algiers, carried out in spite of the ill humor of England, is an indication that, in this system of *alliance and partition*, France was to be admitted to a share of the Ottoman Empire.

Nothing can be more striking to an English reader than the open exhibition of regret at the failure of this conspiracy shown by M. Pallain and the Vicomte Maggiolo, who appear perfectly unconscious of its enormity, and who speak with complacent admiration of a project based upon the unprovoked partition of one great empire and the annihilation of the independence of two or three minor states for no object but that of the territorial aggrandizement of France and Russia.

When we think of the storm of indignation that would be raised in this country if the government were suspected of entering into an engagement so offensive to every feeling of public morality, we may perhaps hesitate before believing that our neighbors would see the matter differently; but when it is remembered that the project in question was deliberately adopted at a time of profound peace by the ministers, not of an ambitious conqueror like Napoleon, but of a legitimate king of the old French race, and that its failure is to this day regretted by such men as M. Pallain and the Vicomte Maggiolo, it may well be asked whether there is any ground for feeling confident that their countrymen in general would be found more scrupulous in renewing it if they thought the opportunity favorable.

Count Pozzo's letters after the revolution of 1830 show how deeply he grieved over it, but, strangely enough, the event which thwarted him in a policy that would have plunged Europe into war gave him the opportunity of rendering the most important service of his whole career to the cause of peace. When the news of the revolution reached St. Petersburg the wrath of the emperor knew no bounds, and he was eager to adopt immediate measures of coercion against the new king of the French, and it was chiefly through Pozzo that he was prevented from taking steps from which he could not easily draw back.

The unconquerable aversion always exhibited by Nicholas towards Louis Phi-

lippe was, in the opinion of M. Pallain, as stated in the preface already quoted, more to be attributed to his anger at finding his cherished designs against Turkey shattered by the revolution than to any devotion to the cause of legitimacy, which, at the time of the Restoration, Russia had been ready to abandon in favor of the same Duke of Orleans who was now placed on the French throne. England at once recognized the new king; Austria and Prussia quickly declared their intention of doing the same, and Count Pozzo from the first had strongly urged upon his government that it was only by a prompt recognition that the tranquillity of France could be preserved and the danger of a republic averted; but on the very day on which Lord Stuart presented his credentials as British ambassador Pozzo received from St. Petersburg an instruction, couched in terms of angry and unreasoning violence, which put him in a position of great embarrassment. He was ordered to leave the embassy house as one belonging to a government the emperor did not recognize, to see that every Russian subject in France at once left the country, to give no passport for Russia to any Frenchman, and to announce that the tricolor flag would not be admitted to Russian ports; and at the same time a communication was addressed to London, Vienna, and Berlin proposing concerted action.

Nicholas was not a master whose orders could be safely trifled with; but Pozzo saw the disastrous consequences likely to result from their execution, and he wrote to Count Nesselrode stating the embarrassment in which he found himself. His first impulse, he said, was blindly to obey his instructions, but his reason told him to wait; if the powers were to act in concert, as the emperor wished, it would be necessary to recognize, as the others were already doing so, and if an *éclat* were now made Russia could not recognize without a manifest contradiction. He had therefore decided to temporize till the emperor had the whole circumstances before him, and then things should be done as his Majesty might direct.

The delay allowed the first burst of the czar's anger to cool, or the more prudent counsels of Nesselrode, who was absent from St. Petersburg when the instruction was issued, to prevail; the order was not repeated, though it was not till four months after the revolution that Pozzo presented his credentials to Louis Philippe. But he had not waited for this to enter into unofficial communication both with the minis-

ters and with the king himself, at audiences held with the utmost secrecy either in the apartment of the Princess Adelaide or in that of Madame de Montjoye, one of the queen's ladies of honor, to whom the arrangement of them was entrusted.

Even after Louis Philippe had been grudgingly recognized by Russia the position of Count Pozzo was one of extreme difficulty, and required the exercise of all his tact; at one time he had to labor to prevent the French intervention in Belgium from leading to a rupture, and at another to allay the anger of Nicholas at the sympathy shown in France for the Polish insurgents. He had remained as much devoted to the interests of France as he had been during the reign of the Bourbons; but the czar did not share the sympathies of his ambassador, whose enemies were continually representing him as too completely French to be a true Russian, and in January, 1835, suddenly and without warning, he found himself transferred to the embassy in London, which he and his friends looked upon in the light of a disgrace that was keenly felt.

He arrived at his new post at a moment little calculated to reconcile him to the change; the secret article of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, by which the straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles were opened to the fleets of Russia and closed against those of all other nations, extorted from the sultan as a blow against the influence of Great Britain and as a means of establishing Russian predominance at Constantinople, had recently become known, and the relations of the two countries were the very reverse of cordial. He had the satisfaction of finding his friends Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington in office, the former as prime minister and the latter as foreign secretary; but he did not enjoy it long, and when, within three months, they were succeeded by Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston, for whom he had a profound antipathy, his residence in London became altogether distasteful. He felt that he could not be happy unless he got back to Paris, where he had spent so many years of his life and where all his interests were centred, and in 1839 he resigned his embassy on the plea of ill health. He was seventy-five years of age, and had well earned a right to rest; but rest was of all things that which he wished for least; active work was as necessary to him as the air he breathed. He used to say that he would rather die of fatigue than of *ennui*, and if he had been allowed to retain his post

at Paris his death in 1842 would certainly have found him still in harness.

In private life Count Pozzo was adored by those immediately belonging to him, and was a universal favorite among all who knew him, a delightful companion to both old and young, a great and admirable talker with vast and varied knowledge, a steady friend, always ready to oblige and to do a good turn when it was within his power; but he has been accused of having been vindictive in his antipathies, and of having pursued Napoleon with a hatred that was not even buried in his grave. It has been affirmed in some notices of his life that, on hearing of the emperor's death, he exclaimed with "vindictive exultation" that if he had not killed Napoleon he had at least thrown the last shovelful of earth upon his coffin; but such stories as this may be dismissed as idle and malicious fables.

In early life he had hailed with enthusiasm the movement in France which, in common with so many men of moderate opinions, he believed would lead to the establishment of constitutional monarchy, of which he continued to the end the consistent advocate, and he could no more tolerate the tyranny of the Consulate and Empire than that of the early Republic, but there is no reason for attributing to hatred of the man the animosity that was directed against the ruler and the conqueror.

Heartless exultation over the death of an adversary who had long ceased to be dangerous could only proceed from a want of the generosity of feeling that was a distinguishing feature in Count Pozzo's character, and of which the Bonaparte family were so well aware that on various occasions many of them confidently, and never in vain, applied to him for his good offices in matters affecting their interests, and afterwards warmly thanked him for the services he had rendered. Among these were the Princess Eliza Bacchiochi and Caroline the widow of Murat, two of Napoleon's sisters, as well as his brothers Jerome and even Lucien, Prince of Canino, at whose instigation the National Convention had cited him to its bar by a decree that was to send him to the scaffold, and his exertions in their favor in all these cases showed how little the recollection of past injuries rankled in his mind.

The truth is that there was nothing *small* in Count Pozzo's composition; he was impatient of opposition and impetuous in the highest degree, and utterly unlike the ordinary run of statesmen, who pursue

the course they believe to be called for by the interests of their country with a devotion perhaps equal to his, but with perfect calmness of temper. Pozzo di Borgo could not be calm or temperate. Every cause he took up he made his own, as if his very existence depended upon it, throwing himself into it with a passion exhibited by most men only when personally affected, and thus he was often supposed to be acting under private animosity when no such feeling existed in him. His admiration for the greatness of Napoleon was intense; he was proud of his country for having produced him, and he would never listen with patience to any attempt to underrate him; but believing that the very greatness of the man, coupled with his inordinate ambition, made it impossible that, as long as he continued to reign, Europe could hope for peace or France could enjoy reasonable freedom at home, he directed the whole of his energies to his overthrow.

The correspondence now published comes down only to the earlier period of his embassy to France, but, if it is continued, the volumes which succeed cannot fail to contain much of the greatest interest, for his influence over the policy of France, which was much greater than is generally known, was at its height in the years immediately preceding the revolution of 1830.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### HOW SHE GOT OUT OF IT.

"Where the midge dares not venture  
Lest herself fast she lay."

GEORGIE HESPERTON had been more or less put upon most of her life, and had grown used to the process, if she had not exactly learned to like it. I do not mean to say that she was ever seriously ill-treated. It was mainly that her family were wont to devolve upon her the less agreeable of the social functions which they found it expedient to perform, and these, of course, scarcely came under the head of hardships. Still, the mother, Lady Hesperton, being a widow, not over richly left, her purpose, that herself and daughters three should keep a footing in society, and duly follow its fashion-led movements, did entail upon them some laborious days. It would be an exaggeration to assert that she could not drink her tea without a stratagem; but it is quite true that she, and Georgie, and the twins

could not drink it under the distinguished auspices which she desired without a certain amount of scheming and manœuvring. And as the various small crises of the campaign recurred—when there were duty visits to be paid, tedious correspondences to be kept up, dull callers to be conversed to, or attractive entertainment, where a third was *de trop*, to be foregone—the others had got into the habit of utilizing Georgie. This had come about partly through the fact that her juniors, Sylvia and May, invariably backed one another up on such occasions, and were commonly joined by their mother, forming a triple alliance which an isolated power has often found irresistible. But a stronger reason lay in Georgie's own pliant disposition, which had early gained her a domestic reputation for "not minding" whatever somebody else particularly wished to shirk. The proverbial naturalist, however, instructs us that the imposition of the last straw may inconvenience the camel's owner, and even Georgie was once driven to rebel against her load.

This was the situation. The time for fixing on summer plans had arrived—towards autumn—and several circumstances made a decision rather unusually difficult. At this season the Hespertons were always accustomed to count in some measure upon the hospitality of friends, nor had they now reckoned without their hostesses; but the invitations to hand did not give general satisfaction. There was, indeed, a charming letter from the Portwyn-Selmonts offering a month's board and lodging at their Brilmouth villa, a delightful place and house, to which every one would joyously have resorted; but, alas, this invitation included *three* persons only, and who should be the left-out fourth? An answer seemed suggested by the fact that Sylvia's especial friend, Edith Battersby, had written urgently pressing a long visit to Dormead, a featureless inland village, at the mention of which Miss Sylvia disdainfully tossed up her chin. Yet, since no other prospect opened, things began to look very much as if Dormead would be her portion, and Sylvia herself had begun to look undisguisedly cross, when a morning's mail changed the aspect of affairs by bringing a letter from Lady Hesperton's brother-in-law, the girls' Uncle John.

The Reverend John Hesperton was a person seldom heard of, and still more rarely seen, beyond the bounds of his remote Cumbrian parish; the girls, indeed, had never set eyes on him, and their

mother had only dim recollections of two or three meetings about the time of her marriage, while letters had averaged perhaps one in an Olympiad. Now, however, he appeared to meditate the drawing tauter of these somewhat slack family ties. His letter was recognized by its experienced readers as obviously the precursor of a formal invitation, a feeler thrown out to ascertain his chances of securing a guest. He wrote, for instance, of how much he missed his eldest daughter, Mina, "his right hand in the parish work," who had gone abroad with an invalided aunt. And "I am sometimes tempted," went on the old rector in his polite, precise phrase, "to ask you to spare me one of your bright young people for a while. Dear Mina's absence has left a little chamber unoccupied, and poor Carrie would be greatly cheered by a companion in her long walks and a coadjutrix in her classes at the Sunday school. Yet I fear that Grantrigg would be but a dull abode for such fashionable young ladies as my nieces. Pray give them their old uncle's kindest remembrances." A wave of sympathetic aversion ran round the breakfast-table as Lady Hesperton read out the words "long walks" and "Sunday school," and there was a short pause before somebody said: "He'll ask one of us as sure as fate, if we answer him civilly." "And it really would be very convenient if he did," said somebody else. "It mightn't be so bad either, for any one who likes the country." "As Georgie does, you know." "Of course the scenery up there is lovely." A brick-field and a coal-pit happened, as a matter of fact, to be the most prominent natural features of Grantrigg. "I dare say, indeed, it would be pleasant enough, just for a few weeks—for any one who fancied that sort of place, I mean." "*Georgie*, now, very likely wouldn't mind it a bit."

Georgie listened to the rustle of the meshes closing in around her, and she did mind dreadfully. She had private reasons for wishing very, very especially to be of the Brilmouth party; yet what could she do? For not only did the frosty weight of custom lie heavily upon her—and custom far more than conscience makes cowards of us all—but those reasons were a secret which she would not have yielded to the most ingenious blandishments of Don Torquemada himself. So she continued to stir her coffee without entering any protest.

"I suppose I had better write to him myself," said Lady Hesperton, after a little more conversation of a like tendency,

"though I can scarcely be ready for the first post, and there's no time to lose—isn't this the seventh? But if I leave it to one of you girls, you'll write about nothing except operas and dances, till you give the poor man an idea that you are a set of dissipated heathens, whom he wouldn't venture to import into his parish."

"Oh, let Georgie write, *as she's going*," said Sylvia; "and you know she has just been at the Honchester Ecclesiastical Conference; she could give him an account of that; nothing could be more appropriate."

It was true that Georgie had recently been carried to this entertainment by old Lady Lucy Rambaut, a serious social *numen*, whom it was occasionally needful to propitiate; and now to make that self-renouncing act instrumental in enforcing another, was a piece of sharp practice which, perhaps, smote May with some compunction, for she said: "Oh, I'll write, if Georgie has anything else to do."

But Georgie replied quickly: "No, thank you, May, I may just as well do it myself. I really"—falling into the wonted formula—"I really don't mind."

The truth was that she had been stung by a sudden thought, and thrilled with a bold design, which only the stress of a great emergency could have impelled her actually to carry out. Seated at her little desk, she slowly and thoughtfully wrote the letter that should procure her invitation to Grantrigg Rectory. She bestowed much care and no small skill upon the whole composition; but the most painfully elaborated passage was the following, which I subjoin: "Last week," she wrote, "I went with a friend of ours to the Ecclesiastical Conference at Honchester, which was most interesting. Everything was really very well done. The bishops and other great people went to the Town Hall in a grand procession, with the corporation, and the city militia, and the fire brigade, and all that. Of course there was a tremendous crowd on the day when the Imperial High Commissioner gave his address, and everybody was so delighted with it. I am afraid I don't exactly remember what his subject was, but I know he said it seemed probable that nothing in particular was true, but that people could go on believing whatever they liked all the same, which did just as well. And all the bishops said it was perfectly satisfactory. I hear his address is to be printed in a sort of tract, and no doubt you will read it; it was very earnest and convincing. I am sure I should like very

much to teach in your Sunday school," Georgie continued, with a dexterous juxtaposition which would have done credit to an older hand at diplomacy. "It must be very nice, and I suppose it is not difficult when one has had a little practice."

"I really shouldn't wonder if he didn't ask me after all," Georgie reflected with a flicker of a smile as she looked over her letter. "I think I'll let May see it, and then she can testify that it was all right." In which resolve Georgie again showed a fine judgment, for May was decidedly the stupid one of her family, and by no means likely to read between lines or discriminate shades of tone. "I'm sure it ought to do beautifully," she said with admiration after the perusal; "the part about the Conference sounds splendid."

But, unhappily, Georgie's cleverness altogether failed to accomplish what she had intended. She had forecast rightly enough the feelings with which her uncle would read her letter; but it is easier to calculate upon rousing another person's emotions than to predict the influence which these will have upon his behavior, more especially when the person in question chances to be a complete stranger. Thus, in the present case, Mr. Hesperton was much shocked and pained by his niece's account of her recent spiritual experiences, but instead of consequently regarding her as a moral leper, whose blighting presence in his wholesome cure was a peril to be piously shunned, he looked upon her compassionately, as one afflicted with a mind diseased, to which Providence had plainly set in his way the duty of ministering. Neither his conscience nor his natural benevolence would allow him to evade the responsibility. One consideration only gave him pause: was he justified in exposing his motherless Carrie to the dangers which might spring from association with this misguided girl? But he dismissed the faint-hearted doubt after a brief struggle. He would watch Carrie closely, and send her to stay with his sister, if he deemed it advisable. Come what might, he would not throw away the chance of rescuing one of poor Edward's daughters from bondage to such lamentable views. "Believe whatever they like" — "perfectly satisfactory" — poor young thing, with what culpable negligence she must have been brought up! The old rector's white whisker-frill framed a face full of concern as he rose from his chair and began to pace his little study. "I have it," he said to himself, his eye falling upon his book-

shelves; "I'll arrange a short course of reading to go through with her when she comes. I must make time for it after dinner; I'm getting too fond of my nap and my armchair. Perhaps it would be best to begin by asking her to read aloud to me, to save my eyes, that the thing may not look premeditated. Let me see, here are Paley's 'Evidences,' and the immortal 'Analogy;' they may possibly be considered *antiquated* nowadays," he mused, fondly flicking off the dusty cobwebs and throwing several book-mites into grave consternation, "and I might do well to send for some of the S.P.C.K.'s new volumes; though it would be difficult, I take it, to improve upon Bishop Butler."

Having decided upon that step, the rector sat down and wrote to his niece; but being, for his part, a man of some discretion, he said nothing about the Conference, or the Sunday school, or the "Analogy." He simply wrote a very kind letter, warmly inviting her to Grantrigg, and begging her to fix an early date for her arrival. Georgie read this good-natured epistle with intense dismay and chagrin. She had spent two days in a fool's paradise, listening with false security while her family discussed their plans upon the basis of her own relegation to Cumberland, an arrangement which she had, she thought, effectually precluded. But now her doom was sealed — literally, for her old-fashioned uncle used wax and a signet-ring — and bitterly feeling it vain to contend further with fate, she dutifully penned an acceptance, and applied herself to the task of disguising the fact that she was "of ladies most deject and wretched." This task, indeed, became daily harder, amid the twins' gleeful bustle of preparation and anticipation and her own melancholy brooding upon all that her absence would lose her, and, still worse, what it might in one quarter be taken to imply. A considerable effort was needed to keep her countenance and her temper at approximately their normal length, and Georgie's previous apprenticeship to that useful craft stood her in good stead.

One morning, however, it appeared that Sylvia, also, had a grievance, which she did not feel called upon to hide. "I'm horribly disappointed," she broke out in the course of breakfast, "that the Saxmores won't be at Brilmouth after all. They would have been quite certain to have got up some private theatricals; Betty's as cracked about them as I am. Do you remember what splendid ones they had at the Manor last year? As it

is now, I don't think there'll be anybody there likely to go in for anything of the kind."

"I quite believe you've got theatricals on the brain, Syl," said May, who was not a success before the curtain, but who much excelled behind a net; "at any rate, there's sure to be no end of tennis, and we ought to be able to get up a grand tournament. They say it's possible that Barlow and the Renshaws may come."

"One gets deadly sick of perpetual tennis," grumbled Sylvia, "and, besides that, it's no good for wet days. I dare say it will rain half the time. I'd been looking forward *particularly* to the Saxmores. I'd even got my French marquise frock done up on purpose."

"Oh, well, there'll be plenty of nice people anyhow. The Carfords' yacht is expected there next week, and Mr. Page-Scott was to be with them — the little Scotchman, you know, whom we met at the Ruxtons in the spring, and thought so pleasant. By the way, I suppose his leave must be coming to an end. Didn't you say, Georgie, that he had told you he was going out again to Bombay some time in the autumn?"

Georgie daresaid he had, but didn't exactly remember. She supposed — also by the way, though of what is not quite clear — that she would have to write a line to Carrie at Grantrigg Rectory. Yes, she had had a note that morning, and had left it somewhere or other, most likely in her own room. And therewith the breakfast party dispersed.

In the course of that afternoon Sylvia, who had spent the morning shopping with her mother and May, lighted upon a folded letter stuck marker-wise in the third volume of "Juliet's Jewelled Yoke," a work which both she and Georgie happened to be reading. Letters left promiscuously lying about were recognized as common property by the Hesperton household, so Sylvia had no scruple in reading this one; and as she opened it, out of the innermost folds slipped a tiny shred of silver tinsel, which might have been placed there with some special object, but Sylvia, naturally enough, did not notice it. The letter, dated from "The Rectory," and written in a schoolgirlish sort of hand, was evidently Grantrigg Carrie's, and began with enthusiastic expressions of delight at the prospect of Georgie's visit.

"It is particularly lucky," the writer proceeded, "that you are coming just now, for I never remember when there was so much going on here as there is at present.

As a rule we are not very lively, but this summer several sets of nice people have come to the neighborhood, and then the Elvenmeres are at the castle, which makes a great difference. Their eldest son comes of age this month, and they are to have grand doings — dances, and *magnificent* private theatricals with a real stage-manager from London! Are you fond of acting? I have an idea that we heard from somebody that one of you was awfully good at it. If so, you are certain to be requisitioned for the castle, as I know the Elvenmeres have been disappointed by their 'leading lady,' and are on the lookout for another. They wanted me to take a part, but I have no gifts for that kind of thing. However, I told them yesterday that I thought I knew of some one. What a mercy it is that papa is not Low Church! If he had been, of course we should have had to be horrified at anything entertaining, but, as it is, we go everywhere. I hope we shall have great fun while you are here. Your affectionate cousin, CARRIE. P.S. — If you have a nice *wig*, do bring it with you on Monday. I know it sounds rather an odd request, but they say it is sometimes very hard to get a becoming one."

An hour or so later, Georgie, entering the breakfast-room, was aware of Sylvia sitting, a small, palpably disconsolate heap, in a sofa-corner; and she derived what under any ordinary circumstances would have been a very unsisterly satisfaction from the sight. That it did please, and did not surprise her, was due to a superficially irrelative fact, namely, her ascertainment that the significant tinsel-thread no longer lurked in Carrie's letter. It would not, however, have by any means jumped with Georgie's design to assume the existence of the slightest connection between her cousin's communication and her sister's symptoms of distress. Therefore, in response to an ostentatious sigh, she merely said: "Dear me, Syl, have you got your neuralgia again?"

"Oh yes," Sylvia answered dolorously; "it's pretty bad this evening. I suppose it is going to rain, for you know *my* neuralgia is always worse in damp."

Georgie sympathetically suggested various remedies, which were querulously rejected, and a brief silence followed, Sylvia sitting with the corners of her mouth pathetically tucked down, and her front hair wildly pluffed up in a manner indicative of much distraction. Then she resumed her plaint. "I hope I shan't have it all the time we're at Brilmouth, but the

sea air always *is* bad for it. I'm almost sorry, on that account, that we've settled to go there."

Georgie admitted with candor that neuralgia certainly was an awful plague.

"Do you know, Georgie," Sylvia said hesitatingly after another pause, "I really think that, if you didn't particularly *want* to go to Grantrigg, it might be *wiser* for me to change with *you*. You see, it would be such a bore if I did have constant neuralgia; and I believe the sea air at Brilmouth is dreadfully *strong*. Of course one of us would do just as well as the other at either place."

"Oh, of course, as far as that goes, it wouldn't make the least difference," Georgie conceded, "but then you'd find it so dull."

"I dare say I would," quoth Sylvia, who, however, had the grace to turn rather pink; "but it would be better than having neuralgia. One can't enjoy anything when one has *neuralgia*, you know." A reply most reassuring to Georgie, as it showed an intention on Sylvia's part to ignore the alluring letter, a line of conduct which would effectually bar many future complications.

Well, the upshot of it was that the two plotters, deceiver and deceived, accomplished the transfer, and that Georgie went to Brilmouth, where the sea air was so strong and the Carfords' yacht was lying in the harbor; while Sylvia repaired to Grantrigg, where the air, we may surmise, had castles in it, and where there was no doubt about Paley's "Evidences" and the Sunday school. Georgie did not escape a twinge of self-reproach as she saw her sister off with rouge and pearl powder and a curly pompadour wig stowed away at the bottom of an enormous trunk. "I'll do her a good turn to make up for it the first time I have a chance," she vowed to herself while the engine was panting out of the terminus. But since, before many weeks had elapsed, she sailed for India in the *rôle* of Mrs. Page-Scott, she may have been obliged to defer indefinitely the execution of her amiable resolve.

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From Temple Bar.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

#### PART I.

RETROSPECTIVE reading has become almost impossible in this age of rapid "making of books;" and possibly not one

in ten of those who praise or condemn Haydon's pictures, and whether they rank amongst his admirers or not, deplore the tragedy which closed his stormy and disappointed life, has found time to read the autobiography and journals edited by Mr. Tom Taylor, or the two bulky volumes in which Mr. Frederic Wordsworth Haydon collected his father's "Correspondence and Table Talk."

Yet Haydon was an artist with the pen as well as the pencil, and there are few things in literature more vivid and dramatic—more essentially picturesque—than portions of his autobiography; or more pathetic than its record of defeated aspirations, baffled hopes, and a breaking heart. Without, therefore, re-opening the old debate as to his artistic merits and defects, or dwelling much on the controversies which brought him so many foes, an outline of the story of his life, as he told it, may still have interest.

The Haydons were an old Devonshire family, ruined by a Chancery suit in the time of the artist's great-grandfather. His grandfather, who married a descendant of the printer, Baskerville, kept a bookseller's shop in Plymouth, to which his son Robert succeeded, and where Benjamin Robert was born, in January, 1786. His mother, a handsome, vivacious woman, quick-tempered and tender-hearted, was one of the large family of the rector of Dodbrooke, who was killed by the sounding-board of his pulpit falling on his head while preaching. Nearly all Mr. Cobley's children prospered in life. One of his daughters married Admiral Count Mordwinoff, and a brother who accompanied her to Russia became a distinguished general in the Russian army and was for a time commander-in-chief at Odessa. Another of Mrs. Haydon's brothers was taken into partnership by her husband, and lived with them at Plymouth.

Benjamin was an only son, with one sister, Harriet. He was a passionate and rebellious child, and nothing, he says, but a "picture-book" could calm his childish tempests of rage. When he became old enough to understand what was passing around him, the times were full of interest and excitement. His father, who was well off and hospitable, kept open house for the officers of the garrison and fleet. The boy listened eagerly to their excited discussions on politics and war. Plymouth Sound was filled with fleets preparing for sea, or triumphantly returning, battered and blackened, with captured enemies in tow.

The town was crowded with French prisoners, who made guillotines of meat-bones — grim toys which were sold at the prisons to English children, who played at "cutting off the king's head." "My chief delight," says Haydon, "was in drawing the guillotine, with 'Louis taking leave of his People' in his shirt-sleeves, which I copied from a print of the day." When the young artist had the measles, and lay looking regretfully at the drawing-book he could no longer use, his public-spirited father put his head between the bed-curtains, exclaiming, "My dear, Jervis has beaten the Spanish fleet and taken four sail of the line! This will cure ye!"

Later, after the battle of the Nile, Haydon was walking with a schoolfellow on the Hoe, when he met Nelson, "a little man in a shabby cocked hat, with a green shade over one eye." The boy impulsively took off his hat, and Nelson returned the salute and smiled at him.

Haydon's natural love of drawing was stimulated by the head man in his father's binding office, a Neapolitan named Fenzi, who talked to him of the pictorial marvels of Italy, of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and constantly urged, "Don't draw de landscape, draw de feegore, Master Benjamin!" — advice quite after the boy's own heart; and at the suggestion of a brother of Northcote, then living in Plymouth, he began to study anatomical works.

His schoolmaster, too, was sympathetic, took Haydon on sketching excursions, and encouraged his taste for art, somewhat to the neglect of other studies. His father noticing this, despatched him to Plympton Grammar School, where he got on better. After an ineffectual attempt to learn account-keeping at Exeter, Benjamin returned to Plymouth and was "bound" for seven years to his father, who naturally wished his only son to succeed to a business he had himself made so prosperous.

Some of Haydon's personal characteristics, however, as early developed as his love of art, made this proposal intolerably distasteful.

I hated day-books, ledgers, bill-books, and cash-books [he says]. I hated standing behind the counter, and insulted the customers. I hated the town and people in it. I saw my father had more talent than the asses he was obliged to bend to. I knew his honorable descent, and I despised the vain fools who patronized him. Once, after a man had offered me less than the price for a Latin dictionary, I dashed the book on its shelf and

walked out of the shop. . . . I never entered it again.

In the midst of the family discussions that followed, the boy had an attack of inflammation of the eyes. He was blind for some weeks, and never recovered sufficiently to dispense with glasses. His parents thought this must decide the question of art as a calling. He did not agree with them. He chanced on a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Discourses," in which he found the axiom, that in capacity all were equal, and application alone made the difference. Why should not he, then, become a Reynolds?

I fired up at once. I felt my destiny fixed. . . . I came down to breakfast with Reynolds under my arm, and opened my fixed intentions in a style of such energy that I demolished all arguments.

His next proceeding was to bid for a valuable anatomical work at a sale — leaving the detested "business" to pay for it — and to learn it by heart, with his sister's aid. "She and I used to walk about the house with our arms round each other's neck, she saying, 'How many heads to the deltoid?' 'Where is it inserted?' and I answering."

The result of such determination might be anticipated. In May, 1804, young Haydon, with twenty pounds in his pocket, started by the Plymouth mail for London, fame, and fortune. Lodgings had been taken for him at 342\* Strand. The morning after his arrival he visited Somerset House, looked at the historical pictures and said, "I don't fear you!" He then bought some plaster casts, unpacked his precious "Albinus," darkened his windows, and set to work drawing from the round, and "breathing aspirations for high art and defiance to all opposition."

For three months [he continues] I saw nothing but my books, my casts, and my drawings. . . . I was so long without speaking to a human creature, that my gums became sore from the clenched tightness of my teeth. . . . The Sunday after my arrival I went to the new church, "St. Mary-le-Strand," and in humbleness begged for the protection of the Great Spirit to guide, assist, and bless my endeavors.

After months of intense study, Haydon remembered a letter of introduction which his Uncle Copley had given him to Prince Hoare, "a delicate, feeble-looking man, with a timid expression," a smatterer in art and literature, the friend of Godwin,

\* His son says 348.

Holcroft, and — strange conjunction — Sir Vicary Gibbs. He received Haydon kindly, returned his call, was pleased with his drawings, and gave him introductions to Northcote and Opie.

The first interview with the former would make a striking picture. Haydon was then eighteen, "a slim, handsome lad," with a bright country color, black, curly hair, and all the enthusiasm of youth and health beaming from his "fierce, azure eyes." In a dirty painting-room, under a high window, "with the light shining full on his bald head," he found Northcote, "a diminutive, wizened figure, in an old blue-striped dressing-gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead." He peered maliciously at the eager youth from his little shining eyes, over the open letter, and said in his broad Devonshire, "Zo you mayne tu bee a peinter, doo-ee? What zort of peinter?" "Historical painter, sir." "Heestoricaul peinter! Why, yee'll starve with a bundle of straw under yee'r head!"

After much more discouragement from Northcote, Haydon went on his way to Opie's *clean* gallery in Berners Street. A "coarse-looking, intellectual man" received him, and said, "You are studying anatomy — master it; were I your age, I would do the same." "I have just come from Mr. Northcote, and he says I am wrong, sir." "Never mind what *he* says. He doesn't know it himself, and would be glad to keep you as ignorant." "I could have hugged Opie!" comments Haydon.\*

His third artistic friend was the handsome and prosperous Smirke, father of Sir Robert.

Many miserable moments did Northcote inflict upon me, which Smirke used to laugh at so excessively that my mind was always relieved. I went away in better spirits from Smirke, better informed from Opie, and exasperated from little Aqua-Fortis.

Prince Hoare mentioned Haydon to Fuseli, then keeper of the Academy, who wished to see his drawings. "I had a mysterious awe of him. Hoare's apprehensions lest he might injure my taste or hurt my morals excited in my mind a notion that he was a sort of gifted wild beast." This feeling was strengthened by a letter from his father concluding "God speed you with the terrible Fuseli!" The

impressions thus excited were fitting introduction to

A gallery enough to frighten any one at twilight. Galvanized devils — malicious witches brewing their incantations, Satan bridging Chaos and springing upwards like a pyramid of fire — Lady Macbeth — Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly — Paolo and Francesca — humor, pathos, terror, blood, and murder met one at every look! I expected the floor to give way — I fancied Fuseli himself a giant. I heard his footsteps and saw a little bony hand slide round the edge of the door, followed by a little white-headed, lion-faced man in an old flannel dressing-gown tied round his waist with a piece of rope, and upon his head the bottom of Mrs. Fuseli's work-basket.

The lion behaved on this occasion like a lamb, and dismissed Haydon with instructions to present himself at the Royal Academy as a student on the opening night after the Christmas vacation. His descriptions of his early studies, companions, and instructors are amazingly vivid. He "adored Fuseli's imagination," but was not blind to his faults. "A man has no more right to dislocate an arm and call it the 'Grand Style' than he has to put in six toes and call it nature as she ought to be." Fuseli was extremely near-sighted and too vain to wear spectacles.

Sometimes in his blindness he would put a hideous smear of Prussian blue in his flesh, and then, discovering his mistake, take a bit of red to deaden it; then, prying close, turn round to me and say: "By —, dat's a fine purple! it's vary like Correggio, by —!" Then he would burst out with a quotation from Homer, Tasso, Dante, Virgil, or perhaps the Niebelungen, and thunder round to me with, "Paint *dat*!" I found him the most grotesque mixture of art, literature, scepticism, indelicacy, profanity and kindness.

Of a very different type was a new student who soon became Haydon's most intimate friend, "tall, pale, and quiet, with a fine eye, a short nose, a vulgar, humorous mouth, and great energy of expression." His name was David Wilkie. The two youths had, says Mr. Frederic Haydon, "the same high views, the same contempt for academical art, the same industry, love of religion, and simple tastes. Their lives were singularly open and pure."

Jackson, a *protégé* of Lord Mulgrave, who made a third in this friendship, was so delighted with Wilkie's "Village Politicians," that he induced his own patron and Sir George Beaumont to go and see it; on the spot each gave Wilkie a commission — one for the "Blind Fiddler," the other for the "Rent Day." The "Vil-

\* Mrs. Opie became one of Haydon's warmest friends, and some of the gems of his "Table Talk" were derived from her. She told him that Fuseli said of Northcote: "He looks like a rat that has seen a cat!"

lage Politicians," was given the best place in the exhibition of 1806.

Next day [writes Haydon] I read in the *News*, "A young Scotchman by the name of Wilkie has a very extraordinary work." I was in the clouds! I rushed away, met Jackson, and we both bolted into Wilkie's room. I roared out, "My boy, your name's in the paper!" "Is it *really*?" said David. I read the puff. We huzzaed, and taking hands, all three danced round the table till we were tired.

One result of Wilkie's success was an invitation to Mulgrave Castle, whence he sent Haydon a commission from Lord Mulgrave, who had been interested by Jackson's account of him, for a grand historical picture, "The Death of Dentatus."

On Wilkie's return to town he brought Sir George and Lady Beaumont (the good friends of Wordsworth) to see the picture on which Haydon was then engaged — his first — "Joseph and Mary resting on the Road to Egypt."\* Sir George admired the painting, and Lady Beaumont the painter, and they invited the two young artists to a dinner-party, amusingly described by Haydon, where they met Humphry Davy:—

A little slender youth, his hair combed over his forehead, speaking dandily and drawlingly. . . . He was very entertaining, and made a singularly successful prophecy. He said: "Napoleon will certainly come in contact with Russia by pressing forward in Poland, and *there* probably will begin his destruction!" This I heard myself, five years before it happened.

At another dinner-party, given by Lord Mulgrave, Haydon had the temerity to enter the lists with his host on behalf of Milton, whose genius Lord Mulgrave could not see, though Pitt had often tried to open his eyes. "For my part," said his lordship, "I agree with the Scotchman who, after reading 'Paradise Lost,' said he thought 'there was just faults on both sides.'"

Such introductions to society as these naturally opened many friendly doors to the young artist, but no temptations could withdraw him from his strenuous professional work, to which he added the study of French, Latin, Greek, and Italian.

In 1807 Haydon visited Plymouth, and finding that his mother, who suffered from *angina pectoris*, desired to consult a London surgeon, he took her and his sister back with him. She wished to stop at

Wells on the way, to see a favorite brother, one of the prebends. A dumb miniature painter named Cross lived with Mr. Cobley, who in youth had loved and proposed to Mrs. Haydon; her refusal made him a recluse, and from that time they had never seen each other.

In the hall [says Haydon] I met a tall, handsome old man, whose eyes seemed to look me through. Muttering unintelligible sounds, he opened the door, saw my mother, rushed to her and pressed her to his heart, weeping, and uttering sounds of joy not human. This was Cross. They had not met for thirty years. He was in an agony of joy and pain, smoothing her hair, and touching first her cheek and then his own, as if to say, "How altered!"

Two days later, on her arrival at Salt Hill, Mrs. Haydon died, to her son's unutterable grief.

Soon after his return to London, where he now ventured to take a first floor at 41 Great Marlborough Street, Haydon was thrown into a frenzy of admiration by the Elgin Marbles. Wilkie had obtained an order to see them, "and as no opportunity for improvement was ever granted to the one which he did not directly share with the other, his first thought was that I would like to go."

I shall never forget the horses' heads [he continues]. The feet in the Metopes! I felt as if a divine truth had blazed inwardly upon my mind, and I knew that they would at last rouse the art of Europe from its slumber in the darkness. I do not say this now, when all the world acknowledges it, but I said it then, when no one would believe it.

Haydon went home, and, "disgusted at my wretched attempt at the heroic in the form and action of Dentatus, dashed out the abominable mass." He then, as his son says, "put himself to school to the Marbles," obtaining permission to copy them, and working at them for many hours each day during many months. Then he took up his palette again, and finished his great picture for the exhibition of 1809.

The moment chosen is when Dentatus, fiercely repelling his assailants, is about to be crushed by the falling rock, and the action is so immediate that Leigh Hunt finely compared it to "a bit of embodied lightning."\*

\* Wilkie introduced Haydon to Leigh Hunt, whom he found "with his black, bushy hair, black eyes, pale face and 'nose of taste,' as fine a specimen of a London editor as could be imagined. . . . We were nearly of an age, and he had an open, affectionate manner which was most engaging, and a literary laziness of poetical gossip, which to an artist's mind was very improving. At the time of our acquaintance he really

\* Hung on the line in the exhibition of 1807, and bought by Mr. Hope for the Deepdene Collection.

Wilkie, Fuseli, Sir George Beaumont, and Lord Mulgrave praised the picture highly, but the latter urged Haydon *not* to exhibit it at the Academy, and Sir George agreed that it would be better not to trust it to the hands of men "who had either failed in or had no feeling for ideal art." The dogged disinclination to take advice, which was one of the defects of Haydon's qualities, showed itself at once. He persisted in sending the picture, which, after being hung by Fuseli's order on the line in the "Great Room," was removed during his absence to the Octagon Room, "the lumber-room of the Academy." It was the only historical picture in the exhibition!

Lord Mulgrave, who had paid Haydon what was then a very handsome sum for "Dentatus," and intended the picture to "give him a start," was mortified, and the first seeds of disappointment and wrath with his brethren in authority were sown in Haydon's breast. "I began to think I was under a curse, and doomed to remain so," he writes. Lord Mulgrave, who saw how his young *protégé* was suffering, kindly sent him and Wilkie off on a sea-trip, after which Sir George Beaumont invited them to his beautiful seat, Colleton, where the two artists and the "distinguished amateur," their host, were very happy, rising with the lark for painting competitions, and lingering on the stairs as they went up to bed to study the effect of candle-light on each others' heads.

Two years earlier Sir George had given Haydon a commission for a picture of Macbeth; and during this visit "whole length" was fixed upon; but when the patron first saw the artist at work on it in town, he had misgivings as to the size. Then began a contest which Lord Mulgrave, at his own table, amiably but vainly strove to terminate. After the dinner-party,

Up I went to my solitary painting-room, and putting the candle on the ground, dwelt on my picture in its advanced state. I mused on the grooms heavy in slumber; the king sleeping in innocence; Macbeth striding in terror; the vast shadow of his listening wife — till getting inspired as midnight approached, I marched about the room in agitation and swore I would not yield. Full of the glory of resistance to injustice, I went to bed and fell asleep. In the night I awoke and found myself in my cast room, where I must have been a long time,

was, whether in private conversation or surrounded by his friends, in honesty of principle and unflinching love of truth, in wit and fun, quotation and impromptu, one of the most delightful beings I ever knew."

half dead with cold, bewildered, and staring at the head of Niobe. The glitter of the moon awoke me, and I became conscious that I had been walking in my sleep.

"Why did I not yield?" Haydon asked himself thirty years later, when, as his son remarks, "good Sir George was safe in his tomb." But he answers the question in the same paragraph, "I had always a tendency to *fight it out*."

In 1810 "Dentatus" took the hundred-guinea prize offered by the directors of the British Gallery for the best historical picture. In the same year Haydon dissected a lioness, the principle of whose construction, he said, was "the greatest possible strength in the smallest possible space," and all but killed a negro in obtaining a perfect cast of his figure, turning every new investigation to the advantage of "Macbeth." All his creative enthusiasm was needed to support him under the heavy blow he received when his father wrote to say that he was no longer able to contribute to his support. "Here," says poor Haydon, "began debt and obligation, out of which I never have been and never shall be extricated so long as I live."

In the same unfortunate year Haydon became a candidate for admission to the Academy. He had not a single vote. Yet "nothing could exceed my enthusiasm, my devotion, my fury of work, solitary, high-minded, trusting in God, glorying in my country's honor."

The result of the unfortunate difference with Sir George Beaumont about "Macbeth" was that on the completion of the picture in 1812 he offered a compromise which Haydon would not accept, and the picture — with £600 of debt incurred while it was being painted, £200 of it for rent — was left on the painter's hands.

Exasperated by the neglect of my family, tormented by the consciousness of debt, cut to the heart by the cruelty of Sir George, fearful of the severity of my landlord, and enraged at the insults from the Academy, I became furious. An attack on the Academy and its abominations darted into my head.\* I began by refuting an article by Payne Knight on Barry in the *Edinburgh Review*. . . . To expose the ignorance of a powerful patron, and to attack the Academy, would have been at any time the very worst and most impolitic thing on earth. I should have worked away

\* Mr. Frederic Haydon, in the memoir prefixed to his father's "Correspondence and Table Talk," says that this statement lays too much "at Sir George's door," and that unquestionably the famous "Three Letters" to the *Examiner* had been long meditated and deliberately planned.

and been quiet. My picture rose very high and was praised. The conduct of Sir George was severely handled. People of fashion were beginning to feel sympathy. . . . But no—I was unmanageable.

It was the parting of the ways. At twenty-six Haydon decided his own fate and became an artistic Ishmael, with his hand more or less against every man, and many hands against him.

Fuseli swore that he was mad. Wilkie, "to uphold whose genius in the sincerity of my glowing heart I would have stood before a battery of blazing cannon and been blown to splinters," shrank dismayed from his side.

"I made up my mind for the conflict, and at once ordered a larger canvas for another work."

About this time Haydon met his first London friend, Prince Hoare, in the Haymarket. He admitted the truth of what Haydon had written, but said, "They will deny your talent and deprive you of work." "But if I produce a picture of such merit as cannot be denied, the public will carry me through." "What are you going to paint?" "The Judgment of Solomon." "Rubens and Raphael have both tried it." "So much the better. I'll tell the story better."

"Macbeth" was sent to the British Gallery to compete for the prize of three hundred guineas, on which Haydon had relied during his dispute with Beaumont. It was incontestably the best picture, but the directors dared not crown the efforts of the young rebel against constituted authority, so in their wisdom and justice they expended the prize money on buying for their own gallery a picture which had never competed at all! They sent each of the leading competitors a cheque for thirty guineas to cover their "expenses." Haydon of course indignantly returned his.

Then he had to face the world, penniless. "Leigh Hunt behaved nobly. He offered me always a plate at his table till 'Solomon' was done." His brother John lent Haydon £30. Then the landlord must be consulted.

I called up Perkins and laid my desperate case before him. He was quite affected. I said, "I'll leave you if you wish it, but it will be a pity, will it not, not to finish such a beginning?" Perkins looked at the rubbing in, and muttered: "It's a grand thing—how long will it be before it's done, sir?" "Two years." "What, two years more, and no rent?" "Not a shilling." He rubbed his chin, and muttered: "I shouldn't like ye to

go—it's hard for both of us. But what I say is this, you always paid me when you could, and why shouldn't you again when you are able? Here's my hand, sir" (a great fat one it was!), "I'll give you two years more. And if this doesn't sell" (affecting to look severe), "why, we'll consider what's to be done. So don't fret, sir, but work."

And work he did, with a fiery energy and determination which could not fail to leave its mark on the canvas. One of the few staunch adherents of the luckless "Macbeth" was Hazlitt:—

That interesting man, that singular mixture of friend and fiend, radical and critic, metaphysician, poet, and painter, on whose word no one could rely, on whose heart no one could calculate, and some of whose deductions he himself would try to explain in vain.\*

In 1813 Haydon's father died, and Haydon reaped no benefit from the business he was once intended to inherit. Mr. Frederic Haydon evidently thinks that "Uncle Cobley," who was on the spot, could have explained the reason.

In the following January, when "Solomon" was finished all but toning, the artist's health broke down, and his eyes were so affected that he could see no longer. Adams the oculist arrived just as he was about to have the temporal artery opened by an apothecary. "If that's done he will be blind," said Adams. "He wants stimulants, not depletion." Haydon sent for a wine merchant, showed him the picture, and asked whether, after such an effort, he ought to be without the glass of wine his medical man had prescribed? "Certainly not," said he, "I'll send you two dozen. Pay me as soon as you can, and recollect to drink success to 'Solomon' in the first glass."

West, the president of the hated Royal Academy, heard of the picture and called to see it. The old man looked long at the painting,

and at the poor pale spectre of a painter, half starved, half blind, standing before him. "This is a work," he said, in a low voice, "which must not be forgotten"—and then he began to cry. After a while he said: "Do you want money?" "Indeed I do." "So do I," replied West. "They have stopped

\* The "Table Talk" for 1828 says: "At a card-party at Charles Lamb's, Hazlitt and Lamb's brother got into a discussion as to whether Holbein's coloring was as good as that of Vandyke. . . . At length they became so excited that they upset the table and seized each other by the throat. In the struggle Hazlitt got a black eye; but when the combatants were parted, Hazlitt turned to Talfourd, who was offering his aid, and said: 'You need not trouble yourself, sir. I do not mind a blow, sir. Nothing affects me but an abstract idea!'"

my income from the king, but Fauntleroy is now arranging an advance, and if I succeed, my young friend, you shall hear from me. Don't be cast down." In the course of the day he sent Haydon £15.

"Solomon" was triumphantly exhibited at the Water-Color Society's Rooms, in Spring Gardens, and sold for seven hundred guineas.

It was time. Haydon had had no commission for four years, and everything for which a shilling could be obtained had been pledged or parted with to procure the "potatoes and salt" on which he lived.

Sir George Beaumont held out his hand in the gallery, saying, "Haydon, I am astonished." Lord Mulgrave said, "You dine with us to-night, *of course*." Calcott assured him that no people had a higher respect for his talent than the Academicians!

Then, with Wilkie, who had been forgiven in the hour of victory, Haydon started on his first foreign tour.

At that time [he says] — "1814 — every step in Paris excited mighty associations, There was in everything a look of gilded slavery and bloody splendor, a tripping grace in the women, a ragged blackguardism in the men, and a polished fierceness in the soldiers which distinguished Paris as the capital of a people who combine more inconsistent vices and virtues than any other people on the earth.

In Paris human life was, he says, "a matter of farce." Women and children were playing battledore and shuttlecock before the morgue, where two dead bodies were exposed. Whenever the shuttlecock fell they ran in, gratified their morbid curiosity, and then resumed their game.

And yet everything, however abominable, was done by the women with such grace and sweetness that residence among them would soon have rendered me as insensible as themselves.

Haydon's artist eye delighted in the extraordinary scenes, shifting as rapidly as the pieces of a kaleidoscope, to be observed in Paris at that period.

The Rue St. Honoré was the most wonderful sight. Don Cossack chiefs loosely clothed and moving as their horses moved; the half-clad savage Cossack horseman, his belt stuck full of pistols and watches, crouched up on a little ragged-maned, ill-bred, half-white shaggy pony; the Russian Imperial Guardsman pinched in at the waist like a wasp, striding along like a giant, with an air of victory that made every Frenchman curse within his teeth as he passed him; the English offi-

cer, with boyish face and broad shoulders; the heavy Austrian; the natty Prussian; and now and then a Bashkir Tartar in the ancient Phrygian cap, with bow and arrows and chain armor, gazing about from his horse, in the midst of black-eyed grisettes, Jews, Turks, and Christians from all countries in Europe and Asia. It was a pageant that kept one staring, musing, and bewildered from morning till night.

Haydon and Wilkie went everywhere, and, so far as their knowledge of the language permitted, talked to every one. They observed "the look of blasted glory in the remnant of Napoleon's army," and marvelled at French political ignorance. An old priest, after saying how charmed he was that England and France were friends again, "hoped, with an insinuating smile, we had not been much injured in the contest;" a fine young man at one of the inns anxiously inquired if Napoleon had conquered at Moscow; a French gentleman asked Haydon in whose possession St. Domingo was! Everywhere Napoleon was called "Bon général, mais mauvais souverain." "They cursed him," says Haydon, "as an emperor, and adored him in the field." The two young artists visited Malmaison, where Joséphine had just died; Rambouillet, where an old servant spoke with affection of Marie Louise, and said that for the last six days there she scarcely touched food, but walked about the grounds incessantly, absorbed in grief. The rocking-horse and playthings of the king of Rome were lying about the garden. Prisons, picture-galleries, hospitals — all were explored, and all bore traces of the convulsion through which France had so lately passed. At Vincennes Haydon was roused from his meditations beside the ditch in which D'Enghien was shot, to help the governor and his two sons to capture a jackdaw which had got up one of the chimneys!

In the Louvre, filled with people of all nations, Haydon asked his friend, "Now, Wilkie, suppose you did not know any nation present, what would be your impression from the look of the English?" Wilkie contemplated for a moment their sedate, respectable appearance beside the French and Russians, and replied, "Dear, dear, they just look as if they had a balance at their bankers!"

In 1815 Haydon, to his intense delight, got permission to take casts from some of the Elgin Marbles, about the value and authenticity of which opinion was still divided: —

I was in the clouds! My Theseus and

Ilissus were come home with all my fragments, and I walked about glorying. . . . Crowds came to see them, and in the midst of my glory who should make his appearance but Canova!

The great sculptor endorsed all Haydon's enthusiasm for the classic relics, and, which perhaps hardly pleased him more, expressed great admiration for the work on which the artist was then engaged — "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem."

Soon after Canova's visit a committee was appointed to inquire into the merits of the Elgin Marbles, with a view to their purchase by the government. The committee was so well understood to be hostile to the project that the king of Bavaria lodged £30,000 with his London agents to secure the Marbles as soon as it should rise. Lord Elgin named four friends as witnesses, including Haydon, who was never called. On this he wrote a letter to the *Champion* and the *Examiner*, "On the Judgment of Connoisseurs being preferred to that of Professional Men," which, says his son,

Set all London by the ears. For depth and fervor, and bold and bitter truth, it surpassed anything Haydon had written or spoken previously. . . . It fell like a shell in the midst of the committee. . . . But its force and home-truths gave the deepest offence, and were never forgiven by the nobility. "It has saved the Marbles," said Sir Thomas Lawrence, "but it will ruin Haydon." It did both. It was translated into French, Italian, and German, and spread all over the continent. Goethe was delighted with it. Dannecker showed it with pride to Lord Elgin at Dresden. A copy of it was found in the Magliabecchian Library at Florence.

But Lord Mulgrave was furious. He had at that moment a plan before the Institution for the artist's benefit, and he said to a friend, "What the — is Haydon about? Here have I been planning to get him a handsome income for three years and send him to Italy, and out comes this indiscreet and abominable letter!"

Haydon was five years engaged on his "Entry into Jerusalem," and during this time he was almost entirely supported by friends and money-lenders. His son says that he reproached himself acutely in after life for not having taken the advice of Sir George Beaumont and other friends and patrons who were very liberally aiding him (Mr. Harman to the amount of £1,000), and painted portraits and small salable works which might have secured him an independence. But it was not possible to him to give up his great ideals,

and he had to choose between the two careers. They were quite incompatible. Moreover, he had to take the greatest care of his sight, which was so weak that for two years out of the five he could not paint at all, and even had to dictate his letters. He was also busy with his school, which was joined by the two elder Landseers, Harvey, Lauer, and Bewick. His poorer pupils he taught gratuitously.\*

However poor in purse at this time, Haydon was rich in friends. Wordsworth addressed to him the fine triad of sonnets on "Creative Art;" Keats, to whom Haydon ascribes "an inward look, perfectly divine, like a Delphian priestess who sees visions," associated him with Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt in the noble lines beginning,

Great spirits now on earth are sojourning.

At Leigh Hunt's table Haydon once saw Shelley — "a hectic, spare, weakly yet intellectual-looking creature, carving a bit of brocoli on his plate as if it were the substantial wing of a chicken." Lamb and Wordsworth met at Haydon's rooms (it was there that the memorable interview with "the comptroller of stamps" took place), and "Lamb's fun in the midst of Wordsworth's solemn intonations of oratory was like the sarcasm and wit of the Fool in the intervals of Lear's passion." "One of my pleasantest and most constant correspondents at this time," writes Haydon, "and one of my truest and kindest friends, now and always, was Mary Russell Mitford. God bless her warm heart!"

And a more dominating feeling than friendship, though that with him had something of the exacting and jealous ardor of passion, was now to take possession of the artist: —

Love at first sight, new born and heir to all.

Calling one day with Maria Foote on a lady with whom she wished to leave a letter, Haydon followed her into a small drawing-room — "and in one instant the loveliest face that was ever created since God made Eve smiled gently at my approach. On the sofa lay a dying man, a boy about two years old by his side." These were Haydon's future wife, her husband and son. The impression so suddenly made was ineffaceable. Haydon

\* Horace Smith alludes to Haydon's weak sight and his school in one of his amusing letters: "Take care of your twinklers, and tell your landlord, if he give you such another notice to quit, you are determined not to wink at it, for it not only offends you, but your pupils!"

returned to the street after seeing Miss Foote home, and watched the windows in the hope of catching another glimpse of the face that haunted him. He paid one of the neighbors for permission to "sit concealed and look for her coming out." He contrived to pursue the acquaintance, to advise the girl-widow as to the education of her two children, and later to form an engagement, which ended in marriage in 1821.

"Jerusalem" was finished in 1820, and Haydon took the Great Room at the Egyptian Hall for a year, at a rent of £300, in which to exhibit it. Three Life Guardsmen carried it there, rolled up, on their shoulders, and were "as nervous as infants," Haydon says, about hanging it; but at last it was done by machinery. Then came a hitch in the most important part of all the machinery — the financial! Thomas Hope, Watson Taylor, and Mr. Coutts (applied to through his wife, whom Haydon had known when Harriet Mellon) had liberally assisted the artist while the picture was in progress; Sir George Beaumont sent £30 for the expense of moving. But "now, with upholsterers, journey-men, and soldiers in full work, the picture up and looking gloriously, everybody waiting for the word of command to buy hangings and begin fittings . . . there was a halt. Sir George's gift was gone."

Haydon rushed to Coutts's Bank and explained his dilemma to Sir E. Antrobus and Mr. Majoribanks. "How much do you want?" "Why, fifty pounds would do." "You shall have it," said both. "Give us your note."

I never [says poor Haydon] wrote "I promise to pay" with such inspired fury before! I went off and bought all the fittings wanted of the right color (purple-brown), galloped back to the Egyptian Hall, where whispers were beginning to be heard. Sammons, though six feet three in height, was like a child in a fright. Bullock was looking at the picture with the air of a landlord who scented no rent. Binns, the upholsterer, was half suspicious. But my appearance with my mouth clenched five times fiercer than ever, my stamping walk, my thundering voice, put fire into all. Women began to sew, boys cleared away and bustled, fittings were tearing right and left, while I mounted the ladder, palette in hand, ordered the door to be locked, and let fly at the foreground figures with a brush brimming with asphaltum and oil.

At the private view the room was crammed. "All the ministers and their ladies, all the foreign ambassadors, all the bishops, all the beauties, all the geniuses in town were invited and came." Most

parts of the picture had their admirers; the Persian ambassador said loudly, "I like the elbow of soldier." The penitent girl, the Samaritan woman, the heads drawn from Wordsworth, Newton, and Voltaire, all were amply praised; but there was uncertainty about the chief figure, which was "unorthodox."

Everybody seemed afraid, when in walked, with all the dignity of her majestic presence, Mrs. Siddons, like a Ceres or a Juno. The whole room remained dead silent, and allowed her to think. After a few moments Sir George Beaumont, who was extremely anxious, said in a very delicate manner: "How do you like the Christ?" After a moment, in a deep, loud, tragic tone she said: "It is completely successful."\*

It was. The great actress's fiat settled the question. A clear profit of £1,298 2s. was made on its exhibition in London. But alas! every penny was mortgaged.

Haydon then took his picture to Edinburgh, where Sir William Allan, Sir Walter Scott, and Lockhart, with his "melancholy and Spanish head," were the first to welcome him. "Christopher North" gave a large party in his honor.

Wilson looked like a fine Sandwich Islander who had been educated in the Highlands. His light hair, deep sea-blue eyes, tall, athletic figure, and hearty hand-grasp, his eagerness in debate, his violent passions, great genius, and irregular habits, rendered him a formidable partisan, a furious enemy, and an ardent friend.

But, amidst all this homage from the great and gifted, Haydon received no finer compliment than one paid unconsciously in the guise of a rebuke. At Glasgow Haydon one day went into the room in which the picture was being exhibited, "to see how it was doing." An old Scotchman, quite unaware to whom he was speaking, approached him and said sternly: "I think you should take your hat off, in sic an awfu' presence."

\* The "bitter tongue" of Rogers was notorious, but it could also be exquisitely sweet in praise. After looking long at this picture he said: "When all the figures get up to walk away, I beg leave to secure the little girl in the foreground."

From The Fortnightly Review.

#### THE ROAD FROM MASHOONALAND.

THAT the country occupied by the Chartered Company has a possible future before it if it has an outlet, is a fact that its most vehement detractors cannot alto-

gether deny. Gold is there; whether in large or small quantities, whether payable or unpayable, is a matter which can only be decided by years of careful prospecting and sinking of shafts, not by hasty scratching on the surface, or the verdict of so-called "experts" after a hurried visit; that gold was there is also certain from the vast acres of overturned alluvial soil and countless shafts sunk in remote antiquity. But to carry out what is necessary for this possible future development, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, resuscitation of this country, an easy access is indispensable.

Having entered the country by the weary wagon-road through Bechuanaland, and having left it by the now somewhat arduous Pungwe route, I can confidently affirm that this latter is the only possible one, and I now propose to describe it as it at present exists, feeling sure that in years to come, when the railway hurries the traveller up to Umtali, when the venomous *tsetse-fly* no longer destroys all transport animals, when lions cease to roar at night, and the game has retired to a respectful distance, a back glimpse at the early days of this route will be historically interesting.

Umtali is the natural land terminus of this route, as Beira is its legitimate port. Umtali, so called from a rivulet which flows below it, is now a scattered community of huts, shortly to be brought together in a "township" at a more favorable spot about five miles distant from the present site, which township the British South Africa Company hope to call Manica, and to make the capital of that portion of Manicaland which they so dexterously, to use an Africander term, "jumped" from the Portuguese. Of all their camps Umtali is the most favorably situated, enjoying delicious air, an immunity from swamps and fevers, lovely views, and many flowers. On the ridge, where the camp huts now stand exposed to the violent and prevailing blasts of the south-east winds, which descend in furious gusts from the surrounding mountains, stand also the guns taken from the Portuguese, nine in all, and presenting a formidable enough appearance, until you learn that they are useless at present, as the pins were abstracted before capture. Far away on the hill slopes are the huts of the original settlers; the bishop's palace, likewise a daub hut standing in the midst of a goodly mission farm. The hospital, with the sisters' huts, crowns another eminence, and the newly made fort crowns the highest

point, from which glorious views can be obtained over the sea of Manica mountains, the rich red soil and green vegetation, a pleasant change to the eye after the everlasting grey granite *kopjes* of Mashoonaland and its uniform vegetation.

Of ancient Portuguese remains there are several in the neighborhood of the Umtali forts, where centuries ago the pioneers held their own for a while against native aggression; to-day, if you dine at the officers' mess at Umtali, you find evidences of Portugal of another nature. You sit on Portuguese chairs and feed off Portuguese plates obtained from the loot of the store at Massi Kessi; and when the governor of that district came to pay an amicable visit to the governor of Umtali, there was nothing to seat him on save his own chairs, nothing to feed him on save his own plates, and nothing to give him to eat save his own tinned meats. But Portuguese politeness rose to the occasion, and no remarks were made.

Crossing a stream below the fort you find yourself amidst a collection of circular daub huts and stores, on either side of what a facetious butcher, who deals largely in tough old transport oxen, has termed in his advertisement "Main Street." Here you may pay enormous prices for the barest necessities of life, and you may drink at old Angus's bar a glass of whiskey for the price at which you could get a bottle in England. Scotch is the prevailing accent here, and I think the greatest gainers out of Mashoonaland, in this the first year of its existence, are those canny traders who have loaded wagons with jams and drink, and sold them at fabulous prices to hungry troopers and thirsty prospectors. Old Angus is a typical specimen of this class, a sandy-haired little Scotchman, well up in colonial ways, who keeps two huts, in one of which eating, drinking, and gossip are always to be found; whilst the other is divided into three bare cells, and is called an hotel.

Such is the first Umtali, primitive and fascinating in its rawness. Even now many of the huts will be abandoned to the rats and the rain, while the foundations of a future Umtali of doubtful expansion have been laid five miles away.

Our journey from Umtali to Beira was one which required much forethought. Firstly, we had much luggage, which we did not wish to leave behind or bury on the way, as others had been obliged to do; secondly, my wife did not feel inclined to do the one hundred and eighty miles on foot, through heat and swamp, in tropical

Africa; and thirdly, the Kaffir bearers were scarce, and especially—at that season of the year, when their fields wanted ploughing—apt to run away at awkward moments. So the services of the homely ass were brought into requisition. The ass would die of the fly-bite, every one told us, but not until it had deposited us safely in Beira. Consequently eleven asses were procured, and considered in the light of the railway tickets of the future, to be used and thrown away. It seemed horribly cruel, I must admit, to condemn eleven asses to a lingering death; but then, what are animals made for but to lay down their lives to satisfy the appetites of man? and no society for the prevention of cruelty to animals as yet exists in Mashoonaland.

A cart was constructed on two firm wheels, and was the wonder of its day. Eight donkeys were harnessed thereto, with gear made out of every imaginable scrap of material. Three donkeys trotted gaily by its side, to be brought into requisition in case of sore backs and other disasters; and one wet evening we despatched our hopeful cart with our blessing on its road to the coast. It would take three or four days getting by the wagon-road to Massi Kessi, whilst we could cross the mountains in one. So next morning, we on foot and the lady on horseback started by the mountain road for Massi Kessi, and got there as evening was coming on. A good walk in any of the mountainous districts of the British Isles would have been just the same. A drenching mist obscured every vision, the paths were slippery and uneven; occasionally a glimpse at a stream with bananas waving in the mist, or at a Kaffir kraal, would dispel the homelike illusion and bring us back to Africa again. Towards evening the aggravating mist cleared away, and gave us a splendid panorama of the surrounding mountains as we approached Massi Kessi, and entered the splendid valley of the river Revwe. Here we walked for miles over ground which had been worked for alluvial gold in the olden days, the soil being honeycombed with deep holes, and presenting the appearance of a ploughed field with circular furrows.

Certainly the Portuguese, or rather the Mozambique Company are to be congratulated on the possession of such a paradise as this Revwe valley—fertile in soil, rich in water, glorious in its views over forest-clad mountains; and it is not to be wondered at that they keenly resented the temporary appropriation of it. Massi

Kessi and its neighborhood are rich in reminiscences of the Portuguese past; the new fort where the new company has its store was built out of the remains of an old Portuguese fort, around which you may still pick up fragments of Nankin porcelain, relics of those days, now long since gone by, when the Portuguese of Africa, India, and the Persian Gulf lived in the lap of luxury, and fed off porcelain brought by their trading ships from China. Higher up in the mountain valleys are forts and roads constructed during this occupation of the country. Portuguese historians, De Barros, Dos Santos, and others, tell us of those days when, at Luanze, Bucutis, and Massapa, the Portuguese traders had factories, missions, churches, and traded for gold with the natives; as in the Persian Gulf, as in Goa and elsewhere, the Portuguese influence vanished in East Africa after her union with Spain and the consequent drafting-off of her soldiers to the wars in Flanders; barely a phantom of her former power remained to her in the province of Mozambique. A few futile expeditions under Barreto, Fernandez, and others, were destroyed either by the natives or by fever. But the final blow to the Portuguese colony at Massi Kessi came in 1832, when one of the many hordes of Zulus invaded the Mozambique territories under a chief Carongwe. The natives brought their cattle to be protected by the governor of Massi Kessi which the Zulus at once demanded, but the governor refused to give them up and a desperate siege ensued, and when lead failed for bullets they actually used balls made out of gold nuggets, but the water supply failed and resistance was impossible; the governor, garrison, priests, and merchants were all massacred. After this the inland country was practically abandoned to the savages. Old treaties existed but were not renewed; lethargy seemed to have taken entire possession of the few remaining Portuguese who were left there, a lethargy from which they were rudely awakened by the advent of the Chartered Company. What better argument do we want for the re-occupation of this country by a more enterprising race than these forts abandoned and in ruins, and the treaties with savage chiefs long since neglected—consigned to the national archives?

The tradition of good living is still maintained by the Portuguese officials at Massi Kessi. Never saw I a greater contrast in seventeen miles than that afforded by the fare provided at the British camp at

Umtali, and that placed before us by the kind Portuguese commandant at Massi Kessi, where we had six courses of meat and excellent wines, and other unwonted luxuries. They have farms for vegetables and many a head of cattle around; they have their natives under complete control, and make them work; they build large, roomy huts, but the commandant's apologies because we had to sit on wooden boxes, not on chairs, made us blush, for we knew that the said chairs were there once, but now were gracing the British mess-room at Umtali.

When speaking of roughing it in the interior, the want of food and the necessities of life, Commandant B  thencourt was slightly sarcastic. "What strange people you English are to undergo such hardships," he said. "We Portuguese might, perhaps, do so for our country, but for a company — never!"

Now we started in good earnest for the coast, refreshed by our three days' rest at Massi Kessi under the hospitable roof of the Portuguese; our cart had arrived, and our eleven donkeys and men looked fit, despite the evil road they had had to traverse.

Two roads from here were open to us to Beira — one by the Pungwe, the other by the Buzi River. We hesitated somewhat in our choice, as the latter, we were told, was less swampy, and the fertile district of Umliwane would have interested us — for they grow there the best tobacco in these parts, and the prospects for agricultural purposes, they told us, are brilliant; but as the season was growing late, and the rains might come on any day, we decided on taking the quicker and more frequented route. Moreover, we were anxious to witness for ourselves the result of the calamities which had befallen Messrs. Heany and Johnson on their pioneer route, and to form our own opinion as to the possibility of using it in the future.

Our first halt was at the Mineni River, a tributary of the Revwe, after an easy journey, broken only by the upsetting of our cart when we least expected it, an accident which occurred for the first and only time. The Mineni is a rapid stream, flanked by rich tropical vegetation, with graceful bamboos and lovely ferns overhanging the water; it supplied a deficiency we had long felt in Mashoonaland scenery, namely, water in conjunction with mountains and rich vegetation. The greens are peculiarly vivid here, and the red young leaves of some of the trees give the ap-

pearance of autumnal tints, and form a feature peculiar to African landscape. In its rocky bed we dared to bathe without fear of crocodiles, an ever present terror to those who venture into the sluggish, sandy pools of eastern Africa; not that one ever does come across any authentic stories of a death from a crocodile, but the dread is sufficient to spoil the bath.

Messrs. Heany and Johnson undoubtedly did good work in preparing their road, and we probably are the only people who are devoutly thankful to them for it, for ours is the only wheeled vehicle which has traversed it in its entirety since the single pioneer coach went up to Umtali, after infinite difficulty and weeks of disaster, with such sorry tales of fever, fly, and swamp, that no wagons have since ventured to repeat the experiment. The trees which they had cut down, and the culverts which they had made over the *dongas*, assisted us materially, and we stepped along our road right merrily.

The further we went the more reason we had to be thankful for our frail cart and homely asses. Others we passed in dire distress, whose bearers had deserted them and who could not replace them; we overtook one party holding solemn conclave as to what they should throw away, what they should bury, and what they could possibly manage to take with them. Boxes, containing liquor, clothes, and other commodities which can be dispensed with are frequently found on the road, telling their tale of desertion by bearers, and the acute misery of their former owners.

He who first started the evil plan of paying these dark bearers in advance ought forever to be held up to public obloquy. The Kaffir, doubtless, has been often cheated by the white man, for many unscrupulous individuals have traversed this road from Umtali to Beira, and the negro was wise in his generation when he insisted on prepayment before undertaking the journey; but now he has too dangerous an opportunity for retaliation, of which he takes frequent advantage, and many are the cases of desertion at awkward points. A white man, stricken with fever, had to pay his bearers over and over again before he could persuade them to go on; the sisters on their way to Umtali were deserted at Chimoia; and at the season of the year when the fields are to be ploughed, the Kaffirs develop a still greater tendency to this unscrupulous behavior.

The Portuguese manage their affairs far better than we do; troops of so-called

convicts are shipped from their West African provinces to those on the east coast, and *vice versa*, so that in both places they have ready-made slaves to carry their baggage and their *mashilis*, or travelling hammocks. The word of the Portuguese is law with their black subjects, whereas the unfortunate Englishman has to pay twenty-five shillings or £2 for a bearer, who will carry sixty pounds, but will desert when the fancy takes him. Furthermore, the Englishman dare not treat his nigger as he deserves; if he did, he would be had up at once before the Portuguese magistrates, and be sure to get the worst of it. Before the Pungwe route can be made available, even for the lightest traffic, this order of things must cease. The native bearer is undoubtedly a fine specimen of humanity. He will carry on his head weights of surprising size, which it requires two men to lift up to its exalted position; he runs along at a rapid pace, and does his twenty-five to thirty miles a day with infinite ease; and if the desertion and payment question were settled, there would not be so many thousands of pounds' worth of valuable stuff spoiling at Beira, and much wanted at Umtali. Each chief ought to be compelled to supply a fixed number of bearers at a fixed tariff, and cases of desertion should be severely punished. But the way to bring this about is not clear as yet, for the Portuguese do not wish it, and to the British mind this form of compulsory labor might savor too much of slavery.

With our cart we did eighteen and twenty miles a day; quite far enough for the pedestrian in this warm climate. The first hour's walk, from 6 to 7 A.M., was always delicious, before the full power of the sun was felt; the rest of the day was atrociously hot, especially when our road led us through steaming tropical forests and rank vegetation. Luckily for us, at this season of the year the long grass in the open *veldt* was all burnt, and the stifling experience of walking through eight or ten feet of grass and getting no view whatsoever was spared us.

The provision of shade for our midday halts was always precarious. African trees have the reputation of giving as little shade as possible, and this we found to be invariably the case. Luckily, water is everywhere abundant, and we could assuage our thirst with copious cups of tea.

The native kraals on this road are highly uninteresting; the inhabitants are wanting altogether in the artistic tendencies displayed in Mashoonaland, which shows

itself in carved knives, snuff-boxes, and weapons. A chief named Bandula occupies a commanding position on a high range which we passed on our left, at the foot of which flows a stream, called the Lopazi, which delighted us with its views over the Inyangombwe Mountains, and offended us with its swampy banks, where the frogs croaked with voices not unlike those of our rooks in tone and in loudness.

Chimoia's kraal is a sort of half-way halt, where all wagons are now left before entering the much-dreaded "fly-belt," and here my wife reluctantly abandoned her horse, and transferred herself and her saddle to the back of one of the three loose asses which accompanied our cart. Most people have two or three asses in their train, for fear of being utterly helpless in case of the desertion of their blacks, and all are prepared for the ultimate demise of the animals, either by the violence of some lion or the bite of the fly. One ass at Chimoia's distinguished itself by seizing its master's sugar-bag, and consuming it and its contents with all the greater avidity when the master and his stick turned up. All laughed, but those who had experienced the calamity of being without sugar in this land felt deep compassion for the victim.

Chimoia's is a scattered kraal, poor and destitute, consisting of clusters of round huts with low eaves, and doors through which one has to crawl on hands and knees. We could get no meal there, as every one had told us we should, and when we talked over our supplies, the faces of our men grew long and anxious. Indeed, if it had not been for the kindness of other white men whom we met on our way down, famine would have been added to our other discomforts; but good fellowship and spontaneous liberality are the characteristics of all those Englishmen who have been up country, and at one time or another have known what it is to be without food. At Chimoia's kraal ends the pleasant traffic in beads and cloth, which for months past had kept our money in our pockets; here a rupee is asked for every commodity, and some day surprising hoards of these coins will be found in the Kaffir kraals near the coast; for they never spend them, neither do they wear them as ornaments, and it is a marvel to every one what they do with them. The vegetation is very fine around Chimoia's, and the land appears wonderfully fertile. On the top of a strangely serrated ridge of mountains behind the village is a de-

sented Portuguese fort, and a flagstaff without an ensign.

Beyond Chimoia's the streams grow more sluggish, and emit more foetid odors, suggestive of fevers. Ragged-leaved bananas, bamboos, and tree-ferns luxuriate in all these streams, which work their way in deep channels, or *dongas*, across the level country. The fall is scarcely perceptible, and the long, flat belt which girdles Africa is entered, the much-dreaded low *veldt* teeming with swamps, game, and tsetse-fly. At one time you are walking through a forest of bamboos which make graceful arches overhead with their long canes, and recall pictures of Japan; at another time you go through palm forests, and then comes a stretch of burning open country; and at night, we heard the lions roar for the first time. We lighted huge camp-fires and trembled for the safety of our eleven donkeys, a species of animal for which lions are supposed to have a particular predilection.

Mandigo's kraal is twenty-four miles from Chimoia's, and to us was equally uninteresting and equally unproductive of the much-needed supplies. Some say the fly only begins here; certainly we saw none ourselves till after Mandigo's, and from there to Sarmento we saw plenty of it. The tsetse-fly is grey, about the size of an ordinary horse-fly, with crossed wings. Our donkeys, poor things, got many bites, and we felt grieved at their prospective deaths. We provided them with the only remedy of which we could hear, namely, a handful of salt every night, but how this is supposed to act in counteracting the bite of a fly I am at a loss to imagine.

Ample evidence of the deadliness of this venomous insect is seen on the roadside. Dozens of wagons lie rotting in the veldt, bearing melancholy testimony to the failure of Messrs. Heany and Johnson's pioneer scheme. Everywhere lie the bleaching bones of the oxen which dragged the wagons; and at Mandigo's is an empty hut filled to overflowing with the skins of these animals, awaiting the further development of the Pungwe traffic, to be converted into ropes, or *reims*, as they are usually termed in South Africa. Fully £2,000 worth of wagons, we calculated, we passed along during one day's march, lying on the veldt, ghost-like, as after a battle. Then there are Scotch carts of more or less value, and a handsome Cape cart, which Mr. Rhodes had to abandon on his way up to Mashoonaland, and which contains in the box-seat

an unused bottle, calling itself "anti-fly mixture," an ironical comment on the situation; and at Sarmento itself, a Portuguese settlement on the banks of the Pungwe, two handsome coaches, made expressly in New Hampshire, America, for the occasion, lie deserted near the Portuguese huts. They are richly painted with arabesques and pictures on the panels; "Pungwe route to Mashoonaland" is written thereon in letters of gold. The comfortable cushions inside are being moth-eaten, and the approaching rains will complete the ruin of these handsome but ill-fated vehicles. Meanwhile the Portuguese stand by and laugh at the discomfiture of their British rivals in the thirst for gold. Even the signboard, with "To Mashoonaland" inscribed on it, is in its place; and all this elaborate preparation for the pioneer route has been rendered abortive by that venomous little insect, the tsetse-fly.

The river Pungwe is imposing at Sarmento, its bed being nearly two hundred yards across, and the view of the reaches up and down from the hut where the Portuguese governor has his meals *al fresco* is fairly striking; but the Pungwe is imposing nowhere else, where we saw it, being a filthy, muddy stream, flowing between mangrove swamps, relieved occasionally by a tall palm and villages on piles; the surroundings are perfectly flat, and its repulsive waters were, until lately, plied only by the tree canoes, the "dug-outs" of the natives. Crocodile and hippopotami revel in its muddy waters, and on its banks game is abundant enough to satisfy the most ardent sportsman. Deer of every conceivable species are still to be seen quietly grazing within shot of the road; buffaloes, zebras, lions, hyenas, wild pigs, nay, even the elephant, may be found in this corner of the world. Disappointed as the sportsman may have been with the results of his exploits in Mashoonaland and the high veldt, he will be amply rewarded for the fatigues of his journey to Beira, by finding himself in a country which would appear to produce all the kinds of game that came to Adam for their names. One herd of zebra, numbering about fifty, stood staring at us so long, at a distance of not more than a hundred yards, that we were able to photograph them twice. The flesh of the zebra is eatable, and we, with our limited larder, greatly enjoyed a zebra steak when one was shot. A little further on a *gnu*, or blue *hartebeest*, as the Dutchmen call it, stood and contemplated us with almost as much curiosity as we manifested

at seeing him so near our path. But for my part, no amount of game or quaint tropical sights would compensate for the agonies of the walk from Sarmento to Mapanda's, across the shadeless, burning plain, beneath a torrid, scorching sun. Now and again we got shelter from the burning rays beneath the wild date-palms, a very pleasing feature in the landscape, with their green, feather-like leaves and bright orange stalks, covered with similarly colored fruit, contrasting well with the fan-palms and other trees with strange foliage. When ripe the fruit becomes dark brown, like the cultivated date; and though we ate quantities, we did not get very considerable satisfaction from the consumption. Then a few delightful moments of repose would be passed by a sluggish stream, almost hidden by its rich jungle of shade; but on these last days of our long tramp we did not care to delay, but pushed on eagerly to reach the corrugated iron palaces of Mapanda, where we should find the river and the steamer.

Mapanda's is, indeed, a sorry place, with not a tree to give one shade, and only a store or two, built of that unsightly corrugated iron so much beloved by the early colonists of South Africa, and a few daub huts. It is a paradise only for those who arrive weary and worn from the interior, and for the sportsman, as it affords him a *pied-à-terre* in the very midst of the land where "the deer and the antelope roam." It enjoys, however, certain advantages on which it justly prides itself. Firstly, it is the only spot for miles around which is not under water when the floods are out; for the banks of the Pungwe are fairly high here. Secondly, the river is navigable up to here for small steamers, even in the driest season, and, uninviting though it is at present, Mapanda may have a future before it.

We had three days to wait at Mapanda's before the little steamer, Agnes, would come up to take us away, and these three days were not without their excitements.

Three lions penetrated one night into the heart of the camp, and partially consumed three donkeys — not ours, we were thankful to say, but those of a wicked Polish Jew who had given infinite trouble to the English there, by causing an innocent Briton to be arrested by the Portuguese, on a charge of theft; on which account he (the Jew) was well ducked in the Pungwe, and no one was sorry when the discriminating lions chose his donkeys for their meal; nay, many expressed a hope that the owner himself had formed

part of the banquet. The next night the three lions, which had been lurking during the day in the jungle by the river, came to visit us again, with a view to demolishing what they and the vultures had left of the Hebrew's donkeys; one of the three visitors was shot, but he got away, and we heard no more of them.

Opposite the British colony at Mapanda is a large island forty miles long by twenty at its widest; this island is formed by the Pungwe and a branch of the same known by the Kaffir name of Dingwe-Dingwe. The island is perfectly flat, covered here and there with low brushwood and long grass; it abounds in game, and on it the chief Mapanda has his kraal, having removed thither when the English came to settle at his old one on the banks of the river. One day we devoted to visiting this kraal, performing part of the journey in a native canoe which we borrowed. It was merely the hollow stem of a large tree, which oscillated so much under our inexperienced hands that we momentarily expected it to upset and hand us over to the crocodiles; so we effected a hasty landing in the swampy jungle and proceeded on foot.

Mapanda's own village consists of only eight bamboo huts, built close to a tall palm-tree; and in the centre of the huts is a raised platform, on which the grass-woven granaries of the community are kept. Beneath, in the shade, lay idle naked inhabitants, and from the platform were hung the grass petticoats and jangling beads which they use in their dances. I entered one of the huts on all fours for inspection, and as I was engaged in so doing, a terrified woman inside tore down the frail wall and made a hurried exit at the other side. I am told by those outside that the effect was most ludicrous. No wonder these dusky beauties are somewhat afraid of the white man, as hitherto they have dealt only with the Portuguese, who pride themselves on amalgamating well with the natives. In choosing a wife the Portuguese is not at all particular as to color, nor is he a monogamist, as he would have to be in his far-off country. This we discovered for ourselves at Neves Ferreira, the Portuguese settlement on the Pungwe, about six miles below Mapanda's where, beneath tall bananas and refreshing shade, the authorities of that nation pass a life of Oriental luxury, which somewhat scandalizes the strait-laced Briton.

There are several little kraals on the island belonging to the sons and relatives

of Mapanda, all built on the same lines, and in visiting them we made ourselves insufferably thirsty, so that a good drink of Kaffir beer, or, as the Portuguese call it, "millet wine," was highly acceptable. It is much more potent than the beer they make up country, and if it were not for the husks therein, and the general idea of fermented porridge it gives, one might fancy it champagne. Here, too, they make palm-wine, tapping all the neighboring palm-trees for the sap, which is highly intoxicating, and of by no means a disagreeable flavor.

The voyage from Mapanda's to the sea at Beira would be indescribably monotonous were it not for a few interesting features afforded by the stream itself. The tide here comes up with a remarkably strong bore or wall-like wave. We heard it murmuring in the distance like the sighing of a rising wind; as it approached us the roar grew very loud, and finally the wave floated our stranded steamer almost in an instant.

Sand-banks are the bane of the navigator of this stream; on his last voyage our captain had been detained for three days on a sand-bank, and we passed a Portuguese gun-boat which looked as if it would remain fixed till the end of time. Our fate was a mild one; we were only imbedded for a few hours, until the bore came up. The sand-banks are constantly shifting, and the captain never knows where they may next appear; consequently slow speed and constant soundings are the only safeguards. Crocodiles innumerable bask on these banks, and in the stream itself hippopotami raise their black heads and stare at the strange animal which has appeared among them and will shortly cause the extermination of their species in the Pungwe.

Beira itself is the Portuguese word for the edge of anything, and displays a horrible conglomeration of corrugated-iron domiciles on a bare, shadeless sandspit at the mouth of the Pungwe. There is no drinkable water to be got within three miles of the place, and we paid half-a-crown a bucket for a very questionable quality of the precious fluid. No one washes himself or his clothes in anything but the sea during the dry season. On the last day of our stay at Beira the heavens were opened and rain fell in torrents. Never was rain more welcome; pot, pan, and bucket were placed in every direction, and the extortionate water vendors had to retire from the field.

Where the eye does not rest on sea or

sand it wanders from Beira over miles of flat mangrove swamps; the heat was scorching; when you walked you sank ankle deep in sand at each step; of all places Beira is the most horrible. When a Portuguese merchant goes to his office he is borne by four tottering negroes in his *mashili*; the Englishman walks and does most of his own work for himself, for the very good reason that he can get nobody to do it for him. This labor question is one of vital importance in Beira, and if ever it is to be a port of note the present order of things must be altered.

Yet, in spite of the fever, the heat, and the sand, Beira is bound to go ahead, as nature has provided it with an excellent harbor, a rarity on the east coast of Africa. This is the only harbor for the proposed railway to the interior, which is to have its terminus on the opposite side of the harbor to Beira, nearer to the mouth of the Buzi, and will run along the flats between that river and the Pungwe. Until the line is made, I think few of those who have come down this road will care to return and face the discomforts of another foot-journey through the fly-country and the swamps. Perhaps it will be two years before this line is completed, and it must be done by the co-operation of the two interested companies, the British South Africa and the Mozambique. Between Massi Kessi and Umtali it will cost a considerable amount of capital if the hills are to be tunnelled. On the flats the swamps will cause difficulties; fevers will play havoc with the laborers, and the rivers and the *dongas* will have to be bridged.

When the railway is completed, then let people start for Mashoonaland. Now it is far too soon, and, to my mind, the British South Africa Company have committed the gross mistake of inviting pioneers and colonists to go and partake of an Eldorado which is not ready for them, and the true merits of which are not yet ascertained. Much disappointment many deaths, and grievous heartburnings have been the result, and instead of forwarding their scheme the Company are doing their best to render it a failure.

J. THEODORE BENT.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
RECOLLECTIONS OF TEWFIK PACHA.

THE first time I ever set eyes on the late khedive of Egypt was in 1869, shortly before the opening of the Suez Canal.

Those who like myself were present at that gorgeous pageant will doubtless remember a fair, pale lad, clad in the orthodox Stambouli black coat and red fez, who used to be seen alone in a close carriage driving up and down the Schoubra road on the Friday promenades. The little lad of eight was pointed out to all visitors to Cairo as the eldest son of the Effendina, the lord and master of Egypt, the prince who was then entertaining the world to celebrate the piercing of the isthmus, and who was expected to revive the glories of the Pharaohs and to extend the dominion of Egypt to the equatorial lakes. Some nine years passed before I revisited the valley of the Nile; and during that interval there had been important changes, not only in the state of Egypt, but still more in the position of the khedivial family. Egypt was bankrupt; Ismail Pacha was involved in almost inextricable financial and political difficulties, and Tewfik, by a strange stroke of fortune, had become heir to the khedivial throne. During the early years of his life his succession to the throne in the event of his father's death seemed utterly improbable, if not impossible. By Mussulman law and usage, the head of a family is succeeded, not by his eldest son, but by his eldest male kinsman; and according to ordinary rules Ismail, if he had died upon the throne, would have been succeeded, not by his son Tewfik, but by his uncle, Halim Pacha; one of the youngest sons of Mehemet Ali. At the time, however, when Tewfik was just of age, Ismail Pacha resolved to change the law of succession. In 1873, when the Unified Loan was first brought out, Ismail was at the apogee of his short-lived grandeur. He had immense influence at Stamboul. The resources of Egypt and the loans made by European capitalists were at his sole disposal; and by lavish grants of money to the sultan, in the shape of an augmented tribute, as well as by munificent largesses to the ministers and favorites of Stamboul, he obtained firman from the then Commander of the Faithful, Abdul Aziz, decreeing that henceforth the khedivate should pass from father to son in lieu of following the regular Oriental mode of descent. Why Ismail attached so high a value to this change in the succession has never, so far as I am aware, been clearly ascertained. He was certainly not prompted by any special affection for his eldest son, as he notoriously preferred his younger children. I should doubt, too, whether the abstract advantages of our Western sys-

tem, under which a son is his father's natural heir, had any great weight with such a prince as Ismail. Nobody who has not been to some little extent behind the scenes at Oriental courts can realize how potent a factor the dread of assassination is on the part of reigning sovereigns. I do not say, I should not be justified in saying, that Ismail Pacha was afraid of any one in particular. But his predecessor, Abbas Pacha—if Cairene report be true—had been strangled to death in his own harem not many years before; and only a few years later Sadyk Pacha, the Monfettish, met with a sudden and violent death under circumstances which have never been satisfactorily explained. This much, at any rate, you may take for granted, that the advantage of having as heir a son who in the course of nature must expect to succeed to the throne, and who has, therefore, no direct interest in removing the actual occupant before his time, cannot but commend itself to every ruler of an Eastern country; and unless some consideration of this kind operated on his mind, it is difficult to understand why Ismail Pacha should have spent an enormous sum in securing the succession to the throne to a son for whom he had no special affection.

As a matter of fact, Ismail certainly cared less for Tewfik than he did for his other sons, all of whom were, I believe, by different mothers. In common with the class of Turkish pachas to which Mehemet Ali and his family belonged, Ismail had the same sort of contempt for the native Egyptians as the Normans in the days of the Conquest had for the Saxons. Now Tewfik's mother, unlike all her husband's other wives, was of Fellaheen extraction, and, in as far as the secrets of the harem are known abroad, she retained very little influence over her lord and master after the early period of their marriage. I think, too, that, without any other cause, the mere fact of Tewfik's being his designated successor would have rendered him an object of disfavor, if not of dislike, to a prince of Ismail's character. Be the cause what it may, there is no gainsaying the fact that Ismail did not treat his eldest son with the same kindness as he evinced towards his younger children. For some reason or other, Tewfik was scarcely allowed to leave Egypt during his father's reign; he was given none of the educational advantages so freely lavished on his brothers; he was kept studiously in the background. The first occasion on which I made his acquaintance was at a ball

given by the khedive in the Gesireh Palace in the year 1878. Some short time before I had published in this review an article which had excited considerable attention amongst persons interested in Egyptian affairs. The interest was due not so much to any merits in the article itself as to the fact that it threw considerable light upon a question which was at that period exciting much comment. The financial embarrassments of Egypt, or rather of the khedive—for in those days Egypt and the khedive were one and the same thing—had provoked the interference of the European powers, and had led, first to Mr. Cave's mission and then to the Goschen-Joubert Commission of Inquiry. It was known that, after making all allowances for discounts and commissions and perquisites, the khedive had during the twelve years of his reign obtained enormous sums of money from European, and especially from French, capitalists. The difficulty was to account for the way in which this money had been spent. There was no question it was gone; the only point in doubt was whether any portion of it could be recovered for the benefit of Egypt and her creditors. The official court explanation was that the loans had been mainly spent on the Suez Canal, or the Alexandria docks, or the Soudan railway, on the extension of Egyptian rule towards central Africa, or a number of public works which might or might not have been well advised, but which were undertaken in the interest of Egypt. At that period I was in close relations with persons intimately acquainted with Egyptian affairs; and the object of the article referred to was to show that the chief cause of Ismail Pacha's financial embarrassments was his ambition to become the actual landowner of Egypt, on the strength of which he had actually already appropriated, partly by purchase, partly by violence, over a million acres, or one-fifth of the whole area of cultivated land.

I believe now, as I believed then, that the statement was substantially true. But, whether true or false, its publication was not without a direct influence on the course of Egyptian affairs. It stimulated the demand for an International Commission of Inquiry to ascertain the manner in which Ismail had disposed of the funds he had appropriated to his own use. The demand assumed serious proportions, and, in order to avoid the appointment of such a commission, the khedive formed the so-called constitutional ministry, and surrendered a considerable portion of the

lands he had acquired either in his own name or in that of his family. I hope I shall not be thought desirous to magnify my own small share in this achievement. I was only the mouthpiece of others; but still it was hardly to be expected—and I certainly did not expect myself—that the author of the article in question should be a *persona grata* at the khedivial court. A few months after the appearance of the article I went out to Egypt, and immediately on my arrival I had the honor of being invited to dine with the khedive, and to take part in all the official festivities that were supposed to inaugurate the establishment of the new constitutional régime. Here let me add, in passing, that of the ex-khedive himself, in as far as my personal relations with him were concerned, I have nothing but good to say. I was associated, and known to be associated, with the interests which brought about the curtailment of his authority and his ultimate deposition; and in my writings I have necessarily said many things which must have given great offence to the viceroy. But during my frequent sojourns in Egypt in the year preceding his downfall, and during my many interviews with him after his exile, I was always treated by him with consideration and courtesy. Nothing could be more dignified than his demeanor towards his political opponents. Of all the men who had served and then deserted him, I never heard him say a word of disparagement. Indeed, the solitary occasion on which I ever knew of his showing personal bitterness in conversation was once when he spoke to me of his son and successor.

To make a long story short, the ball at the Gesireh Palace took place while my article was still fresh in Egyptian memories. I was strolling about the rooms when an old friend of mine, an Anglo-Egyptian official, not celebrated for his tact or discretion, seized hold of my arm with the words, "I want to present you to his Highness Prince Tewfik." I turned round, and saw a stout, heavy-looking young man, seemingly very ill at ease. The cause of his discomfort was obvious enough. His father was standing near us, and was watching us with his sharp, sleepy eyes, which always reminded me of a cat shamming sleep. I have seldom seen a man so manifestly anxious to cut short an interview as Tewfik was on the occasion of which I speak. He stammered, hesitated, spoke a few words of halting French, and uttered an audible sigh of relief as I bowed and passed on.

I mention this incident, not on account of its intrinsic importance, but as illustrating the conditions under which the late khedive passed his life up to the date of his father's deposition. He was always suspected at court of being in league with his father's opponents; and though I doubt whether Ismail Pacha really believed this, yet to have so intrigued was so exactly what, under like circumstances, he would have done himself, that he could never quite shake off the suspicion. My own impression is that, though Ismail greatly preferred his younger sons, he entertained a conviction that Tewfik, from his supposed lack of energy and timidity of disposition, was less dangerous as an heir-apparent than any of his brothers would have been in his place. In plain words, Tewfik's chief recommendation in his father's eyes was his apparent insignificance; and therefore, by the exigencies of his position, as well as by natural bent of mind, he was condemned for the first thirty years of his life to play a very subordinate part at the khedivial court. As I have said, he was kept almost entirely at home; no special pains were taken with his education; he grew up mainly under native influences, and was, in consequence, far more imbued than his brothers with the ideas, prejudices, and convictions of an ordinary Mussulman prince.

At the period of which I speak he lived with his family on a small estate a mile or two out of Cairo, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. Except on state occasions, he was little seen at court, and, unlike the other members of his family, was almost unknown in the cosmopolitan society which in those days had made Cairo its special rendezvous. Yet even then he was anxious that his sons should have a better education than himself, and had engaged the services of an English tutor, who I remember telling me at the time that, if ever Tewfik came to the throne, people would find there was far more in him than he was given credit for by popular report.

In as far as I can remember, I never met Tewfik from the day of the Gesireh ball till after he had succeeded to the throne. From that period I saw him frequently during my many visits to Egypt. Without his father's brightness or charm of manner, he had a good deal of the paternal shrewdness, and he was always excessively anxious to learn from other than official sources what was the state of public opinion in England with reference to Egyptian affairs. During the first two

years of his reign his position was excessively insecure, or, at any rate, was believed to be so by himself. At the outset he was not popular with his own countrymen. The commencement of his rule coincided with the appointment of the Commission of Liquidation and with a wholesale cutting-down of expenditure. I remember Tewfik telling me that when on his accession he looked into the expenditure of the court, he found that in his father's time some ten thousand inmates or hangers-on of the palace were lodged, boarded, and clothed at the expense of the State. All this outlay was ruthlessly cut down, and a large number of court dependents were thus converted into bitter enemies of the new *régime*. There were many cases of great individual hardship, and even injustice, and of these Tewfik, perhaps unjustly, bore the obloquy. Then, too, from the beginning, the French element in Egypt was unfriendly to Tewfik. The lavish extravagance and reckless expenditure of the previous reign, though they had impoverished Egypt, had enriched a large number of speculators and adventurers, either of French extraction or connected by social ties with the French colony; and all who had suffered in pocket or position by the downfall of Ismail were in those days going about saying that Tewfik had proved a failure as a ruler, and that the restoration of Ismail was the one thing which could save Egypt. I do not believe the French government ever encouraged these intrigues; but the French consuls-general, who succeeded each other at that period with startling rapidity, were all agreed in this — that it was their interests to stand well with the French colony; and therefore they always observed a sort of malevolent neutrality attitude towards Tewfik. It was easy to see that the dread of his father's return constituted at this time the dominant factor in Tewfik's policy. He was willing and anxious to rely on England, but he could never feel certain, till our occupation had become an accomplished fact, that we might not throw him over, and therefore he was almost forced to play a double game. Moreover, the evacuation of the Soudan, which had been forced upon him by the pressure of Mr. Gladstone's government, and carried out with perhaps unnecessary rigor by Sir Evelyn Baring, had deeply outraged his feelings both as an Egyptian and as a sovereign. Public opinion in Egypt, in as far as such a thing can be said to exist at all, was dead against the surrender of the Soudan. Even Cherif Pacha,

the most genial, easy-going, and cynical of Egyptian statesmen, had resigned sooner than sanction a measure which he regarded as fatal to the interests of Egypt; and for the first and only time in Egyptian records, there was found to be great difficulty in securing the services of any man of eminence to fill the post of minister. The force of circumstances made Nubar Pacha premier; and as a Christian, and still more as an Armenian, Nubar was distasteful to Tewfik, who had, to a far greater degree than either his father or his brothers, the prejudices of a Turk by race and a Mussulman by creed.

It was curious to note how, surrounded though he was with difficulties, and exposed to every kind of sinister influence, Tewfik gradually qualified himself for the position he had been called upon to occupy. His nervousness of manner wore off as he became more used to being the Effendina, the lord and master. It is true his lordship was stripped of half its dignity and his mastership was woefully curtailed; but, in the eyes of a race who can understand no other system of government than that of a personal ruler, he was still the fountain of honor, the supreme awarder of reward and punishment. Then came the Arabi insurrection. To do Tewfik justice, he was personally prepared to have made short work of "Achmed the Egyptian." But the British government intervened, and both before and after the outbreak of the insurrection insisted that, in deference to public opinion in this country, Arabi should be treated, not as a rebel, but as a patriot. I have no direct evidence as to the fact, but I have no more doubt than that I am writing these lines, that during the months that preceded the actual outbreak, as well as during the outbreak itself, Tewfik used one language to the representatives of Great Britain and another to Arabi and his followers. Every Oriental prince, and a great many European princes, would have done the same in a like position. Throughout all this period, as indeed throughout the whole of Mr. Gladstone's administration, nobody, not even the British consul-general, could say with any certainty how far our government was or was not prepared to support the khedive. I believe it will be found, whenever the true story of our times is written, that up to the date of the bombardment of Alexandria the ministry had never definitely made up their minds as to the necessity of military intervention in Egypt. This being so, Tewfik is hardly to be blamed if he tried to keep open a

door of escape in the event of his being deserted at the last moment by England, and left face to face with his enemies.

Our intervention unquestionably preserved Tewfik's throne, and, in all probability, preserved his life. For the services rendered him by the British occupation I have often heard him express his gratitude. But he was far too shrewd a man not to be aware that our intervention was due far more to care for our own interests than to any regard for his personal welfare. Moreover, he always bitterly resented the manner in which our government interfered with the punishment of Arabi and his adherents after the suppression of the mutiny. To treat the defeated insurgents as well-meaning and mistaken patriots, and to condemn them to an honorable exile in lieu of the stern doom which would have been meted out to them in any Oriental, and indeed in almost every European, country, was to destroy the prestige and the authority of the sovereign. Tewfik knew this, and yet was aware that he was powerless to resist the orders of his British protectors. When we refused to allow Tewfik a free hand in dealing with the men who had rebelled against his rule, intrigued against his authority, and threatened his life, we destroyed the last remote chance of establishing an independent native government at Cairo, strong enough to maintain order in its own dominions without the support of British troops.

It was not in human nature that Tewfik should not resent the sort of tutelage under which he was placed; a tutelage which was rendered even more irksome than it need have been by the mode in which it was applied. I have been told by one of the khedive's ministers at this period, that one day his Highness pointed to a British sentinel standing in front of the Abdin Palace, and said, in a sudden outburst of irritation: "Do you suppose that I like this? Why, every time I pass a British soldier in the street I long to get out and take him by the neck." It is impossible but that in his heart of hearts the son of Ismail Pacha, the great-grandson of Mehemet Ali, should not have resented, both as a Turk and a Mussulman, the sort of subjection in which he was placed, as a sort of puppet king, whose mayor of the palace was to be found at the British consulate.

It would, however, be a gross mistake to suppose that, because Tewfik expressed at times a keen sense of his dependent position, he ever after Tel-el-Kebir tried seriously to recover his independence, or

still less to exchange the protection of England for that of France. Unlike his father, Tewfik had few or no French proclivities. The dissolute, free-living *entourage* of Ismail's court, in which the French element reigned socially supreme, had always been distasteful to Tewfik. A man of very simple tastes, of quiet, domestic habits, and of a thoughtful if narrow mind, he had more sympathy with the English view of life than with that which finds favor amidst our French neighbors. The Turks, in common with most ruling races, appreciate, even if they fail to practise, the virtues which, as a rule, accompany masterdom. Personal courage, love of truth, honesty in dealing, dignity of manner, are things which the Osmanli respect in themselves. I am not saying for one moment that Englishmen have a monopoly of integrity or honesty. But I do say that, as a body, the English officials in Egypt have been men of high character and singular loyalty. The first idea of an Englishman who takes service in a foreign state is, that he has got to earn his salary, to perform the work he has undertaken, and to do his best for his employers. The first idea of every Frenchman in a similar position is, if he is a high-minded man, to use his position to promote the influence of France; if he is a low-minded man, to fill his own pockets. This difference was keenly appreciated by Tewfik. He learnt gradually to see that his English advisers and his English officials had really the interest of Egypt at heart. He might not — in many cases he did not — approve of our reforms; but he realized that, whether wise or unwise, they were enforced upon him by an honest wish to promote Egyptian welfare. Time after time I have heard him express his personal admiration for the good conduct of the British army of occupation. He told me once he had been looking over the public records of the period when Cairo was occupied by the French, and that he had found there were more charges of assaults and outrages committed in one week by the French soldiery than were even alleged against our own troops in the course of a year. His own experience had led him to form a very low opinion of the Egyptians as soldiers, and he more than once expressed an opinion to me that the attempt to form a native Egyptian army was a mere waste of time and money. But for the English officers in the Egyptian army, and still more for the English engineers employed in the irrigation works so ably carried out by Sir Scott Moncrieff, he

could find no terms of praise too strong to express his gratitude.

As I have said, my visits to Egypt at this period, though frequent, were, as a rule, separated by considerable intervals of time. In consequence I was in a position to note the development of Tewfik's character more closely than those who were in constant communication with him. Each time I saw him I was struck with his mental growth. In the early days of his reign the holding of the weekly receptions at Abdin was obviously a burden to him. His manner was nervous; he had little to say, and hesitated in saying it. But as time went on he got used to the ordeal of addressing remarks to a circle of some hundred people seated on divans, and was able to chat pleasantly with his visitors. He applied himself, too, steadily to acquiring a knowledge of English; and though he preferred to speak French, with which he was more familiar, he had no difficulty latterly in making himself intelligible in our English tongue. There was a certain quiet humor about him. During the first part of his reign it was not very easy for a visitor to find subjects of conversation with his Highness which might not lead to awkward allusions. As a rule, therefore, visitors confined themselves to commonplace topics, such as the beauty of the Egyptian air and the charm of the Egyptian climate. I recollect at this time the khedive remarking to me: "I do wish your English friends would not always commence their conversations by congratulating me on the air of Egypt. The air is none of my making, and to me it is no novelty." Some years later, when a number of personal attacks on Tewfik had been made in the House of Commons, his Highness asked me to explain to him the reason of these persistent attempts to disparage his services. I did my best to explain to him the beauties of our party system of government, and to show him that the real object of these attacks was not to injure him but to throw discredit on the Egyptian policy of the government. In speaking I used the words "a philippic against your Highness." The moment I had used it, I doubted whether Tewfik, whose reading was limited, would understand the allusion. But to my surprise he burst out laughing and said: "Philippique, c'est le vrai mot — voilà le mot que je cherche depuis longtemps."

Had Tewfik lived, I think he would have become much more of a substantive ruler. Though in his inmost heart he could never have liked our protectorate,

he had good sense enough to perceive that it was inevitable, and that by accepting it freely and frankly he could regain a considerable amount of personal authority. I have little doubt the English officials in Egypt would bear me out in my assertion that, as time went by, Tewfik became a far more important factor in the administration of the country than he had been at the outset, and that also he made himself more and more the representative of such public opinion as exists in Egypt. Unlike his father, he was a devout Mussulman, and his subjects soon perceived that under his reign the interests of Islam would not suffer from the fact of the country being under a British protectorate. Though a most attached and — in as far as the truth about the interior life of the harem is ever known abroad — a most faithful husband, he was personally hostile to the emancipation of women from the restraints under which they are placed by the laws and usages of Islam. All attempts on the part of several of his Europeanized relatives to adopt the habits of Western life met with this grave disapproval; and he even viewed with disfavor the existence of intimate social relations between his Mahometan subjects and the European colony. Some of the *jeunesse dorée* of Cairo, who, inspired by the example of British officers, tried to start driving four-in-hands at the Schoubra promenade, received a direct warning that any continuance in the practice would involve the displeasure of the court.

The time has not come yet when a true history of the events through which Egypt has passed under British domination could be written. But when that time comes, I think Tewfik will be found to have played a far more important part in the drama than he was given credit for by his own contemporaries. Within the limitations imposed by his birth, his antecedents, and his position, Tewfik was, I believe, honest, kindly, and loyal. Of all the dynasty of Mehemet Ali, there is none who, after his own fashion, had the welfare of Egypt so much at heart as the prince who has just been gathered to his fathers.

EDWARD DICEY.

From The International Review.  
SOCIETY IN NAPLES.

It may safely be assumed that if a man be with exceptional vigor and is brought up to opprobrium for defects of character which

public opinion considers monstrous, he is also endowed with good qualities as emphatic as his bad ones. It is only mediocrities who are neither censured nor praised with enthusiasm.

The same rule holds good of nations as of individuals.

When, for example, shall we hear the last word from Continental critics about our stiffness and frigidity, our hypocrisy and craft, and our inordinate lust of pounds, shillings, and pence? What is the inference? Is it that we are a community of liars and infidels with nothing in the nature of a heart within us? Quite otherwise. We are so sensible of the dignity of human beings that we can never wholly forget that we ourselves are living examples of this incarnate dignity. The commercial instinct is so keen in us that we are supremely successful as traders and capitalists. In affairs international, and in the race of aggrandizement, we are able to maintain our own to the envy of our rivals. There is a sturdy morality at the back of our religious professions which might almost justify us in claiming to be better than our neighbors.

This, I am afraid, smacks somewhat of Mr. Pecksniff. That is a pity; but it cannot be helped. My position is one that must be buttressed by none but the most substantial claims. Perhaps the assertion of our superiority in morals is the boldest part of the plea. Still, De Stendhal's words about us are as applicable now as when he wrote them: "Such of the young prelates as have travelled," he says, "agree with me that England is the only country in the world where religion is to be found." De Stendhal was a student and critic of men whose tongue did not commonly drop honeyed words.

The Neapolitans are like ourselves in this case. Writers who have strained the dictionary to express their rapture of admiration for Naples have also travailed in vain to say sufficient bad things about her inhabitants. "The city is a paradise peopled by devils, habitual thieves, cut-throats, etc.;" the imagination may lay on the color. Hence the intelligent visitor to "fair Parthenope" expects little of the happiness of tranquillity while he is there. Its roses carry too many thorns. He considers himself lucky if he has been able to view its statues, natural beauties, and the miry confusion of its streets without loss of his purse or the sensation of a stiletto-thrust in his ribs. Honest man! If he had had more faith and trust in human nature and himself, and less in books.

he would have been spared much anxiety.

For my part, I confess I thought with the majority until experience modified my notions. A scirocco held the city in its comfortless embrace on the night of my arrival. It rained deluges. The streets and gas-lamps were all slobbered with wet. The sea was rough, and the spray of the waves lashed the walls of the Via Caracciolo with a noise like the echo of thunder. Vesuvius's lamp was put out by the mist. Mid-April was chill as December. I wished myself in England again, with my feet on the fender of a fire of coal. In spite of all, the Jehu who rattled me from the railway station sang and whooped on the road like the very genius of felicity.

The next morning I left my hotel and was introduced to the Neapolitan family in which I lived for the two subsequent months. It was simply managed. The wife of the hotel porter was the medium of the introduction. She was more loyal to her own interests than to those of her husband's employers. By a law as inflexible as the laws of Darius, while I stayed in Naples she received a percentage (about a fifth) of what I paid my hosts for board and lodging. The hotel manager was irate. Acting in his behalf, the porter came to storm and shake his forefinger at my new landlord. The latter, with more reason, stormed back. Some exceedingly rude things were said on both sides. Finally, with several significant shrugs of the shoulder, the quarrel blew suddenly out, and the porter withdrew. His wife, a tacit witness of the encounter, had smiled from behind him throughout it all. When he had disappeared, my new friend also smiled. It was now my turn. I found it a fiendish piece of work to come to a satisfactory bargain with him and his wife about my future existence; but eventually it was arranged. My windows looked upon Santa Lucia and the sea, and faced Vesuvius, upon the farther side of the bay. The scirocco had departed in the night. The sunbeams danced upon the water, and the smoke rose straight against the blue heavens from the volcano's purple sides.

For long my hosts puzzled me. They were three: husband, wife, and a pretty little daughter. Later, a twelve-year-old son joined us for a fortnight's holiday from school. He was a passionate fellow, fond, after an outburst of temper, of saying his prayers aloud while marching up and down my room. He added so much to the general noise that it was a relief when he again put on his claret-colored uniform

and returned, sobbing, to his college. I paid him a visit one Sunday in his school quarters, and was much struck by a certain maxim, with others, framed, and hung upon the walls of the reception-room: "Do not think to win the love of others by rendering them services. You only acquire their envy." For the life of me I could not determine whether this counsel was for the boys or for us adults who visited them. However, the youngsters took the francs and packets of tarts which their elders had brought with sublime indifference to the text.

The history of this family was sad. They had fallen, in a single month, from wealth to extreme poverty. Formerly they had associated with princes and counts, who, it must be confessed, abound in Naples. Now they did their own marketing with a basket from a fourth-floor window. The crimson surcoat of their coachman, with their crest on the buttons, hung upon the wall like a reproachful emblem of the past. The husband was out all day "seeking employment," and finding none. His and his wife's wardrobes were remarkably in contrast with their penury. When he went to the Union Club (of which he was a life member) he was worthy of Pall Mall; and, indeed, at all times the gentleman was patent in him. But one day I found him in tears. His club was giving a ball to the king and queen, and he had dressed himself for the occasion and gone as far as the door, when his feelings overcame him and compelled him to return. "Poor man!" said his wife, with tears in her own eyes. "He could not bear, in the midst of it all, to think of us as we are." She was twenty years his junior, and a handsome woman. I wonder how many times she gave me to understand that she thought her marriage a failure. She was, however, true to her husband in all his distress.

Fidelity and love in Naples are quite compatible with a great deal of quarrelling. Thus my friends disputed over halfpence, the cost of the macaroni, and the length of my bill. One day the lady fell ill; and she lay abed for a week, sighing and crying that she should be disfigured for life. It was a face inflammation, or something of the kind, and there was a looking-glass by her pillow. Well, they daily disputed about the extent of her deformity, <sup>PL</sup>ate its duration until the patient's <sup>PL</sup>winded the argument; and meanwhile <sup>PL</sup>ed the little daughter, who, until the <sup>PL</sup>heldough had had small princesses for s <sup>PL</sup>character h <sup>PL</sup>anions, went singing about

the rooms, doing drudge-work from 6 A.M. till 10 P.M.

They had rich relations; but these would do nothing for them beyond paying for the continuance of the boy's schooling. When Easter came, however, they sent sundry large rich cakes, superbly ornamented with sugar. The children made me the depository of these dainties, which they attacked in secret, hour by hour. They presented me with a small one, rushing into my room on Easter morning, and shouting the *Tanti felici!* (Many happy returns!), which it is the custom then to bestow. By and by they wrote acknowledgments of the cakes to their various aunts and uncles. Their letters made me laugh hugely. Here is the beginning of one:—

“DEAR AUNT AND UNCLE, —

“The sanctity of the present season reminds me that it is becoming in me to address these few lines to assure you of the affection I feel for you. But my ignorance [*il mio poco sapere*] prevents me from expressing all the feelings which this holy festival arouses in my heart. . . .”

There was an immense amount of pencil-sucking and groaning over the production of these portentous epistles.

Although the “royal cakes” were good, there was disappointment because the children had not a pet lamb, like other boys and girls of the level to which they had fallen. There is no end to the bleating of the doomed lambs in the streets in Holy Week. They are decked with ribbons, blue, crimson, or white, or hung with bells, or harnessed to little carts, and lugged or whipped about the thoroughfares, and stuffed to repletion with anything and everything edible that is to hand. Their life previously to the sacrifice is a curious blend of the sweet and the bitter. They go in and out of the house like a tame cat, play with the children, who, by and by, will eat their chops; and rub their woolly sides against the knife that is destined, sooner or later, to slit their throats. They are caressed with growing affection until Good Friday, and on Saturday they are transformed into meat. Perhaps the children cry over the loss of their playmate; but the smell of the roast lamb soon reconciles them and revives their spirits.

We had no lamb; but we had a famous piece of excitement instead. It chanced on Holy Wednesday, when one of the grandmothers of the children was in the house, that a rat sprang from a hole, and,

running between the grandmother's legs, fled to the open window, from the balcony of which it sped headlong on to the pavement eighty feet below, where, of course, it lay dead. I found the household in an uproar of joy that evening over this event. They had bought a lottery ticket for a franc, investing upon a *terno*, or issue of three specified numbers. If the three numbers were drawn they would win £200; and they had very lively hopes, until Saturday came and defeated them. As for the three numbers: They found them in the numerical equivalent of “rat,” “mother-in-law,” and “sudden death,” using a certain little book which assumes to interpret by figures most of the incidents and individuals of common life.

There was a dolorous reaction when the wrong numbers were declared. Even the father of the family was disappointed. The grandmother, who was implicated in the disaster, returned to condole and to prattle about the Bourbons and the hardships of life under their rule. These Neapolitan sovereigns were, no doubt, very bad fellows, who could not possibly have confessed themselves better than in the words of the Prayer-book: “We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done.” To the grandmother, for the moment, it seemed that the culmination of their iniquity was shown by their lottery regulation, whereby they declined to pay more than a certain sum weekly in acquittal of the total claim of winners. When she was a girl, the old lady had won a *terno*, and was late in making her demand. “It is all gone,” they said, when she applied for her money; and so she got nothing. She had had better fortune by investing upon earthquakes and epidemics under the house of Savoy.

I soon became fond of my Neapolitan friends. They carried their hearts upon their sleeves, or feigned it, in a manner that was very winning. Of false modesty they had none. When they wanted anything, and thought I could supply the want, they asked outright for it, as if I had been an angel commissioned by the Madonna to wait upon them. It amused me to see how, in a fortnight, I had come to stand in the light of general provider of things needful for the establishment. The little girl implored me to pay the school fees which were the cause of the halt in her education. When, with some sorrow, I had to excuse myself, she pilfered my pockets of halfpence unblushingly. For cigarettes, pins, ink, quinine, writing-

paper, and other trifles, they seemed to depend wholly upon me. Perhaps the flattery with which they plied me was part of the scheme. The lady, who was a year younger than myself, told me to my face that if all Englishmen were like me she adored us as a nation. She wept with the extreme of sensibility over such romances as she borrowed from my store of books. She decorated my room with photographs of herself in the days of her magnificence, appeared before me in one dress after another for my approval, and bade her little daughter sound me as to whether or not I liked her style of beauty. As the child had already informed me that I was an Adonis in the eyes of her mamma, I could not but be complimentary in return. Further, she told me divers stories of the gallantry of certain young noblemen of her acquaintance who had run away with their friends' wives; and she laughed gaily when I affected to be prodigiously shocked at their conduct. I do not judge her. Like some of our own ladies, she may only from sheer bravado have trodden the edge of the line which divides the proper from the improper. In many ways she certainly acted as if she hoped I was either very innocent or very abandoned. It was all done with a sweetness and amiability that bore about them an air of ingenuousness that was deadly ensnaring. Her husband was less demonstrative of his affection; but when, after an absence of two days in Capri, he greeted me upon my return with a hearty kiss, I felt that he, too, was of a disposition warm and sympathetic to excess.

These my friends were such thorough Neapolitans that I have been tempted to limn them more in detail than I intended. I had but to go into the streets to see all their characteristics, writ larger and with more coarseness, in the conduct of the tatterdemalion lazzaroni of Santa Lucia, who are supposed to be the most typical of the children of Naples.

It will, in some respects, be an unfortunate day for Naples when Santa Lucia is reformed off the face of the earth. The spirit of improvement is much abroad here. In 1889 the king "inaugurated" public works of demolition on a vast scale. Streets and alleys that rarely or never see the sun are to be laid bare by the contractors — probably for the first time since Charles of Anjou beheaded Conradin in the Piazza del Mercato. The scheme of "resanitation" (as it is called) includes the destruction of the masses of high old houses which front the sea, and accommo-

date very many families. You may guess at their population by the multitude of counterpanes and gowns of different colors which hang over their balcony rails to dry and air; by the hurly-burly in the foul byways which pierce the houses; and by the litter of children who roll about among the cabbage-leaves, fish-bones, and rotten refuse which are like a second pavement upon the underlying flags of basalt. It is the liveliest quarter in the gayest city of the world; and it is to be reformed into a stately promenade of the stiff, colorless, cosmopolitan kind!

No people enjoy life with more zest than the Neapolitans. There is not a mood of which they are capable that they do not cultivate to its extreme limit. They are the most religious people in Italy, and the most immoral. Their vocabulary would lack half its force if the saints and the Madonna were exiled from it. There would be a startling halt in the increase of the population of the city if it were decreed that for ten years all its illegitimate children, born in the mean time, should be put to death. The people would love their priests less if they did not implicitly rely upon them to make a clean sweep of their manifold sins whenever it was requested of them.

"What would you have?" exclaim the Neapolitan clergy (who as a class are amazingly fat and well-favored), in answer to inquisitive comments upon the state of the public morals. "The poor creatures are not consecrated like ourselves. Life is full of temptations hard to resist; and it is natural they should commit many venial sins."

It is their passion for thoroughness that makes the Neapolitans so fond of the knife. If an injury of a kind that words cannot atone for is done to them, they are deterred from revenge by no scruples about the sanctity of human life. With an astonishing indifference to the consequences, they stab each other, and do it thoroughly — so many a day. The newspapers print a list of such deeds as regularly as they print the meteorological records. All this bloodshed is only a family affair. Unless he also has disturbed the peace and happiness of a Neapolitan household, the stranger is safe enough.

Imagine the average English assassin giving himself up to the police because he happens to have killed another man instead of the man he designed to kill! This was what a Neapolitan wood-seller did the other day. He had a feud with a

bootmaker, at whom, therefore, he shot two or three times with a revolver. He was a bad marksman, and was accustomed to miss his aim. At last one of the bullets chanced to slay a coalheaver, who was looking on. He did not, however, know of it until it was reported in the newspapers. Then he went to the police-court and announced (without a jot of remorse as far as the deed itself was concerned) that the man who was dead was not the man he attempted to kill. He was quite surprised when they detained him as a felon guilty of homicide.

In a place which may be regarded as one of the best training schools in the world for thieves one expects to hear of some bold methods of larceny. It is here, as it was with the Spartans, their ancestors' first cousins: the man or boy who purloins at the greatest risk with the greatest success is the most esteemed—not, indeed, by all the Neapolitans, but, perhaps, by the majority. Not long ago a young gentleman distinguished himself by a systematic spoiling of the lawyers of the city. It was his wont to call on an advocate when the advocate was out. Asked to wait, he generally waited until he could secrete about him something of the advocate's that caught his fancy and was portable. On the occasion that proved fatal to him, he had, after resting a few minutes, departed, saying he would return shortly. He carried off a valuable little statue of porcelain—one of a pair. He also had the courage to return for the companion statue, and then met his doom. Upon him was found a list of four hundred other lawyers whom he had visited or proposed to visit.

Such effrontery is fairly matched by the common trick of the local fishdealers, who find it profitable to put the eyes of fresh fish into the orbits of stale fish, and are thus enabled to deceive even the most accomplished of the townsfolk.

It is another significant trait in the Neapolitan character that the favorite form of suicide in Naples is to jump from a window. The houses being high, it is quite effectual; and the sudden sensational descent is agreeable to the Neapolitan temperament.

Where, too, except in the kingdom of Naples, could thirty years ago have been found men with I know not how many murders on their hands living in comfort upon a government pension? This method of bribing brigands to desist from brigandage well befitted the Bourbon rule, and was not thought so very odd even by hon-

est men who had never backslided and experienced a difficulty in earning macaroni for a livelihood as the fruit of their honesty.

It is in the fervor of their religious professions that the Neapolitans differ most remarkably from us of the north, and even from the Lombard Italians. They are really as much Pagan as Christian, although the twentieth century Anno Domini is so near its beginning. In the various scenes of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, for example, one learns well how Asiatic a religion is the Christianity of Naples. A group of priests, of all ranks, in crimson and purple, and green and gold, parade the streets. Scores of massive silver busts of saints and martyrs precede the priests, strung with jewels, and with burning tapers before them, each borne on a scaffold supported by six men in robes of crimson, or purple, or green, or grey. Confraternities, in garments white, or blue, or scarlet, accompany the busts. Soldiers also are in attendance. There is singing and incense burning. When the silver-gilt head of St. Januarius himself (in the procession with the rest) enters the church in which the miracle is to be wrought, a fanfare of trumpets, a burst of the organ, and a choir of voices hail it from the galleries. The common people criticise and joke about the procession until St. Januarius appears, and then, if there is room, fall upon their knees, and utter the petitions nearest and dearest in their hearts. The barren ask for babies, the girls for husbands, the poor for a lucky trio of numbers to play upon, and the old and suffering for speedy promotion to paradise. Meanwhile, perchance, the bearers, who stagger under the weight of St. Januarius's silver self, curse each other for not going more slowly or more quickly, for the indiscriminate treading upon toes, or because of the unfair way in which the burden is divided among them. Later, when the archbishop at the altar holds up the crystal phial of blood for the populace to see—

"It is hard!" he says.

"Yes; it is certainly quite hard!" the people echo. The ritual of prayers to the saint is begun, and periodically the blood is uplifted to a candle, that its progress or tardiness in liquefaction may be observed.

"Oh, make haste, 'San Gennaro'! make haste!" cry the mob at the altar; for it is traditional that Naples and her children will in the coming six months have good fortune if the blood melt briskly, and the contrary if it be a work of time. It may

be an hour, or it may be two or three hours, ere the miracle is accomplished. In the latter case, the mob by the altar will, ere its fulfilment, have become blasphemous.

"Oh, you dog of a yellow-face!" they scream; "make haste!"

The archbishop all the while turns the phial from side to side, and up and down. If the wonder be achieved in the average time, contentment will prevail. Bishops in purple and begging friars with bare, dirty feet, millionaire merchants and itinerant chestnut-sellers, congratulate each other in a breath, watch in hand (if they have watches to hold).

"One hour and five minutes," says one.

"And six," suggests another.

"No matter to a minute or two," observes a philosophical third. "The miracle has been well done, — praised be the Madonna and St. Januarius!"

Then the archbishop and the sacred phial are hustled out of the church by the energy of the delighted populace, who contend to kiss the jewelled hand of the one and the crystal case of the other. The evening closes with fireworks and a display of electric light.

The pilgrimages to Monte Vergine are as picturesque as the miracle of St. Januarius, and a yet more lively note in Neapolitan life. Tens of thousands of people drive the sixty miles thither and the sixty miles back. You may see them start at daybreak in the lightest of coster carts, rattled along by the small, spirited horses that seem to need so little urging. It is like a Derby Day of the old time, but the lazzaroni carry more jewellery, and their wives and sisters have gayer gowns and headgear, than the Londoners of White-chapel. They gallop against each other all through the day. Heaven knows how their horses can keep it up as they do. The Neapolitans say that the Madonna of Monte Vergine inspires them; and it is to be hoped she does. On the morrow they finish the course, and climb the mountain. Day and night these pilgrims may be seen toiling toward the steep pinnacle of the Apennines, upon the summit of which is the famous church and monastery that preserve, among other notable treasures, the bones of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. When it is dark they light their steps with torches, so that the mountain seems studded with thousands of stupendous glow-worms. Masses are said in the chapel. The pilgrims cast their contributions upon the general pile, petition the Madonna of the mountain as

they petition St. Januarius, and descend to eat and drink and dance throughout the rest of their stay. The return to Naples is as jubilant as the exodus was. The cars are decked with boughs of bloom; ribbons flutter from their tired horses; there is an incessant tinkle of bells; the pilgrims, men and women alike, are full of wine and uproariously happy in the possession of certain rolls of paper which they have received as a return for their money and their toils of devotion. The paper is an indulgence for a period of years. They set it ostentatiously on the car, in front, so that all the world may see that, whatsoever courts of human justice might say, if they choose straightway to murder their neighbors they are adequately secured from divine chastisement.

A myriad of similar festas occur annually in the district. They are advertised on the city walls, like theatre notices. The exordium is generally of a kind to touch the Neapolitan affections.

"In these days of wicked incredulity it is well to bear in mind the saints, and especially those who, for our encouragement, have sprung from the country, and maybe the town or village, in which we live."

Then follows the programme:—

"The Saint So-and-so, of world-wide celebrity, will be led through the marketplace amid the enthusiasm and adoration of the faithful. The fireworks will be under the control of the famous artists, — and ——. There will further be a cracker competition between these gentlemen at the close of the festa."

The festas are of such manifest profit to the places in which they occur that one cannot marvel that nearly every village in the province has found a way to canonize one or other of its earlier inhabitants.

It was in keeping with this peculiar luxuriance of the religious instinct that I should be provided, in my bedroom at Naples, with three pictures of the Virgin. Raffael's "Madonna of the Chair" was given to me at Easter as a guard for my head at night. In the words of a Pascal periodical of 1889, "A single Madonna does not content them (the Neapolitans); they must have one for each of their joys, each sorrow, each event, and each heart's desire. In the hour of trial, when a faithful Neapolitan feels that he needs a helper, he invokes one Madonna in preference to another, and makes her the *confidante* of his anxieties. He regards the saints as brothers, entreats or apostrophizes them, worships or reproaches them."

A singular people! To Protestants surely as compassionate and deserving of missionaries as a Brahman, or as an African with his fetich!

On the other hand, it may interest any Protestant fellow-countryman to know that as material for conversion we ourselves are much esteemed by Neapolitan Catholics. I learnt as much one hot May day when I had climbed through the violets and hyacinths of the woods of Camaldoli to the monastery on the hill. A clean, stout monk in a snuff-colored gown, with a polished head, devoid of even a single hair, and with a long beard of snow, answered the bell, and welcomed me. It is a sweet spot. You have Naples at your feet, and all her surrounding loveliness is seen at a glance.

We sat and talked with the prospect before our eyes, and puffed cigarettes.

"I wish I, too, could live here all my days," said I.

"Would you not shiver in the winter, with two metres of snow on the ground?" asked the monk, with an earnest peep at me.

"I think not," I replied. "One look down at Naples in the sunshine would melt the snow. Besides, we are used to snow in England!"

"Oh, my friend," exclaimed the monk, with a hand on my shoulder, "come and be one of us. We are but eleven, though there is room for thirty-five. We have an Irishman, two Germans, a Frenchman, and a Greek; and we should be delighted to have an Englishman also. Moreover, you English are peculiarly fitted for the life monastic; you are so calm and tranquil."

"But," I said, "I am a Protestant."

"Ah!" said he, with a pull at his beard. "Yet, never mind; you are a Christian nevertheless, and it can be easily contrived. Our own superior shall arrange it all in three or four days — without troubling the pope."

"That is, if I determine to abandon the belief of my fathers?"

"Of course. But you will do that — will you not? It is very good to be Protestant, but far better to be Catholic. Doubtless, too, your Excellency is rich?"

At this moment a fresh ring of the bell drew off my genial monk. As if to make sure of being able to resume his attempts to convert me, he locked me in the refectory while he played the cicerone to the new arrival. It was a great, chill room, with a big, naked, sad-looking fireplace, and a rough, white, cemented floor. The walls were green, the table was green, the

door was green, and the rush chairs were green; and there was nothing in the room beyond egg-shells and dirt in a corner. Here the injudicious Catholic kept me pent for half an hour. Not even the bottle of old Posilipo which he enclosed with me, telling me to drink it all, and another as well, if I liked, could soothe my rage at this treatment. When he reappeared to loose me, I was less calm and tranquil, I fear, than it behoved a candidate for the monastic life of Camaldoli to be. At any rate, there were no more arguments to show forth the desirability of the career of monk.

Probably in no other monarchical city of Europe is life so broadly social as in Naples. The noble is a man and a brother first, and an aristocrat only in accordance with his birthright. I do not mean that the chestnut-seller of the street may be seen in the drawing-rooms of the villa. She would much rather stay at home in the streets. But there is hardly a touch of that arrogance of demeanor which in some lands is supposed to be the defining mark of a superior. The poor jest, laugh, and cry with the rich, as if they were brethren. The rich are very liberal in support of the charities (nowhere more numerous than in Naples) which aid the poor, and even more liberal in sympathy, which costs nothing, and wins love faster than dollars. Although there was some hard trying, the Neapolitan revolutionaries a hundred years ago could by no means incite the lazzaroni to follow enthusiastically the example of massacring the aristocrats set so strongly by the aggrieved mob of Paris.

One sees this fraternal mingling of patrician and pleb markedly at a race-meeting. The sport is poor; but there is much compensation. To begin with, it would be difficult even to dream of a more bewitching race-course than the Campo di Marte of Naples on a sunny spring day. It is small, but girt on the landward side by the purple, snow-capped peaks of the Apennines; and towards the sea, over budding trees and tufted pines, is the cone of Vesuvius, and the kindred crag of Monte Somma. The smoke of the blimmest weathercock in Europe rises towards the blue, or drifts with the wind. Everything is cast into relief against the brilliant blue of the heavens, or the brilliant green of the grass. The grass, however, may be somewhat blanched by myriads of daisies. These provide pastime for the visitors from the slums of the city; daisy roots and leaves are reckoned the material of a salad of high quality.

The scenes on the road to the course

are like those of the Monte Vergine festa. There is dust, and clamor, and a concert of bells, and a world of chaffing; and at all the windows of the houses by the way family groups are smiling at the revellers or shouting with them, sipping wine, and smoking with a genuine, although unconscious, appreciation of the doctrine of Epicurus.

The conveyances are, of course, as various as the circumstances of those they convey. There are drags and coroneted broughams in abundance; for, although they may care ever so little about "sport" and the betting-ring, the titled know that the populace expect them thus to justify and remind them of their nobility. What matter if his Illustriousness the Marquis of Montefiori and Marchocca, in private life, abides with his shattered marchioness and the children on the fifth flat of a dilapidated house in an unmentionable street, and keeps their blood in movement mainly upon macaroni and the cheapest of cheap Posilipo? So he and she and they may for one or two days in the year shine as the ancient Marquises of Montefiori and Marchocca shone to the world, they would gladly suffer even greater privations; double the Church's fasts, for example, or intensify the strictness of the pope's dietetic injunctions. The old family coach is dragged forth from a cellar into the daylight, dusted and washed; the coat-of-arms re-varnished with deliberation by the marquis himself; a pair of reluctant horses, strangers to each other, and shamefully lean, are hired to share the glory of the fallen family; and, at length, at noon or thereabouts on the happy day, to the immense and resounding satisfaction of the hucksters and artisans who are the marquis's neighbors, the whip is cracked, and the noble couple, dressed to a marvel, with the more presentable of their offspring, rock and roll down the rugged alley towards the greater lung of Naples, which is to carry them to the races, in company with their inferiors, and (if these may be found) their betters also.

This sort of thing is almost incomprehensible to us. One is disposed to fancy that the gnawing at heart on such an occasion must be intolerable; that there would be no opportunity for honest, reasonable pleasure; that the marquis and his family would inevitably be forced to think, amid the richer nobility, about the absurdity of their pretensions, and about the contrast between their grim, penurious life in the attic and the full life of luxury and enjoyment of their associates of a day.

It is by no means so at Naples. *Carpe diem* still holds good with the marquis, and neither he nor the marchioness is so very discontented and crestfallen when, in the evening, they have to discard their borrowed plumage, and sit opposite each other through a dull series of hours by the light of one tallow candle. It is quite on the cards that the youngest member of this noble family will have ridden on the box of the coach to play the part of foot-boy *en route*, and, during the races, will have busied himself with the excavation of daisy roots and the like for the salad of the evening meal.

I believe that it is mainly for the sake of the return that most of the nobility and gentry and military of Naples go to the races. It is a little discordant with one's notions of the fitness of things to see several drags on the course with all their space and every pinnacle of vantage upon them occupied by the military alone, in slashings of green and crimson and blue and gold and silver. They look bored. As a rule, they do not bet. As a rule, they do not take the trouble to descend to gossip with the ladies elsewhere. Perhaps this is because they are, again, as a rule, somewhat impecunious and afraid of the fashionable mania which may involve them in certain disagreeable speculations with the fair. The fact remains that they sit, with or without glasses in the eye, and behold what there is to behold quite unmoved to excitement, or eating on their exalted perches what their white baskets are able to offer them. I do not think the Italian officer a more assuming man than a soldier of other lands. He is generally, indeed, an amiable fellow; but he seems to condescend to the races.

All is changed when the last race is run. Spick and span, men and horses fall into line for the procession up the long road that leads towards the head of the Toledo (the chief street of Naples) by way of the Reclusorio (or poorhouse) and the museum. Naples is wild in expectation of this show. The balconies are crowded worse than ever. By the foot-path of the broad road the householders have set chairs, which they occupy with easy negligence, having wine at hand to baffle the trials of heat and dust. Even the poorhouse (surely the largest in the world, adapted for five thousand paupers) has its windows and terrace well peopled.

The equipages are amazing in their number. One comes out of the cloud of dust they excite whited inside and outside. The black hair of the ladies is pow-

dered as they will by and by powder their faces to give them the pallor which they think the most irresistible of beauty's arrows. The maimed and the halt, who show their crippled legs and arms and all their sores to the public eye, may as well plod home; they can scarcely be seen, and they are nearly choked. Even the ruddy flames about the plaster sinners in the plaster purgatory, which certain monks exhibit by the wayside as a plea for pence, are not as horror-inspiring as they were. The dust puts out the glow of their fire as effectually as water would.

Away rattle the coaches and carriages in double lines two miles in extent. The Marquis and Marchioness of Montefiori and Marchocca are now as happy as they may hope to be only twice or thrice in the year. Their coach is sandwiched between a brace of hired cars of the most debased kind. They have tried in vain to get next to the Duke of Millisole, whose imposing vehicle, drawn by four roan stallions, attracts enchanted notice, some of which would have refracted upon the coronet and blazoning of the family of Montefiori and Marchocca. Still, they derive much gratification from the consciousness that they are what they are, and from the hope that the rest of the world will think that they are what they used to be—a family in high esteem, as rich in lands and money as in honor.

It would not be easy for titled persons of exalted origin like the marquis and marchioness to live in England as they live in Naples. Our own poor would, I am afraid, deride them for their misfortunes. In Naples ruin itself cannot rob a man of his best heritage, his native sun and the air he inhales; and compassion seems to breed in the atmosphere. In a mean suburb of the city, towards Pozzuoli, at the juncture of three streets, stands the Church of St. Vitale, where Giacomo Leopardi lies buried. There is a stone to his memory let into the wall externally, within reach of the passers-by; and on the stone impromptu verses and phrases are scored by the pencils of the populace. They are all of the tender, pitying kind. There is nothing of ribaldry, nothing of scorn. It is what one would expect from a people who are themselves not ignorant of much suffering and privation. A tale is told of a girl who, being ill, was wont to receive daily two spoonfuls of cod-liver oil from a Neapolitan hospital. She was allowed to carry it away with her. After a time she had so much improved in health that the dose was denied her. In expla-

nation of the storm of sobs and wailing with which she received this announcement, it came out that she had regularly bestowed the nasty stuff upon a poor old woman, who had made a meal off it. One sees the same generosity in the almsgiving in the churches and in the streets. The pence given to the priests represent direct sacrifice for the good of others; for the dead in Purgatory, and for the living who are only a shade less poor than themselves. Nor is it merely a class instinct. The little girl of my Neapolitan home saw no wrong in abstracting coppers from my pocket to buy bread for beggars—though her own father and mother were reduced almost to beggary. "How can you pass without giving them something?" she used to say to me, in reproach of my hard English heart.

A century ago there were thirty thousand *lazzaroni* in the city. Neither disease nor want has diminished their number. Their children die at a fearful rate; but there are many hospitals for the survivors, and neither board nor lodging costs them much, when, at a mature age, they are turned loose into the world to become *lazzaroni*, in their turn, like their unknown fathers and mothers. What is a *lazzarone*? it may be asked. According to Colletta, he is a being who lives how he can, without working. If he puts hand to honest labor, he is no longer a *lazzarone*. It may be doubted whether the *lazzarone* will ever become extinct. The "resanitation" scheme will not oust him nor make him change his habits. He is more than half what his climate makes him.

A Neapolitan has said that love is the only occupation of the unoccupied. If this be really so, imagine the condition of Naples! As far as observation goes, the *lazzaroni*, as a class, seem to consider the effort of extraneous courtship somewhat too strong for them. They will throw sparks in plenty into the inflammable hearts of their fair acquaintances; but it will be rather from the sheer love of devilry begotten of idleness than because they are in the toils of a consuming affection. "Friendship! nothing more?" whispers a handsome brown giant into the ear of a maid as brown as himself, whom for half an hour he has been plying with what seem to be insidious advances, and whose dark eyes have begun to gleam with passion. If the girl be a good girl, she answers, "Certainly, nothing more," and the chaff continues. Otherwise, a frown and a pout of the full lips tell the man that he may, if he dare run the risk, go a step farther.

Truth to say, woman is the prime cause of very many of the deaths by the knife. Although human nature is in few cities more human and less divine than in Naples, the verdict which acquits the man who avenges with the dagger the wrong done to his wife or sister, or gives him but a trifling sentence, is held to be very just.

The ladies of Naples deserve a paragraph to themselves. I believe there are certain cold, dispassionate critics who profess to think lightly of them. If so, they must be very old or much saturated with pitiable philosophic contempt of life, or unable to exchange a word with them in their own dulcet tongue. As for myself, I confess that I lost my heart to them when I had been among them for but a week. Their very hair is enough to bring one upon one's knees to them. They may not be the most lovely of their sex; but they are certainly among the most sympathetic and winning. "If you do marry a Neapolitan, as you say you will," my hostess said, "she will love you more and more every day. It is the nature of our hearts. We are all fire and enthusiasm." I did not think my friend's argument either sound or convincing. I had already seen something of the fire of her disposition when she was at discord with her husband, and I had not liked the look of it. Further, it is a common knowledge that a Neapolitan has such an expansive heart that she can always spare a corner in it to an applicant who pleases her. A glance from her dark eyes suffices to make one forget her innate fickleness, forget even that she is ugly rather than beautiful, forget everything except one's incipient affection for her. One may feel more intimate with her in an hour than with an English woman after a month's intercourse. It is due to her responsiveness, her sympathy, and her intelligence. This last may be of restricted extent; but it is profound in its own orbit. An illiterate Neapolitan will, if he make the endeavor, learn to read and write in three months. The Neapolitan ladies might, if they pleased, keep pace with the most cultured of their sisters. The *lazzaroni*, however, prefer to lounge through life unlettered, and the ladies of Naples cultivate their hearts at the expense of their minds.

The result is what it is bound to be. Society in this fair, fascinating city is a tissue of amorous intrigues. Now and then there is a duel; now and then a domestic tragedy. Upon the whole, however, Naples accepts things as they are,

and considers that no one person is more or less blameworthy than another. Her children do but behave like their forefathers. It is the air. What is illicit elsewhere is pardonable in Naples. With these and similar comfortable sophistries they console the conscience — if need be.

There is a certain Neapolitan prince, a bachelor, who is notorious for his success in love. If he live long enough, he may run as mad a course of pleasure as that Prince of Condé who left at his death a drawer containing three thousand tokens from hearts that he had won. Recently he beguiled the young Spanish wife of a rich resident. She went a voyage with him in his yacht, and he brought her back to her discomfited husband. There was some curiosity about his next victim, especially among the ladies; but of indignation there was little indeed. Among his other estimable qualities, he is Anglo-maniac. His propensity for sailing away with other people's wives is considered as delightfully or deplorably English as his passion for straw hats, Scotch checks, and lawn tennis. My hostess was one of this Lothario's admirers. She thought him irresistible, and wearied me with the praises of his cat-like manœuvres round the feminine heart.

The Neapolitan is as thorough in his amours as in his passion for idling, picking and stealing, knifing, praying, and aught else. Some have accused him of being also the most thorough coward on the Continent. That was in the days of the Bourbons. His kings then set him an example. Ferdinand IV., for example, who whimpered over the peril with which the French Revolution menaced him, and, in an hour of danger, made his attendant change coats with him. ("It is a glorious thing for a subject to risk his life for the life of his sovereign," said the monarch.) But the revolt of 1848 proved that there was thorough valor, as well as thorough cowardice, in the Neapolitan temperament.

From first to last nature is predominant in the Neapolitans. Convention, with its restraints and general discipline, is less to them than to the rest of us. Some day it may be different. The Neapolitans dissimulate neither their likings nor their dislikes. When their saints are tardy in granting their petitions they curse them. They offer candles of gratitude when they are pleased.

The little Neapolitan girl who runs terrified from the room in which her mother lies dying will, if she meets the undertaker in the street with a box of dead babies on his head, ask to look at them, and, if they

are pretty, will fondle them like dolls, calling them by all the endearing names she can think of. When she is somewhat older—thirteen or fourteen—and has a lover, he will be the god of her admiration in every sense of the word. As a woman, she will expect her husband to beat her when he is out of humor with her; even as when she is out of humor with him she will speak her mind without reserve.

It is the same impulse which makes love intrigues here so much matters of course, and suggests to the aggrieved husband, in nine cases out of ten, that he had better shrug his shoulders and put up with the injury rather than fight a duel which might result in his death. Impulse at one moment declares him a coward, and at another moment makes a hero of him. His conduct, at one time, may be very ignoble; but he is not ashamed of it. On the other hand, when he achieves a feat of bravery, he does not crow in self-laudation. It is nature, not character, that works in him.

This gives us a key to that disagreeable saying: *Inglese italianato diavolo incarnato*. (The Italianized Englishman is a devil incarnate.) That there is something in it no one who knows Italy and knows his own national characteristics can deny. If this may be said of the effect of Italy as a whole upon the English temperament, imagine how the phrase acquires energy by confining the influence to Naples alone!

In truth, there is but one way of salvation for the Briton who determines to live in this "metropolis of a ruined Paradise" (as Shelley calls it). He must return periodically to his native land, and breathe for a while an air more harsh indeed, but more invigorating, and better suited to his more civilized code of morality. Otherwise, he will be fortunate if he do not acquire extraordinary ease of manner only at the cost of extraordinary corruption of morals.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

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From The Argosy.

#### WHO RANG THE BELL?

ONE of the strangest stories I have heard was told me by an aged gentleman who had spent his youth in the provincial city where the event related by him had occurred. I will give the history as he told it to me, only altering the name of the chief actor in the terrible drama and suppressing that of the town. I may add that this suppression is not, in this case,

the mere trick of the professional fictionist. The actual name of the criminal and the bare facts of his crime, may be found in any catalogue of famous trials. But the man belonged to a respectable family; a relative of his—in his day a fashionable litterateur and popular divine—found it advisable to modify his own cognomen to veil so sad a connection, and it is possible—nay, probable—that some of the line still survive who might be pained by any public re-turning of this dark page of their record.

Therefore, we will give the family name as Mildon, and their abode as the populous and gay town of X—.

The leading part in the little drama is played by one Charles Mildon, a fashionable young gentleman, mixing in respectable society, of popular manners and many accomplishments, but also, unfortunately, of extravagant and reckless habits and, it seems clear, of those darker shades of vice which frequently underlay these.

He lived alone in quiet, genteel lodgings, where it appears that the character he maintained was fairly good. If at times he got into debt, he presently got out of it, owing to the good offices of an old bachelor uncle who had repeatedly come to his rescue; but whose patience, young Mildon felt, was fast wearing out.

This uncle, Mr. Mildon senior, inhabited a small house in a lively, well-frequented part of the town. He was an elderly man, slightly crippled and otherwise so invalided that he never left the upper flat of his abode, where he was served and attended by a faithful old housekeeper who had been with him for many years. She and her aged master were the sole inhabitants of the dwelling.

There came a time—it was rather late one evening—when people passing by the abode of Mr. Mildon, senior, became aware of signals of distress from the first-floor window. Having succeeded in arresting somebody's attention, the old gentleman, in a very excited manner, proceeded to explain that he felt sure there was something grievously amiss in his lower premises, and to request that assistance should be fetched to his rescue, to enter his house and discover the true state of matters. A curious and eager crowd soon secured the presence of the proper functionaries. They proceeded to break open the hall door, thinking, probably, to come upon nothing worse than an inebriate cook or the devastations of a bungling burglar.

But a single glance round the interior

changed the aspect of things. Faces grew pale and solemn, and defensive missiles were grasped, the excited crowd was pressed back, and further help summoned.

From mouth to mouth went the grim whisper: "Murder!"

In less than half an hour, it was noised abroad all over X—that a terrible and mysterious tragedy had been enacted in the house of old Mr. Mildon. His housekeeper's dead body had been found just behind the hall door, and farther up the passage, at the head of the kitchen stairs, lay the corpse of another person, readily identified as a respectable old body who had occasionally visited Mr. Mildon's housekeeper.

It was only to be expected that the old gentleman's nephew was speedily on the scene. The succor of his aged and infirm relative, so awfully left alone, naturally demanded that.

But young Mr. Mildon had also some information to volunteer.

During the afternoon of that day, he had himself visited his uncle. He remembered the exact hour of his arrival, for while awaiting admittance he had casually glanced at the clock in a neighboring steeple. The housekeeper had opened the door as usual. He had noticed nothing special about her, but then he had noticed little, going straight up-stairs to his uncle. With him he had sat chatting for nearly an hour, during which time he had observed no unusual sound in the house. Some sounds, however, he observed, might easily pass unnoticed, owing to the roar of traffic in the street below.

But he had further to narrate that his visit had been brought to premature conclusion, and he thought this might shed some light on the mystery.

While he and his uncle had been conversing, the door-bell had rung violently. His uncle had wondered who the ringer might be and they had both listened for the opening of the door, or rather for its closing, as it shut heavily, reverberating through the house. They had listened in vain, and young Mr. Mildon had thought he would go down-stairs and see if the summons had been attended to. He had gone straight to the street door, had opened it, only to find nobody! Thinking that the ringer might have retired a few paces, young Mildon said he had stepped out into the street, and looked to the right hand and to the left, but in vain. While he was doing thus the hall door had suddenly closed behind him, banged as he had then believed by a draught of wind. His hat

had been shut within the house, left, in short, on a chair in his uncle's room. He had, he said, hesitated for a moment what he should do; he presumed the housekeeper had gone out marketing, possibly taking advantage of his visit to do so without leaving her master alone; therefore any ringing on his part would be as futile as the runaway ring had been, so he had decided to go quietly, and hatless, to his own lodgings, which were fortunately not far off, intending to return in the course of the evening, when the housekeeper would have resumed her post. He had actually been on his way back, when the excitement in the street apprised him of the horror which had been enacted in his uncle's house.

Young Mr. Mildon's communication was certainly important. It opened up two or three matters:—

Had the housekeeper really been absent from the house at the time of the runaway ring?

If not, what had been the hindrance to her answering it?

Young Mr. Mildon was asked why he had not called her, instead of answering the door himself? Was it because he had thought it likely she was out? He answered at once that he had not thought about it; the bell had rung and it had been neglected; he had gone to the door simply as the most direct and natural thing.

Another question was: "Who rang the bell?"

Was this mysterious runaway the same who subsequently returned and committed the dreadful crime? Had his heart failed him on the first occasion? Or had he gained any inkling that the house just then had a stalwart guest as well as its usual feeble and aged occupants? Mr. Mildon did not see how this could be. He himself had not approached any of the windows during his visit. His uncle had sat in his accustomed chair by the window; a watcher outside might have observed the old gentleman turn to speak to somebody in the room. But there had certainly been nothing to show that this interlocutor was other than the old servant.

Mr. Mildon, the uncle, confirmed his nephew in every respect. There was young Mildon's hat on the chair, where he had left it. The old gentleman had little to add. After his nephew had left him to attend to the ringing bell, he had heard the street door slam sharply; and, looking from the window, had seen his nephew go off, bareheaded, and had guessed accurately enough at the apparent state of

matters. He had returned to his newspaper-reading, and had not troubled himself further for some time. Then it occurred to him that his housekeeper was late in bringing up his tea and he had rung his bell—had rung it again and again, with as little effect as the runaway ring had produced! At last he had managed to hobble out of his room and as far as his stair-head, whence, looking over the banister he had caught a glimpse of the skirts of the prostrate woman behind the hall door. His only idea had been that his old servant had been seized with a fit, and he had at once given the alarm. From the stair-head it was impossible for him to see the other prostrate figure at the top of the kitchen stairs.

Young Mr. Mildon expressed the liveliest interest in the mysterious ringing of the bell. He seemed to lay great importance on that point.

Another difficulty was presently found attaching to this tragedy: It was impossible to gain any conclusive idea as to what had been the weapon which had produced such deadly results. In the case of each woman the fatal wound had been a blow on the skull—so direct, so well aimed, and so incisive that it had needed no repetition. But doctors differed as to what instrument was likely to effect its purpose in the peculiar way manifest. It seemed that no clue to the identity of the criminal was likely to come from this direction.

Another moot point was, the possible motive for the crime. Its two victims were respectable old women, little likely to provoke enmity of the violent kind. The motive could scarcely be plunder, for nothing in the house had been removed, or even tampered with. Spoons and other silver table-articles lay on the kitchen-dresser, just in the order in which the housekeeper herself had evidently arranged them. Also, there was a large sum of money on the premises, for the elder Mr. Mildon had considerable house property in X—, and as it was just after quarter day his recent receipts had been large, and he had delayed to bank them, a fact which might well have been suspected by many people. This money was kept in an old-fashioned bureau, at the back of Mr. Mildon's room. It was found intact, and the old gentleman himself could testify that there had been no attempt on the part of any stranger to enter his apartment. If anybody had entered the house with this object, why had they not effected it? The crippled invalid up-stairs would have been even more

easily disposed of than the old women below. One detective suggested that the old gentleman had never left his chair by the window, whence any deed of violence might have been seen by passers-by. But another replied that such a murderer as this would scarcely have been defeated in this way, since a few ingenious sounds on the stair-head would certainly have easily decoyed the old man to the door of the apartment.

"Gentlemen," said the younger Mr. Mildon, "the great question is: Who rang the bell?"

Among the detectives and legal functionaries who met in conclave with the very few witnesses who had any testimony to offer, there was one young man who filled such a subordinate place that he had scarcely any right to speak in the councils of his seniors and superiors; and certainly he received very little encouragement when he ventured to suggest that he had his own doubts as to the innocence of young Mr. Mildon himself.

The others scorned him. Had not young Mildon come upon the scene of his own free will and volunteered a statement which set him in the line of suspicion? "He could scarcely help that," murmured he of the doubts; "for, even if his uncle had forgotten or overlooked his visit, his hat would have been found in the house and he would have been called upon to account for it."

It was further urged that the singular absence of apparent motive became, in the case of young Mr. Mildon, an absence of all motive whatever. He, of all people, was most likely to know of the money his uncle had in the house, and where he kept it; yet he had certainly been in the old gentleman's room, everything there had been at his mercy, and still the invalid was safe and his store intact. To these pleas, the young man, whom we will call Talford, could find no answer; yet he did not say he surrendered his suspicions. He was silenced but not convinced.

Months passed on, and the great crime committed in the little house in X— seemed likely to be relegated to the list of unsolved mysteries. Talford himself had ceased to take any active interest in the matter; and the impression which had once been so strong upon his mind was wearing faint, so that probably, in time, he himself would have grown incredulous of it.

This Mr. Talford had a watch which gave him a good deal of trouble, and at last he took it to a friendly shopkeeper, a

skilful mechanic, who, he thought, might cure its aberrations. The man looked at it carefully — said he thought he saw what was wrong — a rather peculiar defect — and proceeded to rummage in a drawer for a tool he needed to remedy it. He did not readily find it, and summoned his wife to his aid. While they were looking for this minor implement, he remarked by the way that he did not see his best hammer either. Talford, who was standing idly by, was aroused by the woman's answer, which came in the form of this enquiry: —

"Have you ever had it since you lent it to young Mr. Mildon?"

Her husband thought not, now he came to think of it. Talford struck into the conversation: "What was the hammer like?"

"O, not an ordinary hammer — a watchmaker's hammer — like this," and the shopkeeper produced a tool, which Talford saw at once seemed well adapted to produce those fatal and peculiar wounds which had aroused so much speculation.

"Do you use these tools much?" he asked carelessly.

"Not very much, or I should have missed my best one sooner. I should think it is nearly a year since I lent it to Mr. Mildon."

That signified that it had been in his possession for some time before the murders.

Talford took leave of the friendly shopkeeper and hastened away. His old impression was now as vivid as ever, and he had something more tangible to back it. He was resolved on a bold stroke. He would take counsel with nobody, but would venture a great deal and win or lose all.

He put a pair of handcuffs in his pocket and bade a comrade accompany him on a piece of important business. They wended their way to the street where the younger Mr. Mildon lived in lodgings which he had occupied for a long while. Talford left his comrade to wait on the pavement, and repaired to the house alone.

"Was Mr. Mildon at home?" he asked of the woman who opened the door. Yes, he was at home in his own room. Then the visitor would go to him there; he need not be announced; when Mr. Mildon saw him he would understand.

Young Mildon rose from his writing-desk on the entrance of his unexpected guest. His face was perfectly unconscious, without either surprise or alarm. For one moment the two men looked at

each other in silence. If Talford's conviction wavered, certainly his determination did not.

Laying the "darbies" on the table he said: —

"Mr. Mildon, I am prepared for violence, but you will oblige me if you will quietly produce the watchmaker's hammer with which you murdered your uncle's housekeeper and her friend."

Whether it was the sudden revelation of the discovery of the much-debated weapon, or an idea that Talford would never have acted as he did without some strong evidence to justify him, cannot be explained. But young Mildon, without a word of protest, turned on his heel, went to a chest of drawers, unlocked one, and displayed to Talford the terrible implement. It lay among his handkerchiefs and neckties. He had never even cleaned it. Dry blood was on it, and there were one or two adhering hairs. Yet what seemed such an utter carelessness had come nearer to achieving security than any amount of restless precaution might have done!

The whole of Charles Mildon's original account was proved to be perfectly true.

He had only omitted its most important parts!

It was true that the old housekeeper had admitted him and that she had appeared just as usual.

He had omitted to say that he had instantly felled her to the ground with a blow which needed no repetition. That he had next been startled by the appearance of another old woman, coming up the kitchen stairs, but that his surprise had not unnerved him for the prompt commission of a second murder, which had formed no part of his original plan.

Then he had passed by the two dead women, and gone to his uncle's apartment. He had found the old man seated at the window as usual, but on this he had reckoned, and had laid his plot accordingly. After a little conversation, he had asked for a small money loan. His uncle had so often been complaisant that he had little fear of a rebuff. Had the uncle left the window to take a few sovereigns from his bureau, his nephew would have felled him to the ground and possessed himself of the whole hoard. But to his surprise and discomfiture the old gentleman proved utterly obdurate. Instead of lending the money, he gave him a lecture, loading him with reproaches. The nephew showed a submissive front, wondering all the while, what other dodge he could invent to en-

tice his uncle from his window seat. One occurred to him at last. An anxious and despondent man is often thirsty. He knew his uncle kept divers liquors in a cupboard at the back of the room.

"Well, uncle," he had said sadly, "you can't think how your words upset me — and your severity is such a disappointment to me, I really feel quite faint. You won't give me any more help, you say? I will not ask it. I will ask only for a drink of something — even a glass of water. You will not refuse to give me that?"

"You may take it for yourself," the uncle had declared. "You know where the bottles and glasses are kept. It is part of your abominable idleness that an active young fellow like you should sit there asking a poor old cripple to hand him a drink."

To keep up appearances, young Mildon had gone to the cupboard and helped himself to some beer. Then he had resumed his seat. To wait for his uncle to move, could be, of course, but a question of time, and the stakes he had already risked were too terrible to allow of any impatience. Leaving personal interests aside, he had striven to divert and interest the old gentleman in local gossip and political debate and was flattering himself that he was allaying his uncle's irritation in the most satisfactory manner, when he had been suddenly confounded by a brisk, peremptory ringing of the street door bell. His uncle had at once vaguely wondered who it was likely to be, coming at that particular hour, when he was seldom disturbed. The nephew had wondered, far less vaguely, what course he had better pursue, since he knew too well that there was no living person below to attend to that bell. Of course, he expected a repetition of the ringing. There had been a sound in the first as if the person producing it would not brook long delay, nor readily give up.

In his desperation, young Mildon caught at his uncle's wonder who it could be, and reiterated it. Then he made a feint of listening, and remarked that as the house-keeper did not seem on duty, he would go and attend to the door himself. Accordingly he had rushed away, past the two corpses in the hall, and had opened the door warily, that the caller should not catch a glimpse of the horrible sight within. He had trusted to some dark inspiration of the moment to get quit of the malapropos guest. To his astonishment, nobody stood on the doorstep. Probably this somewhat shook even his iron nerve,

for instead of retiring again, with the sufficient explanation of a runaway ring, he had stepped out upon the street to reconnoitre, not, however, forgetful to draw the door behind him fairly close. Then it had unaccountably slammed, and retreat, hatless and utterly defeated in his nefarious objects, had been the only course left him. It had, at least, given him opportunity to consider his position, and assume the part of an innocent witness.

Once fairly at bay, under the energetic promptitude of Talford, he dropped his mask forever. And his subsequent passage to execution was very straight and short.

There is much to reflect on in such a story. Did the door bell ring only in young Mildon's guilty imagination, and was his idea vivid enough, according to some modern theories, to impress his uncle's mind with a similar idea? A sudden draught will often close a door left slightly ajar. There is nothing unnatural or even unusual in that. Some will be inclined totally to dismiss our telepathic suggestion and to fall back on the simpler one of a mere runaway ring. Admit this, and we have at once, in its time and circumstance, a marvellous coincidence with the needs of the occasion.

And then we have to admit another coincidence in the slamming of the door. Neither that nor the ringing of the bell were in the least remarkable in themselves. They were the most commonplace of occurrences. All their wonder lies in the part they played in this tragedy.

Does not the multiplication of coincidences tend to suggest the existence of a law not fully manifest? A whole philosophy may underlay the answer to the question "Who rang the bell?"

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From Chambers' Journal.

#### NOTES ON BIRD-MUSIC.

TOWARDS the latter end of changeful April, when winter has been fairly conquered by the returning warmth, is the beginning of the full development of bird-music. Then the stream of song from our native birds, which has been gradually increasing from the virtual silence of winter, is reinforced by the arrival of our summer visitors. For the silence of winter is only comparative, and all through the dreary season — except for short intervals when frost binds the earth in iron fetters — there is bird-music to be heard.

The robin sings all through the winter months, and every now and then may be heard his companion, the wren. And it only requires a gleam of sunshine to call forth the music of the missel thrush in the very midst of storm and cold. It is one of the treats of January and February to hear him during one of these intervals. Taking his stand on the top of some tall tree, he will pour forth his cheerful notes with a fine ring of wild enjoyment—a determination to be happy in spite of circumstances. It is only a little spell of fine weather between the snow and sleet, or hard frost, of the season, and yet he sings as if spring and nesting time were already here. There is in the song a resemblance to that of blackbird and song thrush, but it lacks the luxuriance of phrase—meet for the leafy luxuriance of its surroundings—which we hear in the former; nor has it the reiterated, exulting happiness of the latter.

And there is much less variety. The songs of the three great musicians of the thrush family are clearly defined and distinct from each other, just as are their eggs and nests; and yet, without a little careful observation, most people will confound the missel thrush with the blackbird and song thrush, or mix all three in hopeless mental confusion. A useful point for those to notice who wish to learn their songs is that the missel thrush sings first. Neither song thrush nor blackbird sings so early in the year; and I think the song thrush begins before the blackbird. The special characteristic of the song thrush is its habit of frequent repetition. The repeated part consists, rarely of one, usually of two, three, or four notes, and is given from three to six times in rapid succession; then, perhaps without a pause, another phrase—if the word may be used—is repeated in a similar way. One of the bird's favorite repetitions, of which he never seems to tire, may easily be interpreted: "Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up;" and this may be taken as the keynote and purpose of his music.

Richness and variety characterize the blackbird's song; we would recognize the tone even if he sang the song of some other bird. This has led to the terms silvery and fluty applied to it: "The blackbird fluteth in the elm," which recalls the mellow clearness of his music; "The blackbird's silvery tones," which suggest the full richness of his voice.

Most birds seem to possess more or less of the imitative faculty; and even the blackbird, which has such a distinct and

wonderful song of its own, is sometimes a mimic. I have also heard the skylark take the last four notes of the chaffinch's song and repeat them several times in succession as a part of his own; but whether this was imitation or coincidence I will not venture to say.

But our great mimic is the starling. He will imitate many of our common songsters, and has been known to whistle for a dog, etc. There is a time when the starling forsakes his familiar haunts on the top of the old house with that convenient hole in the masonry which he entered to his nest. We miss his frequent song, which he was wont to give us from the corner of the roof or from the adjacent tree. He has gone to the moors to recruit after the cares and fatigues of family life. There he associates with the plover and curlew, and on his return reproduces perfectly the wild cry of the latter. And by the succeeding spring he will have forgotten it, although then very busy imitating the blackbird and thrush. His various imitative snatches are intercalated with a peculiar guttural, gurgling screaming of his own, accompanied by a shaking of wings and ruffling of neck feathers. There is something weird and mysterious about the starling as he sits giving utterance to these strange cries of his; there is even a touch of what is called "uncanniness" in the North. "Tha're an inwörd kind of börd," remarked a Northumbrian pitman while gazing on one perched on a telegraph wire and giving vent to these peculiar sounds. And I think he meant to convey the idea that the starling is of a meditative turn, and knows a thing or two which he doesn't tell to everybody.

I have never experienced greater pleasure in the pursuit of ornithology than in learning the song of the dipper. There is a special charm in the habits of the bird, and its haunts are among the loveliest of nature's scenes. That it is so much less known than many others increases the fascination. For I find from my dippings into ornithological literature that this is so. Yarrell, for example, states that he had never seen a dipper alive; and that well-known naturalist, the Rev. J. G. Wood, states that he has only once found its nest and never heard it sing.

The dipper sings both early and late in the year. The first time I heard it was, I think, early in February. A dipper flying over the water disappeared beneath it, and came up again to settle on a stone at the edge of the stream. He sat there and sang, his almost insular rock splashed by

the passing water — a pleasing song, sweet and cheerful, with its meet accompaniment of murmuring waters. A voice less rich and powerful than that of blackbird and song thrush, and less variety in the song, yet with a striking resemblance. There is the song thrush's habit of repetition, but less pronounced; while certain trills and turns recall to my mind the canary more than anything else.

A few hundred yards farther up the stream another sat on a stone washed by the frequent spray. His glorious white breast, set off by dark plumes, gleamed like snow while he poured forth his welcome notes. Another time a January walk down a rocky stream was enlivened by the cheery music of several as they winged their way over the water or settled on their favorite stones. And he may be heard in November, a time when there is little bird-music. As I wandered by the stream-side one hazy November day, the familiar gleam of white passed up the water before me. A dipper sat on a stone in mid-stream and cheered the November solitude with his music. And in December also, if the weather is mild, he may be heard.

There is an exhilarating wildness about the curlew's cry, in harmony with the wild moorland where we usually hear him. There goes one sailing leisurely along on those great wings of his, uttering slowly his characteristic cry. Now he begins to descend, and the notes get quicker and shriller. They reach their maximum, and then he utters a few slowly, by way of finish.

Wonderful bird-music is to be heard from "the swamp where hum the dropping snipe," as we wander through their favorite marshy haunts during the breeding season.

It was long before I could identify the strange sounds. But it was soon perceived to come from a bird flying round and round rather high in the air, and rising and falling alternately in its flight. Somehow or other, a line written by the poet Hogg, in which he speaks of "the airy bleeter's rolling howl," associated itself in my mind with this strange cry; I was convinced he was referring to the same bird. And then I found that the snipe is sometimes called the bleater, and the mystery was solved.

The peculiar sound emitted by the snipe during the breeding season is doubtless a thing very difficult to describe accurately; but I think no single word in our language

comes so near to it as "hum." For my own part, if asked to describe the sound, I should say: "Imagine the hum of the bee magnified very many times, and then mingled with a little of the peculiar tremulous stammering characteristic of the bleating of the lamb and kid." This latter quality has led to the term "bleeter," applied to the snipe in Hogg's line, and to the French name, *chèvre volante*; also to the term "lamming" used in Norfolk to denote its cry.

After wandering among the swamps many times during the breeding season listening to the strange sounds, and watching the airy ascending and descending curves, I was fast coming to the conclusion that the asserted bleating was a myth, or at least an exaggeration, when the resemblance struck me in a convincing manner.

Most diminutive and beautiful of our native birds is the dainty gold-crest; not rare, but somewhat difficult to see on account of its small size and retiring habits. Away among the fir-tops, especially in the autumn, its shrill chirp draws attention to the tree-tops. But it is one of those deceptive sounds so difficult to follow. Now it appears to come from that tree in front; but when attention is directed there, it seems to come from behind. At last the bird is seen hopping briskly about among the higher branches of a larch-tree. Perhaps, if fortune favors, the song is heard also. But it is very low and soft, and therefore easily missed. The first time I heard it was from the middle of a thick hawthorn hedge, where I got a sight of the bird at the same time. On another occasion, the soft notes came from a fir-tree on a hazy November day.

A great contrast to these notes so sweet and low of the gold-crest is the song of another tiny bird, the wren. Its song is loud and clear — a perfect little torrent of music. One of the most difficult of ornithological facts to realize is that it comes from such a tiny throat. The wren gets through its song in a somewhat business-like manner; he has something to say, and he says it right off.

The larks are an interesting family of songsters. Chief among them is the familiar sky-lark, famous for its early rising. "Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk," says King Richard, when he would exhort his follower to make an early start.

To be urged to early rising by an appeal to the lark was one of the pet aversions

of Charles Lamb. That we should go to bed with the lamb and rise with the lark was one of those popular fallacies which he exposed so humorously. And no doubt the lark is unconscionably early in this matter of rising; yet it is good to hear it when the summer day is still young. And perhaps even Lamb, had he been able to enjoy the lark's music without rising from his couch and losing the thread of his waking dreams, might have even praised him for his early song. The little seaside resort of Sillioth, on the Cumberland coast, is a place where this refinement of enjoyment can be obtained. Its main street runs parallel with the Solway Firth, and between it and the sea is a strip of waste, sandy ground covered with grass and wild flowers, and diversified with hillocky sand links. Here larks abound, and all the summer day from early morn till evening fill the air with their melody. And in the very early morning we may, just awakened from slumber, lie and listen with open window to the sweet sounds which herald the summer day. Motion seems an essential part of the sky-lark's music, and so it is with others of the family.

In the song of the tree-lark we find a wonderful combination of the poetry of motion and the sweetness of melody. Sometimes he may be heard singing seated on the tree-top; but if watched, will presently be seen to rise into the air. He will ascend some twenty or thirty yards in silence, then turn and begin to sing. Slowly, with outspread wings, he returns, pouring out a succession of sweet notes; he reaches the tree-top, and finishes with a few notes of melting sweetness, long drawn out.

The song of the meadow-lark, inferior in tone and variety to the sky and tree larks, is yet one we love to hear. It is best when there are many together and they can be both seen and heard. I have heard them to greatest perfection on a Northern moor where dwarf birch grew among the heather, and graceful yellow globe flowers shed a golden glory around. Dozens of meadow-larks were rising on all sides, and descending, singing as they dropped slowly down, and making the air vibrate with their frequent notes. Their lively music was varied by the call of the cuckoo and the wild sweetness of the curlew's whistle.

From The Saturday Review.

## THE NEW STAR IN THE MILKY WAY.

A NEW star is a representative of a class of phenomena so rare that the number recorded during the last few centuries may be counted on the fingers. Hence we readily conceive that, since they are very striking in themselves as breaking the monotony of the starry heavens, and since also their nature was considered till quite recently to be shrouded in mystery, a most lively interest has been stirred up by the recent new arrival, not only among astronomers, but among that large class who are always on the *qui vive* for celestial wonders.

When tortured by the many instruments which modern science places at the observer's disposal, a new star is quite a thing *per se*; while at times their brilliancy is extraordinary, some of these new stars having rivalled both Mars and Jupiter in brightness, and even sometimes Venus.

The time that they take to wax and to wane varies very considerably; some have lasted at their greatest brightness only for days, others have remained visible for months or occasionally for years. It generally happens that a new star when first seen is brightest, and many have thought that this is simply because the star is at the stage most likely to be noticed by us; but this may not be the entire truth, as can be gathered from a consideration of the various views which have been put forward as to their nature.

Among the many hypotheses that have been suggested to explain how it is that these strange bodies make their appearance from time to time, we may first of all mention that which supposed them due to the sudden colliding of a comet with a star; another theory assumed that a star at some period of its existence became enveloped in a kind of crust or slag, which by some cause or other became disrupted, and revealed the glowing mass within.

Both these hypotheses, although they might to a certain degree explain the sudden brightness of the star, would not hold good with regard to the rapid diminution of its light, because, if large bodies are dealt with, the cooling must take a very long time.

The latest view put forward is, that these bodies are produced by the sudden meeting in space of two swarms or streams of meteoritic matter, each travelling with a considerable velocity, the sudden bright

light being due to the collisions of the particles composing the swarms; and this hypothesis explains very well not only the sudden outburst, but the rapid decrease in brightness, due to the fact that only small particles are dealt with, and these must cool and dim quickly.

The appearance of the present new star, or Nova, in the constellation of Auriga, was first announced by an anonymous postcard received at the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh. Why the postcard was sent anonymously remains a mystery; but the extraordinary reticence of the writer does not make any difference to the immortality of the discoverer; for while, on the one hand, newly discovered comets, which are also of an apparently temporary nature, are always associated with the names of those who first observe them, new stars, on the other hand, are always referred to by the name of the constellation in which they appear.

The instrument now used to obtain observations of these strange visitors consists of a combination of an object-glass, a prism, which is placed outside the object-glass, and a camera. The function of the prism is to separate the million strands of colored light which go to make white light; that of the object-glass is to collect each color, concentrating it at the same time, so that finally we get a fine line of rainbow color.

This method of obtaining a spectrum is by no means modern, but was suggested and used by the German optician Fraunhofer about the year 1814. He placed a prism before the object-glass of a theodolite, and in this way was the first to observe the spectra of some of the stars. By the use of this method, whether the eye or the photographic plate is used, the so-called "spectrum" of the body under observation can be studied without any difficulty. The length of the exposures required when photography is employed for stars of different magnitudes varies very considerably; for the brightest a few minutes are generally ample, but for those of much smaller magnitude a space of two or three hours is by no means too long.

The spectra that are thus obtained are of various kinds, as various classes of so-called stars are observed. Some consist of bright lines on a dark background, others of dark lines on a bright background, while a mixture of both these is met with. These variations in spectra depend upon the fact that any substance that is heated sufficiently to emit light,

whether in the heavens or on the earth, will give a spectrum. If it be a solid or liquid body, we shall have what is called a continuous spectrum — that is, a colored band bright from end to end, with no sign of any dark or bright lines about it. By continuing to heat this body until it becomes a mass of incandescent gas, the spectrum will become entirely changed, and will consist of a series of bright lines on a dark background, the number and position of the lines depending on the substance heated. But suppose, now, that the light from an incandescent solid or liquid body passes through a gas, what kind of a spectrum should we have? Experiment shows that in this case we get a continuous spectrum crossed by *dark* lines, these dark lines being produced by the peculiar power that a gas possesses of absorbing those particular rays of light which it emits. Thus we see that if we are dealing with incandescent solid or liquid bodies we obtain continuous spectra; if with incandescent gases bright-line spectra, and if with absorption dark-line spectra; the position of the lines in all cases revealing the chemical nature of the substances.

So much, then, for the general idea of the nature of a spectrum. There are some additional points to be considered when we are dealing with stars. If we observe the spectrum of a star at rest, we shall obtain lines, whether bright or dark, in their normal place in the spectrum. These lines will be peculiar to certain substances, and, in fact, their presence in the star is determined simply by them. If we deal with the light from a body which is not an apparent *point*, the lines will still keep the same positions, for the same reason, but each one of them will be broadened equally.

Let us now suppose the star no longer stationary, but moving with a considerable velocity. In this case the wave length of each line will be no longer the same; but the line will have altered its position in the spectrum to an extent depending on the movement of the star towards or from the earth. The result produced in the spectrum will be the same with regard to the number of lines as was the case when the star was assumed to be motionless; but the lines will all have received a slight shift, either to one side or the other of their initial positions, according as the star is approaching or receding. If instead of one we now deal with two stars of the same chemical and

physical structure, travelling with different velocities, either towards or away from us, the spectrum would show each line doubled, and the more rapid the relative motion the coarser will be the doubling. If the stars were so physically constituted that the same chemical substances were present in both, but giving bright lines in one and dark lines in the other, the spectrum would present a series of bright lines each accompanied by a dark one, on one side or the other, according as the body which contained dark lines in its spectrum was approaching the earth or receding from it.

After this very brief statement of general principles, we can now refer to the observations that have already been made with regard to the spectrum of the present new star, observations unique in astronomical history, and of the highest importance and interest. It has been found to consist of both light and dark lines. The fact that pairs of bright and dark lines are seen proves that two bodies are in question. If we suppose two swarms of meteors colliding in space, the spectrum can be easily explained on this assumption in the light of the general principles referred to above. Further, the thickness of the lines tends to show that each one is produced by a large number of small incandescent masses moving at different velocities, rather than by one large one. The motion necessary to produce the doubling of these lines has been estimated, and the relative velocity of the two swarms has been put down as more than five hundred miles per second!

If the photographs should continue to show the same relative positions of the bright and dark lines, the observations would prove that this relative motion is not produced by the revolution of one body round another, but that a dense swarm of meteorites is moving towards the earth with a high velocity, and passing through another receding one of less density.

It will be seen that the observations harmonize well with the hypothesis that has been advanced on much less definite evidence; but this is not the only instance we can give of the grip that modern science has on large classes of phenomena which were supposed to be beyond the reach of man. The lines that have been photographed in the spectrum of this star

are all such as could have been predicted with our knowledge of new stars.

As an instance of the advanced stage at which astro-physical science has arrived we may say that, if we had no observations of new stars other than those already recorded of the present one, their whole theory could be obtained by induction. This may seem a sweeping statement, but it is nevertheless true, for since many so-called stars are now known not to be stars like our sun, but simply clouds of meteoritic bodies clashing together, and since we know approximately the sequence of changes through which the spectra of these stars pass as their temperature is first increased and then reduced, each spectrum indicates the complexity of each swarm.

We have already seen that the doubling of the bright and dark lines indicates that we are dealing with two swarms in the present instance, one approaching and the other receding; we now learn that the condensation at which each of these swarms exists can be approximately determined; that which gives us the dark lines is denser than the one which gives us the bright ones.

In conclusion, it may be well to point out a difference of some importance between comets and these new stars. A comet, as is generally conceded, consists of a cloud of meteoritic dust *travelling round the sun* sometimes in elliptic but more often in a parabolic or hyperbolic orbit; in other words, those travelling in elliptic orbits have been captured by the sun and return to it periodically, while those pursuing a parabolic or hyperbolic orbit after one passage near the sun are forever lost to us.

Thus a comet with an elliptic orbit may be said to be a member of the solar system, and on this account can approach very near to our earth; and in fact our earth has even passed *through* one, giving rise to the phenomena of a great number of shooting stars.

A new star, on the other hand, *never* approaches our system, but is formed at very great distances from us, distances probably as great as that of the nearest star, so that light, which travels one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per *second*, takes about thirty years to complete its journey to us. Our new star then is already old.

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## POETRY.

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## UP THE GERSCHNI ALP.

## I.

THIS is the way that you must go.

Where no stray sunbeam, slantwise thrown,  
The twilight gilds with vaporous glow,  
Through woods dim, dreamlike, hushed  
and lone,

The pathway serpents to and fro.  
Fair is the green roof overhead  
Which rises with you as you rise,  
And green upon the slope that lies  
Above you and beneath is spread

A fairy tangle, ivy, fern,  
Seedlings, and mosses of untold  
Luxuriance flaming into gold.

And sometimes at the zigzag's turn  
A wayside shrine in miniature,

Picture or image blest, behind  
A rusted grating niched you find.

The monks of Engelberg would lure  
Your vagrant thoughts to Paradise;  
And, sure, not far from here it lies.

And now some lucent streamlet's gush  
Into its brimming trough, and now  
The sudden snapping of a bough,  
Is all that breaks the breathless hush.

If — if you were not quite alone!

The morn, the woods, were twice as sweet  
If just one other pair of feet  
Were climbing here beside your own!

## II.

THIS is the way that you must go.

Across the rolling pastures wide,  
Where Alpine thistles, nestling low,  
And clustered gentians, in the pride  
And splendor of their purple, blow;  
And all the exquisite pure air

With tinkling cowbells, chiming clear  
Their homely chorus to the ear,

Is garrulous; and everywhere  
Riots and laughs the sunshine bold.

You loiter at the water-trough  
And make a mountain toilet, doff  
Your hat and dip your face, and hold  
Your inside wrist upturned to meet

The crystal, cool, refreshing flow  
That gurgles from the pipe, and so  
Through all your veins allay the heat.

Then, strenuous, charge the sheer ascent;  
Which won you pause, elate though spent.

Deep, deep lies Engelberg! but note —  
Titlis, that wears his hood of snow

In one great wimple on his brow,  
Soars for your toil scarce less remote.

If — if some other paused here too!

How fair these summits and these skies,  
If just one other pair of eyes  
Were gazing at them now with you!

## III.

THIS is the way that you must go.

The torrent with the iris sheen,  
Faint where its thunderous waters grow  
A sleeping foam-mist, to be seen

Spanning its base a vivid bow,

Must not deflect your steps, nor yet

The lakelet in the mountain's lap;

Nor the white hostel, as might hap,

Tempt them to tarry and forget.

A summit nearer heaven than this

Invites you. Up! Each height attained

Shows one yet loftier to be gained;

Till lo! a reeling precipice,

Whence — if your sight with space can cope —

As on a cloud the lake of all

The four Cantons mapped faint and small.

Here, on the green and sunny slope

Beside the brink, you rest, and bless

The gods for all the loveliness

Which haunts these solitudes divine;

Rest and rejoice! — the day is long,

And life is an Olympian song!

How pure the snows on Titlis shine!

If — if with rapture not less keen

Some other heart exultant swelled!

If just one friend of friends beheld

The perfect hour, the perfect scene!

Macmillan's Magazine.

E. C.

## WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME.

*Song.*

WHAT will there be when my ship comes  
home,

When my ship comes home in the morn-  
ing?

Top o' the tide o'er the crest of foam,  
Danger and distance scorning.

Oh, there'll be crowns for the lads to spend,  
And rings for the girls' adorning,

And there'll be a gift for every friend —

When my ship comes home in the morn-  
ing!

What will there be when my ship comes  
home,

When my ship comes home at nooning?  
All the fields where the children roam,

Full of the scents of Juning!

Oh, there'll be pipes for the boys to play,

And bells that the girls set tuning —

And cakes and ale as we turn the hay —

When my ship comes home at nooning!

What will there be when my ship comes  
home,

When my ship comes home at even?

Over the spur of the reef's sharp comb,

Under the darkening Heaven!

Oh, there'll be a treasure for me aboard,  
Won safe through dangers seven;

Golden heart of lover and lord —

When my ship comes home at even!

Argosy.

G. B. STUART.

From The Scottish Review.  
THE RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

THE industrial revolution which has been going on during the past hundred years, and which has profoundly affected social and economic conditions, has been immensely accelerated, especially during the latter half of that time, by the great development of locomotion both by land and sea. Every country which has any claim to being considered civilized is intersected by railways, and swift steamers now traverse every sea, so that individuals, goods, and correspondence are transported from one part of the globe to another, with great ease, rapidity, and cheapness. These facilities, combined with the use of the electric telegraph, have not only vastly extended commerce and industry, but have also revolutionized their methods by profoundly altering the conditions under which they are carried on. The discoveries of science and the developments of their application have been great levellers, and have tended to make economic and industrial conditions everywhere the same. Individuals and corporations have no longer the opportunities by which, on account of special position or information, they were formerly enabled to maintain practical monopolies and amass immense fortunes, for the rapid means of communication very soon place the same advantages at the disposal of competitors. What is true of individuals and corporations is also true of nations, and of none more than of Britain. Her natural resources, especially of the raw materials required in the manufacture of machines, coupled with the energy and ability of the British merchant and manufacturer, and the fact that they had the start in the race, enabled her not only to obtain the industrial supremacy of the world, but also in a sense to annex the products of all other countries. Now, however, these special conditions are rapidly disappearing as other countries are developing their resources, and as means of transport and communication are being extended. Practically, the world has been shrunk to very small dimensions, and the younger generation must look forward to a time, when the centre of magnitude of

the world's industry and commerce will be very much nearer newer countries than Britain, and also when the conditions of that commerce and industry will be very different from those which at present exist.

The most important development of the applications of science to the improvement of means of communication is that which has taken place in the steamships which trade between Britain and America, and as for some years past the race across the Atlantic has been attracting the attention of all classes of the community, and as new developments are continually taking place, a short time may be usefully spent in considering the means by which these became possible, and the steps by which they were brought about. The interest in the subject is by no means confined to Britain, and the "greyhounds of the Atlantic" are no longer only of British origin. France and Germany have recently both produced steamships which are little if anything behind the best of British design and construction, and from America we have the report that an attempt will soon be made to build ships which will cross the Atlantic in three days. Whether this be possible or not, can best be judged by glancing at what has been done in the past, and noting the conditions of further progress.

It is not necessary for our purpose that we should go back to the days of Jonathan Hulls, De Jouffroy, Fitch, and Rumsey, when the earliest attempts at steam navigation were carried out, or even to those of Symington, Miller, and Taylor more than a hundred years ago, of Fulton in America, and of Henry Bell on the Clyde. It will be sufficient if we start from the point when ocean steam navigation became a possibility from the improvements which had taken place in the design and construction of ships and engines. It should be a matter for national pride, that Clyde engineers and shipbuilders early in the race, took the lead which they still hold. The names of Wood, Scott, Steel, Denny, Caird, David and Robert Napier stand pre-eminent among the founders of the great industry of shipbuilding. Of Wood it has been said by a competent authority that "he was the father of all

that is best in the style of our ships, and truest in the practical application of science in the shipbuilding of Great Britain," while of David Napier, an equally competent authority was of opinion "that from the year 1818 until about 1830 he effected more for the improvement of steam navigation than any other man." In 1818 he established steamship communication between Glasgow and Belfast, and a little later between Dover and Calais, and between Liverpool, Greenock, and Glasgow. In 1822, the James Watt was constructed by the Messrs. Wood, and this marked a decided step in advance. It was four hundred and forty-eight tons measurement, and in form, strength of construction, and speed was very much before every vessel of its day, having a speed of ten miles an hour. The engines were by Boulton and Watt, and were geared between the crank and the paddle shafts. From the time of the construction of the James Watt a gradual increase took place in the size, and improvement in the design and construction of ships and engines, until what was called the leviathan class was reached.

Curiously enough, however, the first steamship to cross the Atlantic was not British. In 1819, an American vessel, the Savannah, crossed to Britain partly sailing and partly steaming, her engines being only auxiliary to her sails. She was originally intended to ply between New York and Savannah as a sailing packet, but she was purchased by Savannah merchants and fitted with steam machinery, her paddle-wheels and shafts being placed on deck when they were not being used for propulsion. She took twenty-five days to go from Savannah to Liverpool, eighteen of which were under steam. After a visit to the north of Europe she returned to America, where her machinery was taken out, and she resumed her original character as a sailing vessel, and was ultimately wrecked on the south coast of Long Island. The Savannah therefore scarcely deserves a place in the roll of early steamships. In 1833 the Royal William crossed from Quebec, but all her hold had to be filled with the fuel which was necessary for the voyage, so

that although such a vessel could be used for coast trade, it could not be successful commercially for trans-oceanic traffic.

The whole subject, however, was eagerly discussed by engineers and scientific men, and many speculations and designs were laid before the public, and Parliament collected evidence on the matter. In 1834 Mr. M'Gregor Laird, the founder of the Birkenhead firm, laid before a Committee of the House of Commons on Steam Navigation to India, the following estimate of coal consumption:—

|                 |                             |
|-----------------|-----------------------------|
| Under 120 H.P., | 10½ lbs. per H.P. per hour. |
| " 160 "         | 9½ " "                      |
| " 200 "         | 8½ " "                      |
| " 240 "         | 8 " "                       |

It will be interesting to compare these figures with the average consumption at the present day; but coming as they did from a practical engineer, it was not to be wondered that those who had no experience of such matters, looked upon the proposal of steamships to cross the Atlantic, and be self-supporting financially, as altogether visionary with the existing conditions of engineering and shipbuilding. Dr. Lardner is reported to have said: \* "As to the project which was announced in the newspapers, of making the voyage directly from New York to Liverpool, it was, he had no hesitation in saying, perfectly chimerical, and they might as well talk of making a voyage from New York or Liverpool to the moon." This is all that is usually known of Dr. Lardner's opinions, but he himself always protested that the report did him an injustice, and it is only right that this should be known. It is unfair to judge any scientific man from a newspaper report which is necessarily very much condensed, and which possibly omits very important conditions which modify the opinions expressed. It may therefore be well, after all that has been written on this subject, to endeavor to arrive at the actual facts.

In 1836 projects had been started by two different and opposing interests, one advocating the establishment of a line of steamers to ply between the west coast of Ireland and Boston, touching at Halifax,

\* Report of lecture in *Liverpool Album*, delivered in Liverpool, 1835.

and the other a direct line, making an uninterrupted trip between Bristol and New York. At the meeting of the British Association in Dublin in 1836, Dr. Lardner advocated the former of these projects. At the subsequent meeting in Bristol in 1837, he again urged the advantages of the same route, and by comparison discouraged the project of a direct line between Bristol and New York. Dr. Lardner continued to declare \* "that the popular rumor that he had pronounced the Atlantic voyage impracticable, to be entirely destitute of foundation, and he brought evidence to show that he distinctly affirmed the contrary, by quoting the following extract from a report which appeared in the *Times* to this effect :—

Dr. Lardner said he would beg of any one, and more especially of those who had a direct interest in the inquiry, to dismiss from their minds all previously formed judgments about it, *and more especially upon this question, to be guarded against the conclusions of mere theory*, for if ever there was one point in practice of a commercial nature which, more than another, required to be founded on experience, it was this one of extending steam navigation to voyages of extraordinary length. He was aware that since the question had arisen, it had been stated that his own opinion was adverse to it. *This statement was totally wrong*, but he did feel that great caution should be used in the adoption of the means of carrying the project into effect. Almost all depended on the first attempt, for a failure would much retard the ultimate consummation of the project.

Mr. Scott Russel said that he had listened with great delight to the lucid and logical observations they had just heard. He would add one word. Let them try this experiment, with a view only to the enterprise itself, but on no account try any new boiler or other experiment, but to have a combination of the most approved plans that had yet been adopted.

After some observations from Messrs. Brunel and Field, Dr. Lardner, in reply, said, that *he considered the voyage practicable*, but he wished to point out that which would *remove the possibility of a doubt*, because if the first attempt failed it would cast a damp upon the enterprise, and prevent a repetition of the attempt.

What Dr. Lardner did affirm and maintain in these discussions was that the long sea voyages by steam which were contemplated could not be maintained with that regularity and certainty which are indispensable to success, by any revenue which could be expected from traffic alone, and that without a government subsidy of a considerable amount, such lines of steamers, although they might be started, could not be permanently maintained. He advocated the establishment of a line of steam communication between one of the western ports of Ireland and Boston, touching at Halifax, and he insisted on the necessity for a liberal subsidy for carrying the mails as an indispensable condition for the commercial success of the enterprise, and the experience of the early steamers justified his opinions. Dr. Lardner may have erred in the way of over-caution, and have failed to estimate the possibilities both of engines and ships, as he based his calculations on a coal consumption of twelve pounds per horse-power per hour, with a speed of eight knots, but he does not deserve to be held up to ridicule, as he generally is, when his name is mentioned in connection with the early attempts at trans-Atlantic navigation.

The first British steamship which crossed the Atlantic was due to the genius of Brunel. As engineer to the Great Western Railway, which had its terminus at Bristol, he suggested that the operations of that line should be extended to New York, and in 1836 a steamship company was formed, and the keel of their first ship, the Great Western, was laid down at Bristol. Her principal dimensions were: length over all, 236 feet; breadth, 35 feet 4 inches; depth of hold, 23 feet 2 inches; draught of water, 16 feet 8 inches; tonnage by measurement, 1,340 tons; displacement at load-draught, 2,300 tons, and the indicated horse-power of the engines, 750. She was launched in July, 1837, and sailed from Bristol on Sunday, April 8, 1838, arriving at New York fifteen days later, at very nearly the same time as the *Sirius*, a vessel which had been purchased by another company, and prepared for the voyage to New York. The fastest westward passage of the Great Western

\* The Steam Engine, Eighth Edition, p. 295.

was 12 days 18 hours; her longest 22 days 6 hours. Her fastest eastward passage was 12 days  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hours; the longest 15 days. Whatever may have been the theoretical opinions of those interested in steam navigation, the success of the *Great Western*, as Carlyle said, "left our still moist paper demonstration to dry itself at leisure."

Before proceeding further with the history of the development of the steamship, it will be well to briefly sketch the principles on which that development depended, beginning with the engines, which are still essentially those of Watt. Engines and machines seem to undergo a process of evolution very similar in its nature to that which is observed in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The earliest steam engines consisted of few parts or organs, but each of these performed several distinct functions. As the development proceeded there was greater complexity of construction, but at the same time more definiteness and certainty in the actions of the parts, accompanied by greater compactness and ease of management. This is easily seen if we look at the engine designed by Papin, in which the boiler, the cylinder, and the condenser were combined in one, and then at Newcomen's, in which the boiler was separated from the cylinder, and lastly at Watt's, in which the condenser was separated from the cylinder. The tendency to multiply parts, and to limit their functions still continues, and instead of the steam being used in one cylinder, it is now very often used in two, three, or more cylinders, each with separate organs of admission and exhaust, and requiring an increase in the number of the parts of the mechanism.

The engines of the *Great Western* were of the inverted beam or side lever type, which remained for a good many years the ordinary type of the larger marine engines. They were not by any means self-contained, the keelsons and framing of the vessels being largely relied upon for resisting the stresses arising from the action of the engines. Of course, under such conditions, a low pressure of steam and steady uniformity of motion were matters essential to their safe working, and the makers of such engines seemed to exercise their ingenuity on their architectural details rather than on the proper disposal of the metal for resisting the stresses which acted on their various parts. The pressure of the steam employed rarely exceeded ten pounds on the square inch above that of the atmosphere, and the space occupied

in the hull by the engines and boilers was nearly one-third of the ship's length. Engines of the side lever type have now entirely disappeared, although even at the present day, ordinary beamed engines are largely used in American river and coasting steamers, and with their long strokes and steady motion, hold their own against the modern type. Many modifications of the side lever engine were designed, but now when paddle engines are used, engines of the direct acting diagonal or oscillating type are usually employed for driving them. When the screw propeller was introduced, shortly after trans-oceanic navigation was firmly established, and for a considerable time thereafter, the same kind of engines was used for driving it as were employed for paddle vessels, the connection between the crank and the propeller shaft being effected by means of gearing. Now, however, the screw propeller is almost always driven directly from the crank shaft, and the most common types of engines employed are the horizontal and the vertical, the former in the navy, in which it is necessary that the machinery should be below the water-line, and the latter in the mercantile marine.

The great increase of efficiency in steam engines since the days of Watt, has been brought about chiefly by the increase of the pressure of the steam used, and it is rather curious to note that Watt did all in his power to discourage and prevent the introduction of high pressure steam. He seemed to be quite aware of the economical advantage of such steam, and his chief reason for objecting to its use was that he feared the danger which would attend it. Influenced no doubt by Watt's example, the progress of high pressure steam was very slow, and even then it seems to have been more due to increased confidence in the materials of construction than to a clear recognition of the principles involved. The experiments of Joule on the dynamical equivalent of heat, and the mathematical investigations of Thomson, Rankine, and Clausius, no doubt had a certain effect, but the science of thermodynamics was more often used for explaining accomplished facts, than for indicating the way to new developments. The foundations of that science had been laid as early as 1824, when Sadi Carnot, the uncle of the present president of the French republic, published his classical work "*Reflexions sur la Puissance Motrice du Feu*," in which he enunciated the fundamental principle which governs all heat

engines, namely, that the real value of heat as a source of mechanical power depends on the temperature of the working substance relatively to that of surrounding bodies, and consequently that high pressure engines derive their advantage over low pressure engines simply from their power of making useful a greater range of temperature.

For a considerable time after the introduction of ocean navigation, little attention was paid to the direct economy of fuel, although various causes, such as the improved forms of hulls, the use of iron in their construction, and the introduction of the screw propeller, led to a greater tonnage being propelled with the same amount of coal. As trade extended to foreign countries where coal was expensive, steamship owners saw the necessity for reducing its consumption, and engineers exercised their ingenuity in bringing this about. Among those who led the way in the design and construction of engines of a more economical type, the names of John Elder, Charles Randolph, and John M. Rowan deserve to be specially mentioned among Scotch engineers.

There was a gradual rise in the pressure of steam used in marine engines, until it reached from thirty to forty pounds on the square inch. When it had risen to the latter figure and considerable expansion was employed, the variation in the temperature of the cylinder caused a large amount of initial condensation of the steam, followed by a certain amount of re-evaporation towards the end of the stroke. This had been observed long before by Watt and Smeaton, but no systematic investigation of the phenomena was made until the researches of Clark, Isherwood, Hirn, and others, fully explained the action of the sides of the cylinder on the steam. It was to obviate this action to a certain extent that compound engines became necessary, and to John Elder is largely due the honor of having successfully applied such engines for marine purposes. He, moreover, re-introduced the steam jacket invented by Watt, but which had gone wholly out of use in marine engines, and he was thus able to prevent a considerable amount of the initial condensation, as well as that caused by the expanding steam doing work.

In 1854 the firm of Randolph, Elder & Co. fitted the screw steamer *Brandon* with compound engines, and it was found that she consumed about three and one-fourth pounds of coal per indicated horse-power per hour, as compared with four or four

and one-fourth pounds with simple engines. It next supplied several sets of engines, of the same type, to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company; and during many years' subsequent service the consumption of coal in those steamers was from two and one-half to three pounds per indicated horse-power per hour, a degree of economy never before realized in marine engines, amounting as it did to a saving of from thirty to forty per cent. of the coal previously burned by steamers of the same class. Gradually the pressure of the steam was raised to eighty pounds, and in some cases to one hundred pounds, on the square inch, but it was soon found that at the higher pressures a recurrence of the evils of the simple engines took place. This led to triple expansion engines, in which the steam is expanded successively in at least three separate cylinders. Such engines form the most important development in marine engineering which has taken place during recent years, and their commercial success is largely due to Dr. A. C. Kirk, senior partner of Messrs. Napier & Co. In such engines, generally speaking, steam of a boiler pressure of at least one hundred and fifty pounds on the square inch is employed, and being admitted into the first or high-pressure cylinder, it is cut off at about three-fourths of the stroke and allowed to expand; it then passes into the mean pressure or middle cylinder, and from that into a third cylinder of much greater capacity, where it is still further expanded; and, lastly, it escapes into the condenser. The general principle is that in the triple expansion engine, the fall of temperature is divided between at least three cylinders, and the amount of condensation in each is reduced, and what does take place is to a large extent utilized during re-evaporation behind the pistons of the mean and low pressure cylinders. A saving of from twenty-five to thirty per cent. of fuel, as compared with ordinary compound engines, was the result of the introduction of those with triple expansion. Quadruple expansion engines have been used for steam pressures of two hundred pounds on the square inch, and upwards, and it might be thought that all that is required for still greater efficiency are higher steam pressures and greater expansion. But it must be remembered that the rate of increase of temperature of saturated steam decreases as the pressure increases, and as the cost of construction of engines increases with the pressure, a point must soon be reached when the increase of

efficiency of the steam will be balanced by the increase of cost, and by the loss of efficiency of the mechanism from increased friction. It is evident therefore that with the pressures possible with the type of boilers at present in use, we have almost reached the limit of expansion which is desirable, and that a further increase of efficiency must be sought in higher temperatures, or in new types of engines and boilers, possibly in all three combined.

The use of the multi-cylinder engine has to a very large extent rendered the steam-jacket unnecessary, for as already stated, the fall of temperature is divided between the cylinders, and the amount of condensation in each is reduced. Moreover, it ought to be remembered that the steam-jacket is a necessary evil, justified only by the properties of the steam and of the materials hitherto used in construction, for while it increases the work done by the expanding steam, the increase is by no means so great as it would be if the heat employed in the steam-jacket had been applied to generate more steam for use in the cylinder. This is at least one point which was indicated by the science of thermodynamics before it was ascertained by practical experience, for the use of the steam-jacket, as ordinarily constructed, involves a violation of the fundamental law of maximum efficiency of heat engines, which requires that they should receive all their heat at the maximum and give it out at the minimum temperature, and not as in the case of an engine with a steam-jacket, some of it at temperatures between these, and at times when the heat imparted lessens the efficiency, as it evidently must do at and near the end of the stroke. Hence in multiple expansion engines, in which the variation of temperature in each cylinder is not very great, steam-jackets have been either wholly or partially omitted. In marine engines, however, apart from their primary use, jackets are very convenient for heating the cylinder on starting, and as the liners are always cast separate from the exterior casing, they have the further advantage of convenience of renewal when the interiors of the cylinders become worn.

The chief stages in the development of the marine engine are clearly marked by the pressure of the steam used, and the amount of coal consumed per indicated horse-power per hour, and these may be briefly recapitulated. Until about 1830 the pressure seldom exceeded three pounds on the square inch above that of the atmosphere. From that date a gradual

increase took place, and in 1845 the average was about ten pounds on the square inch. By 1850 it had reached fifteen pounds. In 1856, Randolph, Elder & Co. employed pressures of thirty pounds in their compound engines, but it was not till almost ten years later that such pressures became general in the merchant service. On the compound engine becoming common, pressures rose suddenly to sixty and in some cases to eighty and one hundred pounds on the square inch, and now for triple expansion engines the average is over one hundred and fifty pounds, while for quadruple expansion engines it is two hundred pounds on the square inch. With regard to coal consumption, the earliest marine engines must have used nearly ten pounds per indicated horse-power per hour. In the well known side lever engines it was about seven pounds, while for engines in use before the general introduction of the compound type four to four and one-half pounds was the average. Randolph, Elder & Co., as we have seen, had an average of from two and one-half to three pounds. In 1872, when two cylinder compound engines had been in use for some years, the average was found to be about 2.11 pounds, being a saving of nearly fifty per cent. over the ordinary engines, while in 1881 there was a reduction to 1.828 pounds, or a further saving of 13.37 per cent. With triple and quadruple expansion engines there has been a still further reduction of about twenty-five per cent., the consumption of fuel in some of these engines being as low as one and one-half or one and one-quarter pounds per indicated horse-power per hour. This method of measuring the performance of engines in terms of the consumption of fuel per indicated horse-power per hour is convenient for approximate calculations, but it cannot be considered scientific. It would be more exact to use as unit of comparison the weight of steam consumed per unit of power given out, and that unit should not be the indicated horse-power, but the actual horse-power, of which the indicated is only one of the factors. This would involve a measurement of the inefficiency of the mechanism of marine engines, and on this subject we know little or nothing. In every department of scientific investigation, progress has been marked by the advance in the methods of measuring the quantities involved. At first these were merely qualitative or relative, and the aim is always to make them quantitative and absolute, and this aim

should be kept more distinctly in view by marine engineers and shipowners than it has hitherto been, for they have been content with methods which may give very inexact impressions.

Space will not allow us to enter into the details of the improvements which have been made in the design and construction of marine engines, a brief enumeration of the more important is all that is possible. The early rectangular flued boiler has given place to the cylindrical tubular, with corrugated flues and forced draught; the surface condenser has replaced the old jet form; and improved valve gears, pistons, bearings, the use of separate pumps for feed and circulating water, have all added to the efficiency. Increased piston speed has led directly to economy of weight, the power developed being proportional to the speed, and the weight not being affected by the increased speed to any great extent. In the early marine engines from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet per minute was the average piston speed; now from six hundred to eight hundred feet per minute is common, and one thousand feet per minute is not unknown. The extended use of steel has enabled engineers to reduce the weight of their engines and boilers to a very considerable extent, and has thus added to the freight-carrying power of the vessels. The screw propeller has replaced the paddle wheel in all trans-oceanic steamers, and twin screws are now becoming common in the passenger steamers of the largest size; and they are to be commended, not only on account of the additional safety they give to the vessels, but also because they enable them to enter harbors with a comparatively small depth of water. A modern ship is almost a working museum of many departments of mechanical engineering. In the main engines we have incorporated all the most recent developments of steam engineering; but these, although the most important, now form only a small part of the things requiring the attention of the chief engineer. Appliances for starting and reversing the engines, for shipping and discharging cargo, pumps of various kinds, condensing apparatus, steam steering-gear, electric lighting, and signalling apparatus of various kinds, are examples of what are now required, and the result of the use of which has not only been to enable the ship to make more voyages, but also to reduce the number of seamen very much. At the present time the number of persons required to work a steam vessel is about one-half what it was at the

beginning of her Majesty's reign; a fact which proves how necessary it is for the shipowner to keep himself informed regarding the most recent developments of mechanical engineering.

There is still great room for improvement and development not only in these smaller arrangements, but also in the main engines and their connections. The complete efficiency of a marine engine is the resultant of the separate efficiencies of the boiler, the steam, the mechanism, and the propeller. To give a rough idea of the value of this, the first of these components may be assumed at  $\cdot 6$ , the second at  $\cdot 2$ , and the third and fourth combined at  $\cdot 5$ . The resultant efficiency is therefore  $\cdot 06$ , that is to say, that only about one-sixteenth of the energy of the fuel is utilized in the propulsion of the vessel; so that notwithstanding the progress which has been made during the first century of the marine engine, there is still a wide field for the ingenuity of the engineer and the shipbuilder.

The improvement in the design and construction of steam engines, and in mechanical appliances generally, led to a very rapid development of the sizes, and increase in the strength and conveniences of steamships, and we may now resume the historical treatment of the subject, and note the main stages of that development. The success of the Great Western demonstrated beyond a doubt the possibility of establishing regular steamship communication between England and America, and made others anxious to take part in the venture. The Great Western Company built another ship, the Great Britain, and as it was notable for being the first large ship built of iron, and also for using the screw propeller instead of paddle wheels, it may be interesting to give a few details of its career. It was designed by Mr. Brunel and built by Messrs. Paterson & Sons of Bristol. Her keel was laid on the same site as that from which the Great Western was launched, and it was not until she was nearly completed that it was discovered that the gates of the dock into which she was launched were not of sufficient width to allow her egress. These, however, were enlarged and she was floated in 1845. Her rig was that of a six-masted schooner. Her chief dimensions were: Length between perpendiculars, 322 feet; beam, 51 feet; depth, 40 feet; tonnage, 3,733 tons; cargo space, 2,000 tons; coal space, 1,000 tons; with accommodation for six hundred passengers. Her engines were of

one thousand horse-power; and she was propelled by a four-bladed screw. Her first trip was to London where she excited much interest, being visited by her Majesty, the royal family, by members of the aristocracy, men of science, and many others. She made two voyages successfully between Liverpool and New York, but on the third, her commander mistaking the coast lights ran her aground in Dundrum Bay, Ireland. She lay there for nineteen months before the efforts to raise her were successful. On being raised she was towed to Liverpool, where she lay in dock for nearly three years, when she was purchased by a private company, and in 1851 she was refitted, and it was found that so strongly was she constructed that little or no damage was perceptible in her frames, planking, and riveting. She was supplied by Messrs. Penn & Sons with new engines of the oscillating type, capable of being worked up to eight hundred horse-power, the steam pressure being ten pounds on the square inch. She made the voyage from Liverpool to New York in June, 1852, but on her return she was placed on the Australian trade, where she was long a favorite passenger vessel. She was laid up for some years at Birkenhead, where she was an object of much curiosity, and finally having had her engines taken out and being sheathed with wood, was converted into a sailing vessel. She made one successful voyage to San Francisco, but on her second, in 1886, she put into Stanley, Falkland Islands, damaged, where she was surveyed and condemned, and afterwards turned into a coal hulk. She certainly deserved a better fate, for at the time of her construction she was as bold a conception as was her designer's later and much more unsuccessful venture, the *Great Eastern*.

The first regular line of steamers between Britain and America, was the North American Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company, which was organized in 1840, by Mr. Samuel Cunard of Halifax, Mr. George Burns of Glasgow, and Mr. David M'Iver of Liverpool, a company which is best known by Mr. Cunard's name. Its promoters were able to secure a subsidy from the British government for carrying the mails, and thus were able to overcome the financial difficulties which their competitors encountered, and this arrangement was continued for forty-six years. In 1886, it was discontinued and the mails sent by any steamer which might be selected by the government. At

first the service was monthly, and afterwards fortnightly, and the ports called at were Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston. Eventually, on a larger subsidy being paid by government, a weekly service was established between Liverpool and New York, as well as a semi-monthly service between Liverpool and Boston.

The first ships of the Cunard Line were the *Britannia*, *Arcadia*, *Caledonia*, and *Columbia*, all wooden paddle steamers, constructed on the Clyde, and supplied with side-lever engines by Mr. Robert Napier. The first of these sailed from Liverpool on July 4th, 1840, and after a passage of fourteen days and eight hours arrived safely at Boston. The principal dimensions of the *Britannia*, which was the representative of the others, were as follows: length of keel and fore rake, 207 feet; breadth of beam, 34 feet 2 inches; depth of hold, 22 feet 4 inches; mean draught, 16 feet 10 inches; displacement, 2,050 tons; indicated horse-power, 740; bunker capacity, 640 tons; cargo capacity, 225 tons; cabin passengers carried, 90; average speed, 8.5 knots. These ships were thus much smaller than the *Great Britain*, and even slightly smaller than the *Great Western*, with about the same coal consumption and rather less speed. Soon, however, other steamers were constructed of somewhat larger size and greater speed, but for some years the progress was steady rather than rapid. All we can do here in the mean time is to indicate some of the chief landmarks.

One of these, although not directly connected with the Atlantic trade, was the founding of the Peninsular Company in 1837, which at first confined its operations to the ports of Spain and Portugal, but soon extended them to India under the name of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, now so well known, and whose extensive fleet has long done excellent service not only for India but also for China and Japan, and the Australian colonies. Another most important step was the establishment in 1840 of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which has done so much to develop the resources of South America, and to connect that continent with Europe.

Meanwhile the speed of the Cunard steamers was gradually increased. In 1847, four new steamers, the *America*, *Niagara*, *Canada*, and *Europa*, each of 1,820 tons, with side-lever engines, of 680 horse-power nominal were built by Napier. The *America* was the "greyhound" of her day, being noted as the swiftest steamer

on the Atlantic, her fastest passage from Liverpool to Halifax being done in 8 days 23 hours out, and 8 days 10 hours home, being about three days faster outwards, and two days homewards than the speed of the Cunarders when the line was started eight years previously, which is a remarkable advance in so short a time. This, however, was considerably above the average of the ordinary steamers, which was about 10 days 13 hours outwards, and 9 days 15 hours homewards, also a considerable advance on that of the Great Western.

The Americans were naturally anxious to obtain a share both of the glory and the profit of the Atlantic steamship trade, and in 1847 established a line between New York and Bremen, touching at Southampton. The pioneer ship of the line was the *Washington*, of about four thousand tons displacement and great proportional engine power, and consequently from which high speed was expected. The results, however, were not on the whole satisfactory. The chief competitors of the Cunard steamers were those of the Collins line, which was formed in 1850, and supported by a large subsidy from the American government. The most important of the other Atlantic lines were the Inman, the North-German Lloyd, the French Compagnie Transatlantique, the National, the Williams and Guion (latterly the *Guion*), the White Star, the Allan, and the Anchor lines, all of which afforded many good examples both of ships and engines.

The contest as regards speed was for some years chiefly between the ships of the Cunard and the Collins lines, and both companies exerted themselves to the utmost. The first vessels of the Collins line were named the *Arctic*, *Baltic*, *Atlantic*, and *Pacific*, and were each of three thousand tons, their chief dimensions being: length, 282 feet; breadth, 45 feet; and depth, 32 feet. The Cunard Company immediately added two new steamers to their fleet, the *Asia* and the *Africa*, built by Steele of Greenock. They were 268 feet long, 40 feet broad, and 28 feet deep, with a tonnage of 2,226. The engines were of the side-lever type, with cylinders 96 inches in diameter, and 9 feet stroke. The vessels were built of oak, and had accommodation for one hundred and eighty passengers, and a cargo capacity of six hundred tons. The superior engine power of the Collins steamers enabled them to slightly surpass in speed those of the Cunard line. In 1852 the best Collins passage outwards was 10 days 3 hours,

while the best Cunard passage for the same route was 10 days 19 hours. The corresponding homeward passages were 9 days 13 hours 30 minutes, and 10 days 5 hours 10 minutes, respectively. The Cunard Company in 1852 added the *Arabia* to their fleet, and a few years later the celebrated *Persia*, which on one occasion made the passage from New York to Liverpool in 9 days 2 hours 55 minutes. Her length was about 350 feet keel, with a registered tonnage of 3,766. The engines were still of the side-lever type, and were of 3,600 indicated horse-power. Her consumption of coal was 3'47 pounds per hour, and her average speed about thirteen knots. The contest was expensive to both parties and in the end was ruinous to the Collins Company, which collapsed in 1858, as both the shareholders and the American government declined to spend any more capital. Since that date there has been no American trans-Atlantic line, and the American nation has steadily lost ground in the shipping trade. Now, however, another attempt is about to be made, with the aid of government subsidies, to obtain a larger share of the carrying trade of the world.

The Inman line was started in 1850, but it was not till 1857 that it entered into direct competition with the Cunard line by making New York its port of destination in America instead of Philadelphia. The Inman steamers, which were built and engined by Messrs. Tod & M'Gregor of Glasgow, differed from those of their rivals in the facts that they were built of iron instead of wood, and were propelled by screws instead of paddies. Their directors also initiated the custom of carrying emigrants in steam vessels. These had hitherto been compelled to go in sailing vessels and very often suffered great hardships from the protracted voyages and tempestuous weather. It may be noted that the *Great Eastern* was built in 1858, and great expectations were formed of her capabilities, but she scarcely affected the Atlantic trade, for after a short time she was employed chiefly in cable laying, and being unsuccessful financially she was broken up about a year ago.

In order to meet the increasing competition of the Inman and other companies, the Cunard built the *Scotia*, which was a magnificent example of the older style of shipbuilding and marine engineering, and worthy of the reputation of the firm of Robert Napier & Co., but she was the last of her kind. Her length was 379 feet, her tonnage 3,871, and her indicated horse-

power 4,570. Her speed, on a coal consumption of 159 tons per day, was thirteen knots, and she made the homeward voyage to Liverpool in 8 days 22 hours. In 1864-5 the Inman Company added to their fleet two notable ships, the City of Paris and the City of New York, prototypes of their more famous successors of to-day. In 1866, in a race between the Scotia and the City of Paris, the former covered the distance to Queenstown in 8 days 7 hours 10 minutes, and the latter in 8 days 16 hours 40 minutes.

The number of notable steamers now becomes so large that only a few of the most striking can be mentioned. In 1868 the North-German Lloyd had several vessels of fourteen knots speed built, which made very satisfactory passages. In 1865 Messrs. Napier constructed for the French Transatlantic Company the Ville de Paris and the Pereire, both of which were distinguished by their performances. In 1867 Messrs. Thomson built the Russia for the Cunard line. She was 358 feet long, 2,960 tons, with engines of 2,800 indicated horse-power. Her speed averaged thirteen knots, and she had many a race with the City of Paris, which had made the voyage in 8 days 4 hours, and this remained for a year or two the fastest run on record. The compound engines now entered the field, the first steamers fitted with such engines for the Cunard Company being the Batavia and the Parthia, built by Messrs. Denny of Dumbarton. The introduction of compound engines caused a considerable amount of new construction in all the principal ocean lines. In 1870 the White Star line was inaugurated, and its vessels have always been distinguished by their comfort, safety, and speed. In 1875 the Britannic and the Germanic were built for this line. They were of five thousand tons, and fifty-five hundred indicated horse-power, and they made the passage from Liverpool to New York in seven and one-half days.

For a few years there was somewhat of a lull in the contest, but it was evidently

only to make more effective preparation for a more exciting competition. In 1879 Messrs. Thomson built the Gallia for the Cunard Company. In comparing the Gallia with the Persia, Sir William Pearce stated that the Gallia carried, besides her passengers, fuel, stores, etc., two thousand tons measurement or seventeen hundred tons weight of cargo, for which 20s. was considered a fair rate, and was competed for, and that the Persia burned on her voyage six and one-third tons of coal for every ton of cargo she carried, while the Gallia burned something less than half a ton for every ton of cargo she delivered, although she carried it at two and a-half knots an hour faster. But Sir William Pearce soon came to the conclusion that even this could be excelled, so, for this purpose, he constructed the Arizona for the Guion Line, which had been instituted in 1863. She was not much larger than the White Star vessels, but her model was different, and she had greater power, her tonnage being 5,147, and her indicated power 6,630. She had engines of the compound type with three cylinders, one high pressure and two low pressure, with the connecting rods set on three cranks at angles of 120 degrees, an arrangement which added to the steadiness of motion. Her best passage was made in 1884, when she made the distance from Liverpool to New York in 7 days 6 hours 14 minutes, and the return voyage in 7 days 3 hours 38 minutes. This result caused considerable activity in the ship-building world, and led to the construction of many notable steamers. Among these may be mentioned the Servia for the Cunard Line, the Alaska and the Oregon for the Guion, and later on the Umbria and the Etruria for the Cunard. For some years the two latter were the fastest steamers on the Atlantic, the average speed being eighteen and one-half knots on a consumption of fuel of three hundred and twenty-five tons per day. The following table\* shows the best passages in the years 1885-89:—

| OUTWARDS. |            |                 |          |            |                       |
|-----------|------------|-----------------|----------|------------|-----------------------|
| Year.     | Month.     | Steamer's Name. | Passage. |            | Average Speed. Knots. |
| 1885,     | August,    | Etruria,        | 6 d.     | 6 h. 31 m. | 18·7                  |
| 1886,     | September, | Umbria,         | 6 d.     | 5 h. 8 m.  | 18·6                  |
| 1887,     | May,       | "               | 6 d.     | 4 h. 34 m. | 19·2                  |
| 1888,     | "          | Etruria,        | 6 d.     | 2 h. 7 m.  | 19·6                  |
| 1889,     | September, | "               | 6 d.     | 1 h. 44 m. | 19·3                  |

\* *Engineering*, May 8, 1891, p. 546.

## HOMEWARDS.

|       |           |          |                 |      |
|-------|-----------|----------|-----------------|------|
| 1885, | August,   | Etruria, | 6 d. 7 h. 32 m. | 18'4 |
| 1886, | July,     | Umbria,  | 6 d. 10 h. 8 m. | 18'2 |
| 1887, | February, | Etruria, | 6 d. 5 h. 19 m. | 19'4 |
| 1888, | November, | Umbria,  | 6 d. 3 h. 12 m. | 19'1 |
| 1889, | December, | Etruria, | 6 d. 4 h. 20 m. | 19'1 |

Towards the end of the period named other competitors for supremacy had entered the field, and notably the City of Paris and the City of New York of the National and Inman line, and the Teutonic and Majestic of the White Star line, all being fitted with twin screws. The City of Paris is 10,500 tons gross register, and is 527 feet long. Her speed with twenty thousand horse-power is nearly 22 knots, her best run on service being a little over 20 knots, and her daily consumption of coal is about three hundred

and twenty tons. The Majestic is 9,851 tons gross, and 565 feet long, that is 38 feet more than the City of Paris, which latter, however, has the advantage of 5'4 feet greater beam. The Majestic consumes about two hundred and ninety tons of coal per day, and her indicated power on her trial trip was seventeen thousand horses. Her speed, taking the mean of ten voyages, is 19'72 knots. The following\* are the particulars of the runs in which the record was broken in 1888-90:

## OUTWARD RECORD RUNS.

|                |               |                  |        |
|----------------|---------------|------------------|--------|
| Etruria,       | June, 1888,   | 6 d. 1 h. 44 m.  | 19'3   |
| City of Paris, | May, 1889,    | 5 d. 23 h. 7 m.  | 19'95  |
| "              | July, 1889,   | 5 d. 23 h. 10 m. | 19'6   |
| "              | August, 1889, | 5 d. 19 h. 18 m. | 20'01  |
| Teutonic,      | " 1890,       | 5 d. 19 h. 5 m.  | 20'175 |

The contest, however, has not been confined to British owned steamers. The North German Lloyd, and the Hamburg-American Company now own ships, some of them built on the Clyde, some at Birkenhead, and others at Stettin, which are little, if anything, behind the others we have mentioned, either in speed, comfort, or safety. The French have also determined not to be behind in the race, and the new Atlantic liner La Touraine, French built and owned, in her first passage last summer from Havre to New York, has beaten the record from any French port to America, her passage being 7 days 3 hours and 11 minutes. If we allow sixteen hours for the extra distance of Havre from New York as compared with Queenstown, it gives 6 days 11 hours for a passage from Queenstown of equal speed. The La Touraine is 512 feet long and 55 feet broad, with a displacement of 11,675 tons. To drive her at twenty and one-half knots she has twin-screw engines of thirteen thousand indicated horse-power collective, which is equal to 1'11 indicated horse-power per ton of displacement. The Etruria for 19 knots has 1'36 indicated horse-power; the City of Paris for 20½ knots 1'38 indicated horse-power, and the Teutonic for 19'7 knots 1'42 indicated horse-power, which shows good results for the French steamer.

The latest developments of the Atlantic race show a close approximation between the best steamers of the White Star, the

Inman, and the Cunard lines, there being only a difference of a few hours in favor of the order in which the names are given, the fastest passages of each varying from 5 days 16 hours 31 minutes to 6 days 2 hours 31 minutes. The Cunard line is thus temporarily a little behind in the race, but a company which has shown such spirit in the past is not likely to give up the contest, even with such remarkable competitors as she now has. Two new steamers, each six hundred feet in length, have been ordered, and it is stated that their guaranteed speed is to be twenty-two knots on the measured mile, and twenty-one knots at sea. This latter speed will enable the passage across the Atlantic to be accomplished in about 5 days 10 hours.

Before considering the conditions which affect the speed of steam vessels, a few remarks may be made on the relation of speed to safety, a matter of more importance than a difference of a few hours in the length of the voyage. From 1838, the time when trans-Atlantic steamship traffic was established, till 1879 there were one hundred and forty-four steamers of all classes lost. Of these, twenty-four never reached the ports for which they sailed, their fates being unknown, ten were burned at sea, eight were sunk in collisions, three were sunk by ice, and the others were stranded or lost from various causes. Many of these were small, but

\* *Engineering*, May 8, 1891, p. 546.

some were of considerable size, and their loss caused much public feeling. The first which disappeared was the *President*, which was never heard of after she sailed in 1841. A Cunard steamer, the *Columbia*, was wrecked by running ashore in 1843, but it is somewhat remarkable that this was the only *Atlantic* steamer lost in thirteen years after the disappearance of the *President*, a fact which speaks volumes for the quality of the workmanship of the shipbuilders and engineers, and the skill and care of the navigators. In 1854 the *City of Glasgow*, with four hundred and eighty souls on board, was never seen or heard of after she sailed, and in the same year the *Arctic*, of the Collins's line, was sunk by a collision, and five hundred and sixty-two persons perished, and two years later another steamer of the same line disappeared with one hundred and eighty-six persons on board. The *Austria*, of the Hamburg-American line, was burned at sea, in 1858, with a loss of four hundred and seventy-one lives. Some of the most striking losses in the following years were the *City of Boston*, of the Inman line, which disappeared in 1870 with upwards of two hundred persons on board; the *Atlantic*, of the White Star line, which ran ashore in 1873, causing the loss of five hundred and sixty lives; the *Ville du Havre*, of the French line, which was sunk by collision in the English Channel, and two hundred and thirty persons drowned; the *State of Florida*, sunk by collision with a sailing ship; and the Cunard liner *Oregon* by the same cause with a coal schooner. Statistics show a great decrease in the number of accidents and losses during what may be called the modern period of the steamship, as compared with the earlier, and especially with the transition period from sailing vessels to steamships, and no doubt may be accounted for by the fact that the officers in charge were more thoroughly acquainted with their duties, and the ships and engines more efficiently constructed. The record for the year 1890 was of the most satisfactory kind for, notwithstanding all the risks involved, we find that there were nearly two thousand trips made from New York alone to various European ports, and that about two hundred thousand cabin passengers were carried in addition to three hundred and seventy-two thousand emigrants, all without any accident. It is an interesting fact to note that in the large lines of steamers the average safety of the sailors' life is high. The late Mr. Thomas Gray stated, for instance, that in the Union

line to the Cape he found that only one passenger had died in twenty years, and that four seamen died in three years. In the P. & O. only one seaman had died in one year in the forty vessels of the line, and during three years not a single passenger had been lost; the Inman liners had lost no passengers out of a million, and only eleven seamen had died in three years; and the Cunard liners had no passengers lost in three years, and only nine seamen dead.

In conclusion, space will only allow a very few remarks on the general conditions of increase of speed, the complete investigation of which opens up a very wide field indeed. As a preliminary it may be noted that the very common expression of so many knots an hour is not correct, as a knot is a measure of rate of speed per hour, and not of length. It is sufficient to say, for instance, that the speed of a ship is 20 knots, which means that she is travelling at the rate of 20 nautical miles per hour, the nautical mile being 6,080 feet, and the land mile 5,280 feet.

We have seen that progress has been made by slow and steady steps, and this is likely to continue unless we have a complete change in the types of ships, of engines, and boilers. So far as can be seen at present, the shape of steam vessels is not likely to be materially altered, as it is substantially the same as that of the viking's craft of more than a thousand years ago, and seems to conform to the arrangements of nature, with regard to fishes, as nearly as the materials at our disposal will admit. It must be remembered that increased speed is not simply a question of more power relatively to displacement, but that each shape of vessel has a speed to which it is specially adapted, and that any attempt to drive it beyond that speed would lead to a great expenditure of power with little useful result, as the energy would be chiefly expended in raising waves. It is found by experiment that for ordinary speeds the resistance of the water to the passage of the ship through it is proportional to the square of the speed, and as the work to be done is equal to the resistance multiplied by the velocity, it follows that the power needed to propel a ship varies as the cube of the speed. For higher speeds it varies as a higher power than the cube, which can only be ascertained by experiments with actual ships or with carefully prepared models. It can also be shown that the power required for propulsion varies ap-

proximately as the cube root of the square of the displacement. These points must be carefully remembered in considering the possibilities of still further increased speeds, and they show the necessity for increasing the size along with the speed. If anything like the present speeds had been attempted with vessels of the size which were common on the Atlantic thirty or forty years ago, the size of engines required, and the extra expenses involved, would have reduced the earning power of the ships very much, and possibly in many cases made it disappear, but remembering the second of the above-mentioned points, namely, that the power required varies as the cube root of the displacement squared, it is evident that the proportion of power to tonnage will decrease considerably as the sizes of the ships increase, and consequently that it will be more economical to propel a large ship at a higher speed than a small one. The future development of the steamship, however, depends on conditions, about which it is impossible to say anything very definite. The materials of construction have been changed from wood to iron, and from that again to steel. We cannot foretell the possibilities of bronze, manganese, aluminium, and other metals. The engines have developed from inverted Watt engines, through a great variety of forms, to multiple expansion engines of great complexity and considerable efficiency. All these may be rendered useless by some other form of heat engine, or by the application of electricity. When once we have some idea of what electricity is we may be able to dispense with a great deal of our complicated machinery for the conversion of energy. It is evident, therefore, that the limits of the sizes and of the speeds of steamships in the future are to be determined by commercial considerations and experience, rather than by abstract scientific speculations, or even by mathematical and physical calculations.

HENRY DYER.

From Temple Bar.

BOOMELLEN.

"Son of a sad dog in his day, sir."

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

BY SARAH GRAND, AUTHOR OF "IDEALA."

SUNSHINE and soft airs, scent of flowers and twitter of birds, all summer signs recall Boomellen. Where bright seas

were, or burnished trout streams, or murmurous waterfalls sparkled in the heat, there was he likely to be seen loitering. Where he hid himself in murky weather it would be hard to say, but certain it is that none of us can recollect an occasion of the kind upon which he ever appeared among us.

But although associated in one's mind with warmth, brightness, and the music of moving water, he was not an ethereal being in point of appearance, such as would suggest, according to all ideal notions on the subject, a kinship with the kindly elements, a member of the family of Undine; but a big, broad shouldered, substantial fellow, six feet high, and of a remarkably healthy aspect; with a delicate skin that never flushed but was always pinky like that of a sleeping girl, a splendid head, thick, glossy, light brown curling hair, worn rather long and never parted, small ears, and features delicate and handsome, but of a strange immobility. The impression left by his face was always as if its impassive calm had never been ruffled by any passion of earth. No other human countenance has ever produced the same effect upon me, but while standing before the great bronze Buddha, Dai-butsu, as he sits, the image of contemplative calm, the passionless perfection of repose, among the trees of his grove of Karmakura, in Japan, the peculiar sensation recurred, and instantly I thought of Boomellen. But Dai-butsu felt further away than Boomellen did—he was not of the earth, while on the contrary there seemed to be something of the great spirit which pervades all inanimate nature in Boomellen, uniting him closer to that portion of it which neither wakes nor sleeps, nor thinks nor feels nor knows, but just lives and dies, than the human race. When he spoke his lips and eyes moved of necessity, but this did not disturb the character of that impervious mask, his face, any more than the waving of branches and rustle of leaves produces an impression as of sentient being in a tree. What was behind that mask? The question was inevitable, for his countenance was one which excited interest and expectation, and you waited anxiously when you met him first to hear him speak. With such a head, it seemed impossible that he should not be something distinguished, or on the way, well dowered with capacity to become so. But expectation and interest invariably went dissatisfied away, either thwarted by silence or puzzled by insignificant words. Still he always looked as

if he had so much in him that no one was ever quite convinced to the contrary, perhaps because his habit was to meet any attempt to draw him out with an impressive stare, as if, although his eyes were fixed upon you, his thoughts were concentrated on something worthier of his attention, which was disconcerting.

His father's estates lay in the wild West country, running down to the rocky, rugged coast, and back among the purple mountains; and it was natural to suppose that, having been born and bred upon the spot, he would have in himself an innate appreciation of the grandeur of the scenery, and a cultivated eye for the shades and colors of changeful cloud-forms, and the vast varieties of grand Atlantic seas.

The first time we saw him, I remember, we were sitting with windows wide open, looking out upon a bay into which at the moment mighty waves were rolling under a summer sun up to the beetling grey-black cliffs against which they burst with a roar like muffled thunder, casting great showers of spray upward into the air, high enough at times to sprinkle the short grass and sea-pinks which grew on the brink. Every now and then a broad-winged seabird would hover about the boiling cauldron, look down into the turmoil intently for a little, and then sail on with scarcely any perceptible effort, having added a curious touch of life and intelligence to the scene, a sensation in our minds, as it were, containing the involuntary comparison of the superiority of one little atom of life to all that rude, irresponsible force.

Boomellen looked out with the rest of us, his big brown eyes distended, his whole face full of a dreamy intensity.

"This is a wonderful country of yours!" one of us exclaimed enthusiastically. "Is it possible to live here, and not be a painter, or a poet, or inspired in some one way to reproduce and perpetuate such beautiful wonders of sublimity and power? You must love the place."

Boomellen turned his wistful eyes from the scene, and gazed at the speaker.

"Yes," he said slowly, after some seconds, "we like the place."

"Only like it! Why, I never saw anything so glorious as this view! Don't you think so yourself, although you are accustomed to it?"

"Yes," Boomellen repeated in measured accents, monotonously, and without the slightest show of animation; "yes, it's a nice view." Then, seeming to see that something else was expected of him, he added: "There won't be any porpoises

to-day, but sometimes they come when the tide is rising."

Soon after making this last remark he rose abruptly, shook hands with us all, and withdrew, without having uttered another word. But when he had gone, and we tried to sum him up, some one said something about his "cheerful silence," and remarked that it was as companionable as that of the dumb dog who looks up lovingly into your eyes.

Boomellen was of ancient and aristocratic lineage. His descent could be traced back clearly, both on his father's and mother's side, further than anybody cared to follow it.

"Eh! that's so, yer honor," an old woman on the estate, who had been descanting about the family to my father one day, informed him: "They was kings in these parts, shure enough, wonst, though now his own father's nuthin' but a common justice of the peace, 'deed an' he isn't. But phat cou' yer honor expect? It's the oulder the seed the warse the crop, it is, och! yes."

Boomellen had arrived at the weary end of his ancestry, being the last male representative and heir of two used-up races. His father had been "wild" in his youth, but his degrading habits were cut short by something which suspiciously resembled epilepsy. He then married, at the instigation of his spiritual director—the girl he chose being herself the daughter of a drunken father and an arrogant, nervous, irritable, self-indulgent mother. The consequences of this combination in Boomellen's mother were markedly neurotic, her symptoms appearing in the form of an exaggerated piety. She would at any time (an she could) have upset the order of the universe had she found that it was going to check her indulgence in the religious exercises which were her favorite pastime. She had been brought up in a convent, and indifferently educated, her reasoning faculty not having been at all developed, while the emotional tendency which naturally threatened the balance of her intellect had been incessantly worked upon. In the convent she was described as of exalted piety, in the consulting-room her diathesis would have been pronounced hysterical. Training and habit had also confirmed in her a predisposition to unquestioning obedience to the priest. The latter had taught her that it is good to save souls, that the soul of a reprobate may be saved by marrying him, therefore it is good to marry a reprobate, and she had accepted Boomellen's father upon this

conviction, remaining as blind as her short-sighted director himself to the conclusion that by doing so she was lending herself to the manufacture of more reprobates, descendants of the saved one. A man may change his habits when he marries, but his constitution remains the same, and it is the constitution, laden with his predominant propensities, which he most inevitably transmits. There were four children of this marriage — Boomellen, and three daughters, the eldest of whom entered a convent by way of the divorce court, the second did not get so far as the convent, and the third committed suicide. These troubles Boomellen's mother attributed to her Maker, it had been his will so to afflict her; but he had also been merciful in giving her Boomellen, her precious youngest child, who had never cost her an hour's anxiety in his life, and was all sweetness and goodness — too good, in her estimation, for his position; he ought to have entered the priesthood.

And no doubt Boomellen would have done so had that course been suggested to him; it not being at all his way to offer active opposition to those in authority over him.

His education had been effected in England, and there he had learnt to write a beautiful hand, clear, distinct, firm, and invariable. He was also apt at orthography, and good at mathematics. But what cultivation his mind had otherwise received only his tutors knew, for he never betrayed the slightest knowledge of any subject whatever to any one, so far as we could ascertain. His mother, alluding to his dreamy ways, and the pure simplicity of his nature, called him playfully

A child of the age of a man,  
Whom the fairies have always in tow.

She had all kinds of convictions on the subject of his mental attributes, and told us illustrative anecdotes which at first impressed us; but we learnt eventually to doubt her knowledge of his character, for she had evidently not observed him much since his extreme youth, the tastes and habits she still ascribed to him being those of his childhood. As he grew up, her attention had become more and more absorbed by her own pursuits, and these had gradually weaned her away from him, he going his own way, while she was rioting in pious exercises which left her unaware of the flight of time, and of certain practices which might have caused her to reflect before she again uttered her oft-repeated conviction that Boomellen

was too good for anything but the priesthood.

We were new to the neighborhood, but he made himself at home with us at once, and would ride over often to see us. He was not fond of active exercise as a rule, but riding did not seem to be an accomplishment of his so much as a part of his nature, costing him as little effort as it costs a fish to swim or a bird to fly. But he was an incorrigible loiterer, and would often stay all night with us; not because there was anything special to stay for, but only because, being expected to return to dinner, he felt himself detained by an imperative disinclination to be in time. He was always late for every meal, and always the last to come down in the morning, but such breaches of etiquette in no way affected his own equanimity, and if a remark were made on the subject it always seemed to surprise him, as though he could not comprehend why habits that suited himself so perfectly should not be equally agreeable to everybody else.

His father was very impatient with him.

"Gad, gad, gad, sir!" he would exclaim in his quick, nervous, irritable way — "what are you dawdling about now for? What the devil you are always thinking about I can't imagine."

To which Boomellen made an ox-like answer, dumbly, with big brown eyes.

But we discovered he did pay some deference to his father's wishes — in a way that was quite his own. He began to appear with a book under his arm. Riding, driving, walking, eating, or sleeping, the book was always beside him, but no one had ever seen him open it. I asked him one day what that book was. He took it slowly from under his arm, and held it out for me to read the title.

"Why, I don't believe you know what it is yourself!" I exclaimed.

"No, I don't," was his candid and unexpected answer, as he returned it to its place under his arm without having had the curiosity to see what it was.

"Then, what in the world are you doing with it?" I asked.

"Well, you see," he answered dreamily, "my father has been at me continually about books. He was always saying 'I should like to see you with a book, my boy.' So at last I went to the library and took this one out because it was a comfortable size, and I carry it about so that he may see me with a book as he wishes, and be pleased. He reads books himself."

These last words might have been uttered by an automaton, so curiously even, mechanical, and void of all emphasis were they; yet the impression they made was not impartial, but rather as if Boomellen were criticising his father for doing something which he himself found to be not worth while.

He lingered a little in his loitering way after he had spoken, and then he strolled from the room, and when next I saw him he was lounging about the lawn alone, flipping leaves from the trees with his riding-whip. Eventually he settled himself in a sunny spot, lying full length on the grass, watching the bees and butterflies, the birds skimming about, and the changeful clouds above him. As he looked up into the sky, I was painfully struck with the expression of his face—an expression of settled melancholy. I have often seen the same look since on other faces, and always found that those who wore it were the last survivors of a worn-out race. It is as if they foresaw their inevitable doom, and mourned for the extinction of their family. Some people see the same marked melancholy in the autumn season, and recognize it as a symptom of decadence.

Boomellen spent the rest of that afternoon lying alone contentedly upon the grass, with the book beneath his head as if he were imbibing information through the pores, on Joey Ladle's principle. My father came into my room once, and, looking out at him, shook his head. "Fatal apathy!" he ejaculated, "and what a pity it seems!"

And I knew from the way he spoke that he thought it a hopeless case.

There was a long, low room situated in an otherwise disused wing of our house, which had been fitted up for the boys for a work-room. It was far enough from the inhabited part of the house to prevent any one being disturbed by the noise they made, and they were consequently at liberty to amuse themselves as they pleased unrestrainedly. Double doors shut them off from the rest of the house, and their privacy was seldom invaded by the authorities. Faint sounds of hammer and saw and plane, of boxing-gloves, and fencing-foils, with shouts of laughter and loud disputes would come from thence through the double doors or open windows on occasion, betokening occupations or amusements never suspected of being otherwise than manly; so that there was no supervision, and the boys developed trustworthiness in proportion to the confidence which was placed in them.

Boomellen found his way at once to this room, and would put the gloves on himself sometimes, and make a languid show of boxing if urged thereto, or would handle the foils for a little, but without interest. He liked to look on best, and often sat by the hour together, silently watching the other boys; presenting a pathetic contrast in his quietude to the restless and noisy display of superabundant vitality which kept them going. Yet, at the first glance he, with his magnificent physique, his finely formed hands and feet, and delicate, regular, high-bred features, looked like a superior being who was sorry and sore to find himself matched with the irregular profiles and the undignified exuberance of his companions. No one would have supposed for a moment that his impressively handsome husk contained not a tithe of the immortal soul which animated their obviously inferior clay.

One evening my father, hearing that Boomellen was in the work-room, went there to look for him in order to get him to take a note back with him. On entering the room he discovered Boomellen, apparently alone, sitting at the table with his arms folded upon it, and his face resting upon them, as if he were asleep. Beside him were two huge jugs and some empty glasses.

"Where are the boys?" my father exclaimed.

Boomellen slowly raised his head, and greeted him with the besotted stare of a drunken man.

"Boomellen! how is this?" my father demanded sternly.

"You mush exsheush me, sir," Boomellen answered with thick utterance and exaggerated formality, "but the truth ish by acshdent I've got myself vulgarly drunk on beer."

That was not the worst of it, however, for presently, under the table, my father discovered one of his sons still more "vulgarly drunk" than Boomellen himself.

It seems that the other boys had gone out, leaving these two alone together, Boomellen idly sitting on the sill of an open window, in apparently rapt contemplation as was his wont, his companion quietly reading a book of adventures in which, as ill-luck would have it, he had just come upon a graphic account of an heroic drinking-bout. He was absorbed in this when Boomellen muttered something about drink, and left the room. On enquiry it was found that he had gone to one of the servants and asked him for the jugs of beer and glasses, and the man,

supposing that they were required for the whole party, gave him as much as he wanted.

"Let us drink," he said when he returned with the beer, and the suggestion, immediately after the vivid description he had been reading of this refined and manly sport, was too great a temptation for the other boy. He tried one glass, and then another, and so on until he collapsed. In his case, however, there was no great harm done, but rather the contrary perhaps, for the affair was a lesson to him, and he was so thoroughly ashamed of himself that he made a vow never to make a beast of himself in that particular way again, and kept it.

But with poor Boomellen it was far otherwise. He inherited a craving for drink, and from that time he had periodical attacks of it to which he yielded without a struggle. No effort had been made to teach him to combat any propensity of the kind, and the idea of resistance never seems to have occurred to him. There were those who tried to exercise a kindly preventative influence with him in the matter when it was too late, that is to say, after the disease had declared itself, and he would listen politely to all they had to urge, but at the same time he conveyed the impression that he thought they were giving themselves most unnecessary trouble about a trivial matter, for it was evidently as natural for Boomellen to drink when the craving was on him as it was to eat when he was hungry. It was a sad and significant sight to see him drink. Alone or in company he would settle down to it as if he were doing indifferently an accustomed task that must be done. His favorite place for the purpose was at an open window, and there he would sit in an easy-chair, with a little table at his elbow to hold his bottle or jug and glass; and gradually as he drank his eyes would open wider and wider on the outward prospect to begin with, as if he saw by degrees further and further beyond the range of mortal vision into the unimaginable, and was amazed. But gradually as he proceeded the brightness was overcast, the lids became swollen and heavy, his muscles relaxed, his back bowed, his lips lost their firm set, and the expression of his mouth grew weak and vacillating. Then he stretched his long legs straight out before him, and put his hands in his trouser pockets, while his head sank forward on his chest; and so he remained, with eyes staring wide open, yet seeming not to see at all, and motionless save for the regular,

mechanical effort to lift the fatal glass to his lips, which continued some time after all other power to move voluntarily had ceased. But during no stage of the process did he depart from his habitual manner; he neither laughed, shouted, sang, wept, became quarrelsome, affectionate, nor even excessively maudlin, but just maintained his habitual cheerful silence, and gazed into vacancy until he could see no more. If anything, he rather preferred to be alone at these times, but he never made a point of secluding himself.

When his father heard of these lapses he was extremely angry, because, he said, Boomellen did not conduct the affair like a gentleman: "Gad, gad, gad, sir!" he assured him, "a gentleman gives an entertainment — asks his friends on these occasions, and enjoys himself in good society. He doesn't settle down alone like a hog to stupefy himself. No gentleman drinks for the sake of drinking, but to sharpen his wits and increase his conversational powers. Let me hear that you have done it decently the next time."

Boomellen did not develop this unhappy propensity until he was about nineteen, and he had not up to that time evinced any disreputable tendency; but immediately after that first sudden attack at our house, he began to shock his father's prejudices in another way. As I have said, he was an incorrigible loiterer, but heretofore his loiterings had been solitary. Now, however, he began to appear — in the highways as a rule — accompanied by one of the peasant's daughters — one at a time that is, but not always the same one. The peasantry themselves, good judges in these matters said: "Och! sir, let his honor alone. Shure the girls is all right, and they'll kape him shtraight." And my father, knowing that *all-rightness* is the rule among Irish peasant girls, took the same view of the matter. Boomellen merely sought in their society a kind of comradeship. The sex of his companions influenced his choice only insensibly, if at all; it was their lack of ideas and happy silence that suited him. The country, however, was naturally scandalized, and determined not to tolerate such conduct, and accordingly Boomellen was "cut" for the time being by everybody who met him anywhere in the neighborhood in such strange company. But this did not disturb him at all. He was absolutely unaffected by public opinion, and also by the wrath of his father, who grossly misjudged him in this, his own moral nature being so constituted that he could not

conceive even the possibility of such a lapse from the established order of iniquity as the innocent roamings of Boomellen with his friends implied.

"Gad, gad, gad, sir!" he said to my father, "the publicity, you know! the publicity! There's no necessity to make a parade of that kind of thing. A gentleman never does, you know. I strongly object to his making a parade of it. It's deuced bad form."

He reproved Boomellen himself to this effect, but the latter merely gazed into his face with bovine stolidity, as if he sympathized with his mood much better than he understood his remarks, and went his way along the public roads with the peasant girls as before.

The drinking scandals had been carefully concealed from his mother, but some busybody made her acquainted with this new difficulty, and in consequence of her distress it was decided to send Boomellen abroad with a tutor, with a view, it was understood, to having him taught to sow his wild oats conventionally. Boomellen raised no objection. So long as he was not required to decide for himself, he was sure to acquiesce and be satisfied.

He was close upon his majority by this time, and his travels were delayed until after his birthday that he might receive the congratulations of his friends, and the honors due to him as heir to a great estate, on his coming of age. The day itself was the 29th of October, which was late in the year for open-air festivities in that climate, and it was very much feared that the preparations would be spoilt by the weather, especially after the 25th, when a dreadful storm set in, and continued to rage till far into the night of the 28th. The morning itself broke brightly, however, the wind had abated, but a terrific sea still broke in the bay.

Of his own accord, and without a word to any one, Boomellen rose early, went fasting to confession, and received the sacrament of his church.

At twelve o'clock the tenants were to make him a presentation and read an address, to which he would be obliged to reply. How he would comport himself on so momentous an occasion, and, above all, what he would find to say—if anything—was matter of serious conjecture and anxiety to his friends, several of whom were able and willing to coach him well had he consulted them, but he never mentioned the subject at all to any one, nor would he allow any one else to approach it. His father had attempted to do so in

his nervous, fidgety way, but Boomellen simply walked off without ceremony the moment he began.

"It will come to him, dear, it will come to him. I have full faith," his mother piously ejaculated. But nobody else was confident.

The ceremony took place out on the lawn, on the west side of the family mansion. Boomellen stood at the top of a broad flight of shallow stone steps which led down from the terrace in front of the house to the grass, upon which the tenants were crowded in rows looking up to him. Just behind him his father and mother stood, and behind them again was a goodly array of the neighboring gentry with their ladies in bright and becoming costumes. It was a gay and beautiful scene as well as a touching and impressive one. There was a suspicion of sharpness in the air, and the wind, coming in great gusts intermittently, showered the autumn leaves down upon the spectators from the old trees that sheltered the lawn, and whirled them about sportively, while the sun shone, and the odors peculiar to the season smote the sense of smell agreeably. The sounds were soothing, too. They seemed to lie in layers upon the consciousness—first the sharp call of a bird, insistent, incessant; then the *susurrus* of the breeze through the branches; and further off, yet immeasurably more impressive, the great sea-voice, swelling, lapsing, thunderous, murmurous, all-pervading, distinct from the rest yet somehow including them all.

Boomellen never looked better than at that moment. His great personal beauty showed to perfection as he stood there negligently with his hat in his hand, and the wind tossing his thick, glossy brown hair about picturesquely. It cannot be said that the strange immobility of his countenance was affected by any emotion he may have felt, but there was a bright, though rapt expression in his dark eyes as he gazed down on the nervous old man who, standing a step or two below him, made him the presentation in the name of the other tenants, and then proceeded to read the address. The tenants wished to express their affection for Boomellen. They reminded him that he had been born and bred upon the estate, and grown up amongst them to the delight of their eyes and the joy of their hearts. "It's a proud woman your mother must be the day, yer honor"—so ran in unaffected sincerity the simple language of the address—"for there's neither man nor woman, boy

nor girl, in the country but has a good word for ye, for ye niver wronged a sowl in all yer life, nor gave wan any other than was their due."

There was a murmur of assent to this among the tenants. Boomellen's mother pressed her handkerchief to her eyes convulsively, and some fancied that the rapt look on his own face became intensified.

The old farmer who had read the address rolled it up as he concluded, handed it to Boomellen with a stiff obeisance, awkwardly stumbled down the steps, and took his place again with the other tenants. Then there was a pause, and many hearts began to beat to suffocation. Would he ever be able to utter a word?

Boomellen gazed before him with parted lips for some seconds before he attempted to speak, and all agreed afterwards that during the pause the look on his face was as of one who listens with pleased, though strained attention. The crisp crackle of autumn leaves, the rush and swish of a sudden gust through the branches of the trees, and the sullen roar of monstrous waves lashing themselves furiously in ineffectual might against the rocky barrier of the stupendous cliffs alone filled our ears in the interval, but it was always believed by the people that, over and above this, Boomellen had heard what was not for us, and seen that which was invisible to all but him.

He was not nervous.

"My friends — ladies and gentlemen," he began at last, gathering the words slowly and with difficulty, but composedly, "I am glad to see you here to-day. I thank you for your kind congratulations. My heart is touched." Holding his hat and the rolled-up address in front of him in his left hand, he folded the right upon it, and, looking at the ground, paused a minute as though to collect his thoughts, while those about him, strongly impressed, broke out into a low murmur of encouragement. He looked up. "You tell me that I am called to a high position," he recommenced in the same slow, difficult way — "to honors, which I should deserve — to riches, which I should dispose of to the glory of God and for the good of mankind. And that is true — I am called. It is not my choice to be here." Again he paused, but this time there was absolute silence. "I have — there is something — comes into my mind — about" — he raised his right hand and brushed the hair, which a gust of wind had blown upon his forehead, back out of his eyes, then, with bent brows, peered out into the distance over the heads

of the people, as though trying to make out something he could not clearly distinguish — "about," he repeated, exactly as if he were deciphering a difficult handwriting — "about being taken from the wrath to come." A curious expression of intentness settled upon the upturned faces. "If I am not worthy," Boomellen pursued more fluently, "not worthy of my position — if I am not equal to the duties which, as you say, in course of time must devolve upon me; then I pray that I may be taken *from the wrath to come*. I pray that I may be removed before I lose your hearts — or — forfeit your good opinion."

Anything more unexpected Boomellen could not have uttered, and a deep, inarticulate murmur of emotion arose from the crowd, an unintelligible murmur, for the people were at a loss to know how such sentiments should be acknowledged. A great uneasiness had gradually taken possession of us all. Everybody felt that there was something wrong, but none of us could have defined the feeling.

We held our breath while waiting for him to speak again.

He was looking beyond us now in the same strange way he had done at first; then all at once, but quietly, he put on his hat and, raising his arm, pointed over the heads of the tenants, towards the sea.

"There is a ship in distress," he said.

Those on the lawn glanced nervously over their shoulders, and everybody listened, while in the painful silence that ensued the tension became so pronounced that, on the sudden booming of a great gun, many of the ladies shrieked.

In a moment all order was over. The people on the lawn broke their ranks, and, turning from the house, made for the cliffs in haste, while those on the terrace streamed down the steps, mingled with the tenants, and all together hurried in confusion in the same direction. It was not far, but once out of the shelter of the grounds we were met and hindered by the full force that remained to the gale, which was blowing in off the sea. Petticoats became unmanageable, fluttering ribbons bound their wearers to each other in wild entanglement, hats were whirled away, but nobody heeded any inconvenience of that kind — especially when we came within sight of the sea, and stood in our gay holiday attire, conscious of the cruelly incongruous contrast we presented to the white-faced, storm-battered wretches on the wreck, which was being driven to destruction before our eyes — with small hope of rescue — on the rocks below.

There was no lifeboat on the coast at that time, and no other boat that would be likely to live in such a sea. Up at the coast-guard station, from whence the gun had been fired, rockets with life-saving apparatus were being got ready, but, all too slowly, as it seemed to the horror-stricken spectators.

"Will no one do anything?" Boomellen's mother exclaimed indignantly, wringing her hands. "Are none of you men enough to do anything?"

Boomellen was standing beside her, and she seized his arm, as if to shake him out of his apathy, for he appeared to be quite unmoved, although we were so close that we could have recognized the people on the ship had we known any of them, and their sufferings were terrible to see — and all the more terrible because we were so near, and yet so powerless to render them any assistance.

The wreck was a large brig. One mast was gone, the other was hanging over the side, and there was a dead man entangled in the rigging. On deck a poor woman was clinging to a bit of cordage with one arm, while she held a baby on the other. Her dress was open at the neck, and being saturated, clung close to her gaunt figure, making her look as if she had nothing else on. Her short, thin, dark hair was also plastered in ragged patches about her forehead and neck by the water. She seemed to be shivering, her face was haggard and colorless, and she stared up at us with wild eyes, but her mouth was firmly set. The men beside her uttered heart-rending cries for help, but she was mute, and the child hung limply on her arm as if it were dead.

From among the mountainous cumuli which fled across the sky before the wind, pitilessly bright sunbursts flashed full upon the wreck, giant waves met with a shock in her wake, rose high in the air, and fell with a thud upon her, and great, green, foam-flecked masses of treacherous water swept her decks now and then from stem to stern, threatening to submerge her. About her, as if in ghastly anticipation, a throng of broad-winged sea-birds hovered — up and down, in and out, back and forth, up and down, *da capo*, all dancing a regular, rhythmical, mocking, aerial measure, with sharp, shrill cries, to the tune of the winds and waves.

When the shrieks of the people on the wreck arose, those on the cliff responded to them, and men and women here and there threw themselves down upon their knees, and lifted their hands to heaven.

In the midst of this awful scene, a tiny boat suddenly shot out from under the cliff, a toy-tub of a dinghy not safe for an instant in such a sea. It was being rowed in a diagonal direction towards the wreck, and the people on the cliff with a groan recognized Boomellen. Why it should have occurred to him alone to do such a desperate thing, those who had caught the petulant reproach implied in his mother's manner never doubted; but that it was desperate he did not seem to realize, for his face was set serenely — rapt as it had been when he had stood in safety, seeming to listen, on the steps of his father's house half an hour before. His hat had gone and the wind tumbled his hair. As he shot out from under the cliff, he looked up at us all with

such a brightness in his eye!  
As if the ocean and the sky  
Within him had lit up and nurst  
A soul God gave him not at first,  
To comprehend their majesty.

We could not see where the waves broke beneath us for the shelving of the cliff, but from time to time a shower of blinding white spray rose high in the air above us, a lace-like veil of foam, concealing the sea, and falling back upon us in heavy showers. This occurred almost immediately after Boomellen appeared. Holding our breath in an agony of suspense, we saw him for one moment, then came the blinding spray, but when we looked again he was gone. He had vanished forever, and as utterly as if he had never been.

Ineffectual life, ineffectual death; but perhaps it was appropriate that the shining sea should take him.

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#### PRIVATE LIFE IN FRANCE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

##### THE JEWS.

##### I.

NO, do not say, friend of the Jews in Russia, that the dark ages are not over yet. The dark ages were not intolerant to the Jew. Jews and Christians intermarried; \* the difference of religion was held no obstacle to friendship; Jews were served by Christian servants; the sick Catholic

\* H. Grätz, *Geschichte der Juden*, vol. viii., p. 11. See also Joseph Simon, *Histoire des Juifs de Nîmes* (Nîmes, 1886).

called in the Jewish doctor; nay, many households faithful to the Church were nourished by preference on Jewish bread and meat. The Christian landlord employed a Jewish steward, and in Spain, as in the south of France, nearly all the land-agents, tax-collectors, and magistrates' clerks were men of Jewish faith and blood. In the Jura the Jews were more than tolerated; a large proportion of the surrounding Catholics had become, if not Jewish, at least Judæisant. It was the custom to eat Jewish bread in Passover-time and to keep the Sabbath. Many church-going parents neglected to baptize their infants.\* The people of Lyons thronged to the synagogue to hear the rabbis preach; the Christians of the Comtat-Venaissin observed the Jewish fasts and festivals.† Even in England, and so late as 1222, the Jewish money-lenders commonly housed their treasure in the parish church for safety against thieves‡ It was natural that the Church should seek to defend herself against the progress of Judaism. From 1227 to 1284 six councils were held in order to decide on the separation and humiliation of the Jew.

The means employed by the councils were in no case very cruel. The Church forbade her children to entrust their little ones to Jewish nurses, or to call in Jewish doctors to attend their sick, lest the specious arguments of Israel should take advantage of the babe and weakling. She forbade the Jew to lend at interest, or rather she refused to the Christian the right to accept a loan at usury; but the fear of poverty and the dread of death were stronger than the Church; the Christian continued to borrow from Shylock in his extremity, and to call in the Jewish rabbi to defy the king of terrors. The clergy were more successful in their plans for isolating the accursed people. Gradually, and town by town, the Jews were confined within a certain pale, or Jewry. The laws began to ordain that the Jew should own no land outside his narrow ghetto, and new decrees enforced upon the children of Israel a wheel or patch of bright-colored cloth, sewn upon the breast of their garment, which distinguished at first sight the man or woman with whom, henceforth, the Christian must not dwell in amity.

This was all the Church desired. The interests of Christianity required no bloodshed. The Jews were rich, their wealth attracted the admiration of the simple; but the Church, by confining them within the ghetto and by imposing upon them a humiliating badge, counteracted the danger of their ostentation. The Jews were subtle and brilliant reasoners, whose science and philosophy profoundly impressed the ignorant. Still, by refusing to employ their heretic abilities, by making a bonfire of their specious Talmud, the clergy hoped to condemn their wisdom to sterility. Rome would neither have used the Jews nor yet abused them. She would have let them wither on their stalk, dull, poor, obscure, in their *in pace* of the ghetto. "Look at the poor Jew," she would say, "with his awkward gait, bent shoulders, and furtive glance. Is it not clear that the Almighty has abandoned his chosen people in his anger?" In the eyes of Rome, contempt and ignominy were enough. There was no need to exterminate an enemy so abject.

## II.

THE Church was moderate, but human nature is extreme. The common people could not understand that they must despise, avoid, but not torment their Jewish neighbor. When the preacher had made clear to them the living horror of the Jewry, the sword leapt of itself from the scabbard, the stone sped from the sling. The Church burned the Talmud; the nations burned the Jew.

So, towards the later middle ages began those unwarrantable persecutions, those massacres, emigrations, enmities, which still continue in the name of him who brought peace on earth and good-will to all men. The good King Louis, who could not look upon a Jew; the Crusaders, who turned their sacred spears against a helpless enemy, the guest of their country; the ignorant shepherds, who arose in their thousands to massacre the murderers of Christ; all these have left behind them a numerous progeny, who still increase and multiply upon the earth.

The Church, to do her justice, immediately and constantly rebuked these excesses. It was a pope who defended the Jews against Saint Louis. "Smite the Saracen," wrote Alexander II., "but spare the Jew." When the unhappy people were accused of spreading the contagion of the plague, it was a pope who interposed in their behalf. "As Jews they are Jews," wrote Clement VI., "but as men

\* J. Morey, *Les Juifs en Franche Comté. Revue des Études Juives*, t. iv., part i.

† A Berliner, *Persönliche Beziehungen Zwischen Christen und Juden in Meittelalter*.

‡ Grätz, *loc. cit.*, p. 22. Account of the Council of Oxford.

they are men ;" and he offered the persecuted remnant an asylum in his court at Avignon. Later on, Martin V. formulated the doctrine of the papacy. "Since the Jews, like other men, are made in the image of God, and since their posterity will be saved one day, let them not be molested in the synagogue, attacked in their laws, punished in their customs, nay, nor driven to the font by force." Such was the doctrine of Rome — the doctrine of the papacy as distinguished from the Inquisition. And in truth the Jews have never been more liberally treated than in the territories of the Church.

But the Church protested in vain. In 1236 the Crusaders of Saint Louis murdered many thousand Jews in the central provinces of France, and only the avowed protection of Henry III. saved their English brethren from their fate. Alas, a few years later the impulse of persecution was to come from England. In 1275 a certain Dominican of London, one Robert de Reddyng, a great preacher, resolved to convert the rabbis from the mouth of their own scripture ; and, to that end, he studied Hebrew and the Talmud. It was he who was converted — the Dominican turned Jew, took the name of Haggai, and married a pretty Jewess. The conversion of Brother Robert was the ruin of Israel in England. So far Edward I. had protected them and stood their friend ; but their fortunes had changed. In 1278 the whole Jewish population of England was cast into prison on a charge of coining false money. In 1279 the Jews were accused of having crucified a little boy at Nottingham. This world-old accusation, devised against the early Christians by Roman pagans, misled by the sacred symbols of the mass, and which to-day serves as an excuse for the massacre of Catholic missionaries in China, has never failed to infuriate a world of fathers and of mothers. The pope had in vain denied the accusation. "It is erroneous to state that the Jews communicate by means of the heart of a fresh-killed child." He failed to persuade the people. In the summer of 1290 Edward I. decreed a general expulsion of the Jews, and on the 9th of October sixteen thousand five hundred and eleven outcasts left English soil in an exile that was to endure until the days of Cromwell.

### III.

THE fate of the English Jews affected France, for Gascony was English, and in Gascony the children of Israel had abun-

dantly hung up their harp. The Jews of Bordeaux migrated into France, but the persecution which had spread first from France to England, now widened back from England into France again. Already, in 1288, the stake of Trôyes had lit up the cruelty of the Christian, the admirable constancy of Israel. The exodus of the unhappy people was but just begun. In 1306 Philippe le Bel banished all the Jews from France.

Up till that hour, despite fierce intervals of persecution, the Jews had lived in France as in a home, sometimes intolerable, but still beloved, and at worst a shelter. They lived in intermittent peace amid the surrounding populations, possessing fields and houses, not yet herded in a separate clan of pitiless money-getters, odious money-lenders. The councils of the Church had not yet rooted up the strong fibres of human feeling that knit the Christian to his Jewish neighbor. When the edict of the tyrant went forth, many Jews contrived to save a portion of their confiscated property by placing it in the keep of Christian friends. Thus the Jews of Fondremand confided their treasure to the priest of Gray, one Henri Lobbet.\* By this means the king, who had sacrificed the Jews (as he was to sacrifice the Templars) to his greed of money and his love of gear, was fortunately defrauded of a few sheaves of his harvest. Much, however, remained. An account exists of the Jewish property confiscated to the king at Orleans ; the sale of lands and houses belonging to the exiles fetched 33,700 livres, 46 sols, 6 deniers, without counting the price of their jewels, plate, or merchandise.†

The exiled Jews of France were in one respect more fortunate than their descendants are to-day in Russia. The spectacle which we have had before our eyes of shipful after shipful of banished emigrants sailing in vain to Jaffa, to be turned back to the Golden Horn, repulsed from Constantinople to New York, from America to some other inhospitable Christian shore — these saddest of all voyages of the homeless Wandering Jew were far less frequent in the fourteenth century. When the Jews went out of France the princes round about welcomed them with open arms. The pope bid them to Avignon and Carpentras ; the king of Majorca opened the frontiers of Roussillon ; the Duke of Burgundy invited them to Franche-Comté ;

\* J. Morey, *Les Juifs en Franche Comté*, p. 23. See also Depping, *Histoire des Juifs*, p. 29, *et seq.*

† Depping, *loc. cit.*

the Duke of Savoy called them to his Alpine cities. And in all these places they took root and flourished. The Jewries of Comtat-Venaissin became famous for their men of science and translators. The Jewish physicians of Savoy and Provence were celebrated through many generations. They were traders in Perpignan. In the cities of Franche-Comté, in Vesoul, Besançon, Trévoux, they were prosperous bankers and pawnbrokers; and the name of the latter city, disfigured by the soft Jewish pronunciation into *Dreyfous*, remains as a frequent surname in Israel. In all these places the Jews were welcomed by the people, hard pressed for ready money, and by the barons, whose manorial revenues were largely increased by the toll which the Jew, in common with other unbaptized cattle, paid as he passed along their roads and bridges.

Meanwhile, in France the Jews were sorely missed. In destroying the Templars, who had in their hands the whole system of the inland revenue, in banishing the Jews, who were the nerve and sinews of finance, Philippe le Bel had well-nigh ruined his country. True, the trading class tried to take possession of the places left empty by the Templar and the Jew. But the burghers were more exacting, more pitiless than the money-lenders they replaced:—

Car Juifs furent debonnaire,  
Trop plus en faisant leur affaires  
Que ne le furent ores crestien.

#### IV.

IN 1315 Louis X. recalled the Jews, with permission to exact a legal usury of two-pence in the pound per week; that is to say, an annual interest of about forty-eight per cent., and with the right of residence in the kingdom during a period of twelve years.

But they returned as aliens and visitors, no longer sons of the soil, no longer Frenchmen living among Frenchmen, owners of pasture and vineyard which should descend to their children after them. Even had not the recent laws forbidden their acquisition of real property, the Jews had seen too clearly the evil of owning house and land, in order on the day of exile to leave them to the king. Hitherto the Jews in France had been men of science, in at least as important a degree as money-lenders. The school of Troyes had produced great theologians and great physicians. Henceforth, forbidden the exercise of their strongest abilities, the Jews accepted their position as nomads,

persecuted and fugitive. They centred all their energies on heaping together the greatest possible wealth in the shortest possible time; wealth never spent, never displayed, but concentrated in a bag of golden coins or subtilized into a letter of change. Uncertain of the morrow, oppressed by tax and impost, they knew that even their scanty privileges were not for their own good: "plus les Juifs auront de privilèges," wrote Jean le Bon, "mieux ils pourront payer la taxe que le roi fait peser sur eux." In their absorbing pursuit of gold they lost their early culture. How should it be otherwise? The Church burned their Talmud as a book of magic. All the learned professions—medicine, law, pedagogy—were the property of "clerks," and a Jew could not be a clerk. The Jew might not own land. The Jew might not exercise authority over any Christian. The only trade left to him was pawnbroking and usury, or such small huckstering as the Christian disdained—the selling of old clothes, the hawking of second-hand goods. Out of this misery the Jews perfected that marvel, the bank. And the bank became their curse. They forgot how to trade in any goods but money; for no other trade was capable of realizing so swiftly a portable inheritance easy to carry with them on the day of banishment.

Usury was forbidden to Christians. This spiritual law, although systematically broken by Lombards and Cahorsins, by many burghers, and by some monasteries, was none the less a force compelling the Jews to usury. The Jew might be nothing but a money-lender; the Christian might not be a money-lender; and, as the need of ready money was constant, and the interest paid for it voluntarily high, almost in every village the Jewish pawnbroker appeared—a sudden fortune for the idle! But gradually, alas, he became the execrated possessor of half the cattle, half the ploughs, the clothes, the tools of the parish, gone in pledge for the funds that he advanced so freely. When the Jews were exiled, the ducal baker of Fondremend complained that he had lost his brass lamp, his pothooks, his flour-bin, his stewpan, his old red coat, and the little calf in his stall, all pawned to the Jews, and confiscated as Jewish property. In every village there were tradesmen or peasants without a farthing in their pockets to pay the king's taxes, who systematically at quarter day pawned to Friend Nathan this old harrow or that old horse in order to raise the necessary sum. Arrangements were fre-

quently made by which, in the case of the pawning of milch cows or breeding-stock, the greater portion of the produce was to go to the original owner. No sum was too small, and none too great, for the village money-lender. He lent two sols to the village cobbler, and a thousand pounds to the lord of the manor. If, out of his own pocket, he could not always furnish so large a sum at a moment's notice, he was in league with all the Lombards, Jews, Cahorsins of the country-side. In every part of the world he had his correspondents, and co-religionaries, to whom his bond was valuable as gold. M. Isidore Loeb, who has published the ledgers for the year 1318,\* of the firm trading under the name of Hélyot, of Vesoul, enables us to see the vast resources and affiliations of such an establishment. At one moment Andrew the Lombard owed the Jew of Vesoul as much £1,048 advanced for his affairs. Then the tables turned, and Hélyot was the debtor. Gradually the Jews and Lombards went a step further in the creation of finance; they invented the letter of change, which materialized their wealth, made it portable, imperceptible, defying the confiscations of the persecutor.

These Jews, with their mortgage on the noble's estates, on the young heir's inheritance, on the farmer's cattle, with the tools and the old clothes of the peasant ticketed on their shelves, were masters of many a trade. They were vintners and wine merchants, for they often bought the standing vintage, or took it as a security; they were cattle-dealers, clothiers, carriers, tax-gatherers, as well as pawnbrokers and money-lenders. They travelled on their carrying business into Germany, Flanders, Switzerland, Lorraine. They were men of means and consideration. When Henri of Burgundy used to go to Vesoul, he was wont to take up his residence in the hostel of the Jewish banker, probably the most important burgher of the town. But these rich Jews had not forgotten the day of persecution. They remembered that they were transitory visitors, tolerated only for a term of years. And they were hard and sordid. They made their hay while the sun shone, careless to inspire love or respect in these Christians, who treated them with contempt as outcasts and as enemies, and murdered them upon the first occasion. When they were recalled, they knew very

well that it was not out of kindness, but in order that they might found banks and lend sums of money. When they were expelled, it was because the country, grown richer, saw the hatefulness rather than the benefit of their system, and hoped that when they were quit of the Jews, the money would remain.

## V.

THE peasant who pledged his team and harrow for a sum of money, spent the sum, and hated the lender as the unlawful usurper of his confiscated property. Frequent riots and excesses broke out against the Jews. In 1320 a crowd of shepherds (gathered together to fight the Crusade in Palestine) found in the Mediterranean ports no vessels to convey them to their journey's end. For lack of a few planks they could not reach the Holy Land. In that moment of exasperation, what set alight the fury of these baffled and humiliated peasants? Did some Jew, as has been said, jeer at these discomfited Christians in the public streets? Or was the idea of revenge against the Jew, their oppressor and the murderer of Christ, spontaneously born in those sombre consciences? The shepherds fell upon the Jewry, and slew, and slew, and slew. There was massacre at Toulouse, massacre at Albi, massacre at Agen, right away to the Atlantic coast.

A year later, some slight sickness broke out in the south of France. The peasants declared it was the vengeance of the Jews upon the shepherds. It was the king of the Moors, they said, who had paid the Jews to poison all the Christians; or else it was the Saracens; or perhaps the lepers, who, weary of their miserable existence, had joined with the Jews to put an end to all the hale and sound, in order to enjoy at last their towns and palaces. On the strength of this fantastic accusation many Jews were burned alive in 1321. Let us remember the fate of those Italian doctors, torn to pieces as secret poisoners during the cholera panics of the nineteenth century, before we exclaim against the ignorant fury of a former day.

This persecution was but the faint forerunner of that which overtook the hapless children of Israel, when, in 1348, the black death blew over Europe, and slew the third part of all mankind. In the south of France the Jews were massacred in almost every city. In Strasburg two thousand Jews were burned alive in their own cemetery. "Tous les Juifs furent massacrés au pays des Vosges," writes the

\* Isidore Loeb, *Deux livres de Commerce au 14ème Siècle. Revue des Etudes Juives*, t. iv.

chronicler of Burgundy.\* Even in Spain (where hitherto the Jews had dwelt "in Paradise," says Grätz), in Italy, in Switzerland, everywhere, the ghettos were sacked and plundered. "From Gibraltar to the Atlantic scarce a Jew," wrote Benjamin of Tudela in the second half of the fourteenth century.†

## VI.

THESE Christian kings and princes, who banished all the Jews from their kingdoms, had not learned as yet how to exist without them. Commerce came to a standstill for lack of ready money. The Jews, living off nothing in their corner of the ghetto, working hard, planning acutely, adding sou to sou, had been so many reservoirs of ready money in the land. Their savings, fallen into spendthrift hands, were soon dissipated, and nothing remained. Yet there had never been so great a need of their commodity. Throughout Europe the terrible mortality of the great plague had been followed by a rise of wages, which, in two years, doubled the prices paid to the surviving laborers and workmen; and in France this crisis was aggravated by the tremendous ransoms exacted by the English from the captives of Crécy and Poitiers. The cry was gold! gold! and there was no gold. The king strove to parry the national disaster by creating a deteriorated currency, intended to answer the same purpose as the paper money of Italy and Argentina. The national credit was not strong enough for this expedient to serve. The result was an illegal premium on gold. The pound *tournois*, whether paid in gold or in the king's falsified silver, was officially of the same value, but the golden *tournois* was practically rated at about fifteen shillings our money (double its intrinsic value), while the king's silver pound sometimes fell as low as fourpence.‡ In vain the royal edicts commanded the French to take no more than twenty of the new debased shillings in exchange for a good golden pound. Every shopkeeper had a different price for the man who paid him in the king's silver and the man who paid him in gold. This private illegal currency, although it could not attain its end, which was to restore gold to its intrinsic value, at least attenuated the evils with which the royal currency threatened pri-

vate fortunes. But it put an end to trade. No man with a bag of golden sovereigns, earned by his father, would put them into circulation, in exchange for a pile of tump-ery tin medals, which, to-morrow, might be absolutely worthless. All through France, all through Europe, there went up the same cry for the divine yellow metal which had so magically disappeared. All the little princes of Germany and Italy began eagerly to recall their Jewish alchemists. And in France, after Poitiers, one of the first public acts of the Regent Charles was to invite the Jews to come and take up their abode, wheresoever they pleased, in town or village throughout his kingdom.

## VII.

THUS the Jews returned as welcome guests, almost as masters of the situation, barely eleven years after their cruellest misfortunes. In the spring of 1359 they flowed back into France. If a separate, they were no longer a degraded, community. The study of the Talmud was no longer forbidden, and they were expressly permitted the exercise of the Jewish faith. Their witness was taken in courts of law, according to the formula of their own religion. The Jews in France, as in Languedoc, constituted an assembly, governed by a procuror-general of their own religion, who, in his turn, was under the direction of a Christian warden of the privileges of the Jews. This post held in Languedoc by Robert d'Outreleau, was given in France to a prince of the blood, the Count d'Etampes, a knight of singularly humane and generous disposition. The choice of a warden so gentle of nature, so elevated in rank, and known, moreover, for an intimate companion of the regent, was a guarantee of the favor accorded to the Jews. When the dauphin succeeded to the throne as Charles V. this favor was yet more strongly marked. The king corresponded with the Jewish procuror, Manassah, and made him presents of rare Hebrew manuscripts. At the great fairs of Brie and Champagne, where the Jews were wont to gather to mortgage lands and heritages, the Jews had hitherto been unable to receive the moneys due to them, unless they could bring forward a Christian security, and they had lost many of their debts owing to their inability to find such a guarantee. The king ordained that a Jew, if solvent, was as excellent security as a Christian. He guarded the Jewry no less carefully in its property than in its commerce. Woe to the ill-doer who

\* Gollut, quoted by Morey, *op. cit.*

† Grätz, viii. 1.

‡ For all this question, the tables of De Wailly (*Variations de la Livre Tournais*) remain the standard authority.

let himself be tempted by the riches of the ghetto. No class of burghers was so efficiently protected as the money-lenders of the Quartier Saint Antoine. The provost of Paris shared the Jewish proclivities of Charles V. He was accused of keeping Jewish mistresses, and of restoring Jewish children, caught and christened, to their parents. Throughout the reign we find frequent records of Jews omitting to wear their badge, or *roelle*. The Jews were exempt from all taxes beside their poll-tax and their entrance fee. The happy days of early Christian times appeared to have dawned anew.

But the privileges accorded to the Jews awoke, not tolerance, but jealousy in the breast of the nation. These privileges were not wise. They were all of a nature to force the Jew into the inevitably odious position of a money-lender. It is to the honor of Jewry that, despite the stress of circumstances, there were many men of science in Israel. But the Jew, when he was not a physician or a man of letters, was almost inevitably a usurer. Despite his brilliant natural advantages for trade and administration, the laws debarred him these careers; but the same laws entitled him to demand an interest of fourpence in the pound per week, or 80 per cent. per annum.\* We have to remind ourselves that in Westminster to-day there are "leaving-shops" where a usury of 120 per cent. is extracted for money advanced on objects left in pawn.† We have to remember the bankrupt condition of the fourteenth-century France, and the great risk incurred by those who lent their money. Such a rate of interest remains iniquitous, and explains the odium attached to those who fattened on it. If 80 per cent. was the extreme, 50 per cent. appears to have been a frequent rate of increase.‡ Gradually, and especially in country places, all things that could be pawned went one by one to the counter of the Jew. In 1360 it was found necessary to publish abroad in Languedoc, "that no Christian could pledge his own body to a Jew."§

More than once the king was tempted to expel the usurer. In 1364, and again in 1367, lists were drawn up of Jewish property prior to a general expulsion. It was

an easy way of gaining a sum of ready money for immediate use, and such a measure would have satisfied a large party in the State. But Charles V. was Charles the Wise. He remembered that every general expulsion of the Jews had been followed by a financial crash. He remembered the condition of his kingdom when he had recalled the infidel bankers; he observed that from 1360 onward, whatever the isolated sufferings of thriftless peasants, the livre had remained stable at its normal value, that commerce and industry were reviving throughout France. He resisted the counsels of those who sought to take advantage of his piety, and, instead of banishing, he renewed the privileges of the Jews.

#### VIII.

THE wrong which the king would not right by a greater wrong, was more excellently redressed by legitimate co-operation. At Salins, in Franche-Comté, in 1363, the burghers and clergy collected a capital of 20,600 golden florins, bringing in an income of 1,500 florins at  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. With this they subsidized a Mont de Piété, the first of its kind, where people could pledge their lands and goods without incurring the ruinous charges of Jewish usury. The Mont de Piété of Salins asked only  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in an age when 10 per cent., and even 20 per cent., was accounted moderate interest; yet the multitude of its customers enabled it to flourish. We must not confound the Mont de Piété of Salins with the pawn shops largely subsidized by State, which have succeeded to its name. Its importance can only be compared to that of the Bauerverein of Germany,\* which, during the last thirty years, has modestly achieved so useful a reform. As in the case of the contemporary association, the society of Salins was not in any degree patronized by the government. It was the outcome of private enterprise, moved to pity by the sufferings of the peasant. It was a good work, an act of faith and charity directly under the direction of the Church. Its aim was to free the peasant from the usurer, to surround him, as it were, with a potent guild capable of protecting his interests. If the people had been far-seeing, they would have discovered that here was at last a means to do without the Jewish money-lender. And if the Jew had been far-seeing, he would have perceived

\* See Siméon Luce, *La France pendant la Guerre de Cent Ans*, p. 166.

† See the case of Mrs. Dakin, brought before the Westminster police-court on Sept. 19, 1891.

‡ *Ordonnances des Rois*, t. vi., p. 422. For further details, see Siméon Luce, *Les Juifs sous Charles V.*, in *La France pendant la Guerre de Cent Ans*.

§ "Et avec ce que aucun Chrestien ne puisse obliger son corps à aucun Juif," quoted by Joseph Simon, *Les Juifs de Nîmes*, p. 35.

\* See the series of articles published by M. l'Abbé Kannengieser in the *Correspondent*, during the summer of 1891.

that henceforth other trades might bring him a fairer profit and less odium.\* He would have availed himself of the tolerance of Charles V. to establish himself in commerce. He could have become a dyer or a spice merchant, as in Italy, where the Lombards outdid him in his peculiar business. By forsaking his usury he might, perchance, have avoided the wrath to come. But the Christian had not learned how to refrain from borrowing, nor the Jew from taking usury.

## IX.

EVEN in the North, the Jews were not exclusively money-lenders. In Languedoc, where the Jews were poor, they were, above all, men of science, doctors, physiologists, and philosophers. At Montpellier they possessed a school as old as the Christian University, and at the university they were entitled to take their medical degrees. The Jewish doctors of Languedoc were very famous. In the beginning of the century, Profatius Judæus, an unconverted Jew, had been rector of the Christian University of Montpellier. "A man of supreme intelligence," wrote Armand de Villeneuve, "first of the professors of our time, whom we deplore to think that we can never meet save in the duration of our present life on earth."† The four generations of the Avigdors continued his tradition in his native town. At Carcassonne the great surgeon Dollan Bellan, Jacob of Lunel, and Leo Joseph had their pupils. Béziers and Narbonne were not less famous. The king himself was attended by an unconverted Jew, named Hacquin. Scarce a crowned head in Europe but had his Jew physician; the pope himself, the queen of Naples, the king of Castile, the Duke of Savoy, the Duke of Anjou, and many lesser lords and seigneurs. Jewish medicine was easily supreme. While the Christians burned the Jews as factors of the plague, Israel Caslari's treatise on contagious diseases studied and attempted to combat the infection. Already, in the eleventh century, Raschi had described the effects of pericarditis, had cured a paralysis of the œsophagus by local syringing, had observed a case of loss of voice occasioned

by the swelling of the roots of the tongue, and had defined the treatment of malaria.\* The Jews were, as a rule, unrivalled in diagnosis, in surgery, and in obstetrics. If they were, as a rule, superstitious in a superstitious age; if they believed that a text of the Talmud written in the form of a lion was an aid to an easy delivery in child-birth, they were, if of good faith, not singular in their century, and perhaps their sceptical temper made them accept any aid which, by reassuring the patient, helped to calm a nervous spasm.

The Jew, learned or unlearned, enjoyed a superstitious respect as medicine-man. He was a sort of white wizard, bound to cure, and gifted to foretell the future. It was a converted Jewess, "well versed in necromancy," who, attending the sick mother of Bertrand du Guesclin, first foretold the military glory of that hero. In every town the Jewish rabbi, in every country place the mere village usurer, was considered as, by privilege of race, a skilled physician. "I went to the Jew, Bonjour," says Jeannette, *povre lingère de Paris*, "in order to raise some money. . . . And, as my head ached so badly, I asked him to give me something for it." And, by the same token, she bids him prescribe her a philtre for an unhappy love affair.‡ Council after council forbade Christians to employ Jewish skill save in the last extremity; and at Carpentras, in the States of the Church, there were so few non-Jewish physicians, that one Mordecai Sauves was allowed to have his dispensary, not only outside the ghetto, but within the very Hôtel Dieu.‡ Vainly King John forbade the exercise of medicine to Jews who had not taken their due medical degree and submitted themselves to an examination before the seneschals of Beaucaire. To the peasant of Languedoc, every Jew was a doctor.

A strange life that of those numberless young men who came to study medicine at Montpellier! They came from the ghettos of Gascony and Provence, where they had lived a life as different from that of their Christian fellow-students, as if the sands of Syria had lain between them. The Church had at length accomplished her system of the separation of the Jew; in every city the Jewish quarter was a walled and gated town apart.

\* See Simon, *op. cit.*, for the poverty of the Jews of Nîmes, where no Jew possessed an income of £10 in 1367; Loeb, for the poverty of the Jews of Carpentras for 1343 and the ensuing decades; Vidal, *op. cit.*, for the poverty of the Jews of Perpignan, forced to borrow money from the Christian population.

† De Humido radicali. See *Hist. Lett. de France*, t. xxviii., p. 130.

\* Carmoly, *Histoire des Medecins Juifs*, i., p. 43.

† See Douët d'Arcq, *Documents Inédits pour le Règne de Charles VI.*, ii. 225.

‡ Loeb, *op. cit.*

## X.

THE ghetto was often a single street, gated at either end, with all the openings to the front, since the windows of the Jewry might not look on any Christian street or square. This street, with its tall, dark houses, was always small in proportion to the swiftly increasing population, "car cette engeance pullule extraordinairement, puisque presque tous se marient dans la plus verte jeunesse."\* At Carpentras the Jewry was eighty-eight metres long and contained a little over one hundred and fifty sets of chambers, which held sometimes as many as twelve thousand souls.\* As the population increased, the Jews were obliged to build their habitations higher and still higher. At Carpentras, in the fifteenth century, the Jewry houses were eight stories high, and stood above the town, a sort of citadel, an acropolis of distress and poverty. From these narrow houses the Jews might never issue after sunset, neither on great Church festivals, nor from Wednesday in Holy Week till Easter Sunday. In some ghettos there were no fountains of fresh water, and on such occasions the inhabitants suffered much from thirst.†

The people in these ghettos, clad in strange, high-pointed hats and garments, with a wheel of brilliant color stitched upon the breast, governed themselves in liberty, under the supreme control of the mayor or viguier of the city, that is to say, in regard to all that concerned the kingdom or the commonwealth, they shared the lot of other citizens, *tanquam veri cives*. But in the private interests of their religion, their education, their civil code and statutes, the Jews of Languedoc were generally free. Those of the States of the Church were exceptionally privileged, and their statutes at Avignon, recently published by M. de Maulde la Clavière, show us the liberties of their subjection.

The Jews of Avignon might acquire lands and houses, although they must inhabit only in the ghetto. There they were ruled by a special council of fifteen, chosen among their own people, who, on the expiry of their powers, named their own successors. This council organized the charity of the community, dealt out alms, received the sick, and provided for the fatherless. It inspected and filled the schools, levying a tax on parents of a certain fortune who did not afford their chil-

dren at least a fair commercial education. It levied also an income-tax, established according to the declaration of the person taxed, whose fortune was subject to the verification of the council. And it instituted a special tribunal of four Jewish judges, for minor cases where Jews were exclusively concerned; but the clients of this court enjoyed the right of appeal to the common courts of Avignon.\*

In this ghetto there were three classes of inhabitants, even as in the town outside; but the population was not divided into knights, burghers, and people, as in the Christian city. The only division between the Jews was the amount of their fortune and the total of their income-tax. The council decided, according to their income, into which *main*, or class, each family was to be valued. The different *mains* had different distinctions, duties, and privileges; for instance, only parents belonging to the first two *mains* could be taxed for neglecting to educate their children.

But the real education of youths, fathers, children alike, was the synagogue — was the discussion of the Talmud. There are no stools, no chairs in the shabby little schola; all round the walls the disputants sit squatting on their heels, but they are quite oblivious of squalor or discomfort. They are far away in that inner kingdom which they have created for a refuge amid the fumes of the over-crowded ghetto. What a gleam of thought lights up their animated faces! How each dissects, interrupts, resumes, discusses, objurgates, even listens! It is clearly some sort of trial. What is it that they ask? *Was Jehovah justified in drowning the Egyptians during the passage of the Red Sea?*

Argument follows argument, subtle, tenuous, unreal. These rabbis, who know on occasion how to die on the public stake with their children at their knees — these young priests and scholars, ready, with Isaac Cohen, of Troyes, to cry, "I am Cohen. I will make an offering of my body and leap into the flames" — these Jews, all prepared for the possibility of martyrdom, appear strangely unembittered. We might often attend the little synagogue; we should hear scant allusion to the persecutions of the "felone gent." The disputants are above and beyond all that, in their own ideal world. Listen to the aged rabbi who answers the question of the Haggada: "When the children of Israel had passed through the sea, and

\* Statutes of Carpentras, quoted by Isidore Loeb, *op. cit.*, p. 84.

† Isidore Loeb, *loc. cit.*

\* R. de Maulde, *Les Juifs, dans les Etats Français du Pape. Rev. des Et. Juives*, vol. iv.

the great waves closed over the hosts of Pharaoh, the angels of heaven sang aloud for joy. And God said: "Why do ye sing? *Are not all the children of the earth alike my children?* Shame upon your music and shame upon your triumph when my sons are drowning in the rushing waters!"

This Talmud, which was as a second life to the men of the ghetto, was not only a book of philosophy or devotion; it was a reservoir of national life; it was the faithful mirror of the civilization of Babylon and Judæa, and, at the same time, a magical phantasmagoria of all the wild dreams, the fables, the legends, the scraps of science more or less exact, the reveries, the audacious theories discovered by the Wandering Jew in his endless travels. The Talmud was an encyclopædia, full of many sciences: agriculture, botany, strange natural histories, bizarre geography, geometry, astronomy upside down, physiology, medicine, magic, and the knowledge of the properties of demons. Every generation of Judaism had accumulated its facts and fancies there. Even the Bible itself did not come so close to the daily life of the ghetto as the Talmud and the Mischna. The Bible was a thing eternal, apart, unchanging. The Talmud was a daily companion, living, breathing, contemporary, with a hundred remedies for a hundred needs. Scarce a rabbi of any learning but hoped to contribute a glose or to translate a commentary. Scarce a rabbi of any character but would willingly have died rather than renounce his Talmud, even as the rabbi, Isaac Chastellain, "who studied night and day, eternally occupied with the Thora, an excellent writer of 'Thosphoth' and 'Plains,' rich with this world's goods, and possessing many houses and much money," who died, none the less, on the stake at Troyes with his wife, his daughter-in-law, and his two children.\* A nation persecuted lives

through its time of stress rather by its commentaries than by its Scriptures. The Fathers of the Church for the early Christians, the Sad-der for the Parsis, the Talmud for the Jews, were closer and more personal guides than the Book for which they suffered. In the ghetto the Talmud was a door into the ideal always open. When the Christians burned the Jews they did no enduring harm to Judaism, for martyrdom purifies and strengthens every cause. But when they sequestrated every copy of the Talmud that fraud or force could discover, and burned the spiritual bread of a devoted people upon the public square, they committed an irreparable injury, for, by withdrawing its ideal they debased the population of the ghetto.

### XI.

THE Jews knew how to resist adversity. Very few quailed before the stake. Their long prosperity under Charles V. was a more insidious trial of their constancy. So long as the Jews were hated and obscure, they lived contentedly the double life of the ghetto, speaking Hebrew within their walls and French without, having one name for their own people, another for the Gentile; they were but strangers and pilgrims; their real fatherland was within the blackened walls of the narrow synagogue. But new problems confronted the successful Jew. The man who, by his skill in medicine, or by the importance given to him by his wealth, was admitted into the society of Christians and learned to make friends with them, learned also to love the land in which he dwelt. So long as he retained his religion he could never be as one of these; he could owe no duty to his adopted country and have no part in her. He and his children must be eternally wanderers. In 1374, menaced by no persecution, many of the rich Jews of Burgundy went over to the Church and founded several among the great houses of the duchy.\* According to the law the fortune of a converted Jew was confiscated to the crown, defrauded of its poll-tax. But in practice the neophyte was rarely a loser by the transaction. He selected for his godfather some noble lord, whose name was accorded him, and who arranged that the crown should restore his unbaptized possessions as a gift. Thus we read constantly: "Jehan Marquand, naguères Juif," or "Louis de Har-

\* See l'Auto da fé de Troyes. Arsène Darmesteter, Reliques Scientifiques, p. 232:—

"En place est amené Rab Isaac Châtelain  
Oui pour Dieu laissa rentes et maisons tout à plein,  
Il se rend au Seigneur. Riche était de tous biens,  
Bon auteur de 'Thosphoth' et bon auteur de 'Plains.'

Lorsque la noble femme vit brûler son mari,  
Le départ lui fit mal; elle en jeta grand cri:  
'Je mourrai de la mort dont mourût mon ami.'  
Elle était grosse; aussi grand peine elle souffrit.

Les deux fils sont brûlés, un petit et un grand.  
Les plus jeune s'effraie du feu qui lors s'éprend:  
'Haro! je brûle entier!' et l'ainé lui apprend:  
'Au Paradis tu vas aller: j'ai suis garant.'

La bru qui fut si belle, on vint pour la prêcher:  
'Pour te tenir bien chère nous t'offrons écuyer.'  
Elle, aussitôt contre eux commença à cracher:  
'Je ne laisserai Dieu; vous pouvez m'écórcher.'

\* Gollut, t. viii., ch. xxvi., p. 761; quoted by J. Morey, Les Juifs en Franche-Comté, p. 35.

court, naguères Juif, and then called Joseph of Vesoul, is converted to Christianity, whereby all lands, goods, debts, heritages, and expectations are confiscated to the crown. But having compassion on the said Louis de Harcourt, in that for Christ's sake he hath consented to be stript of all, and in order that he may not be reduced to beg his bread, we grant him in free gift all his aforesaid lands, debts, goods, heritages, and expectations."\* Such records are tolerably frequent in the documents of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Let us take the case of one Louis de Nice, a Provençal Jew of much ability in medicine. He came to the court at Chambéry, where the Princes of Savoy piqued themselves on their conversions—Jew, gipsy, Mahommedan, all was fish that came to their net. Throughout the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries they supplied their Alpine cities with a succession of wealthy Jew physicians, newly converted to the faith. In 1355, one Master Palmerius, court doctor, was among the fifty richest inhabitants of the ducal capital; and among the court physicians, 1355–1430, Messrs. Dufour and Rabut have counted no fewer than fifteen unmistakable Jews; the number was probably larger still, for it is difficult to identify converted Jews under an adopted Christian name. No small number of these men of science remained unconverted, to their own great disadvantage. They received less of their sovereign's favor, and their professional fee was lower. Thus at the *accouchement* of Bonne de Berri, in 1383, the converted doctor receives thirty golden florins, but Master Isaac and Master Jacob are diminished by one-third.

Great was the prosperity of the able convert. Thus Louis, godson of the Duke of Savoy, in 1445, received immediately a yearly pension of £60, with the title of Familiar of the Court, and letters recommending him, "his escort and servants, his two horses, his baggage and jewellery, etc." to all the sovereigns of Europe, and bidding them receive him with honor, liberate him from tax or impost, and vend him cheaply whatever he may require. In 1450 we find our neophyte "since some time," *dudum*, director and master of the salt marshes, near Moutiers. The duke presents him with two of the great boilers, valued at five thousand and fifty golden florins, "to encourage him to do better

still." In the same year he receives a house on the market-place, between the church and the presbytery, valued at two hundred golden florins. In 1451 he becomes court physician, and receives another house. In 1452, ducal surgeon, exempt from taxes on his estates. In 1454, professor and doctor in arts and medicine. In the same year he marries a lady of noble birth, named Anne. We find him still flourishing in 1466, inventorying the books of the Jews of Chambéry, who were accused of sorcery, infanticide, casting charms, and other crimes.\*

The converted Jews were generally implacable against their race. Whether a true conviction or the desire for worldly advancement were the origin of their change of faith, its chief result was an excessive severity for the religion they had abandoned. It was a converted Jew, Paul de Santa Maria, who incited St. Vincent Ferrer to that great persecution of 1412, which forced a compulsory baptism on thousands of Jews in Spain. Thus, in 1414, it is two converted Jews who visit the ghettos of Savoy to examine and destroy the blasphemies and maledictions of the Talmud. In 1430 another neophyte receives £100 for the same employ. The Jews had no more terrible enemies than their own disobedient children. Already in France, in 1378, it had been found necessary to provide by law against "the denunciations and accusations of the Jewish converts against their ancient co-religionaries; for, since they have no longer any profit of the Jewry, these said converted Jews are forever accusing the other Jews before the courts of justice of our kingdom, occasioning thereby many molestations, damages, and injuries to the said Jews and Jewesses of the ancient law."† The judges of France were advised to turn a deaf ear to the converted Jew.

These converts may be roughly divided into three classes. There was the man of science, rendered sceptical by much philosophy, to whom all religions were much the same, and who accepted the Christian faith for his own advantage and as the only means of securing for his children a settled home and a lasting heritage in their adopted country. A like cause fills the chairs of many a contemporary German university with converts from Israel. Then there was the real convert, the man

\* See Notes et Documents of Messrs. Dufour and Rabut on Louis of Nice, in the *Mémoires de la Société Savoisienne d'Histoire et d'Archéologie*, t. xv., for 1875.

† *Ordonnances des Rois de France*, vi., p. 340; 9th August, 1378.

\* Douët d'Arcq, Documents, t. i., p. 26, for the year 1382.

who had renewed the experience of St. Paul. And lastly, there was the clever proselyte who lived by the font of baptism and enjoyed the credulity of the Christian. Of such was Charlot le Convers who had been baptized in early youth in Spain, and who, when he had exhausted the bounties of his Hildago godfather, repaired to France, and was again converted with *éclat* in 1390, with the French king for his second godfather. "And all this while the said Charlot has eaten and held commerce with the Jews of Paris, and liveth continually even as he lived before he was baptized."\*

The registers of the Châtelet afford us a comic little idyll of the baser neophyte. This same Charlot le Convers was employed one night at palm-play, after supper, with a certain Louis de Touraine, otherwise Loys le Convers, in the house of Clémence Hacquet within the Jewry. They fell to talking of a message to be taken to the court at Melun.

"Shall I go?" says Louis.

"Nay," says Charlot; "what should such as thou do there? *Thou* art not known at court! who would attend to thee?"

"I not known!" cries Loys. "Indeed, I am very well known. I am well accustomed to public speaking, and they would hearken to me far sooner than to thee, my friend. For am I not the godson of Mgr. de Touraine?"

To him Charlot:—

"As little couldst thou against me, as Mgr. de Touraine against the king, *my* godfather!"

"What! Mgr. de Touraine has as good parentage as his Majesty himself!"

"Thou liest. Mgr. de Touraine is a man of straw, a ribald ne'er-do-well; and he would starve did not the king graciously afford him bite and sup."

Thence a brawl as to the merits of the respective royal godfathers.

## XII.

SUCH converts as these did little to assuage the wrath, the jealousy, that the people had laid up against the Jewish money-lenders. The populace hated all those that exacted money from their poverty. They were not more tender to the Jews than to their Christian oppressors. After the death of Charles the Wise, on the 1st of March, 1381, the artisans and populace of Paris, having slain the tax-gatherers, having robbed their safes and

coffers, broken into the Town Hall, thrown open the prisons of the Châtelet, torn into pieces the charts and registers of the administration, and ransacked the town-houses of the officers of the Fisc, at last bethought them of the Jewry, which they pillaged, and massacred therein many Jews and Jewesses.\* In vain the regent attempted to protect the ghetto; in vain he decreed that Jewish pawnbrokers should not be sued for pledges plundered by the insurgents. The Jews were to know little justice and little security in France during the closing years of the fourteenth century. Henceforth every man's hand was against them. The registers and records that remain to us preserve a lingering rancor. It is four young clerks of St. Florentin, headed by a certain Nicolas, who waylay a company of travelling Jews, in 1383, the Wednesday after St. Vincent's day. "Thinking that the said Jews were going out of the kingdom for some reason of their own," our young men took arms, went to the inn where the travellers lodged in the suburbs, fell on them, led them outside the town walls, and robbed them of four silver pounds, a gold clasp-ring, and a silver seal, which appears to have been all their riches. Disappointed at so small a booty, our four clerks belabored the Jewish travellers, "but only with their hands," threw them in the mud and threatened them with worse, saying that, under payment of twelve pounds they would not let them go. The Jews, however, did not, perhaps could not, pay their ransom, but managed to escape to the town of Troyes, whither they were bent, and whither also, as it happened, Master Nicolas directed his steps "*paisiblement, sans penser nul mal ni vilenie.*" Yet the Jews had the audacity to cite him before the courts of Troyes for robbery and assault on the highway. Nicolas, surprised by the summons and doubting of the law, fled the city and appealed to the king for a remission which, naturally, he obtained.†

A little later it was an old Jewish woman who, in the hour of proscription, was obliged, in spite of her great age, to leave her home at Melun and make for the frontier. She was to join certain of her people at Sens. But she did not know the way, and perhaps she did not know how to ride. So having laden a packhorse with all her valuables, she mounted pillion behind a certain Guyot Rousseau, of

\* Régistres du Châtelet, t. ii., p. 25, for the year 1391.

\* Ordonnances, t. vi., p. 685.

† Documents Inédits de Douet d'Arcq. t. i., p. 43.

Pertes, whom she had hired to guide her through the forest. But when they were in the thick of that deep forest of Fontainebleau, whence I pen these lines, Guyot Rousseau turned round suddenly, murdered the old Jewess, and stole her gear, "And I did not think," said he, "to do so much harm as if she had been a Christian, and also I minded me how it was the Jews who had rid me of well-nigh all I owned under the sun." Guyot Rousseau also obtained a letter of remission.\*

These straws suffice to show the direction of the wind. On the 17th September, 1394, the whole of the Jewish population of France went out again into exile. All those staunch and honorable men and women who had resisted an immeasurable temptation in order to keep faith with the God of their fathers, were forever lost to the country which had so inhospitably harbored them awhile. But Charlot de Convers, Louis de Touraine, Louis de Harcourt, Pierre de Thouars, Amédée de Chambéry, and all their kith and kin remained in France, because French, and left their seed behind them. In the fourteenth century it was still impossible for the Jew to combine any terrestrial patriotism with his religion. Every good Hebrew was a wandering Jew; only the weak of heart could settle and take root. It was left for the French Revolution, it was left in England for the Parliament of Queen Victoria, by conferring equal rights of citizenship upon the Hebrew population, to raise up a race of men and women, inalienably attached to the soil from which they spring, which has contributed in so immense a measure to the wealth, to the beneficence of England, to the learning and the honor of the French.

Would that the lesson we have learned might profit to our brothers in the East.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.  
(Madame James Darmesteter.)

\* *Ménagier de Paris*, t. i., p. 68; note, *Lettre de Rémission*.

From The Nineteenth Century.

#### NAPOLEON THE THIRD AT SEDAN.

ONE day, no doubt, the inevitable historian will undertake the task of writing a detailed account of the strange events which occurred about Sedan on the 1st and 2nd of September, 1870; but if in the endeavor he escapes falling a victim to softening of the brain, he will be a fortu-

nate man. With certain salient facts, it is true, no difficulties will present themselves. It is unquestionable that a great battle was fought on the 1st, resulting in the defeat and surrender of the French army; that MacMahon, the French commander, was severely wounded; that the white flag was hoisted by order of the Emperor Napoleon, who sent out to the German monarch a letter giving up his sword; that Napoleon on the morning of the 2nd came out from Sedan, met and conferred with Bismarck; that subsequently, the surrender of the army having been consummated, he had an interview with King Wilhelm in the Château Bellevue; that on the following morning he started on his journey to Cassel as a prisoner of war; and that the French army of Sedan was sent away into captivity in the German fortresses. Thus far the historian's task will be simple enough; it is the hopeless and bewildering discrepancies in regard to details which will cause him to tear his hair and bewail himself of his folly in choosing the avocation of a writer of history instead of that of a frightener of crows. In those exciting Sedan days many people seem to have lost their heads, and more their faculty of memory. The hours at which events occurred were either unnoted or so noted as to be bewilderingly discordant. Even the customary precision of the German "Staff History" is for once in default; and if it is vague, the vagueness of French generals and of irresponsible spectators may be imagined.

Marshal MacMahon was in the field by 5 A.M. When on the high ground above La Moncelle he was severely wounded by the fragment of a shell, and nominated Ducrot as his successor in command. So discrepant are the accounts that it is impossible to fix the precise time at which the marshal was wounded, or when Ducrot first learnt of his promotion; but certainly before eight the latter was exercising command, and ordering a retreat on Mézières which if carried out promptly might have temporarily saved at least a portion of the French army. But then Wimpfen produced his commission from Palikao, and Ducrot, although for the moment indignant, was probably not sorry to be relieved from a position so unpromising. Wimpfen countermanded the retreat on Mézières in favor of a hopeless attempt to break out toward the east in the direction of Carignan, and thenceforth there remained no hope for the French. The emperor riding out toward the fighting met the wounded marshal being brought in; one account

says in the town, another on the road beyond the gate. No reference was made to Napoleon as to the command—whether Ducrot or Wimpfen was to exercise it; he mooned about the field for hours under fire, but had no influence whatsoever on the battle, and he sent no reply to Wimpfen's letter begging his imperial master "to place himself in the midst of his troops who could be relied upon to force a passage through the German lines." When the emperor returned into Sedan is not specified, nor, except inferentially, at what hour he first directed the white flag to be exhibited. No person has avowed himself the executant of that order, but the flag did not long fly; it was indignantly cut down by General Faure, MacMahon's chief-of staff, who did not trouble to communicate with Napoleon before or after taking this considerable liberty. By one o'clock the battle was lost and won; what followed was merely futile fighting and futile slaughter.

How anxious the emperor continued to be for capitulation, how obstinate was Wimpfen that there should be no negotiations and no capitulation, is shown, rather confusedly, it is true, by the testimony of Lebrun and Ducrot. "Why does this useless struggle still go on?" Napoleon demanded of Lebrun, who a little before three entered his apartment in the sous-préfecture—"an hour ago I bade the white flag be displayed in order to ask for an armistice." Lebrun explained that certain additional formalities were requisite—a letter must be signed by the commander-in-chief and sent out by an officer with a trumpeter and a flag of truce. That document Lebrun prepared, and having procured officer, trumpeter, and flag of truce, went forth to where Wimpfen was gathering troops for an attack on the Germans in Balan. As Lebrun approached him, the angry Wimpfen shouted, "No capitulation! drop that rag! I mean to fight on!" and forthwith set out toward Balan carrying Lebrun along with him into the fight.

Ducrot had been fighting hard to the northward of Sedan, about Illy and the edge of the Bois de Garenne, straining every nerve to arrest or delay the envying advance of the Germans. Recognizing that his efforts were futile, he resolved about half past three to pass through the town and attempt to place himself in communication with Wimpfen. At the entrance of the citadel one of that commander's orderly officers brought him the order to rally all the troops he could

muster, move them towards Balan, and join in an attempt to cut a way out towards Carignan and Montmédy. Ducrot had no hope of the success of such an enterprise, but nevertheless was prepared to obey the order. But, as he writes, he was alone, he had not even an escort. He told Wimpfen's orderly that he would go into Sedan and attempt to collect some troops. What he saw there may be told nearly in his own words.\*

The state of the interior of Sedan was indescribable. The streets, the open places, the gates were blocked up with wagons, guns, and all the impedimenta and debris of a routed army. Bands of soldiers without arms, without packs, were rushing about, throwing themselves into the houses, into the churches. Many unfortunate men were trampled under foot. The few soldiers who still preserved a remnant of energy seemed to be expending it in accusations and curses. "We have been betrayed," they cried; "we have been sold by traitors and cowards!" There was really nothing to be done with such men, and General Ducrot repaired to the sous-préfecture where the emperor was.

Napoleon the Third no longer preserved that cold and impenetrable countenance known to all the world. The absolute silence which reigned in the presence of the sovereign rendered the noise outside more awfully distinct. The air was on fire. Shells fell on roofs and masses of masonry, which crashed down on the pavements. "I do not understand," said the emperor, "why the enemy continues his fire. I have ordered the white flag to be hoisted. I hope to obtain an interview with the Prussian king, and may succeed in obtaining advantageous terms for the army." While the emperor and General Ducrot were conversing, the cannonade increased in violence from minute to minute. Conflagrations broke out. Women, children, and wounded were destroyed. The sous-préfecture was no longer spared—shells exploded every moment in garden and courtyard.

"It is absolutely necessary to stop the firing!" said the emperor. "Write this!" he commanded General Ducrot: "The flag of truce having been displayed, negotiations are about to be opened with the enemy. The firing must cease all along the line." Then said the emperor, "Now sign it!" "Oh no, sire," replied Ducrot, "I cannot sign; by what right should I

\* La Journée de Sedan. By General Ducrot.

sign? General Wimpfen is general-in-chief." "Yes," said the emperor, "but I don't know where General Wimpfen is to be found. Some one must sign!" "Let his chief-of-staff sign, or General Douay." "Yes," replied the emperor, "let the chief-of-staff sign the order."

The subsequent history of this order cannot be distinctly traced, or whether it ever got signed at all. It may have been enclosed in the missive from the emperor which presently reached Wimpfen, and which that obstinate chief would not even open. It appears that Wimpfen's troops had been falling away from him, and he had ridden back to one of the gates of Sedan, on the double errand of procuring reinforcements and trying to prevail on the emperor to join him in his forlorn-hope attempt to break out.

Shortly before four o'clock [writes Wimpfen] I reached the gate of Sedan. There, at last, there came to me M. Pierron of the Imperial Staff, who, instead of announcing the arrival of the Sovereign which I was expecting with feverish impatience, handed me a letter from his Majesty; and informed me that the white flag was floating on our ramparts, and that I was charged with the duty of negotiating with the enemy. . . . Not recognizing the emperor's right to order the hoisting of the flag, I replied to his messenger, "I will not take cognizance of this letter; I refuse to negotiate!" In vain did M. Pierron insist. I took his Majesty's letter, and holding it in my hand without opening it I entered the town, calling the soldiers to follow me into the fight. . . . Having gathered about 2,000 men, at the head of this gallant handful I succeeded, about five o'clock, in penetrating as far as the church of Balan; but the reinforcements I hoped for did not arrive, and I gave the order to retire on Sedan.

Wimpfen, on his return to the fortress, forwarded his resignation to the emperor, who then in vain attempted to persuade first Ducrot and then Douay to assume the command. Wimpfen finally was sent for, and in the presence of the emperor a violent altercation occurred between him and Ducrot. Ducrot, who was the more excited of the two, withdrew, and in the words of the emperor, "General Wimpfen was brought to understand that, having commanded during the battle, his duty obliged him not to desert his post in circumstances so critical." Wimpfen would have been quite within his rights in persisting in his resignation. The situation had been purely a military one, and he was commander-in-chief; yet the emperor, who had no military position whatsoever, had overridden Wimpfen's powers while

as yet that officer was in supreme command. Wimpfen showed magnanimity and moral courage in taking on himself the invidious burden of conducting negotiations resulting from acts to which he had not been a party.

The *venue* may now be changed to the hilltop of Frenois, from which the Prussian king and his entourage were watching the course of events. It would seem that the first white flag which Faure cut down had not been noticed in the German army. As the afternoon drew on, the French defeat was decisively apparent, yet although the fierceness of the fighting waned, the now environed army remained stubborn in its resistance to inevitable fate, and so its final death-throe was to be artistically quickened up. In the stern words of the German official history, "a powerful artillery fire against the enemy's last point of refuge appeared the most suitable method of convincing him of the hopelessness of his situation, and of inducing him to surrender. With intent to hasten the capitulation, and thus spare the German army further sacrifices, the king ordered the whole available artillery to concentrate its fire on Sedan." This command, states the "Staff History," whose narrative I am for the moment following, was issued at 4 P.M.; and was promptly obeyed. The consequent exacerbation of the cannonade was no doubt that of which Ducrot tells, while he was in conversation with the emperor in the sous-préfecture. Results of the reinforced and concentrated shell fire were soon manifested. Sedan seemed in flames. The French return-fire, gallantly maintained for a time, was ultimately crushed into silence. The "Staff History" gives no more time-data; to me the hurricane of shell fire seemed to endure for quite half an hour. Under its cover a Bavarian force was preparing to storm the Torcy gate. At this moment the white flag was displayed on the citadel flagstaff, and the German fire presently ceased. The Bavarian leader at the solicitation of the French commandant of Torcy then refrained from assault, and remained in position outside the gate. As the news of impending negotiations spread, hostilities ceased everywhere save at Balan, where the contumacious Wimpfen was still battling impotently. Tidings of the situation at Torcy having reached him, and the white flag being visible, the German king directed Colonel Bronsart von Schellendorf of his staff to ride into Sedan under a flag of truce, and summon the French commander-in-chief to surren-

der his army and the fortress. The Prussian officer entered the fortress and duly announced the nature of his mission; but to his surprise was ushered into the presence of the Emperor Napoleon, of whose presence in Sedan the German headquarters had been ignorant. In reply to Bronsart's application for a French officer of rank to be appointed to negotiate, Napoleon simply informed him that the army was commanded by General Wimpfen. This answer he desired Bronsart to take back to the king, and to intimate further that he would shortly send out his aide-de-camp, General Count Reillé, with a letter from him to his Majesty.

The staff narrative is henceforth extremely curt, and I follow it no further. Personally I witnessed nothing of what passed on the summit of the Frenois hill, being among the skirmishers on the plateau of Floing when the canon roar suddenly fell still. But on the same evening a distinguished officer of the headquarter staff who had witnessed everything that occurred on the Frenois summit dictated to me the following account:—

Bronsart and his companion, Von Winterfelt, came trotting up the hill, the time being a quarter past six. Bronsart spurred his horse into a gallop as he came near, and flinging his arm behind him towards Sedan, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Der Kaiser ist da!" There was a loud outburst of cheering, but as Bronsart dismounted, Moltke with a very serious face strode towards him, and said something which gave Bronsart obvious concern—a rebuke, as I suppose, for his informality and lack of self-restraint in the presence of the king. It was at a quarter to seven when, with a trooper in advance bearing on his lance the flag of truce, and with an escort of Prussian cuirassiers, the French officer came up the hill at a walking pace. He halted and dismounted some horse-lengths short of where the king stood, out to the front of his retinue; advanced, doffing his képi as he came, and with a silent reverence handed to his Majesty the emperor's letter. While the king, Bismarck, and Moltke conversed earnestly apart, the crown prince, with that gracious tact which never deserts him, entered into conversation with poor forlorn Reillé, standing out there among the stubbles. Presently Bismarck beckoned up from rearward a gentleman in uniform, Count Hatzfeld, I believe, of the Foreign Office,\* who withdrew after a short interview with the chancellor. Presently there was a curious spectacle. The king, sitting on a chair, was using as his writing-desk the seat of another chair, which was being held in position by Major von Alten. The king, as we all knew later, was

inditing his reply to Napoleon from Count Hatzfeld's draft. After expressing sympathy and intimating acceptance of the emperor's sword, his Majesty desired that Napoleon should appoint an officer to conduct negotiations with General Moltke, whom he himself had delegated. Reillé rode back into Sedan with the king's reply; about seven his Majesty and suite started on a drive back to Vendresse, Bismarck and Moltke rode into Donchery to take part in the conference for settling the terms of capitulation, and the Frenois hilltop was deserted.

The diary of Bismarck's secretary, Dr. Busch,\* who was with the headquarter staff, accords in essentials with the foregoing. He relates further that at a quarter past five a Bavarian officer came to the king with news that his general (Maillenger) was in Torcy, that the French wanted to capitulate, and were ready to surrender unconditionally; and that this messenger took back orders that all proposals as to negotiations were to be sent to the royal headquarters. Further that a little later an officer who had ridden out to estimate the German casualties, returned with the information that those were moderate: "And the emperor?" asked the king of him. "Nobody knows!" announced the officer.

Thus far, if the hour-data are not very specific, there are no important discrepancies in the testimony of eye-witnesses. But they are conspicuous in the evidence of the two eye-witnesses now to be cited. The late General Sheridan of the United States Army, a man of keen observation and unimpeachable veracity, trained by much experience to coolness in the midst of battle, was officially attached to the royal headquarters. He made notes on the spot, which he told me he had implicitly followed when writing his memoirs,† published immediately after his lamented and premature death in 1888. And this is his testimony:—

By three o'clock, the French being in a desperate and hopeless situation, the king ordered the firing to be stopped, and at once despatched one of his staff, Colonel von Bronsart, with demand for a surrender. Just as this officer was starting off, I remarked to Bismarck that Napoleon himself would likely be one of the prizes, but the Count, incredulous, replied, "Oh no, the old fox is too cunning to be caught in such a trap; he has, doubtless, slipped off to Paris." . . . Between four and five o'clock, Bronsart returned

\* Bismarck in the Franco-German War. By Dr. Moritz Busch.

† Personal Memoirs of General Sheridan. Chatto & Windus, 1888.

\* Now German ambassador to Great Britain.

from his mission to Sedan, bringing word to the king that General Wimpfen, the commanding officer there, wished to know, in order that the further effusion of blood might be spared, upon what terms he might surrender. The colonel brought the intelligence also that the French emperor was in the town.

The late Mr. Holt White, the able and brilliant correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *New York Tribune*, was with Sheridan throughout the day. He wrote:—

About five o'clock there was a suspension of fighting all along the line. Five minutes later we saw a French officer, escorted by two Uhlans, coming at a hard trot up the steep bridle-path, one of the Uhlans carrying a white duster on a faggot stick as a flag of truce. This officer, who came to ask for terms of surrender, was told that in a matter of such importance it was necessary to send an officer of high rank. About half past six there was a sudden cry among members of the king's staff, "Der Kaiser ist da," and ten minutes later General Reillé rode up with a letter from Napoleon to his Majesty, . . . who wrote a reply begging Napoleon to come out next morning to the royal headquarters at Vendresse.

Of course this is an error; but what about the French officer of whose mission Holt White wrote? The Bavarian officer from Torcy of whom Busch speaks might have been mistaken for a Frenchman, when as yet people were not very well up in uniforms, were it not for the flag of truce. The "white duster" was certainly no myth, for Holt White brought it to London where many people saw it, and Sheridan told me he saw it given to White. Can this officer have brought the paper drawn out by Lebrun, at which Faure would not look, and which Wimpfen scouted when he saw the horseman with "a rag on a pole," but which some one other than the commander-in-chief may have signed, and which had got forwarded somehow? But if this were so, how comes it that no mention is made of its exodus by French writers, or by the German official history of its reception?

During part of the evening I was in a hotel in the Place of Donchery wherein were congregated a great number of German officers. The house had hours earlier been eaten out of everything save bread, but there was plenty of wine, and champagne flowed freely. My companion and myself achieved great popularity by the free distribution of a quantity of sardines which were among the provisions stowed in the well of our carriage. About ten,

Bismarck, uniformed and booted to the thigh, strode into the *salle à manger*, hungry and demanding supper. He made a formal statement to the assembled officers, reading from a paper, to the effect that the French emperor had informed the king of the surrender of his sword. Adding no comments, he led off a hearty cheer, and then gave the toasts of "The King" and "The Fatherland." But his supper tarried. To an officer who ventured into the kitchen the poor hostess had protested that they might eat her if they chose, but that the only food in the place was half-a-dozen dubious eggs. From a ham among our stores we contributed sundry slices, and they with the dubious eggs were cooked for the chancellor's supper. I cannot, however, be certain that he supped off this dish, for it was reported that between kitchen and dining-room it was cut out and carried off by a privateering Uhlán officer, and that after much perquisition throughout the town a beefsteak was found, which food it was that Bismarck ate for supper, washed down by a bottle of champagne.

Having eaten and drunk, he stalked away to participate in the discussion with Wimpfen and his colleagues on the terms of capitulation, which has been described in so vivid detail by Wimpfen himself and by Captain of Cuirassiers D'Orcet. How impassioned on the French side was the long controversy; how cold, stern, and ruthless was Moltke, is admirably summarized by Hooper.\* Wimpfen would not accede to Moltke's terms, and having succeeded, through Bismarck's intervention, in obtaining a prolongation of the truce until 9 A.M. of the 2nd, he quitted Donchery soon after midnight and returned to Sedan. He went straight to the bedside of the emperor, who, having been informed of the harshness of the German conditions, said, "I shall start at five o'clock for the German headquarters, and shall entreat the king to grant more favorable terms." Napoleon acted on his resolution. Expecting permission to return, prisoner of war though he had constituted himself, he bade no farewells. As he crossed the Torcy drawbridge the Zouaves on duty shouted *Vive l'Empereur!* "the last adieu which fell upon his ears."

The evidence regarding the occurrences of the morning of the 2nd September literally swarms with discrepancies. Gen-

\* The Campaign of Sedan. By George Hooper. George Bell & Co., 1887.

eral Sheridan was earliest on the ground, and to his evidence, summarized from his memoirs, I give the precedence. He was outside the Torcy gate of Sedan before 6 A.M. About that hour there came through the gate an open carriage containing two\* men, one of whom, in the uniform of a general and smoking a cigarette, Sheridan recognized as the Emperor Napoleon. The carriage moved towards Donchery at a walking pace, Sheridan following it. Not quite a mile short of Donchery it halted to await, as he presently found, the arrival of Bismarck, Napoleon remaining in the vehicle, still smoking, and regarding with nonchalance the stares of the German soldiers who recognized him. By and by Bismarck arrived at a canter; abreast of the carriage he dismounted and, approaching it, saluted the emperor in a quick, brusque way that seemed to startle him. After a few words the party moved about one hundred yards further on, then stopped opposite the weaver's cottage so famous from that day. The emperor alighted, and he and Bismarck entered the cottage. Reappearing in a quarter of an hour, they seated themselves in the open air on chairs brought out by the weaver. There for fully an hour they were engaged in an animated conversation, if much gesticulation is any indication. Bismarck seemed to do most of the talking. At length he arose, saluted the emperor, and strode towards his horse. On the way he asked Sheridan if he had noticed how the emperor started when they met, and Sheridan replying affirmatively, Bismarck added: "Well, it must have been due to my manner, not my words—for those were: 'I salute your Majesty just as I would my king.'" Then, advising Sheridan to go to the Château Bellevue, as the next scene of interest, he rode off towards Vendresse to communicate with his sovereign. Sheridan then concludes summarily:—

Napoleon came from the cottage to the château, and about ten o'clock the Prussian king arrived from Frenois, and Moltke and Wimpfen having settled their points of difference before the two monarchs met, within the next half-hour the articles of capitulation were formally signed.

Bismarck's account of the morning's occurrence, now condensed as follows, was given to Busch a few days later.

About 6 A.M. Count Reillé appeared at

\* Sheridan always persisted vehemently that the carriage contained but two men, all evidence to the contrary. "Must I not believe my own eyes!" he exclaimed to me not three months before his death.

Bismarck's quarters at Donchery, and asked him to come to the emperor. Bismarck went directly, starting dusty and dirty in undress, with huge boots unbrushed. He met the emperor near Frenois, a mile and three-quarters from Donchery. Napoleon was seated in a carriage with three officers, and there were three others on horseback. Napoleon desired to speak with the Prussian king, which Bismarck said was impossible as the king was nine miles away. The emperor then asked where meantime he could stay, and accepted Bismarck's offer of the latter's Donchery quarters. But he stopped the carriage opposite a weaver's cottage two hundred paces from the village (Frenois) and expressed his desire to remain there. Bismarck accompanied him to a small room on the first floor with one window, its sole furniture a deal table and two rush-bottomed chairs. The conversation here lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour (nothing came of it, and I do not summarize it). Bismarck rode away to Donchery to dress, and on his return in full uniform conducted Napoleon to the Château Bellevue with a "guard of honor" of Cuirassiers. There Bismarck presently had himself called out of the room to evade further conversation with the emperor, who was told he could not see the king until the capitulation was settled. Soon Moltke and Wimpfen came to terms, and then the sovereigns met. "When the emperor came out from the interview, his eyes were full of tears." In his official report Bismarck specifically states that his long interview with the emperor, "which lasted nearly an hour," was held inside the weaver's cottage.

The following is what I personally saw, condensed from very copious notes taken at the time with watch in hand. Looking out from our bedroom window into the Place of Donchery at a quarter to six on the morning of the 2nd of September, I observed a sad-faced French officer turning his horse away from Bismarck's quarters in the corner; I afterwards knew him to be General Reillé. He had scarcely disappeared across the bridge when I noticed Bismarck emerge from his quarters and swing himself on to his bay horse. Presently he followed in Reillé's track, fresh, hearty, steady of hand and clear of throat, as the voice proved in which he bade the column-men give him space to pass. We followed him promptly on foot, but fell behind after he had crossed the bridge and cantered off to the left along the Sedan road. Pushing on, about two

kilometres from Donchery we met a rather shabby open carriage, in which sat four officers in French uniform. On the right-hand side of the principal seat there leant back a man with a grey face, heavy and impassive, but the lines drawn and deepened as if by some spasm. Simultaneously we recognized the emperor. He wore a blue cloak with scarlet lining, which was thrown back disclosing the decorations on his breast. Behind, close to the carriage, rode Bismarck, followed by Reillé and two other French officers. The cortège moved forward a few carriage-lengths, and then halted in front of the weaver's cottage at Napoleon's instance. I saw him turn round in his seat and heard the request he made to Bismarck. The cottage, two stories high, its front painted yellow, is the nearest to Sedan of a block of three, standing some twenty feet south of the chaussée, and on a slightly higher elevation. Immediately on alighting (the time by my watch ten minutes past seven) Napoleon hurried round to the back of the house; while Bismarck and Reillé went inside, but almost immediately came out. Soon the emperor returned, and he and Bismarck then entered, ascending to the first floor. At twenty minutes past seven they came out, Bismarck a few moments in advance. Two chairs were placed in front of the cottage by the weaver living down-stairs; the two sat down facing the road, the emperor on the right; and the outdoor conversation began which lasted nearly an hour. Bismarck had covered himself in compliance with a gesture and a bow from the emperor. As they sat, the latter occasionally smiled faintly and made a remark, but obviously Bismarck was doing most of the talking and that, too, energetically. From our position we could just hear the rough murmur of Bismarck's voice when he raised it, and then he would strengthen the emphasis by the gesture of bringing a finger of the left hand down on the palm of the right. The stubby-bearded weaver living up-stairs was all the while overlooking the pair at a front window. When the party broke up I asked this man whether he had overheard anything. "No," he said, "they spoke in German, of which I know but a few words. When the monsieur in the white cap first spoke to the emperor, he addressed him in French; then the emperor said, 'Let us talk in German!'" At eight Moltke arrived and joined in the conference, but twenty minutes later left to meet the king on his way from Vendresse. Bismarck departed for Donchery at twenty minutes to nine.

Bismarck, happening to see my letter describing the events of the morning, instructed Busch to contradict certain of my statements. The assertion was persevered in that "he had spent three-quarters of an hour at least inside the cottage in the upstairs room, and was only a very short time outside with the emperor. He had never struck finger into palm, which was not a trick of his; and he did not speak German with the emperor, although he did so with the people of the house." In this connection may be quoted the following extract from Dr. Russell's narrative of an account of the memorable morning given to him by Bismarck: "He (Napoleon) alighted, and I proposed that we should go into a little cottage close at hand. But the house . . . was not clean, and so chairs were brought outside, and we sat together talking."

The following are the recollections of Madame Fournaise, the weaver's wife, while the events were fresh in her memory:—

The emperor, disliking to pass through the crowds of German soldiers on the road to Donchery, alighted, and came up her narrow staircase. To reach the inner room he had to pass through her bedroom, where she had just risen. The furniture of the inner room consisted of two straw-seated chairs, a round table, and a press. Bismarck, "in a rough dress," presently joined the emperor, and for a quarter of an hour, says Madame Fournaise, they talked in low tones in German, of which she, remaining in the outer room, caught occasionally a word. Then Bismarck rose and came clattering out. "*Il avait une très mauvaise mine.*" She warned him of the break-neck stairs, but he "sprang down them like a man of twenty," mounted his horse, and rode away towards Donchery. When she entered the room in which the emperor was left, she found him seated at the little table with his face buried in his hands. "Can I do anything for you?" she asked. "Only to pull down the blinds," was Napoleon's reply, without lifting his head. He would not speak to General Lebrun, who came to him. In about half an hour Bismarck returned in full dress; he preceded the emperor down the stairs, facing toward him as to "usher him with a certain honor." On the threshold the emperor gave her four twenty-franc pieces—he "put them into my own hand; and he said plaintively, 'This is perhaps the last hospitality I shall receive in France!'"

Bismarck was looking hard at her, and

recognized her as having served his supper in the Donchery Hotel on the previous night. With a kindly word of farewell, "which I shall never forget," the emperor quitted the poor house wherein he had been so unhappy and entered the carriage which was to convey him to the Château Bellevue.

Madame Fournaise's memory has failed her. After Bismarck's departure — I resume my own notes — Napoleon, who was then out of doors, spoke a few words with his officers, and then for a time sauntered moodily and alone up and down the path in the potato-plot on the right of the cottage, his white-gloved hands clasped behind him, limping slightly, as he walked, and smoking hard. Later he came and sat down among his officers, maintaining an almost total silence while they spoke and gesticulated with great animation. Busch was among the onlookers, and has described the emperor as "a little thick-set man, wearing jauntily a red cap with gold border, black paletot lined with red, red trousers, and white kid gloves. His whole appearance," to Busch's genial perception, "was a little unsoldierlike. The man looked too soft, too shabby, I may say, for the uniform he wore." At a quarter past nine there came from Donchery at a trot a detachment of the Bismarck Cuirassiers, which briskly formed a cordon round the rear of the block of cottages. The burly lieutenant dismounted two troopers, and without a glance at the group of Frenchmen or semblance of salute, marched them up behind the emperor's chair, halted them, gave loudly the order, "Draw swords," and then gave the men their orders in an undertone. The emperor started suddenly, glanced backward with a gesture of surprise, and his face flushed — the first evidence of emotion I had observed him to manifest. At a quarter to ten Bismarck returned, now in full uniform, his burnished helmet flashing in the sun rays. Moltke accompanied him, but while Bismarck strode forward to where the emperor was now standing, Moltke remained with the group gathered on the road. Half way to Vendresse Moltke had met the king, who approved of the proposed terms of capitulation, and intimated that he could not see the emperor until they were accepted by the French commander-in-chief.

Wiping his hot face, Bismarck strode up to the emperor and spoke with him a few moments. Then he ordered up the carriage which Napoleon entered, and the cortège, escorted by the Cuirassier "guard

of honor," moved off at a walk toward the Château Bellevue, which lies nearer Sedan than does the weaver's cottage. The charming residence, bowered in a grove, overlooks the Meuse and the plain on which Sedan stands. The main entrance is in the first floor, reached from without by a broad staircase. The emperor occupied the drawing-room in the central block, where he remained alone after Bismarck left him. He seemed ill and broken as he slowly ascended the steps, with drooping head and dragging limbs.

The armistice had been prolonged until 9 A.M. The members of the council of war, which Wimpfen had summoned for 6 A.M., listened to that unhappy chief, as in a voice broken by sobs he stated the conditions obstinately insisted on by Moltke. Two officers voted for continued resistance, but ultimately the council was unanimously in favor of acceptance of the conditions. Nevertheless hour after hour Wimpfen procrastinated. Before riding away to meet the king, Moltke had sent an officer into Sedan with the blunt ultimatum that hostilities would be renewed at ten o'clock unless by that hour negotiations should have been resumed. Wimpfen still hanging back, Captain Zingler remarked cheerfully that his instructions, in case of an unsatisfactory reply, were to give orders as he rode back that the German batteries should open fire promptly at ten o'clock. In stress of an argument so strong, Wimpfen accompanied the Prussian captain to the Château Bellevue, in the panelled dining-room in the ground floor of which, about eleven o'clock, the articles of capitulation were signed by Moltke and the French commander. Then the latter had a moment up-stairs with his imperial master, whom he told with great emotion that "all was finished." The emperor, he writes, "with tears in his eyes approached me, pressed my hand, and embraced me. . . . My sad and painful duty accomplished, I rode back to Sedan, 'la mort dans l'âme.'"

The Prussian king, with his son and their staffs, had been awaiting on the Frenois hill the tidings of the completion of the capitulation, and now the great cavalcade rode down into the grounds of the château. As Wilhelm alighted, Napoleon came down the steps to meet him. What a greeting! The German tall, upright, bluff, square-shouldered, with the flash of victory from the keen blue eyes under the helmet, and the flush of triumph on the fresh cheek. The Frenchman bent, with weary stoop of the shoulders, leaden-faced,

his eye drooping, his lip quivering, bare-headed and dishevelled. As the two clasped hands silently, Napoleon's handkerchief was at his eyes, and Wilhelm's face was working strangely. Then the "good brothers" mounted the steps and entered the château. Their interview lasted about twenty minutes; and then the Prussian king set off to ride through his victorious soldiers bivouacking on the battlefield. He who was left remained in the Château Bellevue until the following morning, and then went away into captivity at Wilhelmshöhe.

After witnessing the departure of the emperor on the morning of the 3rd, we spent that day with the capitulated French army in its prison-bivouac on the peninsula of Izes formed by a loop of the Meuse. So cordial were the poor fellows to the strangers, so courteous to one another, so cheerful and self-respectful in their sad condition, so full of resource and contrivance, that it was a real pleasure to be among them, and night had fallen before we reluctantly exchanged the last farewells. Engrossed in talking over the interesting experiences of the day, it was not until we were near Frenois that the question came up, where we were to find quarters for the night? Donchery, Frenois, and Sedan we knew to be seething full. We were passing the gate of the Château Bellevue, which was all in darkness and silence. "Let us sleep there!" exclaimed my companion with a veritable inspiration, "the place seems empty." The gardener, now the sole caretaker of the premises, seemed content enough to have for inmates a couple of quiet civilians, and conducted us into the beautifully panelled dining-room, at the table in which the capitulation had been signed on the previous morning. Good quarters doubtless we had, but no food, for the emperor's entourage had exhausted the resources of the establishment, and the gardener assured us that he and his wife were extremely hungry. At the great oak table, sullen and hungry, I sat writing a letter to my newspaper, while my companion disconsolately gnawed at a ham bone, the miserable remnant of our store of provisions. It had but scant picking on it, and my companion with a muttered objurgation threw it angrily on the table. As the bone fell, it upset my ink-bottle and spilt its contents. Revisiting the château a few months later, I was gravely shown a huge inkstain on the dining-room table, which, the guide solemnly informed me, was caused by the upsetting of the ink-bottle

used at the signature of the capitulation of Sedan. Wimpfen, I was assured, had overturned it in the agitation of his shame and grief. The guide added that great sums had been offered for this table with the "historic" inkstain, but that no money would induce the proprietor to part with it. Thus do delusions crystallize into items of traditional history. The stain on the floor of Mary Stuart's room in Holyrood, caused, we are assured, by Rizzio's blood, is probably the result of a saucerful of beet-root vinegar upset by the janitor's baby centuries after Mary met her cruel fate.

To me was assigned the bedroom which on the previous night the emperor had occupied. It was in the state in which he had left it. Sheets and a quilt were on the bed, but one of the window-hangings with its semicircular canopy had been dragged down and used as an additional covering. The glass doors of a bookcase stood open, and on the commode at the bed-side lay open, face downwards, a volume which had been taken from the case. The reader of the night before had made a selection in which there was something ominous — the book was Bulwer Lytton's novel, "The Last of the Barons."

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

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From The Contemporary Review.

CONVERSATIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE  
WITH THOMAS CARLYLE.

#### PART THIRD.

By the time Carlyle reached Chelsea, after a visit to his people in Scotland, I had revived the *Nation*. He took a genuine interest in every honest attempt to help a country decimated by famine, and where industry was paralyzed by the death or flight of the industrious classes. He wrote constantly on the subject, and it will be a revelation to those who believe him to have been indifferent or hostile to Ireland to note what long and anxious thought he bestowed on the Irish problem. Here is a letter written six weeks after our separation in Ulster. In this, and in all his letters, he speaks his mind with perfect frankness and unreserve; they need no comment, and I have refrained from offering any; but a glance at the circumstances in which a letter was written is occasionally necessary to the better understanding of it, and in such cases I have endeavored to make the note as brief and practical as a telegram:—

## IRELAND IN 1849 — THE LAND QUESTION.

CHELSEA, 29th Sept. 1849.

DEAR DUFFY, — I got your *Nation* No. 1 far up in the Highlands of Scotland; the other Nos. (except the 2nd, which now lies *here* again) at successive more southerly points; and, finally, the night before last, on my return home from these long roamings, I found your letter, left, by mistake of somebody, here instead of being forwarded, and safe, though among a heap of rubbish. This is what news I have had of you since the day you rolled away from me on the street of Stranorlar; news enough if one will consider it well, and spread it out to all its expansion.

I like the new *Nation* very well, especially No. 3 of it, which was the second that reached me. I seem to see there a beam of real star-fire and manful insight and endeavor, shooting forth from amid the old too-smoky and fuliginous elements; and destined yet, by heaven's blessing, to subdue them all to itself, and beam clearer and clearer by whatever real substance was in them. I wish much — perhaps you do not know, or decipher from my vehement and impatient speech, how much I wish — that it may be so. Better or worse, yours is the only voice I hear in Ireland entitled to any considerable regard from me — the one human voice there amid the infinite barking and howling, which is all we have heard this long while. May you truly *love* wisdom, and regard all other things, popularities, nationalities, &c. &c., as mere noise and nonsense in comparison. Him that is loyal to wisdom wisdom *will* reward and him only; he shall "acquire strength by going," for all the universe is on *his* side, and his light, in the darkest of nights, even in Ireland's night of 1849, "shall shine more and more unto the perfect day." Your temptations, and open and disguised impediments, I discern too well, will be many; but the task is great, and, if you front them well, the prize, too, is great. Courage, patience, the eye to see and the heart to endure and do, may these be yours, and all that follows from them!

To-day I have already written two letters, all on Ireland, and must not go deep into the subject again just now. Your account of the potato failure is much stronger than I have yet gathered elsewhere, though it corresponds in tendency with what I saw in Scotland, where the miserable roots were daily getting spotted more and more, yet it was without that murrain rapidity of '46, and one's conclusion then was that nobody could yet say or guess to what extent it might go. Anyway, there cannot now be any "famine" as in '46; poor rates being everywhere established, and the potatoes, rotted or not, being now altogether the property of the farmer, properly of the landlord, to be struggled for between *them*, the poor cottier having now no share in that game at all. May they rot, I say, always; may the past existence of Ireland remain *past*, untestorable by human cowardice or cunning

any more in this world! Alas! even rotted they will do much mischief still; they will for years to come make of agriculture a kind of gambling, or at least keep alive an element of that kind in it, pernicious in all pursuits of men. A farmer in the Perth region, I was told repeatedly, had gained £2,000 by his potatoes alone last year; the prices in London were some sixfold, and the Perth man's potatoes *had* lived. This year it is likely enough they may have died, and his loss — nay, who can estimate his loss (if there really be a soul in him) whether they have died or lived.

You are surely right in what you argue about the state of the land; that it is a covenant of iniquity, clean contrary to God Almighty's law, and conformable only to my Lord Chancellor's law, that now gives a ploughing man access to Irish soil (and you may add Scottish and English and European if you like); a terrible solecism — alas! alas! the outcome of a million other silent and spoken solecisms; of *all* our solecisms, cant, cowardices, and contraventions of the everlasting Acts of Heaven's Parliament! The sight of it, fallen upon us in its naked horror, and the thought, how far beyond the most distant mountains the sources of it lie, and the remedies of it lie, may well make a man sad.

You are sure of my poor sympathy, and of all good men's on this side of the water or on that, in any feasible attempt to improve even a little that misery of miseries. In "land tenure" itself, or the direct question of tenant and landlord, it is possible some considerable improvement might by express law be brought about; but I confess the figure of an "Act of Parliament" that could rectify all that is inconceivable; and even of one that could tend at all decidedly to rectify it, I have no clear notion hitherto. If you have, by all means explain it publicly, but not till you have studied it well, and talked with lawyers, political economists, and all such classes upon it. What they have to say, were it even all false, has to be taken along with one, and known both to be, and to be a falsity. The "land tenure" in England, you perhaps are not aware, is precisely what your Irish one is, in that most essential respect that the tenant has no lease. Generally throughout this south of England leases are not known, or only beginning to be known; yet nowhere in the queen's dominions does the farmer, with all his workers, sit so easy. From the practice of England you will get no help; I think the Scotch law, if it were investigated with that view, would be found to yield you something. Did you ever speak with Hancock on the subject? He is full of zealous notions on that or kindred matters, and speaks from under a wig withal. On the whole be practical, be *feasible*, that is the one condition; support in abundance awaits you here if that be complied with.

Also do not much mind Linton, who is a well enough meaning, but, I fear, extremely

windy creature, of the Louis Blanc, George Sand, &c., species. And more power to your elbow every way, and always more.

Yours ever sincerely,  
T. CARLYLE.

One E——, a young Edinburgh man, now and for some years past in Manchester, I accidentally learn, has written to you, offering services, which have been declined. Very well, upon that be there no return. But, somehow, I feel that you do not probably understand this poor young man, and that I ought to say a word in explanation of him. Poor fellow! he is a kind of (illegible) this little E——, and is now threatened with changing into a kind of Scotch *Rousseau*, so unpropitious are the elements to him. An excellent scholar, especially in German, &c., full of exact information on all manner of subjects, discernment sharp as a hawk's (especially on the satirical side); in all ways an honorable, proudly veracious, anti-humbbug little fellow (strange as you may think it), and very much to be relied on for doing whatsoever he undertakes to do. Of a contemptuous, proud temper, as I say, though honest to the bone; that is really the man's character if you can believe me, who have known him for several years. Of late I find he has once or twice taken to the most flagrant imitation of me, which looks absurd and almost mad, quite unfit for any journal, but I assure you he can write in quite other style than that, and used to do literary, &c., articles for the Manchester *Examiner* very well indeed, till he took some huff at them. In the interest of suffering humanity, and for the sake of a young man of real superiority, I testify these things. In the name of the Prophet, figs!

Carlyle never saw Mr. Linton, and misunderstood him I think. W. J. Linton, the well-known wood-engraver (and who, judging him by the illustrations of one of his own poems, was also an artist of profuse fancy and skilful pencil), was less a French Republican of the school of George Sand and Louis Blanc, than an English republican of the school of Milton and Cromwell, to which Carlyle himself may be said to have belonged. Like many gifted young Englishmen of the time, he found himself drawn towards the *Nation*, and contributed to it largely in prose and verse. The prose was, for the most part, controversial, justifying or illustrating opinions on which he differed with the editor; the poetry was incitements towards a generous and lofty nationality. I was delighted at the time, and still recall with pleasure the picture he drew of the future we aimed to create. The sympathetic reader will not regret, I think, to make acquaintance with one little poem of this class.

#### THE HAPPY LAND.

The Happy Land!

Studded with cheerful homesteads, fair to see,  
With garden grace and household symmetry:  
How grand the wide-brow'd peasant's lordly mien,

The matron's smile serene!

O happy, happy land!

The happy land!

Half-hid in dewy grass, the mower blithe  
Sings to the day-star as he whets his scythe;  
And to his babes, at eventide again,  
Carols as blithe a strain.

O happy, happy land!

The happy land!

Where, in the golden sheen of autumn eves,  
The bright-hair'd children play among the sheaves

Or gather ripest apples all the day,  
As ruddy-cheek'd as they.

O happy, happy land!

O happy land!

The thin smoke curleth through the frosty air,  
The light smiles from the windows; hearken there

To the white grandsire's tale of heroes old—  
To flame-eyed listeners told.

O happy, happy land!

O happy, happy land!

The tender-foliaged alders scarcely shade  
Yon loitering lover and glad blushing maid.  
O happy land! the Spring that quickens thee  
Is Human Liberty!

O happy, happy land!

A few days later, I was gratified by a note expressing emphatic and quite unprecedented approval of what I was laboring to effect in Ireland. All my colleagues in the earlier *Nation* were either dead, exiled, suffering the penalties of the law of treason, or (in a very few cases) disheartened by failure. I aimed to enlist recruits to fill their places, but I did not conceal from such new-comers the hard terms the service of Ireland imposed, or that the class of work to be done in the existing condition of the country would be slow and obscure. They were no longer invited, as of old, to share in literary projects; reviving historical traditions or singing madrigals was scarcely an honest employment in such a country. Our ship was a wreck on the waters, floating fast towards the breakers; whoever could help to raise the shattered masts aloft, or unravel the tangled ropes, would be thrice welcome. Carlyle's approval was a strong incentive to press on.

CHelsea, Tuesday, October 2, 1849.

Capital article, dear Duffy, that in last *Nation*: "Wanted, a few workmen!" To

every word and tone of that I say, Amen. Stand by that; that is the real text to preach innumerable sermons from. Properly the one result to be striven for; all other results whatsoever to be measured precisely by their effect towards accomplishing of this! *I call this the best article I ever read on Ireland*; a noble "eloquence" in this, the eloquence of sorrow, indignation, and belief. Cart is not put *before* horse in these utterances of yours, the first time I have ever seen that condition observed (that I can remember) by any patriotic Irish writer or speaker whatsoever.

Steady, steady! Hold on in that course, which will spread out wide as the world for you, and you will do immense good; *ut fiat!* — In great haste, yours,

T. CARLYLE.

Sympathetic readers will be curious to see what sort of an article in a Nationalist journal Carlyle could pronounce the best he had ever read on Ireland; and if I gratify this sentiment by printing it, the reader, I trust, will understand that I would do so with less hesitation if it were the work of any one else.

#### WANTED, A FEW WORKMEN.

Ireland has urgent need of workmen, able and willing to work — of men who will gradually create about them, each in his own city, hamlet, or narrow corner, a circle of light and vital warmth, where there is now ignorance and lethargy.

It is singular to remark how the obscurest and the most conspicuous offices of public service have become vacant together. The panorama of history nowhere presents a great stage so nearly deserted, or on which the prizes of generous ambition are so feebly contested.

But competitors, high and low, must be called forth again, and the ardor of a noble rivalry re-awakened, or the hope of rebuilding Ireland from her ruins is a dream. Unless there are laborers sufficient for the labor, the very attempt becomes a cheat or a jest.

The generous young men who last bore the heat of the contest have received the wages that oftenest pay heroic toil. They stood in the front rank, nearest the danger, and they have been struck down. They are now pining in exile or seething in prison-ships, and Ireland, it is said, is slavishly indifferent to their fate. This is the very hour when we demand with most confidence new recruits to fill their places. For it is in the hour of her moral eclipse that our country moves the profoundest pity and devotion; and the men capable of helping her in this extremity are plainly men not to be enlisted by cockades or bounty, by promises of easy triumph or visions of personal distinction. If there be not many candidates who will undertake her service, knowing the wages — men ready to work in obscure toil, willingly embraced and patiently

persisted in, without the encouragement of applauding hands or glorification of any sort for the present, we have seen the latter end of Celtic Ireland.

If there be practical capacity anywhere in this country, it never had a more favorable field in the world. No class of interest is so adequately represented as to shut its ears to intelligible counsel, if it could hear it. Few offices, under popular control, are so satisfactorily occupied that men do not desire and speculate upon a change for the better. The very offices of Government are vacant — nearly as vacant as if a revolution had given up Dublin Castle to the people. Whoever is able to perform the duties of Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland efficiently, or Minister of Public Works and Industrial Progress, or Minister of Public Instruction, will find the place vacant, waiting for his coming. Not the official uniform, and the salary, indeed; but the power to create and guide operations, and get work done — the true essence of authority.

The places are vacant, but the list of candidates who have hitherto appeared with claims worth considering is very scanty. The difficulty in ejecting usurpers is exactly the want of successors worthy of succeeding; and nothing more.

Spouting, speeching, and operations of that sort can be performed by a large proportion of the adult population of this island. The faculty of writing sonorous and swelling sentences is nearly as common. O'Connell made a guerilla of ruthless speechifiers who disturbed the peace of private society with the thunder of their afternoon eloquence; and Young Ireland must plead guilty to having created "a mob of gentlemen who write with ease." But there is no country in Europe where there is so little *practical* genius, practical skill, or fruitful practical knowledge as in Ireland. The smallest official trained in the petty routine of public business, the dullest intermittent commissioner who does "jobs" for the Executive, has generally more administrative capacity than some of the best of our public men. The grand, romantic, and picturesque fire the Irish imagination; but it plunges restlessly in the harness of practical work. And mark the result on our popular institutions. We have Irish members who originate nothing; Irish corporations bankrupt in funds, character, and influence; Irish boards of guardians replaced by paid officials, who do the work better, to the deep discredit and permanent injury of the country.

Whoever knows anything of the administration of public institutions or political societies amongst us, knows that, however large the body may be, the actual labor falls on half-a-dozen men. It does not seem possible to get a larger number together in Ireland who will do habitual work. Yet a country is framed and shaped, lost or won, not by institutions, but by the individual labors of men. Better a dozen men like Thomas Davis than an Irish

Parliament; for a dozen Thomas Davises would imply that conquest, and many others more impossible to ordinary capacity. Such men, working together cordially for an honest purpose, multiply their mutual strength in a ratio too subtle for arithmetic. Twice five is often equal, not to ten, but to ten hundred. It is precisely workmen who will work in this spirit Ireland has need of.

Our soil, climate, sea, situation — the capacious harbors so much more familiar to eloquence than at Lloyd's, the mill sites, the water powers, the immultiplicable treasures that lie locked up in Irish soil, of which we have sung and said so much — what are they but the tools of men — the tools with which they may glorify races, and build up States, if they will? And here are the tools awaiting the young men of Ireland — plentiful as they ever were in any country on the earth, and obedient to the hands that will learn to wield them. The devil and all his angels could not keep them from possessing this country if they were worthy of it. Even now, thinned and scattered as they are by exile and emigration, they have immeasurably a stronger hold upon Ireland than the Queen, Lords, and Commons of Great Britain, if they had virtue to make a noble use of their capacity and opportunity.

The waste lands, waste resources, waste powers, even the waste labor of Ireland (shut up in the workhouses) is not so strange a violation of national economy as these waste opportunities — waste simply for want of the individual enterprise and action so common in other countries. In America, the forest is scarcely cleared by the Irish pioneer till a city springs up, and mill wheels are whirling and engines panting, and soon a hundred miles of iron railway links the city of yesterday with the great marts of the Republic and the distant centres of commerce in the Old World. In Australia, where the kangaroo and the cannibal shared the silent shores a few years ago, when Ireland was fighting for religious liberty, cities have grown up which already vie in riches, and even in social organization, with many of the old fountain-heads of civilization in Europe. It is true these countries have wide territory, and are not pressed upon by old domineering institutions; but the essential difference does not lie here, but in the hopefulness and irrepressible energy with which men work in these new, growing countries. Ireland is new; Ireland is unexhausted and untried; and, if we set deliberately to work, filling up the details of a great design day by day, we would see similar results accomplished; to-day clearing away old rubbish, to-morrow laying a foundation-stone; quarrying materials here, training workmen there; till the design, of which the ignorant could discern little or nothing in the rude details, stood revealed at last a perfect and eternal work.

If it be possible to get together a small number of men who understand these deficien-

cies, and will conscientiously endeavor to amend them, in themselves and others, it will be a good beginning. Such a brotherhood, like the modern giant of steam, would find no work too heavy or too light for it. They might preach the rights of the poor with the burning zeal of a Howard or a Vincent de Paul, and teach the ignorant with the patient, humble assiduity of Gerald Griffin. At lowest, they would take care to master with anxious study the principles of all weighty measures prescribed to the people, and refuse to cry out that this or that was a remedy without making such a life and death that it was so. And, having made sure of the right, they would refuse to sit still while anything remained to be done to advance and accomplish it. Ireland is falling to ruin for want of workmen like these.

Let such young men as feel honestly called to help us in this design send us their names, and they will be enrolled in a company from which we predict substantial and permanent services to Ireland. But it is workmen we want. With idle politicians, amateur politicians, trading politicians we propose to transact no business. One hour from the man who gives ten to his own proper pursuits will be precious. Ten hours from the student who is feeding his spirit with heroic generous purposes, and training his intellect in the school of public affairs, will be welcome. But no magic can turn the jaded hacks of politics, or the fops of literature, into men fit for this company. The fitness of candidates will be tested by the work they can accomplish; and this is a thermometer that takes no account of any quantity of blatant commonplace, or of eloquent sentiments if they mean nothing, or nothing worth meaning. All candidates shall have a fair trial. For the successful a great prize is reserved — the re-creation and government of Ireland: a prize surely among the divinest that man ever aspired to win. Many will aim for it.

Time shows who *will* and *can*.

Although we begin to work in the midst of social disorganization, our main task is not to combat and resist, but to found and create. This is a work of a tangible, practical kind for all who are ready to undertake it. Vague incentives to self-reliance, and the minor morals in general, are like sowing chaff — no harvest grows from that kind of toil; but we purpose to demand *precise* and *specific* results from all who are prepared to help us in taking possession of our country; results that will enrich the country and ennoble the workers. The drill, the jacket, and the discipline transform an Irish peasant into a sub-constable, with as military a carriage and as expert an eye and hand as a veteran of the Peninsula. A few years in a national school, and the boy who emerged out of a smoky and squalid cabin, shared with a pig, is turned into a clean and shapely youth, fit to wrestle with the world, and to win the match. Look at a rail-

way porter or a railway policeman — the decent uniform and the punctual system soon make a new man of the peasant. And this physical training is a small thing compared with the result of discipline on the *intellect* and *practical power* of cultivated, aspiring men. The one multiplies iron, the other multiplies rarest gold of Ophir. A poorhouse, or a lunatic asylum, is scarcely a sadder spectacle to us than the hall of the Four Courts, with its multitude of keenest faculties wasting in endless barrenness, waiting for work to do, which to many will never come, while nobler work ready to be done is waiting for them, if they would learn to do it. There will be many gloomy, discontented hearts in Ireland while idleness is counted a social distinction, and until it becomes the point of honor to be usefully employed. And this is a gospel which we must preach by work done.

When Napoleon turned administrator, he proclaimed as the issue of his task that not one pauper should remain in all France; and that gigantic worker was striding towards this result when the clash of arms called him away from his nobler war against social disorganization. In the enormous lazaret-house of Ireland it is not out of the range of national ambition to attain the same goal. If the young men of Ireland do their duty we shall see in a few years a happy people sit on our soil, and the pauper workhouses become houses of work for free prosperous labor. We shall see raised on this solid basis that glorious temple in which Tone and Davis, O'Brien and Meagher aspired to worship and devoted their lives to consecrate. That new nation which shall gather back beneath her wings the scattered children of our race, and bid them fulfil her promised destiny. We shall see our free, developed, purified Ireland at last become what foreign genius has predicted, and native genius may accomplish, "the new and better Carthage of the West."

This is the work of one generation. In one generation the Electorate of Brandenburg grew into the powerful, populous kingdom of Prussia. In the lifetime of one man the loose, boundless, disjointed tracts of the two Russias condensed into a firm and coherent empire. The trampled provinces of Spain in the Low Countries — a huge Bog of Allen, a gigantic public work — arose and expanded into the Empire of the Sea in less time than our young men may still hope to live and work.

And no generation of men born into the world had nobler work to do if they be worthy of their destiny.

If they prefer sloth and apathy, great results are of course impossible. If they prefer bellowing inane noise and nonsense, they are more hopelessly impossible. But if they will be wise and resolute, a great thinker has foretold their victory. "Even the casualties of life," he says, "seem to bow to the spirit that will *not* bow to them; and yield to subserve a design which, in their first apparent tendency, they threatened to frustrate."

Ireland wants a few workmen of this calibre.

Among the recruits who answered this appeal, several had afterwards remarkable public careers, notably a young Munster Catholic who, after forty years, is now an official entrusted with the greatest industrial enterprise committed to any Irishman in our day; and a young Munster Protestant, who became leader of the Irish Parliamentary party in the House of Commons between the death of Mr. Butt and the rise of Mr. Parnell. Out of these speculations on the duty of Irishmen came not all that was hoped indeed, but at any rate the Tenant League of 1850, and the commencement of a land war not yet finished, and the establishment of the first Parliamentary party of Independent Opposition.

In the succeeding month, Carlyle surprised me by a contribution from his own pen. Here is the letter which accompanied it.

DEAR DUFFY, — The enclosed blotch of writing is tumbling about my blotting books for a while past. I ought to *burn* it at once; but as penny stamps have come into the world, prefer that *you* should have the pleasure of burning it. Do so, in Heaven's name; do what else you like, only *don't* (except to your own heart) speak of my mortal name in connection with it. The thing wavers so between being something and being nothing, that, in short, I think you ought to have the burning of it. "*Fas et ab hoste.*" "A friend with a surly severe face, from Mr. Bramble's 'Arboretum Hibernicum,'" &c. &c., some such reference, if you print any portion of it. Do as you like; only, you are sworn to silence deep as death, mind that.

Terrible quantity of cry for any symptom of wool that yet clearly appears. Nobody speaks sense (on the whole nobody there) but yourself. So in the *Nation* too.

Adieu in haste,

T. CARLYLE.

CHELSEA, 26th November.

Can you recommend to me a reasonable collection of *Irish Songs*? I do not care how *vulgar* they are, how &c. &c., provided only there be in any form a trace of human veracity and insight discernible in them.

Will you be so good as read the slip of paper inside; and then, having done the needful, reinsert, seal and dispatch. I have marked the two questionable points with a pencil and interrogation.

Pray make my respects to the good mayor, and give him many thanks from me. I have a copy of an old Kilkenny pamphlet for you ("Clamacnoise Declaration of the Irish Prelates," January 1649-50) so soon as I have myself done with it.

T. C.

The promised pamphlet was intended for use in a book I was meditating at that

time, a defence of the Irish at the Convention of Kilkenny, under the title of "The Great Popish Rebellion."

I printed the contribution with the sort of preliminary note he suggested, and strictly preserved his secret; but he was a man who could not hide himself. Mr. Rintoul of the *Spectator* immediately identified the article as Carlyle's, and complained that the *Nation* should talk of a surly face, when, in truth, it was a sweet and sympathetic one to those who understood it. Since his death the article has been referred to in biographies and reviews, and printed, in America at any rate. The reader will like to see it, and there is no longer anything that needs to be concealed:—

#### TREES OF LIBERTY.

FROM MR. BRAMBLE'S UNPUBLISHED ARBORETUM HIBERNICUM.

[This was the preliminary note in the *Nation*: "A friend with a surly, satirical face flings in our way this banter upon 'Irish indolence.' Very well, friend; we shame the Devil and print your libel. *Fas et ab hoste doceri*. If there be any seeds of truth in it they will grow, when the chaff and wrappage only make manure for them."]

Many Irishmen talk of dying, &c., for Ireland; and I really believe almost every Irishman now alive longs in his way for an opportunity to do the dear old country some good. Opportunities of at once usefully and conspicuously "dying" for countries are not frequent, and truly the rarer they are the better; but the opportunity of usefully if inconspicuously living for one's country, this was never denied to any man. Before "dying" for your country think, my friends, in how many quiet strenuous ways you might beneficially live for it.

Every patriotic Irishman (that is, by hypothesis, almost every Irishman now alive) who would so fain make the dear old country a present of his life and self, why does he not, for example—directly after reading this, and choosing a feasible spot—at least plant one tree? That were a small act of self-devotion; small, but feasible. Him such tree will never shelter. Hardly any mortal but could manage that—hardly any mortal, if he were serious in it, but could plant and nourish into growth one tree. Eight million trees before the present generation run out, that were indubitable acquisition for Ireland: for it is one of the barest, raggedest countries now known; far too ragged a country, with patches of beautiful park and fine cultivation, like shreds of bright scarlet on a beggar's clouted coat—a country that stands decidedly in need of shelter, shade, and ornamental fringing, look at its landscape where you will. Once, as the old chroniclers write, "a squirrel (by bending its course a little, and taking a longish leap here and there) could have run from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway without once touching the ground;" but now,

eight million trees, and I rather conjecture eight times eight millions, would be very welcome in that part of the empire. On fruit-trees, though these too are possible enough, I do not yet insist, but trees—at least, trees.

That eight million persons will be persuaded to plant each his tree, we cannot expect just yet; but do thou, my friend, in silence go and plant thine—that thou canst do; one most small duty, but a real one, if among the smallest conceivable, and a duty which henceforth it will be a sweet possession for thee to have lying *done*. Ireland for the present is not to be accounted a pleasant landscape. Vigorous corn, but thistles and docks equally vigorous; ulcers of reclaimable bog lying black, miry and abominable at intervals of a few miles: no tree shading you, nor fence that avails to turn cattle—most fences merely, as it were, soliciting the cattle to be so good as not to come through—by no means a beautiful country just now! But it tells all men how beautiful it might be. Alas, it carries on it, as the surface of this earth ever does ineffaceably legible, the physiognomy of the people that have inhabited it: a people of holed breeches, dirty faces, ill-roofed huts—a people of impetuosity and of levity—of vehemence, impatience, imperfect, fitful industry, imperfect, fitful *veracity*. Oh, Heaven! there lies the woe of woes, which is the root of all.

"Trees of Liberty," though an Abbé wrote a book on them, and incalculable trouble otherwise was taken, have not succeeded well in these ages. Plant you your eight million trees of shade, ornament, fruit: that is a symbol much more likely to be prophetic. Each man's tree of industry will be, of a surety, *his* tree of liberty; and the sum of them, never doubt of it, will be Ireland's.

I probably wrote him, what it would have been discourteous to print, that his pleasant little paper betrayed a fundamental unacquaintance with Irish affairs. It was hopeless to reforest a country where, if a tenant planted his seed or sapling, and tended it until it became a mature tree, the law declared it to be the property of the landlord, without a scrap of compensation to the man who reared it.

Next month he did the next best thing to encouraging what he thought right, he discouraged what he thought wrong, always with a gracious frankness characteristic of the man, but impossible to the Carlyle whom a heedless public have latterly invented for themselves.

CHELSEA, 9th December, 1849.

DEAR DUFFY,—Read the enclosed testimony (if you have a pair of spectacles at hand), and show it to the contributor who denounces Hargreaves' appointment to the Encumbered Estates Commission as a Ministerial job—thereby instigating me and others

against Hargreaves and the Ministers. The fact is *other* than your contributor supposes; the *fact* is not so at all. Let him in future know this; or do you at any rate, who abhor injustice to anybody, keep it in view on occasion. My correspondent is a man of the strictest veracity and equity, and even of a pedantic scrupulosity in regard to exactness. Poor fellow, hearing my righteous indignation against Hargreaves and Co., he went silently into the matter, and two days ago surprised me (and, indeed, bored me; for I had forgotten Hargreaves, and cared and care nothing about him) with letters from barristers, verbal testimonies, &c. &c., which I cannot for a moment refuse to take as decisive evidence that Hargreaves, probably, is a truly able man in this business, and that his appointment indisputably is *not* a job, but the best the poor men could do for the service of Ireland. "Copy me that testimony," I said, selecting the first read to me, "and it shall go where right will be done upon it." And so there you have it; and so I, at least, am quit of it, and of my indignation on this subject forever and a day!

We sometimes get the *Nation* on Saturday night; but the last two times your man, I think, has been too late, for it has failed. Quicken him a little; punctualize him — that might be worth while.

Adieu,  
T. CARLYLE.

At the beginning of 1850 Carlyle commenced to issue the famous "Latter-Day Pamphlets." He sent me No. 1, and my acknowledgment of it brought this note:

LATTER DAY PAMPHLETS. — IRISH ERRORS.  
CHELSEA, 13th February, 1850.

DEAR DUFFY, — As you seem to take an interest in the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," I have directed the publisher to send you a copy of No. 2 and the others that follow. I also gave him your admonition about speed on the Irish side of his affairs. The "edited" is a mere figure of speech, I am afraid. Alone under the stars, with nothing but all the dogs of the parish barking for accompaniment; this is once more like to be my history in the present ugly feat of walking against time! I should be infinitely gratified, and delivered at once from a variety of very ghastly emotions, if any true brother out of Adam's general posterity could join himself to me, and with a "Pamphlet" in the orthodox vein; but there is nowhere that I know of any prospect or probability of such; so we must try to do without him, as in former cases. In myself I seem to see some dozen or so of Pamphlets, which if I can get fairly uttered (a doubtful point in the state of health, state of &c. &c., I am in), it will be an extraordinary relief to my own inner man; and the dogs of the parish, and even the parish itself, and the universe to boot, shall be right welcome to do whatever is *their* part in the concert, according to their own judgment of that.

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXVIII. 4016

Pray for me, therefore, and wish me well through this adventure: I mean to speak more plainly than is usual upon a good many things. The world, I think, had better be *burnt* than stand as it at present does. God help it and us!

The *Nation* does not yield me much that I entirely approve of, except your own articles, which run like a rivulet of light and human sense through a great continent of very turbid incanite and dim materials. Do not let that patriot abuse poor Clarendon and his cigars any more! His lordship is not a capulous man by any means or in any sense: he learned to smoke in Spain, and is glad to solace himself with an innocent whiff in the middle of his troubles; really the style of that censure is canine, not by any means above the vice-regal phantasm of a Government, but below it, and incapable of mending it. Alas, don't rejoice over the "Breaking up of the British Empire:" the British Empire is nothing like broken up yet, nor like to be for a thousand years to come, I may prophesy. Nor is it *dishonorable* to you to be an Englishman, but honorable, if you had even been born a Roman or Spartan, withal. Believe me — Alas, I find this is only a *half* sheet; so must say adieu. Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

You talked of coming over "about New Year's Day," but have not come.

In one of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" — the one named "Downing Street" — Carlyle, after pouring a torrent of contempt and obloquy on Parliament, whose only function in these times was to select some insignificant individual to be first minister for a little space, suggested that the thing might be done better and decidedly cheaper by transferring the authority to the *Times* newspaper. It must have tickled the philosopher's midriff to find this mad banter taken seriously by one of his admirers, who was willing to subscribe £10 a year towards setting up a newspaper which should supersede Parliament in the minds of all reasonable people. This was the subject of Carlyle's next letter.

A PAPER TO SUPERSEDE PARLIAMENT.  
THE FIRST TENANT-RIGHT MOVEMENT.

CHELSEA, 27th July, 1850.

DEAR DUFFY, — The enclosed note — otherwise a model in its way — brings me in mind of poor old Ireland, and of this time twelve-month on the street of Stranorlar, where I saw you last. Take the note, therefore, and a transient sincere blessing from me along with it. Look at "p. 17" (of "Downing Street"), however, if you chance to have it within reach, and then let us lift up both our hands, and bless the anonymous Coleraine friend.

These "Pamphlets" are now out of my hands, thank God. The last of them is waiting for August in the printer's or publisher's hands, and that ugly piece of work, like some others, has been got into the rear. Such a universal howl of astonishment, indignation, and condemnation seldom rose around a poor man before. Voice of the "universal dog-kennel" — Whap thap! Bow-wow! No *human* response hitherto, or hardly any, but that also will come so far as needful I have no doubt. Thank your *Nation* critic, however; the news of such insight on his part was really welcome.

My poor *liver* is gone almost to destruction with all this, and with the summer heats, and other fell *etceteras*, I seldom in my life felt more entirely worn down, and am now straight for the country — Glamorganshire (S. Wales), most likely, there to lie perfectly silent for some three weeks, and after that, Scotland, &c. &c., perhaps, for a good long while.

Your "Tenant Agitation" looms out very big on me, and I must say it wears a more business-like aspect than any of the previous "agitations," and, I could fancy, may give work to all the "authorities" (on your side of the water and ours) for a generation or two to come! Yes, that is the heart of the matter, and a terrific universe of "work" lies *there* before we get to a solution of it! *Cosa fatta ha capo* — to end one must *begin*. That is true, too. *Suaviter in modo* then, and God be with you.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

The following is the passage from "Downing Street" referred to: —

The notion that any Government is or can be a No-government, without the deadliest peril to all noble interests of the Commonwealth, and by degrees, slower or swifter, to all ignoble ones also, and to the very gully drainer and thief lodging-houses and Mosaic sweating establishments, and at last without destruction to such No-government itself — was never my notion, and I hope it will soon cease altogether to be the world's or to be anybody's. But if it be the correct notion, as the world seems at present to flatter itself, I point out improvements and abbreviations. Dismiss your National Palaver; make the *Times* newspaper your national palaver, which needs no beer-barrels or hustings, and is *cheaper* in expense of money and of falsity a thousand and a million-fold. Have an economical red-tape drilling establishment (it were easier to devise such a thing than a right *modern University*), and fling out your orange-skin among the graduates, when you want a new Premier.

And here is the letter from the Coleraine correspondent: —

COLERAINE, July 21st.

DEAR SIR, — You mention an admirable project in p. 17 of your "Downing Street."

But why should not something be done as well as said? There is small chance for such a project if it be put before the said "Palaver-ing Parliament." Why not do something yourself? Say you start a paper at the beginning of next session; you write a leading article now and then, to explain the pros and cons of certain questions before the House, to explain the nature of the difficulties which it is necessary to meet, and to give statistics when necessary, and let the rest of the paper be open to any M.P., in the way you propose. If your objection to this be of a pecuniary nature, I for one would readily subscribe £10 a year until there are sufficient funds to carry it on, and surely I should not be the only one who would give as much. You find fault with others who talk and do not act, and therefore I suppose you yourself ever ready to act in earnest! Pray forgive me also if it be very impudent of me to address you thus. I sincerely wish you well, and am anxious for the good of my country, and would do all I could to benefit any fellow-creature, and care not to have my name known. Let me repeat that if I hear that any such plan will be adopted, I shall not be remiss in subscribing from my own funds, and in persuading those real M.P.'s with whom I am acquainted, to write instead of speaking, and in inducing the mere effigy M.P.'s to assist you with their subscriptions.

Yours sincerely.

In the year 1850 I was deeply engaged in a task, which had Carlyle's warm sympathy, the organization of a Tenant League to secure fair rents and permanent tenure for Irish farmers. During our journey in the previous autumn I had obtained the assent of many provincial gentlemen to the scheme, which was launched as soon as the public mind had been prepared for it by the press. Carlyle watched its progress with constant interest from the date when it was first foreshadowed in the *Nation* till a career of practical action commenced.

#### THE IRISH PROBLEM.

SCOTSBRIG, ECCLEFECHAN, N. B.  
Sept. 15, 1850.

DEAR DUFFY, — I am very glad to have a word from you again. I ran into South Wales, directly after writing to you, and then lay in the utmost attainable inaction for three weeks; after which, nearly other three weeks ago, I came over hither to my Scottish birthland, when your letter soon found me — where I have been ever since, endeavoring with all my might to keep free of every botheration (a difficult problem in this world!) and to continue doing absolutely nothing. I do not even speak, unless it cannot be helped. Amid these old scenes of infancy, which have grown so supernatural to me, peopled with mere *ghosts* and inarticulate memories, I find silent

occupation enough! One is much called to sink silent, at intervals, in this Babel of a world, and let the turbid elements settle into sediment a little. Could I abolish grouse-shooting, and doom all the *wasted* classes to sit as I am now doing, for a month each year, what immeasurable quantities of manure should I precipitate out of every mind, and out of the poor world's business, by that act alone!

The *Nation* comes to me, round by London, on Tuesdays; everything Irish has got a new impressiveness since I saw the poor old land with my eyes. Depend upon it, I have by no means forgotten poor old Ireland, nor the people that dwell there. A strange ragged, still beauty is in my memory of Ireland; a country bare and waste, and poor, but noble nevertheless; poor souls, how kind and patient all the people too were with me and "never minded" my sulky humors! From no human soul in Ireland that I can bethink me of did I get one uncivil word or look. "A kind of nobleman thrown into the poor-house (by whiskey and other sins and misfortunes)", really this is in some sort the definition of poor Ireland; shall get out of the poor-house and cast away the sins and whiskies yet, if it please heaven! I have told certain proud Yankees on occasion, "Well, you have many dollars, immensities of bacon, molasses, and such like; but there never yet was a soul of you that could bring a *Coolun*\* out of it, much less *teach Europe Christianity* in old days; be patient with poor old Ireland, I tell you!" Ireland, it is to be hoped, will learn wisdom by experience at last; learn to know a lie from the truth a little when it hears it, and no more expend its breath and hope upon "Mullaghmast Caps," and the like Dom-daniel-ware (authentic produce of the devil, however fine it looks); Ireland will cease to be a lie to itself, and gradually become a truth; every Irishman that does not lie to himself is helping her towards that!

You never did a wiser thing than that of excluding *stump-oratory* from the Tenant League; I duly noticed that fact, with good hope at the time. And on the whole, I continue to say your present "agitation" looks more like doing work than any I have ever seen in Ireland. But the work, alas, is *immense*, and God only knows when or how it will be got done. "Rent by a valuation" is not intrinsically so unfeasible—nay, so *unusual*—witness the old *usury laws* only abolished in these years; but it is utterly at variance with all the free-trade, *laissez-faire* and other strongest tendencies of this poor time; and though said tendencies appear to me mostly mean and wooden, and nine-tenths untrue, yet it is precisely the true tenth that rules at present. In fact, to succeed altogether, you must have a new era, no less! Nay, I cannot but perceive that "fixity of

tenure," with such a set of tenants as you now have in Ireland, would never do, though you even could get it—that in fact, independently of all obstacles on the landlord's, parliament's and official sides of the question, there is a total unpreparedness on the part of the population: "more ado than a dish to wash," as the proverb says before you attain this same new era of justice on the land question! Nevertheless, I must say always, pause not, use all your courage, all your wisdom in continually advancing! You will do good in every way, if you advance wisely; every step you secure is a laying bare of new intolerable abuses; a bringing of the Grand Problem (in all its figures, moral, political, social, not agricultural alone, and not Irish alone), nearer to the thoughts of the practical necessities of all men, and thus nearer to its only possibility of solution. Like other such problems it will be solved by slow degrees (I suppose) so soon as all men feel that they cannot live without solving it—not much sooner I doubt.

One thing, it strikes me, will become in the course of your struggle much more apparent than it now is: The necessity of that "*regimenting of paupers*" in which I see clearly, and nowhere else at all, the *beginning* of new government, and the necessary advancement towards that, for the afflicted world in this epoch. Suppose every Irish "free" tiller of the earth, so soon as he declared himself a "free" beggar in need of Indian meal from his poor brothers, fell at once into the hands of an agricultural Sir Duncan Macgregor, and became a "well commanded" tiller of the soil, doing his feat as your green police do theirs; and not only relieving all men from the burden of him, but gallantly exterminating bogs, and approving himself a blessing to the earth and to all men. I leave you to compute a little what boundless relief to all interest whatsoever would lie there; free space granted to *laissez-faire*, and all extant principles of proceeding to try themselves against the fact, and run their very utmost without shackles on their feet. If they proved equal to the problem of the nineteenth century, well and good; if (as I see to be inevitable) they proved unequal, at least they (what was good in them) would be able to last longer, and to see their successors *ready* before departing hence. These things, I fancy, will gradually come athwart you there and so many others of the like genus, either in this or some other form of the "Tenant Agitation," and whatsoever real *work* you do in that is done for behalf of these also, which lie so far away from the general thoughts at present, but will become, if I mistake not, very familiar to it by and by!

Lucas, I do believe, is capital in his present place. Give him my compliments and true good wishes for that and all other real service to Ireland that may lie in him. When he took to Catholicism first (which seemed to me so distracted an operation), and I heard what he had to say about Irish tenants and landlords,

\* A peculiarly sweet, pathetic Irish air is the "*Coolun*."

I could not help recognizing the finger of heaven in his change of religion.

No Irish "list of good members," nor indeed of English, has fallen in my way. They are a dreadfully scarce commodity, I imagine. Nevertheless you must seek for them, as for the vital air of your undertaking. The more honestly you seek the better is your chance both of finding what is, and of calling forth a set far worthier to be found, in time coming. And so, good speed to you, in this and in all other honorable courses; and adieu for the present. With kind remembrances to Mrs. Duffy and Mrs. Callan,

Yours ever truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

This was the era of Cardinal Wiseman's arrival in England and the clamor about papal aggression. I confidently counted on seeing Carlyle vehement against the insensate outcry of ignorance and bigotry, but the Old Covenanter, who lay beneath all his later-day philosophy, awoke. We in Ireland were warned to take no offence, and were not, he conceived, in the least manner aimed at in the business, but when Parliament met we got a full share of the tempest.

CHELSEA, December 2, 1850.

DEAR DUFFY, — Will you send me the exact *name* and address of Shine Lalor—is he not John, or something else beside Shine? As to the address, I suppose Killarney itself will do, if he is still resident in his castle thereabouts. *Item*: the Christian name of Dr. Cane, Kilkenny. I am to send (as you perhaps guess) a certain volume to each of the gentlemen, by way of testifying, in a most imperfect manner, what a remembrance I have of them. *Ay de mi!*

You seem to make rapid way with your Tenant Association; indeed, I see clearly that is the direct road into the centre of the abyss; *facilis descensus Averni*, if you will take the metaphor in good part, for surely if the world's cloaca *have* any bottom, I do clearly perceive it lies there.

Our poor old friend the Pope has committed a sad blunder in sending his pasteboard cardinals with their Bull thunder over to us just now! All men think it an impertinence and futile infatuation on the part of the old gentleman; and among the general mass of the English people there is such an uproar as I have not seen for twenty years past, of which I cannot say, for my own part, that I altogether disapprove. The Pope may depend upon it, we will by no means come back to *him*; never through all eternity, to him! We may find worse fellows, too (nay, I expect far worse). For the rest, I warn you in any case to take no offence against us, you in Ireland, for we do not in the least mean you! That is truth, and I am very glad to see the *Nation* teaching that, and hope you will all along keep it well in mind.

The *Nation*, in point of real talent (bating perhaps a little worldly wisdom, and *savoir faire* which is not quite its forte), seems to me the cleverest weekly paper I read. Really on Saturday nights there is none of them that (spite of the exotic color) has so much the ring of the real metal in it. Go on and prosper! I have had some difficulty to defend you, to myself and others, for voting against the "Godless colleges." Beware of that; look on both sides of that! What if this that poor, dark, angry menials now call "Godless colleges" were actually the beginning of the real *religion* of the future for Ireland, and for us all; destined to live, and rise ever higher *heavenward* (I grant on occasion); but we are travelling, these three centuries now, quite in the opposite direction, and have not, I think (for all our bleeding feet and bad weather) the smallest vestige of a notion to turn back! In brief, it will not surprise me at all if, when the Parliament meets, a law (after infinite jargon) is passed to send Wiseman & Co. about their business again, and prohibit any British subject henceforth from importing ware of that kind into this country. The beautiful "principles of toleration"—in which I myself do not believe a jot—will receive some illustration in this business; and to me, sure enough (if I could have patience with the vile temporary dust), this beating of humbug against humbug is the destruction of nonsense to such and such extent, and ought to be regarded as a gain. Heaven love you always, dear Duffy. I meant only to write a word, and you see!

Yours always,  
T. CARLYLE.

The reference to the "Godless colleges" had this meaning. When the scheme of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland was proposed by Sir Robert Peel, the Catholic bishops were divided upon the question of accepting or rejecting them. A majority of the bishops were prepared to accept and support them on condition that certain not unreasonable amendments were made for the better protection of the faith and morals of students. The amendments were refused, and a Synod of the Catholic Church of Ireland declared that the institutions as they stood were dangerous to faith and morals. Under these circumstances I advised that Catholic pupils should not be sent to these colleges till the necessary reforms were conceded.

JOHN STUART MILL.

IN 1851 the Council of the Tenant League determined to invite John Mill to represent an Irish county, that he might advocate in Parliament the principles of land tenure taught in his "Political Economy." Mr. Lucas and I were authorized

to communicate with him on the subject. Lucas was not able to go to London at the time, and as it was necessary I should see Mr. Mill at once, I asked Mr. Carlyle to introduce me. He complied promptly. He could do this much without scruple he said, but I must understand that Mill and he had ceased to see much of each other in later times, as, in fact, they had nothing at all in common. Mill had one faculty in great perfection, he possessed the power of setting forth his opinions with a lucidity which no one in England could match. What he aimed to make you see you saw as plainly as a conspicuous object set in the sunshine. But he had the habit of approaching everything by the way of logical analysis, and when he brought that method to bear upon a question he got out of it nearly all it could yield him. There were probably quite other qualities in it, not at all to be detected by logical analysis, and altogether unsuspected by him. Of the true relations of things in the universe Mill had small insight or none. He was inclined to scream and shriek about matters of no real importance and to believe in unrealities of various sorts.

After pausing a little for anything I might have to say, he proceeded: At one time we saw a good deal of Mill. In the Reform Bill era he was an innocent young creature, with rich auburn hair and gentle pathetic expression, beautiful to contemplate; but a domestic embroilment drove him to adopt a secluded monastic sort of life, in which people saw little of him but the work he did. His life had been wrecked by a Platonic, and quite innocent, affection for a married lady who had since become his wife, concerning whom he had got possessed by an idea, or, indeed, a series of ideas, which were altogether absurd and insupportable. He regarded her as the paragon of womankind, which she was not by long odds; far otherwise than a paragon one might safely say. She was the daughter of a Radical doctor, who married her to Taylor, a Radical and Socinian, an honest, simple sort of man, who had no doubt that the ideas which prevailed among this class of persons afforded a sufficient solution for all the hard problems of life.

W. J. Fox, who had a chapel in Finsbury where he patronized Peter and Paul as ignorant but well-intentioned persons, and delivered prayers which some one described as the most eloquent prayers that ever were addressed to (*mimicking and laughing*) a British audience! Fox had probably the Taylors among his con-

gregation, at any rate, he came to know that Mrs. Taylor, a vivacious little body, who found her life among the Socinians wearisome, and he told her that John Mill was the man among the human race to relieve in a competent manner her dubieties and difficulties. He brought Mill to see her; and Mill, who had probably never before looked into a woman's face, was spellbound. She was a shrewd woman, with a taste for coquetry, and she took possession of Mill and wrapped him up like a cocoon. He used to go to her in all his trouble to be comforted, and in all his difficulties to be guided, and probably to be flattered a little besides.

From that time all Mill's enjoyments in life centred in her. Taylor remonstrated with her on the extent to which the intimacy was carried; but she told him he might blow up the house if it seemed good to him, but she could not, under any circumstances, give up this friendship as she would probably call it. There were children to be considered, and he thought he had better endure the thing than make a clamor and a catastrophe. . . . The elder Mill, John's father, James Mill, was a skilful and experienced man; while he was editor of a newspaper in London he wrote a history of British India remarkable for its curious acquaintance with the laws and customs of the natives. It was a book still worth reading. John when he began writing used to produce long sounding essays on human affairs, very clear in style and expression, and with bits of knowledge too, even considerable bits at times, but on the whole, not meaning much. Old Sterling, the thunderer, used to say there was a good deal of sawdust in them.

Mrs. Carlyle, who was present, said Mrs. Mill was not the pink of womankind as her husband conceived, but a peculiarly affected and empty body. She was not easy unless she startled you with unexpected sayings. If she was going to utter something kind and affectionate she spoke in a hard, stern voice. If she wanted to be alarming or uncivil she employed the most honeyed and affectionate tones. "Come down and see us," she said one day (*mimicking her tone*), "you will be charmed with our house, it is so full of rats." "Rats!" cried Carlyle. "Do you regard *them* as an attraction?" "Yes," (*piano*) "they are such dear, innocent creatures."

Mrs. Carlyle at the same time told me the story now sufficiently known of how the first volume of the "French Revolu-

tion" got burnt. When Mill suddenly appeared at Cheyne Row to announce the misfortune, he looked so like the ghost of Hamlet's father, that she knew some catastrophe must have occurred, and exclaimed involuntarily, "Gracious Providence, he has gone off with Mrs. Taylor!" but happily the misfortune proved to be a more remediable one.

Carlyle went on to say that when he came down to London his intimacy with Mill was for a considerable time close and regular. The Sabbath bells were not more certain than Mill's friendly visit to Cheyne Row. He could not account for this intimacy suddenly ending; neither had altered in fundamentals, nor were they further from agreeing than they had always been.

I suggested that if Mill had heard his estimate of Mrs. Taylor this would account for the change.

Mr. Carlyle and I called on Mr. Mill, who states in his autobiography the decision he came to on the proposal from Ireland.\* I knew Mr. Mill from that time till his death, and regarded him as one of the most just, upright, and valiant of men.

The Encumbered Estates Act threw a great deal of the land of Ireland into the market at this time at prices unexpectedly low; I thought a national effort ought to be made to enable the occupying tenants to purchase these estates, and I framed a plan of a Small Proprietors' Society for this purpose, which had the good fortune to secure the sympathy and approval of Cobden, Bright, and Mill, and some of the best men in Ireland. It is to the prospectus of this society Carlyle's next letter refers.

CHelsea, April 26, 1851.

DEAR DUFFY, — I think your Prospectus perfect; it has color enough left; all you have taken out of it is the angry controversial smoke, whatever could obstruct the clearness, which is here perfect, that of an object seen by sunlight under the general azure of the sky. Few things can seem more creditable; cer-

\* "In this summary of my untoward life, I have now arrived at the period at which my tranquil and retired existence as a writer of books was to be exchanged for the less congenial occupation of a member of the House of Commons. The proposal made to me early in 1865 by some electors in Westminster, did not present the idea to me for the first time. It was not even the first offer I had received, for, more than ten years previous, in consequence of my opinions on the Irish Land Question, Mr. Lucas and Mr. Duffy, in the name of the popular party in Ireland, offered to bring me into Parliament for an Irish county, which they could easily have done; but the incompatibility of a seat in Parliament, with the office I then held in the India House, precluded even consideration of the proposal." (Autobiography of John Stuart Mill.)

tainly nothing at all in any best Irish programme we have lately seen. In reading, I almost feel a kind of desire to invest money in the scheme myself — if I had any money worth investing!

At page 22 you speak of draining and improving (to the extent of main drains and roads) the estates you purchase, which, undoubtedly, is very proper so far, before allotting them; but you will have to specify the limits of that a little more, I suppose. The statement at this point of the Prospectus startled my attention as a new circumstance, perhaps some warning of it could be introduced about page 10 with advantage? Indeed, I do not quite know about those "quarter shares," whether to vote for them or not; nor, in fact, about any detail of the plan is my vote good for much. I used to believe immensely in small farms; and certainly the best people of the laboring class I have ever seen lived in that manner: but there goes much more than a small farm to such a result; and failures enough (in an ever-increasing proportion) have become manifest to me withal. Brief "he who is a free man" will do rather well in small culture, which is his true position if he is poor; will in small culture or in big; but he who is "not free," again, whom Nature has made a fool and a slave (*i.e.*, too foolish and too slavish for his difficult position), he will never do well, unless, perhaps, if well ordered and compelled; and it is a pity to put any portion of our poor old Mother's surface under the control of such a one, if we could help it. *Democracy*, here as elsewhere, I clearly see, is not possible; but, on the other hand, your "aristocracy" — Good Heavens! So you must even do your best, according to the day and hour. Surely, by this method, you may hope to push out the finest of your Irish peasantry, these *likeliest* to be able to live as "free men" under our terrible pressures; and for every one of these you can retain within the four seas gods and men will be obliged to you! The others they had better go to America, or even to final chaos, than live as they have long been doing: I deliberately say so. But they are not, I believe, going either of these roads just yet; they are pouring over into Scotland and England (Watt's steam engine is worth a million of O'Connells and stump-orator "Liberators! "); and are fast making us all into one uniform mess of pottage, which I cannot but admit is fair to the Three Kingdoms and her sacred Majesty and Co.! Oh Heaven! one tries to laugh at the things (in this poor epoch), and they are terrible and sacred as the baring of the Lord's right-hand upon Iniquity and Quackery and Doggery too long continued.

Did you ever read a small octavo volume, almost 150 years old (London 1703, I think), called "Fletcher of Saltoun's Works"? I recommend it to you for a couple of evenings. A proud Scotch gentleman, a noble Scotchman, he will show you an advocacy of "Re-

peal" conducted not *à la* stump-orator, and yet not destined or deserving to succeed at all on those terms, also a Scotland not so unlike your present Ireland; on the whole, a variety of rather curious things, and the soul of a right gallant man for one, and will repay perusal well I promise you.

Your lady-critic is getting very wild upon Leigh Hunt, woman, &c. &c. Beautiful alcoholic steam too; but it requires to be resolutely cooled, rectified, and condensed, if we are ever to swallow it with satisfaction.

Adieu, yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

I may mention that this scheme came to nothing because it had the misfortune to include among its directors John Sadlier, M.P., who made his final exit from the world on Hampstead Heath, in circumstances familiar to the reader. He was chairman of a bank in England, and of another in Ireland, and an attorney dealing with real property on a prodigious scale, and was supposed to be a buttress to the society. When we were about to commence operations, however, he wished to transfer our account to the two banks with which he was connected, from the Bank of Ireland announced in the prospectus, and to sell the society half-a-dozen estates which he had on hand, remnants I fancied of purchases which had not proved successful. As projector of the society, answerable to the country for its character and probity, I positively refused my consent. The majority of the directors, however, were disposed to support the man with great reputation for practical ability, and who carried the proxies of several capitalists ready to support our scheme. Thereupon I publicly retired, specifying the need which had arisen for doing so, and the society gradually dwindled away and came to nothing.

Among the friends whom I introduced to Carlyle during the Irish visit was Dr. Murray, senior professor of theology in Maynooth College. He was a man of vigorous intellect and many accomplishments, peculiarly familiar with the English classics, and master of a style which has been rarely excelled for poignancy and lucidity. He wished to become an Edinburgh Reviewer. I asked Carlyle to aid him, which he did promptly and cordially. Here is his letter on the subject:—

CHELSEA, January 30, 1852.

DEAR DUFFY,—I will cheerfully do all I can for Dr. Murray; and indeed have already as good as done so, of which I hope to communicate to you the issue in a day or two. I have described Dr. Murray and his project to the editor in question this morning, and put

the question to him: *Will* you deliberately read his paper if he send one? By this means, taking part of the risk upon myself, I think the problem may perhaps be a little *abridged*, and the risk of the other parties less. You shall hear at once what answer there is; till then, keep silence, please. My conviction is that any deliberate essay of Dr. Murray's would decidedly deserve the trouble of *reading* by an editor; and doubtless I could *so* have managed it in general, and perhaps with this entangled blue and yellow in particular; but, as I said, it will be surer, and may probably be briefer, to proceed as now.

Can you send me, one of these days, Dr. Kennedy's address—the doctor of whom I saw so much in Dublin, who is *Pitt* Kennedy's brother, and who lives somewhere in the southern outskirts, I think—a well-known man? No haste about it, only don't quite forget.

I am truly sorry to hear that your land scheme has come to ruin in so provoking and paltry a way. There can *nothing* be done, then, for the poor Irish people at present? Nothing by express enactment or arrangement; but they must follow the *dumb* law of their positions, and sink, sink, till they do come upon rock? I rather judge so; nothing considerable, either for them or for any people or object whatsoever; all objects having got so frightfully enigmatic (hideous and *unintelligible*, as the old official *masks* drop off them), and our chief interpreter of enigmatic realities being Lord John at this moment—an interpreter that probably defies the world for his fellow, if we consider where he is and when he is? Well, there is no help; we must all get down to the *rocks*; we are in a place equivalent to *Hell* (for every true soul and interest) till we do get thither; there, and there only, on the eternal basis, can there be any "heaven" and land of promise, for the sons of Adam (sons of Hudson, millionaire and penniless alike, I exclude). Thither *must* we, as God live—and God knows many of us will have a good bit to go before we arrive there, and will need considerable thrashing and tossing before the chaff be well beaten off us, I guess. It is the dimmest epoch, and yet one of the grandest—like a putrid Gogtha with immortality beyond it; I do verily (in figurative language) comparable to a "resurrection from the dead." It is in such way I look at it, in silence generally, and welcome even a Brummagem Cromwell of the French as a clear step forward. Five-and-thirty years of Parliamentary stump oratory, all ending in less than nothing; now let us try drill-sergeantry a little even under these sad terms! I find the talk of France to be, and to have been, much madder than even their silence is like to be. God is great.

You are dreadfully unjust to what you call "England" in almost all you say about Ireland, and in general your interpretation of the former hated entity is altogether mistaken, too often (I swear to you) at once lamentable

and absurd !' I forgave it, as before, but pray always it might alter. There seems to me no possibility of profit in that direction. I had a letter from a brother of Mitchel the other day, who dates Washington, an inquiring struggling, ingenuous, and ambitious kind of nature, to whom, for John's sake, I made some reply. Adieu, I hope only for a few days.

Yours always,

T. CARLYLE.

Dr. Murray contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* for a brief period, during the editorship of Mr. Empson. When Cornewall Lewis succeeded him in the editorial chair, he made objection to something in an article submitted to him, and Dr. Murray seized the occasion to retire altogether. In a note on the subject to me, he said :—

A strong religious scruple got into my head about being connected with the *Edinburgh Review*. Though professedly a literary and political journal, yet, of late years especially, it had become rather theological—the theology being, of course, of a very bad stamp. It occurred to me that there was an impropriety in my contributing to such a periodical. I reasoned myself out of this—still I felt very uncomfortable, though keeping my uneasiness all to myself. There were four articles out of nine in the January number, and two in the last number, more or less of this character. Lewis's note took a heavy weight off my mind.

#### DISRAELI.

AT the general election of 1852, I came into Parliament, and attended a winter session towards the close of that year. I visited Cheyne Row whenever it was practicable, and on Sunday afternoon had generally a walk with Carlyle in some of the parks. When he was not disposed to walk he had chairs brought to the grass plot behind his house, and tranquilly smoked a long clay pipe, with a friend or two sitting or standing beside him, to whom he talked at intervals. Later, when the Derby government fell, we spoke of the event. I said, though I had voted against them, I could not help having a certain sympathy with Disraeli for the indomitable pluck with which he faced his enemies at the head of a party which distrusted him only a little less than the honorable gentleman opposite. The Peelites seemed to hate him with a preternatural animosity, but I had never heard that he had done anything cruel or cowardly against them or any one else. He was a political gladiator no doubt, as Bolingbroke and Canning had been before him, but it was idle to complain that he struck deft blows at his opponents; that was his vocation.

A base vocation, Carlyle observed. The case was not a perplexing one at all, it seemed to him. A cunning Jew got a parcel of people to believe in him, though no man of the smallest penetration could have any doubt that he was an impostor, with no sort of purpose in all he was doing but to serve his own interests. He was a man from whom no good need be expected, a typical Jew, ostentatious, intrinsically servile, but stiff necked in his designs.

*Jus diaboli detur*, I interposed. Let it be remembered that he exhibited a generous courage on behalf of his race, in face of the fierce hostility of the party which he led. He was true at any rate to the interest and honor of his own people, which counterbalanced a multitude of sins; and I had a personal satisfaction in seeing a race, who were persecuted for a sin committed centuries and centuries before they were born, reassert themselves.

They were, he said, paying for sins of their own, as well as of their ancestors. They were an impotent race, who had never distinguished themselves in their entire history by any estimable quality. Some of them clambered to what they called prosperity, but, arrayed in the showiest garniture, there was always an odor of old clo' about them. They made great quantities of money up and down, and glorified the speculator who made most as the most venerable of mortals. When of old any man appeared among them who had something to tell worth their attention one knew how such a one was received by the Israelites, and their vices of character were intractable.

In London I saw Carlyle under a new aspect. Among friends he was still simple and genial; but he was much run after by inquisitive Americans, who got brief glimpses of him from time to time, and as they wanted for the most part to interview him, he got into the habit of uttering almost as soon as his visitors had settled down the sort of harangue on some great topic which they expected from him. At times his friends had to listen to long discourses of the same character, which were only an expansion of opinions they had become familiar with in conversation. When he delivered himself of one of these set speeches his conversational manner disappeared, and his language came forth like a douche-bath, in a strong, unbroken stream, while, like the Ancient Mariner, he fixed the spectator with his glittering eye. This foaming torrent was as unlike the ripple of his familiar talk as Niagara to a trout stream. To arrest it was nearly

impossible, and he was impatient of interruption, even by way of assent, much more of dissent. The reader will probably like a specimen of this method, and here is one:—

#### AN HARANGUE.

“DECIDEDLY the figments of opinion one encountered in every quarter about Ireland were a perplexity to human reason. Irishmen might be assured there was no one in England wished ill to Ireland, as they had come to imagine. Quite the contrary, good men on all sides would applaud and assist any practical method for her relief. If he were given the task of lifting Ireland out of her misery, he would take counsel on all sides with men of practical knowledge on the best means of setting the people to work. He would ask such assistance from Parliament as might be necessary, and then carry out his scheme with unabating stringency. Whoever would not work must starve. He would begin with the workhouses, where men had delivered themselves up as bond slaves to society, by the confession that they could not exist by their own labor; and at the outset he would organize *them*. By and by he would transfer his workers to the Bog of Allan, or elsewhere, and bring them into contact with work to be done. Organization was the essential basis of success, and he believed every trade must finally get itself organized as much as it could, even the trade of authorship, so that each man would be put to the work he was fittest to do, and not left wasting his strength and spirit in a totally useless direction. If a wise scheme like this were opposed—as, indeed, it was sure to be—one might rely on the sense of the community for maintaining it. If the ministry of the day set themselves against it, men of sense would say to them, Get out of that, you ugly and foolish windbags; do you think the eternal God of nature will suffer *you* to stand in the way of his work? If you cannot open your eyes and see that this is a thing that must be done, you had better betake yourself elsewhere—to the lowest Gehenna were fittest—there is no place for you in a world which is ruled, in the long run, by fact and not by chimera. This is the course which ought to be taken. Men of sense might get the thing done, but men of no sense not at all. In democracy there was no help. Universal suffrage might be worth taking, and then men of sense would discover the limited use of it. For his part, if he could consult his horses, he

would certainly ask them whether they preferred oats or vetches, quite sure they were the best judges on that point; but if they presumed to question the propriety of the road he was travelling, he would say, ‘No, my worthy quadrupeds, it is not to London I am going, but in quite another direction. I am going to Greenwich, for reasons too tedious to mention, and so let us set out without more delay.’ The notion of settling any question by counting blockheads, or referring it to the decision of a multitude of fools, was altogether futile. The wise man must ponder on the right path in the silence of his own heart, and when found take it though the whole multitude brayed at him with its many heads, which most probably they would—for a time.”

John Forster, who was present on one of these occasions, as soon as Carlyle paused, took the opportunity to assure me that there was no dislike of Irishmen in England, and no assumption of superiority.

Carlyle said, if there was dislike, it arose from the way Irishmen conducted themselves in England. They often entitled themselves to disfavor by their private performances. Irishmen who knew better must teach these persons to live quite differently, and they ought not to feel the slightest necessity for championing blackguards because they happened to be Irishmen. The curse and destruction of Ireland was her putting up silently—even contentedly, it would seem—with lies and falsities, and making heroes of manifest liars. Till this practice ended her case was hopeless.

After an harangue there was generally a conversation on the subject of it. On such an occasion, Carlyle listened patiently to dissent, and justified or illustrated his opinions calmly. The Scottish peasantry, he said, were gifted with silent intrepidity and valor. Their constant submission to the divine will, and their strict veracity were qualities which it would behove Irish peasants to imitate, for, to say the truth, he had not found these qualities plentiful among them, nor the plain speaking which comes of honest thinking.

I replied that he had never seen an Irish peasant in his natural condition, he had only seen a population resembling a famished crew just escaped from a shipwreck; the Irish peasantry were intrinsically pious, generous, and veracious. The shiftiness and evasion which they sometimes exhibited in the witness-box were

the devices of a people harassed by cruel laws and harsh masters. They evaded, but they would not violate, the sanctity of an oath. I remembered reading, when a boy, the story of a peasant put into the witness-box to give evidence against his own son, which clung to my memory. The son was charged with stealing a sheep at a famine period, and his father, a venerable and pious old man must, it was supposed, have seen the transaction. "Did you awaken," he was asked, "on the night of Easter eve after midnight?" "Yis, sir, I did." "What did you see in the cottage at that time?" "God help me! I saw my boy with a sheep between his hands; but oh! your honor, it was for me and the little Michael who were starving that he took it." The old man broke down, and the prisoner in the dock said something to him in a low voice in Irish. The judge asked to have it translated. "Courage, father, may the Saviour protect you and all of us, you only do what is right, to tell the truth." This was the Irish peasant in his natural condition.

Carlyle said the stories current of them by writers of their own country gave the impression of an idle, reckless race, with a levity which was not agreeable, but painful, to contemplate.

I replied that one might as well judge England from the stories of Tim Bobbin, as Ireland from the stories of Maxwell or Lever. Some of the most significant maxims I could recall were Irish sayings, which I heard from my mother when I was a boy, and Irish legends revealing the deep sagacity which lay at the bottom of the national character. Here was one: In a dear summer, as the famine periods were called in Ireland, a small farmer was induced by his wife to send out his father to beg. The old man was equipped with a bag, a staff, and half a double blanket, which the frugal housewife prepared for him. After he was gone, she inquired for the moiety of the blanket to make sure he had not carried it off. When the house was ransacked in vain, the father thought of asking his little son if he had seen it. "Yis, father," the boy replied, "I have put it by till the time comes when I'll want it." "What will you want with it, Owen *agrah*?" inquired the father. "Why, father," replied the boy, "you see, when I grow up to be a big man, and I'll be sending you out to beg, I'll want it to put on your back."

Carlyle said it was a homely apologue intended no doubt to illustrate the force of example; we might safely assume that

the old man was recalled from his begging expedition and put in the most comfortable corner of the cabin after that transaction.

Yes, I rejoined, and he must remember it was the apologue of an Irish peasant; *quod erat demonstrandum*.

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

From The New Review.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

# I.

NOT long ago, a writer in the *Artist* quoted some lines of remarkable dignity and beauty by E. C. L. I felt that here was a poet unknown to me; for the verses had that peculiar quality which belongs alone to genuine inspiration. By the kindness of the editor of the *Artist* I obtained a copy of the book from which the extracts had been made. It is a thin volume, entitled "Echoes from Theocritus, and Other Sonnets." By Edward Cracroft Lefroy. London: Elliot Stock, 1885. The first thirty sonnets are composed on themes suggested by the Syracusan idyllist. Of miscellaneous sonnets there are seventy. So, whether by accident or intention, the poet rests his fame upon a century of sonnets, by far the most important of these being the seventy which do not give their title to the book.

Together with this volume came the sad intelligence that Edward Lefroy died last summer after a tedious illness. In reply to inquiries, I learned, through the courtesy of his best and oldest friend, that he was educated at Blackheath Proprietary School and at Keble College, Oxford. In 1878 he took orders. His sonnets originally appeared in three small, paper-covered pamphlets, severally entitled "Echoes from Theocritus," "Cytisus and Galin-gale," "Sketches and Studies." They were published at Blackheath by H. Burnside, bookseller, between the years 1883 and 1884, and attracted comparatively little notice. In 1885 the same sonnets were collected under the title and description I have given above. Few of our well-known literary critics, with the exception of Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. William Sharp, took notice of them and discerned their merit. Later on, Mr. Lefroy gave a volume of sermons to the public, and in 1885 he printed a very characteristic collection of "Addresses to Senior School Boys."

He was thirty-five years of age when he died.

Though Mr. Lefroy worked as a parish clergyman both at Truro and Lambeth with the late and the present Archbishops of Canterbury, he suffered from chronic physical weakness of a distressing nature. As early as the year 1882, he learned from the best medical authority that his heart was seriously affected, and that he could not expect length of life. The pains and wearinesses of illness he bore with what a critic, writing in the *Academy*, well described as "breezy healthfulness of thought and feeling." Combining in a singular measure Hellenic cheerfulness with Christian faith and patience, he was able to await death with a spiritual serenity sweeter than the steadfastness of stoical endurance. In one of his diaries he wrote: "The world contains, even for an invalid like me, a multitude of beautiful and inspiring things. . . . I have always tried to live a broad life. It has been my pleasure to sympathize with all sorts and conditions of men in their labors and their recreations. Art, nature, and youth have yielded to me 'the harvest of a quiet eye.' It would be affectation to pretend that I am weary of existence . . . but I have faith enough in my Lord to follow him willingly where he has gone before." His sympathy with youthful strength and beauty, his keen interest in boyish games and the athletic sports of young men, seem to have kept his nature always fresh and wholesome. These qualities were connected in a remarkable way with Hellenic instincts and an almost pagan delight in nature. But Lefroy's temperament assimilated from the Christian and the Greek ideals only what is really admirable in both; discarding the asceticism of the one and the sensuousness of the other. The twofold elements in him were kindly mixed and blended in a rare beauty and purity of manliness. Writing to a friend about his Theocritean sonnets, he says that he composed them in order to relax his mind. "To a man occupied in sermon-writing and parochial visitation it is intellectual change of air to go back in thought to a pre-Christian age; and I confess that I have never been able to emancipate myself (as most clergymen do) from the classical bonds which schoolmasters and college tutors for so many years did their best to weave around me. And then I have such an intense sympathy with the joys and griefs, hopes and fears, passions and actions of 'the young life' that I find myself in closer affinity to Greek feeling than most people would. At the same

time I should be sorry to help on that Hellenic revival which some Oxford teachers desire."

## II.

THESE extracts from Lefroy's unpublished papers, and the short sketch I have been able to give of his life, form a proper prelude to what will follow in criticism and illustration of his poems. There is a strong personal accent in all he wrote; the "breezy healthfulness of thought and feeling" which his reviewer noted; the untainted Hellenism broadening and clarifying Christian virtues, which I have attempted to describe.

This attitude of mind is sufficiently well set forth in the last sonnet of the series. It is entitled "An Apology," and may here be cited, although in form and language it falls below the level of Lefroy's best writing:—

I hold not lightly by this world of sense,  
So full it is of things that make me cheer.  
I deem that mortal blind of soul and dense,  
To whom created joys are less than dear.  
The heaven we hope for is not brought more  
near

By spurning drops of love that filter thence:  
In Nature's prism some purple beams appear,  
Of unrevealed light the effluence.  
Then count me not, O yearning hearts, to  
blame

Because at Beauty's call mine eyes respond,  
Nor soon convict me of ignoble aim,  
Who in the schools of Life am frankly fond;  
For out of earth's delightful things we frame  
Our only visions of the world beyond.

Some of Lefroy's finest work is done in the key suggested by this sonnet. He felt that life itself is more than literature; the real poems are not what we sing, but what we feel and see. This thought, which is indeed the base-note of all Walt Whitman's theories upon art, is admirably rendered in "From Any Poet" (No. xxxvii.):—

Oh, Fair and Young, we singers only lift  
A mirror to your beauty dimly true,  
And what you gave us, that we give to you,  
And in returning minimize the gift.  
We trifle like an artist brought to view  
The nuggets gleaming in a golden drift,  
Who, while the busy miners sift and sift,  
Will take his idle brush and paint a few.  
O Young and Glad, O Shapely, Fair, and  
Strong,

Yours is the soul of verse to make, not mar!  
In you is loveliness: to you belong  
Glory and grace: we sing but what you *are*.  
Pleasant the song perchance; but oh, how far  
The beauty sung of doth excel the song.

Feeling this, Lefroy felt, like Alfred de Musset, that the poet's true applause is praise bestowed upon him by the young:

O hearts of youth, so brightly, frankly true,  
To gods and bards alike your praise is dear;  
Though wreaths from adult hands be all un-  
seized,  
Our crowns are crowns indeed if thrown by  
you.

These lines, from a sonnet entitled "A Story of Aurelius" (No. xxxviii.), suffer by their severance from the rest of the poem. It may be said, indeed, in passing, that, spontaneous and unstudied as his work appears, Lefroy had a fine sense of unity. None of his pieces, to my mind, can be rightly estimated, except in their total effect. I will illustrate this by quoting at full "Bill: A Portrait" (No xxxvi.):

I know a lad with sun-illuminated eyes,  
Whose constant heaven is fleckless of a cloud;  
He treads the earth with heavy steps and  
proud,

As if the gods had given him for a prize  
Its beauty and its strength. What money  
buys

Is his; and his the reverence unavowed  
Of toiling men for men who never bowed  
Their backs to any burden anyway.

And if you talk of pain, of doubt, of ill,  
He smiles and shakes his head, as who should  
say,

"The thing is black, or white, or what you  
will:

Let Folly rule, or Wisdom: any way  
I am the dog for whom this merry day  
Was made, and I enjoy it." That is Bill.

The grace of this composition is almost rustic, the music like to that of some old ditty piped by shepherds in the shade. The subversive irony, the touch of humor, the quiet sympathy with nature's and fortune's gilded darling, give it a peculiar raciness. But after all is said, it leaves a melody afloat upon the brain, a savor on the mental palate. Only lines four and five seem to interrupt the rhythm by sibilants and a certain poverty of phrase — as though (which was perhaps the case) two separate compositions had been patched together.

A companion portrait, this time of a maiden, may be placed beside it, "Flora" (No. xxxv.): —

Some faces scarce are born of earth, they say;  
Thine is not one of them, and yet 'tis fair;  
Showing the buds of hope in soft array,  
Which presently will burst and blossom there;  
Now small as bells that Alpine meadows  
bear, —

Too low for any boisterous wind to sway.  
Why should we think it shame for youth to  
wear

A beauty portioned from the natural day?  
'Tis thine to teach us what dull hearts forget,  
How near of kin we are to springing flowers.

The sap from nature's stem is in us yet;  
Young life is conscious of uncanceled powers.  
And happy they who, ere youth's sun has set,  
Enjoy the golden unreturning hours.

In all these sonnets there are charming single lines: —

How near of kin we are to springing flowers.

Of children in another place, he says:

To you the glory and to us the debt.

And again, in yet another sonnet: —

We press and strive and toil from morn till  
eve;

From eve to morn our waking thoughts are  
grim.

Were children silent, we should half believe  
That joy were dead — its lamp would burn so  
dim.

This special sympathy with what he called "the young life" finds noble expression in four sonnets dedicated to the sports of boyhood. Here is "A Football Player" (No. xxvii.): —

If I could paint you, friend, as you stand there,  
Guard of the goal, defensive, open-eyed,  
Watching the tortured bladder slide and glide  
Under the twinkling feet; arms bare, head  
bare,

The breeze a-tremble through crow-tufts of  
hair;

Red-brown in face, and ruddier having spied  
A wily foeman breaking from the side;  
Aware of him, — of all else unaware:

If I could limn you, as you leap and fling  
Your weight against his passage, like a wall;  
Clutch him, and collar him, and rudely cling  
For one brief moment till he falls — you fall:  
My sketch would have what Art can never  
give —

Sinew and breath and body; it would live.

The "Cricket-Bowler" follows (No. xxviii.): —

Two minutes' rest till the next man goes in!  
The tired arms lie with every sinew slack  
On the mown grass. Unbent the supple back,  
And elbows apt to make the leather spin  
Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin, —  
In knavish hands a most unkindly knack;  
But no guile shelters under this boy's black  
Crisp hair, frank eyes, and honest English  
skin.

Two minutes only. Conscious of a name,  
The new man plants his weapon with pro-  
found

Long-practised skill that no mere trick may  
scare.

Not loth, the rested lad resumes the game:  
The flung ball takes one maddening tortuous  
bound,

And the mid stump three somersaults in air.

The third, not so perfect in execution, celebrates the runner's noble strife. It is called "Before the Race" (No. xxix.): —

The impatient starter waxeth saturnine.  
 "Is the bell cracked?" he cries. They make  
 it sound:

And six tall lads break through the standers-  
 round.

I watch with Mary while they form in line;  
 White jerseyed all, but each with some small  
 sign,

A brodered badge or shield with painted  
 ground,

And one with crimson kerchief sash-wise  
 bound;

I think we know that token, neighbor mine.  
 Willie, they call you best of nimble wights;  
 Yet brutal Fate shall whelm in slippery ways  
 Two soles at least. Will it be you she spites?  
 Ah well! 'Tis not so much to win the bays.  
 Uncrowned or crowned, the struggle still de-  
 lights;

It is the effort, not the palm we praise.

Very finely conceived and splendidly  
 expressed is the fourth of these athletic  
 sonnets, which connects æsthetic impres-  
 sions with underlying moral ideas. "A  
 Palæstral Study" (No. xxxi.):—

The curves of beauty are not softly wrought:  
 These quivering limbs by strong hid muscles  
 held

In attitudes of wonder, and compelled  
 Through shapes more sinuous than a sculptor's  
 thought,

Tell of dull matter splendidly distraught,  
 Whisper of mutinies divinely quelled,—  
 Weak indolence of flesh, that long rebelled,  
 The spirit's domination bravely taught.  
 And all man's loveliest works are cut with  
 pain.

Beneath the perfect art we know the strain,  
 Intense, defined, how deep soe'er it lies.  
 From each high masterpiece our souls refrain,  
 Not tired of gazing, but with stretchèd eyes  
 Made hot by radiant flames of sacrifice.

I think it will be felt, from these ex-  
 amples, that in Lefroy's now almost for-  
 gotten work a true poet drew authentic  
 inspiration from the beautiful things which  
 lie nearest to the artist's vision in the life  
 of frank and simple human beings. His  
 sonnets rank high in that region of art  
 which I have elsewhere called "demo-  
 cratic." The sensibility to subjects of  
 this sort may be frequent among us; but  
 the power of seizing on their essence, the  
 faculty for lifting them into the æsthetic  
 region without marring their wilding  
 charm, are rare. For this reason, because  
 just here seems to lie his originality, I  
 have dwelt upon this group of poems.  
 Their Neo-Hellenism is so pure and mod-  
 ern, their feeling for physical beauty and  
 strength is so devoid of sensuality, their  
 tone is so right and yet so warmly sympa-  
 thetic, that many readers will be grateful  
 to a singer, distinguished by rare personal  
 originality, who touched common and even

carnal things with such distinction. I  
 might enforce this argument by quoting  
 "The New Cricket Ground," "Childhood  
 and Youth," "In the Cloisters: Winches-  
 ter College." But, as the Greeks said,  
 the half is more than the whole.

### III.

THE thirty "Echoes from Theocritus"  
 are all penetrated with that purged Hel-  
 lenic sentiment which was the note of  
 Lefroy's genius. They are exquisite  
 cameos in miniature carved upon frag-  
 ments broken from the idylls; nor do I  
 disagree with a critic who said, when they  
 first appeared, that "rarely has the great  
 pastoral poet been so freely transmuted  
 without loss of his spell." Nevertheless,  
 these sonnets have not the same personal  
 interest, nor, in my opinion, the same  
 artistic importance, as others in which the  
 poet's fancy dealt more at large with  
 themes suggested to him by his study of  
 the Greek past. Take this, for instance:  
 "Something Lost" (No. xviii.):—

How changed is Nature from the Time an-  
 tique!

The world we see to-day is dumb and cold;  
 It has no word for us. Not thus of old  
 It won heart-worship from the enamored Greek,  
 Through all fair forms he heard the Beauty  
 speak;

To him glad tidings of the Unknown were told  
 By babbling runlets, or sublimely rolled  
 In thunder from the cloud-enveloped peak.  
 He caught a message at the oak's great girth,  
 While prisoned Hamadryads weirdly sang:  
 He stood where Delphi's Voice had chasm-  
 birth,

And o'er strange vapor watched the Sibyl  
 hang;

Or where, mid throbbing of the tremulous  
 earth,

The caldrons of Dodona pulsed and rang.

Here we feel that Lefroy (like Words-  
 worth when he yearned for Triton rising  
 in authentic vision from the sea) had his  
 soul lodged in Hellas. Of how many  
 English poets may not this be said?  
 "Come back, ye wandering Muses, come  
 back home!" Landor was right. The  
 home of the imagination of the artist is  
 in Greece. Gray, Keats, Shelley, even  
 Byron, Landor, Wordsworth, even Mat-  
 thew Arnold, all the great and good poets  
 who have passed away from us, signified  
 this truth in one way or in another, each  
 according to his quality. It was the dis-  
 tinction of Lefroy that he "came back  
 home" with a peculiarly fresh and child-  
 like perception of its charm. Seeking to  
 define his touch upon Hellenic things, I  
 find only a barren and scholastic formula:  
 he had a spiritual apperception of sensu-

ous beauty. The strong, clear music which throbbed so piercingly, so passionately, round the Isles of Greece, reached his sense attenuated and refined—like the notes of the Alpine horn, after ascending and tingling through a thousand feet of woods and waterfalls and precipices. Here is the echo of it in his sonnet, "On the Beach in November" (No. xvii.):—

My heart's Ideal, that somewhere out of sight  
Art beautiful and gracious and alone,—  
Happy where blue Saronic waves are blown  
On shores that keep some touch of old de-  
light,—

How welcome is thy memory, and how bright,  
To one who watches over leagues of stone  
These chilly northern waters creep and moan  
From weary morning unto weary night.  
O Shade-form, lovelier than the living crowd,  
So kind to votaries, yet thyself unwowed,  
So free to human fancies, fancy-free,  
My vagrant thought goes out to thee, to thee,  
As, wandering lonelier than the Poet's cloud,  
I listen to the wash of this dull sea.

How he could convey a single Greek suggestion into the body of an English poem may be exemplified by "A Thought from Pindar" (No. xxxix.):—

Twin immortalities man's art doth give  
To man; both fair; both noble; one supreme.  
The sculptor beating out his portrait scheme  
Can make the marble statue breathe and live;  
Yet with a life cold, silent, locative;  
It cannot break its stone-eternal dream,  
Or step to join the busy human stream,  
But dwells in some high fane a hieroglyph.  
Not so the poet. Hero, if thy name  
Lives in his verse, it lives indeed. For then  
In every ship thou sailest passenger  
To every town where aught of soul doth stir,  
Through street and market borne, at camp  
and game,  
And on the lips and in the hearts of men!

The contrast between the powers of two rival arts, sculpture and poetry, to confer immortal fame upon some noble agent in the world's drama, has been well conceived and forcibly presented.

Like all poets who have confined their practice mainly to contemplative and meditative forms of verse, Lefroy reflected on the nature of art. That he was not in theory "the idle singer of an idle day" may be gathered from a sonnet entitled "Art that Endures" (No. lxviii.):—

Marble of Paros, bronze that will not rust,  
Onyx or agate—sculptor, choose thy block!  
Not clay nor wax nor perishable stock  
Of earthy stones can yield a virile bust  
Keen-edged against the centuries. Strive  
thou must

In molten brass or adamantine rock  
To carve the strenuous shape which shall not  
mock

Thy faith by crumbling dust upon thy dust.

Poet, the warning comes not less to thee!  
Match well thy metres with a strong design.  
Let noble themes find nervous utterance.  
Flee

The frail conceit, the weak mellifluous line.  
High thoughts, hard forms, toil, rigor,—  
these be thine  
And steadfast hopes of immortality.

With this lofty conception of the spirit in which the artist should approach his task, Lefroy did not exaggerate his own capacity as poet or seek to exalt his function. A sonnet called "The Torch Bearer" (No. lxvi.) expresses, in a charming metaphor, the thought that poetry is but the soul's light cast upon the world for other souls to see by:—

In splendor robed for some court-revelry  
A monarch moves when eve is on the wane,  
His faithful lieges flock their prince to see,  
And strive to pierce the gathering shades—  
in vain.

But lo, a torch! And now the brilliant train  
Is manifest. Who may the bearer be?  
Not great himself, he maketh greatness plain.  
To him this praise at least. What more to  
me?

Mine is a lowly Muse. She cannot sing  
A pageant or a passion; cannot cry  
With clamorous voice against an evil thing,  
And break its power; but seeks with single  
eye

To follow in the steps of Love, her King,  
And hold a light for men to see Him by.

In another place (No. i.) he disclaims his right or duty to attack the higher paths of poesy, saying of his Muse:—

She hath no mind for "freaks upon the fells,"  
No wish to hear the storm-wind rattling by:  
She loves her cowslips more than immortelles,  
Her garden-clover than the abysmal sky:  
In a green dell her chosen sweetheart dwells:  
The mountain-height she must not, does not,  
try.

That sense of inadequacy which every modest worker feels from time to time, when he compares "this man's art or that man's scope" with his own performance, and the reaction from its benumbing oppression under the influence of healthier reflection, are expressed with delightful spontaneity in "Two Thoughts" (No. xliii.):—

When I reflect how small a space I fill  
In this great teeming world of laborers,  
How little I can do with strongest will,  
How marred that little by most hateful  
blurs,—

The fancy overwhelms me, and deters  
My soul from putting forth so poor a skill:  
Let me be counted with those worshippers  
Who lie before God's altar and are still.  
But then I think (for healthier moments come)  
This power of will, this natural force of  
hand,—

What do they mean, if working be not wise?  
 Forbear to weigh thy work, O Soul! Arise,  
 And join thee to that nobler, sturdier band  
 Whose worship is not idle, fruitless, dumb.

## IV.

It was not to be expected that a man who vibrated so deeply and truly to the beauty of the world and to the loveliness of "the young life," and who was himself condemned to life-long sickness with no prospect but the grave upon this planet, should not have left some utterances upon the problems of death and thwarted vitality. It must be remembered, however, that Lefroy was a believing Christian, and for him the tomb was, therefore, but a doorway opened into regions of eternal life. It is highly characteristic of the man that, in his poetry, he made no vulgar appeal to the principles of his religious creed, but remained within the region of that Christianized Stoicism I have attempted to define. We feel this strongly in the sonnets "To An Invalid" (No. liv.), "On Reading a Poet's Life" (No. lix.), and "The Dying Prince" (No. xlvii.). All of these, for their intrinsic merits, are worthy of citation. But space fails; and I would fain excite some curiosity for lovely things to be discovered by the reader when a full edition of Lefroy's "Remains" appears. I shall, therefore, content myself with the transcription of the following most original poem upon the old theme of "Quem Di Diligunt" No. lvii.):—

O kiss the almond-blossom on the rod!  
 A thing has gone from us that could not stay.  
 At least our sad eyes shall not see one day  
 All baseness treading where all beauty trod.  
 O kiss the almond-blossom on the rod!  
 For this our budding Hope is caught away  
 From growth that is not other than decay,  
 To bloom eternal in the halls of God.  
 And though of subtler grace we saw no sign,  
 No glimmer from the yet unrisen star, —  
 Full-orbed he broke upon the choir divine,  
 Saint among saints beyond the golden bar,  
 Round whose pale brows new lights of glory  
 shine —

The aureoles that were not and that are.

The artistic value of Lefroy's work is great. That first attracted me to him, before I knew what kind of man I was to meet with in the poet. Now that I have learned to appreciate his life-philosophy, it seems to me that this is even more noteworthy than his verse. We are all of us engaged, in some way or another, with the problem of co-ordinating the Hellenic and Christian ideals, or, what is much the same thing, of adapting Christian traditions to the governing conceptions of a

scientific age. Lefroy proved that it is possible to combine religious faith with frank delight in natural loveliness, to be a Christian without asceticism, and a Greek without sensuality. I can imagine that this will appear simple to many of my readers. They will exclaim: "We do not need a minor poet like Lefroy to teach that lesson. Has not the problem been solved by thousands?" Perhaps it has. But there is a specific note, a particular purity, a clarified distinction, in the amalgam offered by Lefroy. What I have called his spiritual apperception of sensuous beauty was the outcome of a rare and exquisite personality. It has the translucent quality of a gem, beryl or jacinth, which, turn it to the light and view it from all sides, retains one flawless color. This simplicity and absolute sincerity of instinct is surely uncommon in our perplexed epoch. To rest for a moment upon the spontaneous and unambitious poetry which flowed from such a nature cannot fail to refresh minds wearied with the storm and stress of modern thought.

From Nature.

## THE ANCIENT TOMBS AND BURIAL MOUNDS OF JAPAN.

AT a recent meeting of the China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society at Shanghai, Professor Hitchcock, of the Smithsonian Institute, read a paper on the ancient tombs and burial mounds of Japan, in the course of which he said that, while the form and structure of the Japanese mounds were now known, thanks to the as yet unpublished researches of his companion in many journeys in Japan, Mr. W. Gowland, their early origin was yet to be traced. It was surmised that a few at least of the Japanese burial customs were derived from China. In the course of his own travels in the north of China he had failed to discover any indications of the existence of mounds like those in Japan; but he still expected to hear of them from some experienced traveller in the interior of that vast empire. Referring to the origin of the tombs, the lecturer said the first emperor, who lived in the seventh century B.C., is supposed to be buried in Yamato, and the tombs of his successors are pointed out by the Imperial Household Department. The identity of the sepulchres may be questioned, but it is a fact that we can distinguish consecutive modifications of form apparently corresponding to successive periods of time.

Several distinct methods of interment have prevailed at different periods in Japan. They may be conveniently distinguished as follows: (1) burial in artificial rock caves; (2) in simple earth mounds, with or without coffins; (3) in rock chambers, or dolmens; (4) in double or imperial mounds. The lecturer then proceeded to illustrate the appearance of these different kinds of mounds by the aid of photograph slides thrown on to a screen. He showed that the double mounds were invariably protected by a wide and deep moat, sometimes by two, and consisted of two distinct mounds with a depression between them. One of these double mounds, near Sakai, according to Japanese reckoning dates from about the fourth century. The height is about one hundred feet, and the circuit of the base 1,526 yards. The Emperor Kei Tai, who is reported to have lived in the sixth century, was one of the last emperors known to have been buried in a double mound. Some mounds have terraced sides, and this form is said to date from about the seventh century. Large quantities of clay cylinders were used for the purpose of preserving the terraces against the effects of the weather. When the covering of earth is removed, it is found that the stone chamber beneath, which contained the coffin, opens through passages often forty feet and sometimes sixty feet long. The earth has in many cases been washed away from the mounds, exposing the rocks which are piled over the central chamber. According to a Japanese authority, in all the sepulchres the first order of performing the burials was the piling up of the earthen mound, leaving an underground tunnel leading from the outside to the very centre of the mound. This mound completed, the coffin, usually carved and made of stone, in which the corpse was placed, and sealed, was then introduced through the tunnel and placed in the centre of the mound, and the tunnel was then filled up with stones. The lecturer, however, said the coffins were not always introduced through the galleries, and the tunnels were certainly not filled up with stones, although their ends were probably closed with stones. He inferred from his own observations that the chambers were frequently, if not usually, built round the coffins. Stone and clay coffins had been found together in one cave, showing them to have been contemporaneous.

After showing a number of photographs of the pottery discovered in the mounds, he drew attention to a number of small

clay figures representing human beings. He said it was a very ancient custom in Japan to bury the retainers of a prince standing upright around his grave. Like many other customs, this also came from China. In the time of the Japanese emperor Suinin (97-30 B.C.), his younger brother died, and they buried all who had been in his immediate service around his tomb alive. "For many days they died not, but wept and cried aloud. At last they died. Dogs and crows assembled and ate them. The emperor's compassion was aroused, and he desired to change the custom. When the Empress Hibatsuhime-no-Mikoto died, the mikado inquired of his officers, saying: 'We know that the practice of following the dead is not good. What shall be done?' Nomi-no-Sukune then said: 'It is not good to bury living men standing at the sepulchre of a prince, and this cannot be handed down to posterity.' He then proposed to make clay figures of men and horses, and to bury them as substitutes. The mikado was well pleased with the plan, and ordered that henceforth the old custom should not be followed, but that clay images should be set round the sepulchre instead." Even as late as the year 646 an edict was published, forbidding the burial of living persons, and also the burial of "gold, silver, brocade, diaper, or any kind of variegated thing." From this it might be inferred that the old custom of living burial was kept up, to some extent, even to the seventh century. The edict reads: "Let there be complete cessation of all such ancient practices as strangling oneself to follow the dead, or strangling others to make them follow the dead, or killing the dead man's horse, or burying treasures in the tomb for the dead man's sake, or cutting the hair, or stabbing the thigh, or wailing for the dead man's sake." The figures of clay thus introduced as substitutes for human sacrifices, and also to take the place of horses, are known as *tsuchi ningio*. Specimens of them are now very rare, and this fact leads to the supposition that the figures were not buried, but left exposed on the surface of the ground.

In the discussion which followed, Dr. Edkins pointed out the resemblance which existed between the stone reliefs found in Japan and China and in Europe, as indicating the existence of communication between distant lands in those days. It was also very interesting to note that in the very earliest ages, men had been possessed with the idea of a future life for the soul.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## VANISHED DREAMS.

BEAUTIFUL stories, in shielings wild,  
They told of the fairies when I was a child —  
How with feet like the foam-bells, so light  
and fair,

They entered the dwellings of want and care;  
And as morning dew melts off from the grass,  
So the cloud of sorrow was sure to pass;  
No blight on the crops which the fairies had  
blest,

For day they brought gladness, for night they  
brought rest.

Oh, heart of my childhood! what vigils vain  
Were mine as I watched for the fairy train;  
But the feet of the fairies came not nigh;  
No glimpse of their beautiful wings flashed  
by;

And the peasants said: "Ah, they know too  
well

Where peace and gladness and riches dwell!  
Wait — and if clouds darken over your sky,  
Surely then will you see them nigh."

Alas! for the home of our childhood days —  
Its weed-choked gardens, its moss-grown  
ways —

I heard them tell how, one autumn night,  
Over heather and moor flashed the weird  
corpse-light;

I heard them whisper: "The fairies know —  
O'er the homestead they love falls the shadow  
of woe;

The fire will be quenched, and the hearth be  
lone,

Ere the winter has past, or the March winds  
blown."

The fires are quenched, and the hearth is  
lone;

Dear names are carved on the grey head-  
stone;

Only, I think, in my heart remains  
The echo of long-ago joys and pains;  
The half-believed legends have passed away;  
Life grew too real — they could not stay.  
The earth-lights have faded the night is drear;  
But the stars of heaven were never so clear!

Chambers' Journal.

MARY GORGES.

## DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

OVER the kingdom of the ancient isles,  
Isles of the shamrock, thistle, and the rose,  
On alien regions, on the hoary world,  
A shadow deep of pestilence and death;  
Sharp anguish in innumerable homes,  
Sore memories to chill the daylight's warmth,  
And wreck the soothing fiction of a dream  
With sorrow's waking shudder and bleak  
truth;

A moan of misery multitudinous  
From famished myriads falling in despair,  
Through wastes of sullen forest, snowy steppe,  
The grisly realm of the doomed lonely czar:  
And o'er the unseen kingdom of the soul

The shadow of a disenchanted time,  
A cold and hard, a sombre, cynic time,  
With wistful weakness in the faith should  
save,

A palsied shiver in the hope should light  
Our climbing pathway to the peaks of life:  
And yet above the shadow shines the sun,  
The thrushes thrill the echoing air of dawn,  
And the soft amber of the breaking day  
Melts through our eastern elms, and fairy eve  
Kindles her far and immemorial fires  
Along those limpid and unruffled heights  
Where floats the lovely wonder of the moon:  
And still amidst the voices of the birds,  
Behind the beauty of the world, beyond  
The lofty and the gentle lights of heaven,  
Within the aching mystery of life,  
The exaltation, and the troubled hope,  
The fitful and the flickering joy of man,  
Wait comfort, freedom, clearness, calm, and  
power.

A vision of fair angels and their peace,  
And the vast mercy of Almighty God.

Spectator.

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

## SPRING FLOWERS.

Of all the flowers rising now,  
Thou only saw'st the head  
Of that unopened drop of snow  
I placed beside thy bed.

In all the blooms that blow so fast,  
Thou hast no further part,  
Save those, the hour I saw thee last,  
I laid above thy heart.

Two snowdrops for our boy and girl,  
A primrose blown for me,  
Wreathed with one often-played-with curl  
From each bright head for thee.

And so I graced thee for thy grave,  
And made these tokens fast  
With that old silver heart I gave,  
My first gift — and my last.

## SPRING'S HERALD.

A VIOLET! sweet-scented, dainty-hued,  
Within a hazel's snow-bound cranny set;  
Safe sheltered from the northern tempests  
rude,  
A violet!

Grey sombre skies and leafless trees; and yet —  
Lest under Winter's sullen sway and crude,  
Sweet Summer's sights and scents we might  
forget —

Deep in the woodland's dreary solitude,  
'Mid last year's leaves — emblems of vain re-  
gret —

Nestles the pledge of Spring's beatitude,  
A violet!

Chambers' Journal.

ERNEST A. CARR.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
FINLAND.

AT this moment the most interesting political study in Europe is the grand duchy of Finland. Its past political history and its present political state are among the most remarkable that either past or present supplies. A land has been twice conquered, and each time it has gained by its conquest. Its last conqueror boasted, and boasted with truth, that his conquest had caused a new free people to take its place among the nations. For, in becoming part of the dominions of that foreign conqueror, the land kept its ancient laws and political rights, and received a more distinct political being than it had possessed before. Subject to a sovereign who rules his other dominions with unrestrained power, it still keeps its ancient constitution, a constitution of a type of which it is the only surviving example. The free state, united to the despotism, has rather advanced than gone back in the path of freedom. Finland is all this, and it is more. It is the land which, more than any other, throws light on our own controversies of the moment. The name of Finland has been constantly brought by way of example into late discussions on the question of Irish Home Rule. And it is almost the only land, outside the dominions of our own sovereign, which has been brought into such discussions with any measure of reason. Talk, on either side, about Hungary and Austria, about Sweden and Norway, about states where the bond of union has taken a federal shape, has been wholly out of place; it could prove nothing either way. But talk about Russia and Finland has not been out of place; if quoting of examples can prove anything in such matters, Finland is the example which is likely to prove most. But we cannot get the full measure of the teaching of that example unless we contrast it with another example. Within a few years two states were added to the dominions of the same despotic sovereign, not quite on the same terms, but on terms so nearly the same that both may be fairly called constitutional states, so nearly the same that the relation of each to the other dominions of the com-

mon sovereign might fairly be called a relation of Home Rule. In 1809 the emperor of all the Russias became constitutional grand duke of Finland. In 1814-15 he became constitutional king of Poland. Constitutional grand duke of Finland his successor remains, ruling over a free and loyal people, who ask for nothing but to be left to enjoy the rights and laws which his predecessor confirmed to them. That there is no longer a constitutional king of Poland no man needs to be told. That is to say, of two like political experiments tried within a few years of each other, one has wonderfully succeeded, the other has lamentably failed. The causes of success and of failure may form a deep study for the political historian. As for the present controversy among ourselves, the contrast may teach something to both sides. If any man is unwise enough to fancy that Home Rule is a remedy for all things, that it is a relation likely to succeed in any time and any place, let him learn better by looking at the sad failure of Home Rule in Poland. But if any man is unwise enough to fancy that Home Rule is some theoretical device which was never tried before, and which, if tried, is in its own nature destined to failure, let him learn better by looking at the wonderful success of Home Rule in Finland, a success on which assuredly the wisest statesman could not have reckoned beforehand.

The Finnish people, the people who have given their name to Finland, claim at starting an unique interest as the only branch of one of the primitive stocks of Europe which has reached to any measure of civilization and historic importance on its own soil. We need not dispute whether the two præ-Aryan stocks at two ends of Europe, that which is represented by the Fins and that which is represented by the Basques, have any connection with one another. It is enough for our purpose that the Finnish race, once so widely spread, has in some parts given way to Aryan settlement, that in others it has made its way by conquest into lands already Aryan, while in one land it has stayed at home and grown its own growth, under Aryan rule certainly, but under a

rule which did not carry with it either displacement, bondage, or assimilation. In the Magyar kingdom the Fin, still speaking his Finnish tongue, bears rule over Aryan subjects. In the Bulgarian lands, delivered and yet to be delivered, he has, as far as speech goes, been assimilated by Aryan subjects and neighbors. But he still keeps something which distinguishes him from other speakers of the kindred Slavonic tongues. In the Baltic provinces of Russia he still lives on through conquest after conquest, along with masters who have become sharers in his bondage. But on the northern side of their own gulf a Finnish people still abide on their own soil, still keeping their national speech and national life, a speech and life which have also endured through two conquests, but conquests each of which has served to raise the conquered to the level, or above the level of their conquerors. Conquest by Sweden brought Finland within the pale of the religion and civilization of Europe. Conquest by Russia gave the Finnish people a distinct national being; inseparable union with the dominions of a despotic ruler has to them meant a step in the path of freedom, a nearer approach than before to the full independence of a nation.

The union of Finland with the Swedish rule on the other side of the Baltic was one of a class of enterprises in which the history of northern Europe is rich. If we are uncharitably given we may say that greed of territorial dominion cloaked itself under the garb of religious zeal; but we shall show better understanding of the spirit of the time, if we say that ambition, love of adventure, and a genuine zeal for religious conversion, all walked side by side, and were often united in the same person. In the latter half of the twelfth century the combined work of conquest and conversion began with the Swedish king Eric, who bears the title of the saint. Such an enterprise passed in those days for a crusade, and the Swedish crusades in Finland at least bore better fruits than the German crusades in the Wendish and Prussian and southern Finnish lands. The land became part of the Swedish dominion; the law and the creed of Sweden

became the law and the creed of Finland. Swedish colonists largely settled in the country; but the older people were neither displaced, enslaved, nor assimilated. The Fin, speaking his Finnish tongue, was subject of the Swedish king, a member of the Swedish kingdom, on the same terms as his Swedish fellow-subject. He shared for good and for evil, the destinies of the State of which he had become part. He had his one neighbor and enemy, as the parts of the kingdom on the other side of the northern Mediterranean had theirs. Russian warfare, Russian invasion, have been familiar things in Finnish history from the thirteenth century to the nineteenth. While the Swede advanced from the coast, the Russian advanced from his inland frontier. That frontier has shifted to and fro, as the result of many wars and many treaties. And as the faith of the old Rome advanced along with the march of the Swede, the faith of the new Rome advanced no less along with the march of the Russian.

But Finland, as an integral part of the Swedish kingdom, shared in its religious no less than in its political revolutions. Fins and Swedes equally accepted the Lutheran Reformation. And to this day the Lutheran creed is the creed of the vast majority of the inhabitants of Finland; the Orthodox faith is professed only in some districts bordering on Russia, and which have been, at one time or another, under Russian dominion. And we must remember that in Sweden, as in England, the religious change did not involve anything like the same break with the traditions of the past which it involved in most Continental countries. The hierarchy went on, and kept its old political place. The ancient constitution of Sweden, changed in modern times in Sweden itself, lives on in Finland. The four Houses of the Diet—Nobles, Clergy, Burghers, and Peasants—still come together under a grand duke who is also emperor of all the Russias, as they once did under the king of the Goths and Vandals. The keeping of this ancient constitution, a native and unique growth of the joint Swedish and Finnish soil, would alone make Finland one of the most interesting political studies in Europe.

There is nothing like it now elsewhere. Most lands had three Estates; England was meant to have them as well as others. But, as compared with most Continental constitutions, it is the special glory of Sweden and Finland to have had something so specially its own as the House of Peasants. The position of the nobles was a privileged and a powerful one; in particular times and places it might even be an oppressive one; but the mass of the people of Sweden and Finland were never serfs or villains.

The course of events which led to the present state of things, the change of Finland from an integral part of the Swedish kingdom to a separate state inseparably united with the Russian empire under a common sovereign, may be said to have directly begun in the central years of the eighteenth century. But certain tendencies, not indeed to union with Russia, but to a feeling of separate being as distinct from Sweden, are older. The very wars with Russia helped to strengthen it. The geographical position of the country, the exposed neighbor of Russia, while Sweden was the neighbor of Norway and Denmark, often caused the defence of Finland to be largely left to its own people. The introduction of the style of grand duchy, the position of the grand duchy of Finland as the appanage of a Swedish prince, might also suggest some measure of distinction between the lands east and west of the northern gulf. Still Finland remained a part of the Swedish kingdom. The grand duchy shared in all the revolutions of the kingdom, alike in those which set up the nobles at the expense of the king and in those which set up the king at the expense of the nobles. And in such revolutions, if some discontented grandees cast their eyes another way, the heart of the Finnish people was ever with their king.

In later, no less than in earlier times, Finland was naturally the scene of every war between Sweden and Russia. And we may say that any ruler of Russia must have been endowed with more than human virtue if he did not wish to get possession both of Finland and of the lands specially known as the Baltic provinces. When the only Russian outlet was at Archangel, the

yearning must have been strong indeed to find a path to the more inviting sea that lay so near. And when the Russian capital had been placed so near to the Finnish frontier, a capital planted on ground actually won from Sweden, the yearning must have become yet stronger. Russia was, as far as geography goes, like Poland cut off from the sea by Prussia, like France, in an earlier day, cut off from the sea by Normandy. No wonder then that, in all times, and in the eighteenth century above all earlier times, Finland was ever a main object of Russian warfare and Russian policy. The wars of Charles the Twelfth, ended after his death by the Peace of Nystad in 1721, led to a Russian occupation of Finland and to the cession of a piece of Finnish territory. The war of 1741-43 led to another occupation and another cession; the Russian frontier again advanced. But this invasion was distinguished from earlier ones by the very significant fact that the Empress Elizabeth caused the inhabitants of the occupied country to swear allegiance to herself. But it does not appear that the loyalty of any part of the Finnish people to the Swedish crown was ever seriously disturbed till the changes of 1772, when Gustavus the Third restored the royal authority at the cost of the nobles. The general loyalty of the people was not disturbed then; but some of the discontented nobles began to hope to better themselves by making Finland a separate state, an aristocratic state, under Russian protection. In the next war, waged by Gustavus the Fourth in 1788-90, this party did not scruple to enter into direct intrigues with the Empress Catharine. But the mass of the people clung to their king, and this time the war was ended without any further cession of territory.

The fruits of all these movements came, though in a much better form than could have been looked for, in the early years of our own century. In the next war, the invasion by the Czar Alexander the First in 1808 led to the complete separation of Finland and the other Swedish lands east of the Gulf of Bothnia from the Swedish crown. Finland was conquered and annexed by the conqueror; but it was an-

nexed after a fashion in which one may suppose that no other conquered land ever was annexed. In fact one may doubt whether "annexed" is the right word. Since 1809 the crowns of Russia and Finland are necessarily worn by the same person; the Russian and the Finnish nation have necessarily the same sovereign. But Finland is not incorporated with Russia; in everything but the common sovereign Russia and Finland are countries foreign to one another. And when we speak of the crown and the nation of Finland, we speak of a crown and a nation which were called into being by the will of the conqueror himself. The first act of Alexander, in June, 1808, while the war was still going on, was to call on the Four Estates of Finland to send deputies to Saint-Petersburg to confer with him on the affairs of the grand duchy. Their advice was to recommend the summoning of a formal Diet of the grand duchy within the country itself. So the czar did in March, 1809. One may call it a formal Diet; but one cannot call it a regular Diet. A Diet of the grand duchy of Finland, apart from the Diet of the kingdom of Sweden, was something wholly new. The conqueror had possession of part of the Swedish dominions, and he called on the people of that part to meet him in a separate parliament, but one chosen in exactly the same way as the existing law prescribed for the common parliament of the whole. The representatives of the Four Estates of the conquered lands, instead of going to meet their former sovereign and the representatives of the rest of his dominions, came together by themselves on their own soil to meet the new sovereign whom the chances of war had given them. In his new character of grand duke of Finland, the Czar Alexander came to Borgå, and there on March 27th, 1809, fully confirmed the existing constitution, laws, and religion of his new State. The position of that State is best described in his own words. Speaking neither Swedish nor Finnish, and speaking to hearers who understood no Russian, the new grand duke used the French tongue. Finland was "*Placé désormais au rang des nations*;" it was a "*Nation tranquille au dehors, libre dans l'intérieur*." And it was a nation of his own founding. The people of Finland had ceased to be part of the Swedish nation; they had not become part of the Russian nation; they had become a nation by themselves.

All this, be it remembered, happened before the formal cession of the lost lands

by Sweden to Russia. This was not made till the Peace of Frederikshamn on September 17th of the same year. The treaty contained no stipulation for the political rights of Finland; their full confirmation by the new sovereign was held to be enough. Two years later, in 1811, the boundary of the new state was enlarged. Alexander, emperor of all the Russias and grand duke of Finland, cut off from his empire, and added to his grand duchy, the Finnish districts which has been ceded by Sweden to Russia sixty years before. The boundary of his constitutional grand duchy was brought very near indeed to the capital of his despotic empire.

I have called the relation of Finland to Russia a relation of Home Rule, and so it is practically. Home Rule is the relation of a dependency, of a State which has a separate constitution in all internal matters, but which has all external matters settled for it by another power. This is practically the position of Finland. Formally we might say that it has a higher position. Russia and Finland, with their sovereign necessarily the same, but otherwise separate states, might seem to be formally in the same relation as Sweden and Norway, as Hungary and Austria, as Great Britain and Ireland from 1782 to 1800. But practically Finland is a dependency of Russia. She was made to feel the fact somewhat sharply some six or seven and thirty years back, when it was thought a noble exploit of the British arms to work havoc on the shores of Finland, in order, we were told, to prolong the Turk's power of oppression at the other end of Europe. Truly the Fins must have learned by that hard teaching, that, though their duchy was with good reason called a nation by the prince who made it such, yet it is not a nation in any international sense. When the fruits of the earth were given to the flames on the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia in order that the barbarian might more easily work his evil will on the shores of the Bosphoros, the men of Finland must have felt of a truth that their crown and the crown of Russia are inseparable. It did not occur to the destroyers to make the distinction which they might possibly have thought it politic to make in the case of Hungary or Norway. That the position of Finland, formally the same, is practically different from that of the last two named lands is shown by the ordinary forms of diplomacy. There are Austro-Hungarian embassies all about; there is no Russo-Finnish embassy.

It must not be forgotten that Alexander, despotic emperor and constitutional grand duke, tried the same experiment again a few years later, when he took on him a third character as constitutional king of Poland. But it has been said already that the experiment which succeeded in Finland failed in Poland. We may fairly say that it succeeded in Finland, though the full accomplishment of the promises of the first sovereign grand duke had to wait till the days of the third. It is strange that Alexander never had another Diet of Finland after the first when he took possession. After such a precedent, Nicolas was not likely to go beyond his brother in the constitutional path. But the land was neither neglected nor oppressed. Finland had no such grounds of revolt as Poland had. And with the illustrious son of Nicolas came a brighter day. Alexander the Second, the prince who broke the bonds of the serf in his own land and who gave a national being to enslaved Bulgaria, did something for Finland also. Since 1863 Diets have been regularly held, and the year 1869 saw somewhat of a Finnish Reform Bill. It cannot be denied that the old constitution of the Four Houses, while the most precious of specimens as a political study, is a somewhat antiquated and clumsy machine for practical use. Under the Swedish constitution which lived on unaltered in Finland, large classes of the nation found no representation in any House of the Diet. This is the tendency of a system of Estates. Classes of men will arise, who have the same interest in the country and the same capacity for serving it with any of the represented classes, but whom the system of representation shuts out. There were men in Finland, as in Sweden, who did not rank under any of the heads of Nobles, Clergy, Burghers, or Peasants. An Englishman is perhaps most struck with the strange position of all members of noble families save one at a time. The head of each noble house can either take his seat in the House of Nobles himself or send some other member of his family to represent him there. The rest of the kin were till 1869 utterly disfranchised. Their share in the House of Nobles was held by another; nor could they find a place among Clergy, Burghers, or Peasants. Again, the House of Burghers was narrowly confined to members of incorporated guilds, shutting out of course many of the most intelligent inhabitants of the towns. There were landowners too, who, as not coming under the head of either Nobles or Peasants,

were equally disfranchised. Something was done in 1869 to make things a little wider. The franchise for the House of Burghers was largely extended, so as to take in all tax-paying inhabitants of the towns who are not nobles or clergy. The Peasant House now takes in all landowners, who are not nobles, clergy, or government officials — who are altogether shut out from the Diet — and the tenants of crown lands. The House of Clergy takes in some representatives of the University of Helsingfors and of the public schools, who may of course be laymen. And the utter disfranchisement of the great mass of the descendants of noble families is slightly relieved by allowing them, if qualified, to elect and be elected to the House of Clergy, but not to those of Burghers or Peasants. Thus those in Finland who may answer to North and Pitt and Fox, to Althorp and Stanley, to Lord John Russell and the new Duke of Devonshire, could have found their way into Parliament only in a clerical or academical guise, unless the several peers to whose families they belonged had chosen to send them to the House of Lords instead of themselves.

Many patriotic men in Finland abstractedly wish this system to be changed. They would in theory like to make the same change which has been made in Sweden, to have two Houses after the pattern of most other nations. But they do not want to touch anything just now. Who was it who had written on his tomb, "I was well; but, trying to be better, I am here?" That is the present feeling of Finland. Some things might conceivably be made better; but the fear is that, if anything is touched, it will be made, not better but worse. Finland is not a land of political parties. Such division as there is in the country turns, as it is sure to turn wherever the materials for the controversy exist, on difference of language. Swedish is naturally the most cultivated language, the one which naturally claims a precedence to itself. But, just as with Czech in Bohemia, with Flemish in Belgium, Finnish, the truer language of the country is looking up. Both are recognized as official languages; and the thought comes in whether, in such a state of things, there are not some advantages about a sovereign who does not belong to either. But the really wonderful thing is, not that Swedes and Fins have sometimes found matter for dispute, but that they have on the whole agreed so well as they have. But in Finland Swedes and Fins,

though they may have their disputes on smaller matters, are united in a common purpose to defend the rights of their common country. Are those rights threatened? It is perhaps too soon to speak with certainty either way. But it is certain that a feeling of coming danger has long been spreading over the country. The present czar and grand duke has held the Diets of his grand duchy regularly, even more frequently than his father. But he will not go on doing so if he listens to the clamors of a large part of his Russian subjects. A dead set seems to be making by a large part of the Russian press against the chartered liberties of Finland. One would have thought that, with Finland before his eyes, the first thought in the mind of a patriotic Russian would be to aim at levelling up, not at levelling down. It would surely be a nobler work to make Russia as Finland than to make Finland as Russia. It is widely believed that that was the mind of Alexander the Second, that he who had so carefully restored the rights of his lesser dominion was, when both his dominions lost him, pondering how to extend equal rights to the greater. But with large classes at least in Russia it seems to be thought patriotic to assert the unity of the empire, and to speak of the liberties of Finland as a blot on the face of that unity. It is argued that, when Alexander the First with his own mouth proclaimed that the people of Finland were a free nation, he did not know what he was saying. All that he meant was that he was enlarging his empire by a new province, to which of his grace he granted some privileges which he or his successors might at any moment take away. Of his own grace it certainly was that Alexander the First used the rights of conquest as no other conqueror before him ever used them. But it is a strange argument to infer that because a thing was graciously given, it may, without breach of faith, without scorn of a monarch's kingly word, be ungraciously taken back again.

Besides this generally threatening temper in Russia, the immediate ground of dread is the appointment of a commission, Russian and Finnish, to codify the fundamental laws of Finland. Patriotic Finlanders, Swedish and Finnish, say that it is better to let well alone. They do not know what "codification" may mean, and whatever it means, they had rather not have it just now. It is not a moment for reform, when things look so much as if

reform might haply turn to destruction. The belief in Finland is that reform, that "codification," in the eyes of some who have power and influence, means nothing short of the overthrow of the liberties of the grand duchy, the liberties which the first Alexander preserved in the moment of conquest, and to which his successors, peacefully succeeding, have each one plighted his kingly word. Rumor points to projected changes of no small moment. If some schemes that are believed to be under discussion are carried out, the political and religious independence, the very national being, of the Finnish nation is to be blotted out. The national Church, secured by the plighted word of the first conqueror, is to sink to the position of a tolerated sect, while the Orthodox creed — to Russia a cherished badge of national life, to Finland the very opposite — is to be set in its place as the established religion of the grand duchy as well as of the empire. Offices in Finland are, it is said, to be opened to all subjects of the Russian crown, including men to whom both the languages of Finland may be unknown. And though the Diet may still possibly be allowed to meet, yet it is believed that a change is coming by which the grand duke may, if he think good, legislate in Finland, as in Russia, of his own will, whether the Estates of the duchy consent or no. A writer in another land, who has no means of prying into the secrets of princes and their advisers, can put forth such statements as these only as rumors. He may hope that no such purposes are really entertained; he may hope that, if they are entertained, something may still step in to thwart them. He can only say that changes of this kind are believed to be threatening. For himself he can go no farther than to say that things can hardly be in a wholesome state, that there can hardly be that confidence which there ought to be between prince and people, that confidence which not many years back there undoubtedly was, when rumors of purposes like these can so much as be believed.

Grievous indeed it would be if the cherished rights of this interesting corner of Europe, so rich in memories of early days and early races, should be swept away out of mere caprice. It was sad when the last trace of the liberties of Poland was blotted out; but Poland had at least twice revolted; even from Alexander the Second we could not look for a virtue so superhuman that no king or common-

wealth ever practised it, the virtue of letting a people go, simply because they wish to be let go. But all that Alexander the Third is called on to do is simply to do nothing, to leave alone the good work which Alexander the First began and which Alexander the Second carried to perfection. Well may the world weep, well may Russia and Finland weep, for the day when the murderer's hand cut short the high career of the deliverer. Had he lived, we should not have seen Bulgaria driven to see friends in the Turk and the Austrian rather than in the son and the people of him who set her free. Had he lived, there would have been no fear of Finland being dragged down to the level of Russia; there might have been a hope of Russia being lifted up to the level of Finland. The prospect is gloomy, gloomiest of all is it for those who wished the father God speed on every step of his path of glory, and who mourn the more that they have to look out with fear and trembling for every coming step in the path of the son. It would be grievous if the cause of Finnish freedom should be turned to the base purposes of the vulgar slanderers of Russia, of those who seem to take a fiend's delight in stirring up strife between the two powers who are called above all others to the deliverance of the south-eastern lands. It is for them to speak to whom Russia, her people and her rulers, are simply like the people and the rulers of any other nation; it is for them who can, in the case of Russia as in any other case, applaud wise and righteous dealing and condemn dealing which is unwise and unrighteous. In the great meeting of December, 1876, the meeting which saved us from a war yet more needless and unrighteous than that of 1854, no name drew forth louder cheers than every mention of Russia, her people and her prince. And those cheers were well deserved. Those who raised them then, who would raise them again in the like case, would hardly raise them now, when they look to the past and the present of Bulgaria, to the future that may be of Finland. Still the blow has not fallen; there is still hope that it may not fall. What Bohemia has been robbed of, what Ireland yearns for, Finland still keeps. The third Alexander has still time to turn about and walk in the steps of the first and of the second. Let him school himself to do the deeds of his father, and the blessings that waited on his father will wait on him.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

"CARPY:" A STORY OF TO-DAY.

"PETUNIA, you horrify me!" exclaimed Mrs. Chertsey, shrinking her shoulders into her chair.

"That's what comes of living for four years in India," answered her cousin pityingly. "You've lost touch with actualities. You're out of the movement, Lodora, utterly out of the movement."

"I'd rather be out of the movement than do what you've done."

"Of course," was the reply. "You'd have preferred to see me remain contemptibly unproductive, with all the splendors of three hundred a year before me as my ultimate destiny. Thank you."

"I didn't understand its full abomination when you wrote out to me about it; but I perceive it now, and I shudder."

"Leave off shuddering," retorted the other—"it's idiotic. Look at things as they are, if you please. Just listen. There are too many already at bonnets and dresses; women don't go yet to the Stock Exchange, or take up book-making. I couldn't write a novel to save myself from the rack; and if I did, it would be so vilely bad that nobody would read it. I have not muscle enough to try mining in South Africa; and yet I wanted money startlingly. So I had the sense to utilize the only power I possessed—my position and my name. I saw a need; I satisfied the need; and I've got the money."

"But—what on earth does your father say to it?"

"Of course papa dislikes it, and pretends that he's ashamed. So, as I'm very fond of him, and didn't want to cause him any pain I could avoid, I told him, dutifully and tenderly, when I began, that, if he'd settle a couple of thousands a year on me for life, I'd put up the shutters. He declared he couldn't, and I think it was the truth. Therefore I went on, and am prospering. Doesn't it look striking on the door-plate?"

LADY PETUNIA FITZ-HOLLYHOCK & Co.  
(Limited),  
SOCIETY CONTRACTORS."

"Oh, very striking; very striking indeed!" answered Mrs. Chertsey disconsolately. "So striking that it upsets my nerves altogether."

"Oh, if I'd paid attention to other people's nerves," was the scornful rejoinder, "I should have remained a pauper. I've none of my own. I live exclusively in the unruffled atmosphere of my interests. I'm 'modern,' as they say in Paris. I con-

sider myself to be the very latest development-of modernity."

"And does this horrid business succeed? Do you mean to say that it brings in profits?"

"Succeed? Profits? I made over six thousand last year, and I shall reach ten this year."

"Petunia!"

"Lodora?"

"I don't believe it."

"Shall I show you my books?"

"Books? You keep accounts?" exclaimed Mrs. Chertsey, with amazement. "Why, when we were children you couldn't add six and three together."

"That's true. I asserted that they made sixty-three. I don't say that now."

"But — what is it that you do? In what consists your frightful trade?"

"I render society services to people who need them, and can pay for them — an enormous class, my dear."

"And, pray, what does that exactly mean?"

"How stupid you are, Lodora! Why, I get invitations for them; introduce them; bring guests to their dinners and their balls; choose their clothes; arrange marriages for them; and I'm now preparing to extend my business by contracting to supply knowledge of the world, good manners, the faculty of conversation, presentable relations, and an unspotted past; all of which articles are in great demand. For these acts I take a high commission."

"It's awful to listen to you!"

"How sweet you are, Lodora!"

"But — your friends? The world? Your own situation?"

"My friends envy my income, and entreat me to discover heiresses for their sons. The world says I'm a plucky woman for daring to do openly what so many others have been doing secretly. My situation is that of a universal benefactor. Why, Mr. Gladstone himself told me, the other day, that I'm 'a phase.' He's going to write an article about me in the *Nineteenth Century*, showing how superior I am, from a psychological point of view, to Marie Bashkirtseff. The mob regards me with patriotic pride, as a new, national, noble British institution."

"Your cynicism is revolting," quavered out Mrs. Chertsey, shaking her hands in the air before her, as if to repeal the cruel thoughts that oppressed her.

"And the antiquity of your ideas is deplorable. You'd better go back to India. You'll be more in your place there. Why didn't you stop there?"

"How unfeeling you are! You're perfectly aware that I was ill, and was forced to come home. Besides — there was another reason."

"Another reason? What reason?"

Mrs. Chertsey (who was a weak-minded person) gazed wanderingly around her. After glaring at the flowers and the ornaments grouped about the room, she fixed her eyes upon a picture representing Cupid talking confidentially to a young lady, and seemed to ask it for advice. At last she stammered out, "You know my husband has relations in Australia?"

"I don't. But treat me as if I did."

"Well, a cousin of his, a Mr. Cornstalk, came up to Simla last year, and informed Puggy that he was a great horse-breeder in Queensland — three thousand foals a year, fancy that! — and that he wanted to organize direct sales in India, because the middle-men ate up too much of his profit. Puggy, who is a born dealer, thought there might be a chance of a pull for himself, and brought the man to stay with us, so as to get hold of him."

"Thus far the tale is not exciting," observed Lady Petunia, yawning.

"Well," went on the other, taking no notice of the interruption, "it turned out that this cousin was monstrously rich, and that he had a sister as rich as himself —"

"And a sharer in the horse-breeding?"

"It's their joint affair; the estate was left by their father to the two together, and they've gone on with it in partnership."

"That sister is beginning to interest me," put in Lady Petunia approvingly. "She must be wise — like me."

"I don't know about that. If she were wise she would stop where she is, and go on breaking buck-jumpers — her brother says she's an astonishing rider — instead of which she's coming to England to try to get into society."

"To get into society?" echoed Lady Petunia eagerly, almost springing up. "Lodora, you're sent straight to me by heaven! A client! From Australia! The first I've had of that extraction! I'll undertake her. When will she be here?"

"Don't talk in that way," exclaimed the other protestingly. "I'm going to do it myself, of course; it's my duty."

"That's taking the bread out of my mouth. She belongs legitimately to me. Besides, you can't do it; you're utterly incapable of it; you're not the woman for it."

"Puggy thinks I am, and he begged

me most particularly to look after her, because of his arrangements with her brother."

"I tell you you can't do it."

"I must. They made up some plan between them about the horses. Of course Puggy couldn't show in it, on account of his position; but he's to have his pull, and I'm to take up the sister here as part of the bargain."

"You odious impostor!" burst out Lady Petunia, shaking her cousin's shoulder, and laughing at her. "So you're carrying on your own little business in the dark, are you? And yet you presume to abuse me for doing mine in the daylight. Do you call that honesty?"

"Upon my word, I never gave a thought to the business," retorted Mrs. Chertsey, almost angrily. "I want to help Puggy; that's all."

"Poor innocent! It's lovely to listen to you. Do you want a share of my commission? Is that it?"

"Petunia! you insult me."

"Don't be silly. You know you're safe with me; so speak out. How much do you ask for bringing her to me?"

"I won't bring her to you at all," exclaimed the other, losing her temper. "My sole object is to serve Puggy. It's a shame of you to impute anything else to me. I'm very angry with you."

"Well, frankly, married people have stupendous notions about their relations with each other! Are your Mr. Puggy's interests separate from your own? In serving him are you not serving yourself? And in making a little money yourself are you not serving him?"

"That never occurred to me," replied Mrs. Chertsey awkwardly, almost meekly.

"Then it had better occur. Look here. Give your friend the choice between us; that's all I ask of you. Offer her your own help for nothing; let me offer her mine for money; and let's see which she'll select. I'll lay you three to two, in anything you like, that she comes to me of her own free will."

"But what would Puggy say?"

"Puggy would say, 'Do the best for her;' and as I can do better than you, he would tell you to leave her to me. Besides, if the girl chooses for herself, what has he got to do with it?"

"Yes, that's true," murmured Mrs. Chertsey feebly, dominated by her strong-willed cousin; "yes, perhaps he might say that. And I dare say you've means of action that I haven't; and it may be that, as you tell me, I'm not the woman for it—

I've been away so long, you know. I suppose there'll be no harm in your seeing her, and that Puggy won't blame me for that."

"Let her decide; that's all."

"Yes; I'll do that. Good-bye, Petunia. I wish you hadn't taken up this miserable commerce, and said all those nasty things to me. I shall dream about it."

A fortnight afterwards Miss Cornstalk reached London from Brisbane. Mrs. Chertsey had her to dinner on the evening of her arrival, and saw a fair, very slight, short girl, not pretty, of about five-and-twenty. Her movements were vividly full of mixed lightness and vigor, and her face bore a striking expression of animation and intelligence. As soon as they were alone, the girl said, looking scrutinizingly at her hostess, —

"Tom told me I can speak out to you; not only because we're relations in a kind of a way, but because it's your interest to help me."

"I do want to help you," was the not over-pleased reply. "But it depends on what you want me to do and on my power of doing it."

"Why, I thought all that was settled between your husband and Tom," answered the other, sitting up with an appearance of surprise. "You've to take me into good society in London. Tom said you were a big person, and in a position to do it."

"I'm not a big person at all; but I dare say I could do a little for you."

"Oh, a little isn't enough. I want a good deal. And I'm in a hurry, too. I can't stay very long over here. I've only come for a few months."

"But, getting into society is a process that needs time."

"Time? I've got no time. I want you to put me in at once."

"My dear Miss Cornstalk," was the expostulating response, "you are asking for impossibilities."

"Impossibilities? Am I to infer from that word that you are unable to carry out the arrangement made between your husband and my brother?"

"I've not said I'm unable to carry it out," protested Mrs. Chertsey, who was growing frightened at the tone of her visitor; "and even were I personally unable," she added hastily, "there might be other channels of action which you could try."

"Other channels? Why, I don't know a soul in the place excepting you."

"But I can open other channels to you. At all events I can manage that. For in—

stance, I've a cousin who, I'm sure, could help you."

"Who's she?"

"Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock."

"Who's Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock?"

"Daughter of the Earl of Oakleaves."

"And why is she able to do more for me than you can yourself?"

"Because," stammered Mrs. Chertsey shyly, but trying to laugh off her timidity, "because, — what I'm going to say is very strange, and perhaps, at first, you won't quite believe it; but it's true, — because she's taken up introducing people into society as a profession — for money."

"For money?" echoed the other, in amazement. "For money? Well, that does dazzle the eyes! But it's prodigiously funny. Oh, it's prodigiously — prodigiously — funny. Are there many here who do that?"

"Oh no. She's the only one yet — publicly, I mean; though lots of them do it privately. That's why I speak to you about her. But, of course, there'll be plenty more soon, as she's succeeding so well."

"Does she charge high?"

"Really — I don't — I don't know," was the confused reply. "Besides, I only mentioned Petunia by accident. I intend, naturally, of course — that is to say, necessarily — to do all I can for you myself. But still, you see, Petunia —"

"Yes, yes, I see. I see distinctly. You needn't explain. Morally, it's not pretty; but, politically, I like the notion of your Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock, daughter of the Earl of Oakleaves, setting up in business — particularly that sort of business. Besides, if she does it for money, she'll be quick over it, so as to get her pay. And that's what I want. I can afford it. I've brought a credit with me. When shall we go to her? I'm quite convinced, already, that she can do more for me than you can."

"Well," faltered out the other, painfully humbled and limply helpless, "whenever you like."

"To-morrow, then; to-morrow, at eleven. I'll call for you. You can't imagine how this interests me. This alone was worth coming for, even if I discover nothing else."

When, next morning, Miss Cornstalk reached the door of Lady Petunia's office and read the inscription on it, she stood still, meditating. After a silence, she murmured to herself, "I suspect this is only the freak of a restive woman. But still, it would have been impossible to realize

such a notion if the general condition of society had not led up to it. It may be a symptom; if it is, it's a grave one. I must get to the bottom of it."

She went thoughtfully up-stairs.

Lady Petunia looked at her curiously, shook hands with her warmly, and asked her eagerly, "You know what my profession is?"

"I do."

"Then I'll go straight to the point with you, and not waste either your time or mine. May I put a few questions to you?"

"Put."

"Miss Cornstalk, what is your precise object in coming to London?"

"To obtain personal information as to the condition of England. I'm going to begin by examining the national utility of your good society."

Lady Petunia stared at her, and wondered whether she was quite in her senses.

"That's a large subject," she observed; "but, is that all?"

"So far as my specific aim goes, yes. Subsidiarily, I'm ready to amuse myself, and to profit by anything else that may come in my way."

"Ah! What would you say, for instance, if a marriage came in your way?"

"I should say, No, thank you."

"May I inquire why?"

"Because I haven't come for that. My future is in Queensland. I shall go back there when I've done here."

"As we're discussing business, and as you appear to be an extremely business-like and practical person, permit me to point out to you that you would facilitate your entrance into English society if you allowed it to be supposed that you've come to look for a husband."

"Wouldn't it be enough to give them entertainments? I don't tell lies."

"Well, entertainments, as you call them, can be given by any one who can pay for them; there are too many of them as it is. But a big heiress, like you, is rare. Do you perceive the nature of my argument?"

"Yes, yes, I perceive; I perceive luminously. Still, as I have just said, I don't tell lies; it isn't my system of action."

"Really, you can't call it lying. Let me assure you it's essential in every case — not only in your case, but in every case — to lead people to suppose that they can get something out of you in exchange for what they give you; and, of all that can be got out of a rich girl like you, the hope of matrimony with you would most tempt the sort of people you want to know. They all have starving sons and brothers.

I beg you, at all events — if you put yourself into my hands — not to blaze about that you won't have it."

"You're teaching me already a good deal about the situation of this country," remarked the girl, with a cold smile. "We'll postpone that, however, if you please. What I've come for is to ask how much it would cost me to employ you. Have you a price-list?"

Lady Petunia tried to appear amused, but only succeeded in looking distinctly uncomfortable. She answered: "My charges are elastic. They vary with the people I have to deal with. I find it prudent, in most cases, to stipulate for money down beforehand; but I won't ask that from such a person as you."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Though I've only seen you for five minutes, I recognize that you are unlike any one I have undertaken thus far."

"I'm glad to hear that also."

"I feel certain, somehow, that you are intensely honest, and will play no tricks with me. I'll make a proposal to you. If you are satisfied with my work on your behalf (which you will be), you shall give me a thousand at the end of the season. What do you say to that?"

"What do *you* say to it?" asked the girl, turning slowly to Mrs. Chertsey, who had been sitting in rather gloomy silence.

That lady started, and exclaimed, "Really, I can advise nothing. I'm ready to do my little best for you. It would be little, but it would be my best; and Puggy expects it of me. If you prefer Petunia, it must be in consequence of your own free option, not because I advise you."

"That's all you have to say?" demanded Miss Cornstalk, with a movement of the eyebrows that came to her each time she was surprised or vexed. "I'd made up my mind before I put the question to you; but, as I was consigned to you, I thought it was civil to appear to consult you. Lady Petunia," she went on, "I accept your terms. Let's settle the programme and begin."

"My dear, you're quite delightful," was the enthusiastic reply. "Oh, if they were all like you! You'll do. Now I must inscribe you in my register. What's your Christian name?"

"Carpentaria is my baptismal appellation (it's a gulf out there); but as it's long, I'm known as 'Carpy.'"

"Miss Carpy Cornstalk! Well, that will look effective in print. There's a character about it that will make people read it twice. And it's easy to pronounce.

One of the drawbacks of my profession is that I have to deal sometimes with the bearers of such unapproachable names that I'm half afraid to ask for invitations for them. My first client was a Mrs. Krawkojevacz, a Servian Jewess, and the second a Bombay woman called Dosabhai. I prefer Carpy Cornstalk."

"Oh, yes," intervened Mrs. Chertsey mistily. "Puggy told me her name was Carpentaria. I remember now. I knew it had something to do with geography."

"I think, Miss Cornstalk," continued Lady Petunia, "you'd better begin by arranging with my cousin to come to stay at your hotel and go about with you. You must have a chaperon, you know. With all our goings-on here, we stand up for appearances (at least we've done so thus far), and it won't do for you to be alone."

Mrs. Chertsey, with resignation, let fall the words, "I'll do whatever you like. I'll help in any way; because of Puggy, you know."

"And now," continued Lady Petunia in an animated tone, "we'll see about some dresses for you (I warn you I shall receive a commission on them from the maker), and the day after to-morrow I'll take you to a dinner-party given by another client of mine, Mrs. Olympus, the widow of Bethlehem Z. Olympus of Pittsburg, who made a huge fortune by manufacturing variegated marble chimney-pieces out of compressed oyster-shells."

The guests at the dinner were furnished by Lady Petunia. The Marquess of Cheviot was the head man, Lady Dungeness the head woman, and there were various subordinates. Mrs. Olympus was convinced that all the men wanted to marry her and all the women to get services out of her; and that they would entertain, respectively, precisely the same feelings towards Miss Cornstalk as soon as they heard that she was rich.

"It isn't you or me they want, my dear," she observed to that young lady, when they got into a corner after dinner. "Our individualities count totally for nothing. It's what we can give them. I've only been at it a month, but I've seen into the axis of the thing already."

"And what else have you discovered in the axis?" asked Miss Cornstalk, laughing.

"I've found a doubt. I'm wondering whether, at that price, it's really worth having."

"Of course not," was the emphatic reply. "Neither at that price, nor at any other."

"Oh my! If that's your view, what have you come for?"

"Political instruction."

Mrs. Olympus opened her eyes at the girl. For a moment she fancied she was being laughed at. But she saw at once that the other was in earnest, and broke out, "Political instruction? That is voluminous. You'll get none of that in the scramble here. There's no instruction of any sort in circulation — except about reputations. I haven't learnt the value of an old hairpin since I landed."

"I'm quite ready to believe you. But, for reasons, I want to see it with my own sight. By the way, what have *you* come for?"

"Because it's the right thing for an American to do. It makes us pleased with ourselves to get into the smart houses here."

"Ah?"

"Yes; certainly. Haven't you the same feeling out your way?"

"Not much. Our people think too much of themselves for that. Some of them are so convinced of their extreme importance that they'd like to bat and keep wicket to their own bowling."

"We've got that sort, too," remarked the inhabitant of Pittsburg.

"Is Lady Petunia doing for you all that you expected?" inquired the Australian.

"Isn't she! She's putting me along quite nobly. My dear, she's a driving-wheel of very big diameter."

"She's taken up an odd trade."

"That's her affair. It's handy for you and me. And I like her as a woman. Now you go and be made love to. All the men are waiting for you, don't you see?"

Miss Cornstalk's eyebrows lifted.

Mrs. Olympus added as they parted, "Little Gawaine is the only finished article among them. The others are all waste material. Try Gawaine."

A minute afterwards Lord Cheviot and Sir Cerdic Gawaine were introduced by Lady Petunia to Carpy, and sat down right and left of her.

"Charming person, Mrs. Olympus," asserted Lord Cheviot airily.

"I hear you've come to England to study us, Miss Cornstalk," remarked Sir Cerdic seriously.

She looked at each of them twice investigatingly, and then turned slowly to Sir Cerdic, affording to Lord Cheviot an opportunity (of which he availed himself copiously) of considering the extreme whiteness of her shoulders. After a time, however, as he saw that she did not mean

to turn back again, he found the shoulders insufficient to content him, and went away in indignation.

The girl made answer to the second observation. "Yes; I've come to see what you are like. Can you help me to arrive at an impression?"

"In no way. I have never succeeded in forming, even for my private use, a definite opinion as to our condition or value."

Miss Cornstalk twisted her eyebrows, and asked, "From indifference? — from incapacity? — or from the difficulty of the subject?"

Sir Cerdic stared at her. "You put things plainly," he said, with manifest astonishment.

"I suppose you mean that I'm rough," she answered quietly. "I know I am. I wasn't softened when I was little; there was nobody to do it; I had no mother. But I'm trying to improve myself. Why have you formed no opinion about the condition of the English?"

"Because the more I study them, the more do I recognize the contradictions and the complications they present, and the less do I feel able to arrive at any conviction about them."

"How old are you?"

He stared again. After a few seconds, he told her, "Thirty-two."

"And at that age you've not found life long enough to enable you to unravel those contradictions and complications?"

"I don't expect to find it long enough at any other age."

"And I who intend to pass sentence on you in a month!"

"Doesn't it occur to you that it will be presumptuous to do so?"

"Presumptuous or not, I'm going to try."

"But why on earth do you want to pass sentence on us? Can't you be content to amuse yourself amongst us?"

"No; that's not my way. Besides, I've two reasons."

"Would it be indiscreet to inquire what are those two reasons?"

"Not a bit. The reasons are, that I want to learn; and that, when I've learnt, I want to use my knowledge."

"Do you know that you puzzle me and interest me?" exclaimed the other, looking at her with curiosity.

"I didn't know it; but now that you mention it, I think it's very likely."

"May I go on questioning you?"

"I shan't mind it any more than water minds being wetted."

He stared at her for the third time, almost with bewilderment.

"Well, first of all," he went on, as soon as he had recovered, "how do you mean to use your knowledge when you've got it?"

The girl became grave.

"Sir Cerdic Gawaine," she said, "I live in a land where we think a deal of ourselves, and are self-willed and independent. Yet, all the same, a good many of us, down in our hearts, look up fondly to the old mother country, and feel a traditional tenderness for her, and want to go on respecting her. But we've our Radicals, just as you have yours, and our Radicals pretend that the mother country isn't worth respecting. I've come to see."

"To see?" he repeated in a tone of utter incomprehension.

"Yes; to see. I'm a Conservative. I want to keep things as they are, if I can. And if I find that you're worth respecting, I'll go back and say so. That's my notion of duty."

"Will you forgive me for saying that you don't seem exactly like what we understand here by a Conservative?"

"Don't lose time over definitions; all words have local values. When I tell you I'm a Conservative out there, you may believe me."

"And you suppose that a month's contact with society in London will teach you whether England is worth respecting?"

"No. I'm only going to apply a very simple test. It's a universal rule that those who are worthy of respect from others are always disposed to respect themselves. I shall limit myself to the search for signs of self-respect. As I've no time to hunt for positive proof, I must content myself with negative evidence. When I've finished here, I shall look for the same sign in fields and factories and mines."

"And — why have you undertaken this extraordinary mission?"

"It isn't a mission. It's simply profiting by an opportunity to show that I deserve the place I occupy in the sunlight, and to make the people feel round home that they can trust me, because I work."

"Decidedly, you do interest me," insisted Gawaine, more and more impressed. "Are there many like you 'round home?'"

"A few."

"Well, I may say with certainty that there is nobody like you here."

"So I fancied," remarked Miss Cornstalk thoughtfully. "But what's the use of talking about me? It's waste of time,

and I've none to spare. Do tell me about this society of yours. Is it an honor to England? Or is it only a danger? If it's not the one, it must, of necessity, be the other; all history shows that."

"Your questions are as big as the sky, and as full of light and darkness. It's impossible to answer them off-hand."

"Then think about them, and answer them to-morrow. Lady Dungeness takes me to Hurlingham. Come there to me. You can help me."

Sir Cerdic Gawaine went away and pondered. He felt that he had met an unusual woman, and that his curiosity and his sympathy had been sharply excited by her. He was conscious that there was something special in her; and that, in particular, she possessed a mental freshness absolutely proper to herself, and which (absurd as the comparison appeared) he could liken to nothing else than rosemary and thyme. But he could not get beyond a mere general definition of her. He told himself that she was honest and intelligent, self-confident and extraordinarily outspoken, unconventional and strange. He felt, too, that she attracted him. But the word he kept repeating, and which, for the moment, summed up his only clear impression, was — "Strange!"

Next day it rained. At two o'clock a note reached him, saying: —

"As Hurlingham is impossible, come to me at tea-time. C. C."

He read the words several times; tried to form an estimate of the writer from the writing; and, finally, put the note rather carefully into a despatch-box, muttering the same word — "Strange!"

"I want you," she said, as they ate their toast together, "to go about amongst the older people of your acquaintance and to ask them what they think of the position held by English society towards the nation."

"They'll tell me that they think I'm off my head for putting such a question," was the laughing answer.

"Never mind what they think about you. That doesn't matter. It's what they think about themselves in their relation to the people that I want to know."

"Why, Miss Cornstalk, not one in thirty thousand of them has the faintest conception that such a problem exists."

"Then it's your duty to make them feel that it exists," she exclaimed impatiently; "it's your duty to force them to see its gravity, and to arrive at an opinion on it."

"May I ask why it is *my* duty?"

She looked at him with mixed commiseration and surprise.

"Now there," she said, "is the effect of the enfeebling contacts amidst which you live. You positively have forgotten that it's your duty to speak the truth to those around you."

"I'm not an apostle. I'm simply a —"

"A coward, I fear," she broke in, fixing her eyes sorrowfully upon him.

He started slightly, but answered simply, after a few seconds, "In all sincerity I have never found myself a coward. But I acknowledge that, in my dealings with men and women, I try to be prudent."

"Prudence and cowardice are twins," she murmured.

"Now what is the use," urged Gawaine, "as you said of yourself last night, of talking about *me*? Pray leave me out."

"You disappoint me. I don't know why, but I expected more of you."

"I'm grieved to hear you say so. I'll help you all I can; I promise you I will; but not at the price of making myself ridiculous before others. That's precisely what every Englishman does fear, coward or not."

"I comprehend," remarked Carpy, with a returning smile. "You leave that process to me! Well, let's say no more about it."

"But I wish most heartily," he protested, "to go on about it with you. I, personally, am keenly interested in the whole class of questions which seems to occupy your mind. All I beg is that you will not claim from me the impossible. Have you really come to England for absolutely nothing but politics?"

"Not quite. I'm woman enough," she went on lightly, "to wish to smooth off the asperities of my manners by looking on at the good behavior of others; and I'm girl enough to desire to amuse myself a little. To-night at Mrs. Bigbag's — you're going, I suppose — you'll see how I can dance. How many waltzes will you have?"

"You do me great honor, Miss Cornstalk. I'll take them all, with gratitude, if you'll give them to me."

"No, no, not all. I must make acquaintance with other men besides you. I can only give you two or three. Good-bye."

Sir Cerdic Gawaine strolled into the Park, and sat down alone, to meditate.

"She's more human than I fancied last night," he told himself. "She came round so abruptly just now from calling me a

coward to offering me waltzes that there must be more graciousness in her than I supposed at the first moment. With all her wildnesses she has very womanly sides. She talked very nicely and naturally of wishing to soften her roughness. There's a good deal in her that's thoroughly feminine, and, with good teaching, she might be developed into a delightful type. By Jove! what lovely feet and hands she has! and how deliciously she uses them! She's confoundedly stimulating, particularly now that I'm beginning to believe that she's a real woman, and not a mere politician in petticoats. As a study she's remarkable, quite remarkable. I wonder whether she could be cured of that habit of speaking out? It's not in its place in England. She's very, *very* interesting."

At Mrs. Bigbag's ball Miss Cornstalk made her first appearance before London. Everybody who's supposed to be worth mentioning was there. For a quarter of an hour no one took the slightest notice of her. Suddenly a rumor, put dexterously into circulation by Lady Petunia, spread about — it fizzed like a rocket-fuse, as rumors do — that the little girl in white had a heap of thousands a year. Then up came the introductions.

"Let them believe, I implore you, that you'll marry every one of them," whispered Lady Petunia, with intense entreaty.

Carpy laughed, and walked off to a Lancers with young Lord Ennerdale, who had been the first to catch her.

"Very — er — hot," he observed.

"I know that," she answered, twisting her eyebrows as she looked up at him. "Can't you tell me something I don't know?"

The boy had never been spoken to in that way before, and felt abashed. Then he grew vexed that a little renownless girl should dare to address a very smart young man like him in such disrespectful language. So he said to her, "Well — er — you know, I can't know, all of myself — er — what a girl knows or doesn't know — er — don't you know?"

"I assure you I'm totally convinced you don't know, don't you know," she echoed, laughing exceedingly behind her fan.

This made him still more indignant, so he muttered, rather fiercely, "If you'd like me not to talk — er — I'll hold my tongue."

She looked up at him again (he was very tall), distorted her eyebrows out of all

shape; and said, with resolute gravity, "What's your opinion as to the position held by English society before the nation?"

Lord Ennerdale felt inclined to run away.

"She's mad! That's it!" he thought. "I wish this beastly Lancers was over."

But the girl had no intention of quarrelling with him; she wanted to be friends with everybody, even with smart young men, on the chance of being able to learn something from them. So she added, "No; let's leave society alone, and talk about horses."

This appeased him a little; but he remained rancorous, and only stuttered out, "Well, you know—er—horses—that's to say—er—there's a deal to be said about horses, if—er—you only know what to say, and—er—how to say it."

"Exactly so. I most heartily agree with you. That's a most sensible observation. Let me judge what you have to say about them, and how you say it."

He stared at her, feeling more and more angry, and distinctly frightened.

"Well, go on," she insisted. "I'm listening."

"No; I give up," was the hopeless reply. "You floor me. Do you always talk to fellows in this way?"

"Well, frankly, this is the first time, for the good reason that I never spoke to what you call a 'fellow' before."

"She *is* mad," he repeated uncomfortably to himself.

After a silence, during which she bit her lips ferociously to keep herself from choking with laughter, she looked up once more at her partner, and said, unflinchingly gently, "Now, do let us talk about horses. I broke seven colts last year."

"What?" he gasped. "You? You, yourself? You did? Really?"

"Yes," she affirmed, nodding her head solemnly. "I myself. I did. Really."

"Then you can ride a bit? Any—er—hands?"

"I made their mouths," was the tranquil reply; and she held up her tiny fingers to show him the instrument that had done it.

"Well done you!" exclaimed the boy, getting interested.

He added, within himself, "If that's not a lie, she can't be mad, after all. Broke seven colts! No, can't be mad. Yet, what did she mean about society and the nation? That sounded very insane."

"Going on?" he asked, after these reflections. "I'd like uncommonly—er—

to know what sort they were, and what—er—bits you did it with. No time here, don't you know."

"Going on?" she repeated. "Eh? I don't understand. I'm going on dancing, if that's what you mean."

"No, not that. Going on—er—don't you know. To another place. I'm going to Mrs. Highheap's. You might tell me there."

"I'm not going to Mrs. Highheap's," she replied. "If we're to talk, it must be here. As I said just now, I'm listening."

But the dance was over, and before Lord Ennerdale, who was a slow thinker, could prepare an answer, she was away on the arm of Sir Cerdic Gawaine, who had been standing behind, waiting for his turn.

"My education is progressing," she broke out gaily to him. "I've had a smart young man. If England were populated by that sort only," she went on, becoming suddenly serious, "I'd give up bothering about Imperial Federation, and join the set who want to go at once for separation."

"Don't be hard on him," urged Gawaine; "he'll grow out of it."

"Are there many of him?"

"Several of the young ones."

"Poor England!" she sighed, shaking her head.

She thought for an instant, and then turned again, asking, "And you? Have you learnt anything?"

"Nothing."

"That's just what I expected," she replied. But she writhed her eyebrows, to show that she was disappointed.

"I've been asking at dinner," he went on; "but people don't understand. I told you they wouldn't."

"Why don't they understand?" she cried impatiently. "It's important enough, God knows, for them to condescend to think about it. Frivolous example from the top will have its effect on the bottom; they'll find that out some day. I tell you there are responsibilities that—There's a waltz!" she exclaimed, interrupting herself, as the first notes of the music sounded through the rooms.

"Come; come quick!"

She did waltz well, so well that people stood in groups to watch her, saying, "That's the awfully rich Australian girl. How she does go!"

Her shoulders and her head thrown slightly back, her lips parted with excitement, intense girlish joy upon her face, she swung past in a whirl of vaporous

lightness; while her little white feet skimmed so hoveringly over the floor that, bird-like, they seemed to merely peck at it, and to have no need to rest on it.

"It's the same glow as in the saddle," she cried exultingly, as they stopped to breathe. "If it were not for waltzing and riding over fences, I should like to be a member of the government. But I can't give them up, and it wouldn't be solemn for a member of the government to dance and gallop as frantically as I do."

"Perhaps not," answered Gawaine, making an unsuccessful effort not to smile. "Yet, really, you've a way of doing things that might excuse —"

"Oh, never mind my way. It *is* so good to dance and ride! and yet — and yet, alas! — my instincts in that direction will prevent me from taking office — I mean they would if I were a man. I'm not reverend enough."

They both laughed; and, as they laughed, he looked into her eyes and felt himself tremble slightly.

For an hour they danced and talked, until Lady Petunia, who, for some time, had been watching feverishly for an opportunity, whispered to Carpy, as she passed through a doorway on Gawaine's arm. "For heaven's sake, do leave him. If you go on like this, with him alone, the mothers of all the others will think they've no chance, and won't invite you to their parties. I beseech you, in justice to me, to think of the work I have to do. Why make difficulties for me like this?"

"That may be true," said the girl to herself, stopping short. "Perhaps it's not quite honest of me. Anyhow, it would be fairer to her to try some other man."

She turned suddenly to Sir Cerdic, saying, "I'm very sorry, but that's enough. I'd much rather go on with you; but I mustn't. You go away now. Come to tea to-morrow."

Next day Miss Cornstalk had to lunch Lady Dungeness, Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock, and a Mrs. Chatterley, whom she had met at Mrs. Olympus's dinner. She wanted to hear what women, without men, would say to each other.

The first half-hour passed, however, without their saying anything at all, at least what Carpy understood by "saying." They talked abundantly of persons, but never made an allusion to things; and it was about things, not persons, that she desired to hear their views.

At last Mrs. Chatterley declared, "After all, my dear Petunia, there are only two motives for knowing people: one is that

we like them — which is rare; the other, that we can get something out of them — which is frequent."

"I see," observed the Australian girl, "just as a donkey eats thistles, sometimes because they please him, sometimes because they feed him."

"I don't mind your assimilating us to donkeys," exclaimed Lady Petunia; "but pray don't compare society to thistles. I live by it."

"We all live by it," insisted Mrs. Chatterley, "for the good reason that none of us could live without it."

"Excepting those who want nothing of what it has to give," urged Miss Cornstalk.

"Are you one of those?" asked Lady Dungeness.

"I am."

"Then why have you come over here to run after it?"

"To see what it's like, and what can be learnt from it; just as I should go up in a balloon, if I had the opportunity, — to look about and measure."

"But what do you wish to measure?" inquired Mrs. Chatterley, whose notions of that process were limited to what happened during her conferences with her dressmaker.

"I wish to measure the fitness of England to retain the loyalty of Australia."

The three women gazed stupefiedly at Miss Cornstalk.

"But wouldn't you learn that better at Aldershot, or Portsmouth, or places of that sort?" suggested Lady Dungeness, after a silence. "It's a question of guns and ships, isn't it?"

"No; it's a question of heads and hearts," answered Miss Cornstalk very gravely.

"Dear me! what can heads and hearts have to do with it?" wondered Mrs. Chatterley. "I thought they were only required in novels."

"In your eyes, I suppose they've no more to do with it than guns and ships have to do with dinner-parties."

"Well — pretty nearly the same."

"You don't seem to know much, any of you, about the relations between England and her colonies."

"Why on earth should we know? They concern the government."

"Then you are satisfied, like the Romans, with 'bread and games,' and leave the rest to Jupiter. Is that it?" she asked, looking as she spoke at Lady Petunia.

"Upon my word, my dear young lady," was the reply, "you must allow me to re-

mind you that it's not in my contract to supply you with political information. I don't keep the article in stock. And if I did, I should charge for it as an extra."

Miss Cornstalk laughed, and exclaimed, "It seems to be an extra to everybody here. Nobody keeps it in stock—any more than you do. The puzzle to me is, how any of you can live without it. I couldn't."

"But then you are a superior being," argued Mrs. Chatterley. "We people who go about diverting ourselves are inferior persons."

"And are content to be so?"

"We should be terribly sorry to be anything else," declared Mrs. Chatterley, with conviction.

"Now you're coming to the point," cried Carpy. "At last you're telling me something I want to know. Go on, please—do go on!" she cried earnestly.

"Oh, I can't. I only say things of that sort when I am taken unawares. Directly I discover that I've let out anything remarkable, I stop short."

"Well, at all events, you can add whether many people think as you do about the merit of inferiority."

"Everybody, Miss Cornstalk; everybody. At least I don't know anybody who doesn't. We are proud of our frivolity, you know, and think that people who are not frivolous are bores."

"Like me!" was Miss Cornstalk's bantering answer.

At five o'clock Gawaine came. Carpy repeated to him the substance of the conversation after lunch, and asked him, with her habitual eagerness, how far it could be taken as indicating a general condition of thought.

He tried to laugh off the question, maintaining that she took everything too seriously, and that she must not listen to every silly woman and every empty man as if they were oracles specially employed by the gods of Britain to unfold eternal truths to travellers from Australia. He assured her that neither a Pythia nor an Ammon is to be found in the drawing-rooms of London, and urged her to content herself with surface pleasures, and to seek for nothing under them.

"Which means," she answered, "that I must look elsewhere for real England."

"Not quite," he argued. "Our society is, in its way, as really and as truly English as our cricket-fields, our country-folk, our hedgerows, our village blacksmiths, and our meadows of buttercups. But

though it is, as I tell you, purely English in its details, it is, in its objects and its feelings, just the same as the societies of all other lands. It wants to be ornamental, not useful—to laugh, not to think. Take it as it is, and indeed as it ought to be and must be—for if it were not what it is, it would not be what is called society—and do not get angry with it because it cannot give you what it has not got, and what, in fact, you have no right to expect to find in it. It is real England, as you call it; but it is not the England that has made England great."

They chatted for a couple of hours. She seemed to him to be almost pretty sometimes, in her rushes of earnestness. He found himself looking at her, more than once, with a certain admiration. He followed, with keen interest, her excited stories of her life "round home," and wondered how so slight and delicate a body could support long hours of hard galloping through the bush; how those little hands could hold unbroken three-year-olds, and how, with such an absorbing outdoor life, she could find time to read so much.

At night they met again; again they danced and talked; again he listened; again he looked into her eyes, and found them deep.

When he woke next morning he had a think; the issue of which was that he took his head in his hands, and muttered incoherently, "I'm hit! Positively I'm hit! I needn't be ashamed of it, though; for a girl like her would make a hole in most fellows. She's like no one else I've seen. She has an aspiring nature, and a very feminine nature too, notwithstanding her strange life, and her strange talk, and her strange ambitions. I wonder whether she cares a little about me? She's taken up with me astonishingly. I'm not sure though, yet, that she'd make the right sort of wife. Her ways are not a bit English. I mustn't make a mistake, if I can help it. Still, she's so tempting that I shall get awfully fond of her. I see that coming. I wish she wasn't so rich; people will say it's for that. I'm in for it this time, I suspect. But I must hold myself, if I can, till I'm quite certain."

Three weeks passed by. Miss Cornstalk and Sir Cerdic Gawaine met every afternoon and every night. He became more and more "hit." She showed, unchangeably, the same eager frankness, the same vivacity, the same longing for knowledge, and she became manifestly gentler and less aggressive. But there wasn't in

her one single sign of any special feeling for him.

One day, to his astonishment, he found her out of spirits. His amazement was great, for it had not occurred to him as possible that a nature like hers could ever be sad.

"I'm getting tired of it," she told him, in reply to his questioning gaze. "I shall go on, because it isn't in me to give up — unless something particular comes to pass. But I'm half sorry that I came."

"Why? What has happened?" he exclaimed anxiously.

"Nothing has happened. Only I have discovered that this society life is too small for me. There's no fresh air and no action in it. My elbows have worked through it already. It has no more to do with the true breathing of England than the foam on the shore with the might of the sea."

"You ask too much from it."

"Too much? I cannot ask too much. The highest duty of every society," she exclaimed vehemently, "is — whatever you may say — to represent and typify the nation to which it belongs; to hold up to view its qualities, its capacities, its forces. This one exhibits nothing but your vanities."

"I have told you before," urged the other, trying to turn the conversation into a less rugged road, "that the object of all the societies of to-day is, simply, to be ornamental and to provide amusement."

"Amusement!" she repeated. "Amusement is excusable as an occasional aim for individuals; but inexcusable as a general object for a whole class — especially when that class is the first and the most in view. There's no self-respect in unceasing amusement. It won't supply me with the evidence I want."

She looked at him for an instant, and then went on, murmuring dreamily, with an appearance of dejection utterly unlike her habitually bright, wilful manner. "In the distance, out there, before me, I see perpetually all sorts of hopes and visions, and stretch out my hands to try to grasp them. Thus far they've always faded at my touch — like this one that I've run after here — and I've mourned over their unreality. That's made me wonder whether I really feel all I think I do, or whether I'm an impostor. And then again, sometimes, I fancy the impostor is not me, but life itself. Which is it?"

At this question Gawaine felt suddenly hot and upset. He pushed his hair back,

twisted his hands into each other, shut his eyes for an instant, and finally glanced nervously at Mrs. Chertsey (who was knitting in the next room), to make sure that she was out of hearing. After all these movements he turned earnestly to Miss Cornstalk, as if he were going to say something important.

But the something important lost itself in his throat, and what he really did get out was not important at all. He only stuttered, "Oh, not you. You couldn't be an impostor, even if you tried."

Thereupon he looked extremely ashamed of the observation he had made.

Miss Cornstalk turned her grey eyes full upon him, and inquired softly, "Was that what you really meant to say?"

He colored and looked down.

She shook her head, and remarked with a sigh, "Well, it doesn't matter what you said or meant to say. Nothing matters. I've fits of this sort."

Then they sat still, in silence.

"Perhaps it's your opinion," she said at last, "that it's not a woman's function to occupy herself about the position and the future of her country?"

"Indeed I hold no such opinion," he protested, making a struggle to talk of something else than his own thoughts. "On the contrary, I'm thoroughly convinced that women can do almost as much as men to overcome the social difficulties of our time. Only, unfortunately, there's a prejudice in the air against their doing it."

She looked at him, repeating despondingly, "Prejudice! prejudice! I've suspected since I came here, and I incline more and more to believe, that prejudice is the natural dominating impulse of every English man and woman. I'm ignorant of its influence over other races, but here it seems to be almost the master of the land. Do you know that nothing is so chilling as to be convinced that you're judged by prejudice, not by reason? That's what I do feel here, and that is, partly, why I'm sad to-day."

"Let me say to you that you jump to unjust conclusions. And are you quite certain that you yourself are not, to some degree, under the guidance of prejudice?"

She hesitated; her eyes glistened as if tears had come into them; for some moments she remained motionless. Then with an effort, she murmured, "It may be so. What right have I to think that I am stronger or more free than others? I have tried to be so, but — I have failed."

"After all," she went on, lifting her wet eyes to his, and trying feebly to smile, "I'm only a girl—though I forget it sometimes, and want to act as a man—and you must forgive me for breaking down occasionally, and for being, when I break down, as weak as a girl."

This beat him. He cast another glance, more nervous even than the first one, at Mrs. Chertsey, still knitting, still silent, still stupid.

"I meant to say just now," he stammered out in a low voice, turning pale, "that you have made me feel a great deal for you, and that—that—that it would give me great joy if I could think that you too——"

"Oh, what a pity!" broke in the girl, springing to her feet, clasping her hands, and gazing at him with consternation. "Surely, my poor friend, you've not been foolish enough to fall in love with me! I never meant that! Pray tell me you've not done that! Oh, it would indeed make me sad if you have done that!"

"Why should I not do that?" he asked frightenedly.

"Why not? Because—— No, no. Do tell me you're not fond of me—more than as a friend, I mean. I like you far too much for that. I do indeed."

"Miss Cornstalk——"

"Call me Carpy. Do say Carpy to me. It will sound kinder."

"Carpy," he went on very gravely, "I ask you to be my wife."

She dropped her head, muttering, "Poor fellow!" Then she sat down, thought for an instant, rose again, fixed her gaze full on him, and said, very rapidly, "I didn't suspect this. I didn't mean to lead you to this. Forgive me if I cause you pain. I cannot be your wife."

In deep agitation, he asked her, "Is your love given?"

"No, no, indeed. It's not that. The reason is that—that—well, frankly, I don't love you. I have never felt capable of loving, either any one else, or you. My nature has no love in it."

"You? You, no love?" he gasped out. "You're full of it."

She shook her head.

"Where does it all go to?" he exclaimed in pain.

"What I'm full of isn't love," she said. "It's nothing but the duty and the service that I owe to everybody round home. You can't call that love. It's not a woman's love for man. It has always seemed to me that I can never love a man—one man."

"Then, Carpy, for *me* you feel no love?"

"Poor Cerdic!" she answered, taking his hand, "not a bit. But I do like you very much. You've been the star of my English life—my Southern Cross up here. Only—I don't love you."

He sighed heavily.

She put herself before him, threw back her head and went on insistingly, "This won't do. We mustn't behave like this especially you. We'll be great friends—very, very great friends; but don't talk to me any more of love and marriage. If you do, I'll leave off seeing you. I didn't come here for that, and it isn't in me."

He lifted his hands to his head, and said nothing.

After looking at him for an instant she went on again, almost with a return of her habitual vivacity, "I tell you this won't do. We're not going to have a single combat, with many killed and wounded on both sides. We'll just go on as we were before, and forget all about this."

He shook himself together, got up, and said very quietly, "I think I'd better go away. I might say foolish things."

"Poor Cerdic!"

And he went away.

That night at Mrs. Highheap's she looked for him, but did not see him.

Lord Ennerdale, who had ceased to be afraid of her, and had become one of her habitual followers, asked her to dance. She refused, but said, "I'll walk about with you, if you like."

"You see," he told her, "I've been thinking—er—don't you know, and I wish you'd come down to us, to my mother—er—I mean. I want to mount you and to see you go. She'll ask you."

"Very good of her," replied the girl, screwing her eyebrows sideways as she looked at him; "but I can't."

"Well, now, that's hard. When a fellow——"

"Where's Sir Cerdic Gawaine?" she interrupted.

"Cerdy? Where's Cerdy? Why, don't you know, as he's always where you are, he ought to be here."

The tall boy smiled at the brilliancy of his argument, and looked round the room for Cerdy.

"So they call him Cerdy," thought Miss Cornstalk. "That's odd—Cerdy and Carpy! Poor Cerdy! It is indeed a pity I can't love him. I wish he was here."

She ceased to talk, and strolled on musingly.

"I don't think he's here at all," said the boy at last, after gazing in every direction

over people's heads. "But, really, won't you come to us? I — I mean my mother, would be so glad."

"Don't worry me," she answered rather petulantly. "I want to sit down and be quiet. I'll tell you when to talk to me again."

She did not tell him for ten minutes, during which she remained in silence, torturing her eyebrows, biting her lips, and watching the door of the room.

Suddenly she broke out, "I've just made up my mind to start home by the next steamer."

"What? Now? Here? Made up your mind here?"

"Yes, here."

"But, those things you came about? Those things you tried to make me understand, you know, but I didn't; about society — and Australia — and the people, don't you know?"

"I've given up those things," she answered sadly.

"Oh, not you! You're not one to give up. That's not it."

"I don't mean that I give up for good; only that I give up here — because I've something else to think about. Now, take me to Mrs. Chertsey," she exclaimed, jumping up. "I'm going."

"But," insisted the boy, who had fallen half in love with her, "I'm so awfully sorry. You know — if you go away — don't you see — I shall be — well — rather beaten, don't you know?"

She looked up at him and tried to laugh. But she couldn't. Her thoughts were full of somebody else, who also was "rather beaten," and for whom she felt an immense compassion.

Next morning she sent to ask if she could have a cabin on a steamer that was to start on the following Friday.

As soon as she obtained an affirmative answer, she despatched a note to Sir Cerdic Gawaine. It said: "Come in directly after lunch. I have taken my passage to Brisbane by Friday's boat, and want to talk to you."

She informed Mrs. Chertsey (who accepted the communication meekly) that she was very grateful for her chaperonage, but had no further need of it. She forwarded a cheque, with many warm thanks, to Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock. She told her maid to begin to pack. Then she sat down to think.

She was interrupted, at the end of half an hour, by the tempestuous entrance of Lady Petunia, who rushed up to her, crying out, "Carpy! Carpy! you're not go-

ing? No; say you're not going! You've been my greatest success. It will disgrace me if you go. Besides, I've grown very fond of you."

"I'll give you a certificate," muttered the girl gloomily.

"But — what is it? What's the motive of this abrupt decision? Yesterday you had no idea of it, for, though you were out of spirits, you accepted all the invitations I brought."

Miss Cornstalk looked at her, and said slowly, "There's a Latin proverb which tells us 'Times change, and we change with them.'"

Lady Petunia turned, perplexed, to Mrs. Chertsey, exclaiming, "What do you know about this, Lodora?"

Her cousin replied, as if she were bitterly afflicted, "Nothing."

"Who's been here?" demanded Lady Petunia.

"Well, yesterday there was no one — only cards. Except, of course, Gawaine; he comes every day."

Miss Cornstalk started at the name; her eyebrows mounted into her hair; her little foot leaped out and hurriedly tapped the floor.

Lady Petunia saw the movement — and understood. She leaned over the girl, kissed her forehead, and whispered to her, almost with affection, "I dare say you're right, Carpy. I'll come in to-morrow. If you want me sooner, send for me."

When Gawaine walked in, he said, with determined calm, "It's kind of you to go. I thank you for sparing me the pain of seeing you."

She looked at him strangely, with an expression he had never seen in her, and answered, "That's the language I expected from you. If you had entreated me to stop, my respect for you would have been lessened."

"And the object of your visit here?" he inquired, forcing himself to talk of indifferent things. "You have not discovered what you came to look for."

"That concerns my heart and my head. No one knows at home that I had that object. I am responsible to myself alone." After an instant of silence she added, "I have thought it over, and my head absolves my heart."

He could not help replying, "Your heart? Then — then, you own you have a heart?"

"I told you yesterday that I had not — at least of the kind you imply," was her rejoinder. "I told you yesterday all I had to say — yesterday."

He screwed his hands together, echoed "All!" and remained sadly silent.

A great emotion passed over her. She made a tremendous effort to control herself.

"I said, all — yesterday. Do you hear? It was all — *yesterday*; but it is not all to-day. It is because there is more to-day that I have asked you to come, so that you may know."

He started violently, and fixed his eyes upon her in the deepest agitation. But he did not dare to try to understand.

"It is not very easy to get out," she went on, hesitating and growing rather breathless. "What I have to tell you is that — since last night — I'm less sure. I doubt about myself, about my life, my past — my heart. If you had been there last night, where I expected you, I might not have found it out — at least not so soon. But your absence showed me what I did not know. It was while I looked for you that I — I — began to doubt, and to imagine that — perhaps — perhaps —"

She ceased speaking. Her eyes closed, her head drooped, her hands fell open, her cheeks grew rather pale.

Gawaine rose slowly. He stood before her, holding out his arms, unconsciously, as if imploring her to go on. The intensest anxiousness was on his face.

"Perhaps? — perhaps?" — he gasped out in a strangled voice.

"No, no," she murmured. "I cannot say it — because I am not sure. It would be so awful to be wrong. I tell you it's only a doubt. But, when the doubt came into me, I saw its immense gravity, and decided, instantly, to go home."

"Say what the doubt is," he cried, with outbursting joy, venturing at last to comprehend and believe. "Or, if you will not, let me say it for you!"

"I forbid you," she called out insistently, "to speak one word. The doubt is mine — mine alone. Leave it to me. It is my right to tell it to you — when I can. I claim it for myself. But I will say it only when the time has come. Are you not contented, Cerdic, that I say to-day there *is* a doubt?"

"And — meanwhile?" asked Gawaine, shaking with excitement.

"Meanwhile, trust me," was her appealing answer.

"And now," he stuttered, "will you go?"

"Yes, I will go. Instead of measuring England, I have to measure myself. For that I must be alone."

"Will the measurement last so long

that you cannot complete it here, before you start?"

"I will not risk mistake. What I feel is so new that it frightens me. It seems to me that the old Carpy is no longer in me, and that —"

Again she stopped, adding abruptly, "What the doubt is — you know; at all events, you can guess. But I cannot bring myself to name it — yet."

He took her hand, but did not attempt to answer. She went on half seriously, half timidly, "I told you yesterday that I have wondered sometimes whether I am an impostor. I see I am, and I feel ashamed. I am beginning to believe that I have deceived myself throughout my life. Do you persist in asking an impostor to be your wife?"

"Carpy — say you love me," was all he could get out.

"I tell you again and again," she cried, springing back, "that I will not say it until the doubt has vanished, until I am certain it is true."

She added demurely, "Perhaps I shall be able to say it in a few months."

"You really mean to start on Friday?"

"I do."

"May I come with you?"

"To influence my measurements? No, no, if you please. Besides, I leave you a duty to discharge here. I bequeath to you what you once called my 'mission.' Stop here to work at it, and if I call for you, bring out to me the results."

"You are putting me into a remarkable position," remarked Gawaine, laughing in spite of his excitement. "You are to go 'measuring yourself' across the sea; I am to stop here to study the worth of England from the point of view of an Australian girl; and, while this goes on, I am to remain ignorant whether you will be my wife or not."

"That is it — for the present."

"And suppose I refuse?"

"Then I shall cease to doubt," she answered him, with mock defiance, "shall revert to my original conviction that I am incapable of love, and shall have the pride of feeling that, after all, I am not an impostor."

"I will obey."

"I think you'd better. Come in to dine to-night."

For three days she held on steadily, and would say nothing else or more. But, at the last moment, she broke down.

On board the steamer, after wishing good-bye to Lady Petunia and Mrs. Chertsey, who had come to see her off, she took

Sir Cerdic Gawaine alone into her cabin and said to him, "The doubt is ended. Thank God that I can say so before we part. I know at last that I love you with all the ardor of an awakened heart. Come out to us next month. Come to your wife, your home, and your duties. The joy of my life will be in your keeping. You will find in Queensland a wider, higher career than you have ever dreamed of following in England; and, some day, you shall be the minister that your wife would like to be, but cannot be. Cerdic, I tell you, with pride and with delight, that I love at last, and that I love *you*. Farewell for a few weeks, and then —"

Sir Cerdic Gawaine returned to town with a gladdened heart.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

#### FRENCH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ART IN ENGLAND.

SOME analogy has been discovered by French and even by some English historians between the present position of England and that once occupied by Carthage. The blood of the Latin race flows in the veins of the Gaul, and it is therefore only a legitimate conceit on his part to pretend to the inheritance of the great qualities of the Roman; while in likening the traditional rival of France to the Carthaginian, whom the Roman vanquished and annihilated, he pays a tribute to his own national pride. Though disclaiming even the shadowiest pretension to the title of historian, I would venture to contend that in many of its stages the history of Great Britain bears a closer resemblance to that of Rome than to that of Carthage; and that the character of the Briton presents more aspects of likeness to that of the Roman than to that of the Carthaginian. It is not necessary, even if it were possible, for me to enter into a minute controversy on the analogy between the colonial empire of Great Britain and the colonial expansion of Carthage, or the relative claims of the modern Briton or Frenchman to the racial supremacy of the Roman. The Briton may share with the Carthaginian his aptitude for trade and colonization and prefer the certain gains of peace to the uncertain gains of war, but he also possesses the Roman's capacity for rule and organization, together with his stubborn endurance, his discipline, and coolness under arms. The history of Republican Rome and of England consistently dis-

close the same dominating desire for liberty. But to all matters relating to art, in the national production of art, in the adoption of foreign art, and in the collection of works of art, it seems to me that the analogy between the Roman and the Briton is as marked as in all these respects also is that between the Frenchman and the Athenian.

A complete history of art would be almost a history of the civilized world, and in this very brief sketch it is only proposed to touch on some few historical points in order to show the resemblance between the Roman and the Briton in artistic matters, but especially to trace the origin and growth of the mania for French eighteenth-century art in England — a mania which may be compared to that which prevailed in Rome for the arts of Greece. But however late the English taste for art may have been developed, it would be impossible to find a parallel, even in the rudest age of her history, for the case of the Roman Mummius, who sacked Corinth about a century and a half before the present era, and who, when loading his galleys with the pictures and statuary of Corinth, warned his soldiers that if any of them were injured they would be compelled to replace them. The Roman was a born soldier, a statesman, a ruler of men — but not a born artist. While the policy of the Republic demanded that every citizen should become a legionary, while its armies were employed in extending the possessions of Rome, and while the government of those newly acquired possessions needed to be remodelled for the greater benefit of the city on the Seven Hills, Roman orators were not wanting to expound its law and uphold its liberties, nor Roman poets to chant its victories or humor its populace; but society was too austere, if not too uncouth, as it was certainly too much pre-occupied, to cultivate the graces of art. During the last century of the Republic, when the supremacy of Rome was fully established, a wealthy and refined society grew up, which found in art one of its chief resources. But the six centuries of warfare, and strenuous and absorbing political work, that had produced the greatest warriors and statesmen of the world, had left an indelible mark on the temper of the race; and to satisfy its new longing, Roman society was compelled to import foreign artists and foreign art. Then knights, senators, and pro-consuls became collectors, committing follies, and even crimes, for the acquisition of ancient works of

Greek art, which might be quoted as precedents for, if not in extenuation of, the excesses of the collectors of the present day.

During the four or five centuries following the fall of the Roman Empire there could be no question of art. Europe was in a state of chaos. The works of antiquity which the barbarians had spared were destroyed by the early Christian communities, who regarded with horror as idolatrous the plastic presentments of pagan deities. In the Middle Ages art gradually revived. The same zeal which had levelled to the ground the temples of the gods erected churches and monuments in honor of religion, and was bent to the work of fashioning, rudely and grotesquely at first, but soon with much skill and feeling, tapestries and plate for religious uses. Of the empires that were formed in antiquity, the Byzantine alone remained. There art survived, and from thence it was imported into western Europe. Byzantine churches arose in the West, adorned with mosaics which — such as the church of San Marco in Venice, San Vitale at Ravenna, and the Palatine Chapel at Palermo — have excited the admiration of all succeeding times.

But it may be doubted if the Crusaders, or their immediate descendants, patronized art for its own sake. Their consuming aim was that their faith should prevail, and to them art was merely an accessory to the beautification of their worship. Territorial ambition was the paramount object of European sovereigns, and they probably had more regard to the intrinsic than the artistic value of the contents of their plate closets; while the clergy extended their patronage to art because it aided in glorifying their calling, in addition to exalting their religion.

In the fourteenth century Gothic art was at its zenith, and the collector in the modern sense of the word first appeared on the scene in France. By the Treaty of Bretigny in 1360, France had to cede the Poitou to England. The Poitou was the fief of King Jean le Bon's third son Jean, who received the Berry in exchange. The Valois branch of the house of Capet had recently succeeded to the throne, and most of the Valois had a taste for building, and a passion for art. When, after the death of Jean le Bon, Charles le Sage was building the Louvre, the Bastille, and the Pont Neuf, his brother Jean, Duke of Berry, was raising in his domains numerous churches of elaborate design, and castles which he filled with tapestries, plate, jew-

els, and books. He earned the name of the "Magnificent," though not at the hands of his subjects, whom he taxed and oppressed to such an extent that he left his province in a state of absolute destitution and misery. The Magnificent Duke, after sixty years of this paternal government, died a pauper, and his collections were dispersed. Some of his books — the manuscripts of Froissart's "Chronicles" amongst them — have remained in France; and a portion of his valuables were brought over to England — what can have been their fate? The great vassals of the French kings were conspicuous for their self-seeking ambition, their rapacity, and their cruelty, and in these respects none surpassed Duke Jean. He merits our special notice from the fact that his life illustrates the artistic leanings of the French race. It may seem to us well-nigh inconceivable that a prince, whose father had been taken into captivity in a foreign land, who himself had gone as a hostage on his father's conditional release, who in his early days had been at Poitiers and in his later days at Agincourt, who during the sixty lamentable years that intervened between these two disasters had seen his country in the hands of its enemies, that this prince so circumstanced could have found it possible to sacrifice every personal and public duty for the pursuit of art. And it is equally inconceivable that in that wild and inhuman age, one so fatal to the French people, the mental repose was possible in which many intelligent and patriotic men could have been schooled and trained and could have found the inclination to concentrate their minds on the peaceful accomplishments of art.

The fifteenth century saw a great change. Then the frontiers of the leading European states had become more or less clearly defined, and the growth of autonomy among the different nationalities enabled each to assert its idiosyncrasies and its genius. Though constantly at war with each other, continental rulers had no longer to fight for their religion and their existence. Learning was not now confined to monasteries, and universities promoted knowledge throughout Europe. Trade and commerce expanded when the restrictions and risks hitherto attending them had been removed, and increased prosperity, together with a new sense of security, created new wants, among them that desire for a more luxurious mode of life which is at once the most potent patron of art and the strongest incentive to art collectors. The conditions of life were

altered; the great no longer passed their time in camps or in fortified castles; better houses were built, society began to assume shape; domestic life commenced to be cultivated, and the necessity arose for a large number of new articles for domestic use or ornament, giving a wider scope for that artistic talent, which had hitherto been expended in devotional purposes.

Italy, though torn by internal feuds and harassed by invasions, was the pioneer of modern civilization. Owing to her geographical position, she was able, first of all European races, to extend her connections abroad, and to assert her national genius. Her ancient traditions, and the discovery in her soul of the remnant of the treasures of the greatest civilization of antiquity, assisted in reviving the artistic tendencies of her people. Italian taste in literature and art, as well as Italian principles of trade and finance, radiated over Europe. The noble and the wealthy classes of other European countries vied with each other in their efforts to implant Italian culture, in all its aspects, in their own dominions; and in the pursuit of that object their patronage of Italian art and artists was generous and untiring. The artistic revival was in the bud in central Europe when the Italian Renaissance caused it to expand. It grew with great rapidity. The Valois and the Hapsburg were not to be outdone by the Este and the Medici in the patronage of art. Native artists rose, as if by magic, at their command. Perilous journeys were no longer needed to cultivate indigenous talent by a study of Italian or classical models. The enthusiasm for art became universal. As in the Greece of Pericles, on the continent of Europe, during the Renaissance, every man, unquestionably every educated man, if not actually an artist, took an interest in art, and every man of means became a collector of artistic objects. During the dark ages faith had been a great civilizing influence. It had taught high purposes—chivalry and purity of life. The faith that had made a Hildebrand, a St. Louis, and a St. Francis had formed the man of letters and inspired the artist. In every form the fine arts were the direct offspring of faith. But when popes and princes became powerful and prosperous, they turned their thoughts from spiritual to temporal ambitions, and faith decayed. Art had however crept from its cradle; it had learned to walk alone, and in its turn became the motive power of a more advanced civilization. But when, in the course of

the sixteenth century, the Continent was devastated by foreign and civil wars, princes and nobles found more serious occupations, and had to devote their time and means to less pleasurable objects than the pursuit of art. In Italy, which suffered most and suffered irretrievably, art declined first and most rapidly. In Germany, where native art appeared quite a century later than in Italy, it retained its influence longest; possibly because the greater stolidity and endurance of its people enabled them to withstand the political storms with more effect. Thus the Emperor Rodolph the Second, though beset with troubles, remained an ardent art patron and collector until his death in 1612; and in the seventeenth century the Germans were still chiselling elaborate tankards and cups. But Germany was not a homogeneous country. It was composed of a multitude of principalities all striving for autonomy. It was divided by the ambitious schemes of its princes, and by the religious dissensions that sprang up between them and the emperor. Germany, moreover, was scourged by the Thirty Years' War, was weakened by exposure to Mahometan aggression, and its resources were either wasted or unexplored. Later on its centre of gravity became displaced from Austria to Prussia, when that new Germany began to rise in the north which absorbed the strength of the old. The emperor became a mere figurehead, and the people, under the dominion of a hundred and fifty princelings, sank into a torpor from which they were only freed by the stress of the Napoleonic invasions. Spain in the Middle Ages, in common with the rest of Europe, erected Gothic cathedrals; and when, in the sixteenth century, it had been welded into a homogeneous whole by the union of Ferdinand and Isabella, and had gained wealth and importance from its discovery of the New World and from the revenues of its Flemish and Italian dominions, Spain shared in the artistic revival. But Philip the Second crippled his country too seriously to permit of any prolonged existence of native or patronage of foreign art. The most capable of his subjects had carried their energies across the ocean. Soon after the expulsion of the Moor and the Jew, the power of Spain rapidly declined and its art sank, with Murillo, into the grave. Whenceforward the Spaniard evinced a far greater delight in seeing a heretic burnt at the stake, or a bull butchered in the ring, than in scrutinizing, praising, or purchasing a statue or a jewelled vase. Thus

by the middle of the seventeenth century art had decayed in Germany; it had expired in Italy and Spain. The reverse occurred in France.

The history of France, from its earliest days to the Revolution, is virtually a history of the lives of the French kings. The founder of the house of Capet was a Frenchman; the strict observance of the Salic Law kept the throne in the hands of his male descendants; and only during the brief period of Henri Quatre's Protestantism, when a Catholic pretender appeared on the scene, was France a prey to dynastic struggles such as convulsed England during the Middle Ages. The application of the Salic Law enormously strengthened the personal influence of the king, as no dispute could arise as to his supreme position or to disturb the national allegiance. The king was "La France," as Madame Dubarry, with unwitting wisdom, called Louis the Fifteenth. By his marriage with Anne of Brittany, Louis the Twelfth had absorbed Brittany; by his marriage with Marie Leczinska, Louis the Fifteenth absorbed Lorraine; and the whole process of national independence, development, and assimilation was effected in France by the direct action of the king. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the French kings, even in the distant past, they knew how to maintain an identity of interest between themselves and their subjects. Turbulent and unruly as the French have been, they never directed their turbulence or unruliness against the throne until the end of the eighteenth century, when its prestige had been irremediably ruined, and when a new order of things rendered the continuance of feudalism impossible. Even during the hundred years war with England, the religious wars of the sixteenth century, and the civil skirmishes of the seventeenth, that feudal system which in England had received its first blow at Runnymede was exploited by the kings of France, so as to make the whole nation regard them as the only umpires between the nobility and the lower orders. The nobility, on the one hand, needed the assistance of the king in upholding those ancient privileges which enabled them to keep the people in subjection, while, on the other, the people also needed the assistance of the king in resisting the oppression of the nobility. The natural resources of France, which made her people independent of foreign enterprise, were inexhaustible, their recuperative powers unique, their love of pomp and glitter intense, and

their gift of good taste perennial. The special attributes of every race are fostered by circumstances. The French, like the ancient Greeks, have a natural aptitude for art, and like the Greek who disliked Aristides because he was tired of hearing him called the "Just," the Frenchman loves incessant change. By reason of that aptitude for art and that love of change, the French have been able to produce artistic work in ever-varying forms, and the production of that work was for centuries favored by the maintenance of the feudal system. The king and his vassals were desirous of enhancing the attractiveness and splendor of their courts, and the nobility were actuated by the wish to emulate the extravagance and magnificence of the king. Both showered favors on hosts of retainers and artists, whom it was their interest as well as their inclination to employ, and the artists were impelled to their utmost efforts to win the favor of a caste from which honor, fame, and advancement could alone be obtained. Until the dawn of the Revolution, the wealth which the king and his courtiers so easily acquired was lavished on pageantry and art. Architects, sculptors, painters, goldsmiths, and even upholsterers were trained to the highest pitch of excellence and refinement to minister to their boundless extravagance, an extravagance which always found artistic expression. And so it was that the French never slackened in their production of native and their patronage of ancient foreign art. To sum up, whilst on the Continent art on the whole had decayed, it flourished in France in the eighteenth century more profusely than during any other epoch of her history.

Now, to turn to England. Of the countries of modern Europe, England was the last to attain national emancipation and unity of race. The Celt, the Angle, the Dane, the Saxon, and the Norman had to be fused into one nation, that fusion was only perfectly accomplished, and the English people only attained their distinctive type of organization, centuries after France had completed a similar process. Most of the laws and the institutions of England had been brought over by the Conqueror, and a long period elapsed before the new spirit harmonized with the old. The kings of England were French; the clergy and nobility were French; and in the eyes of the earlier Plantagenets, their kingdom of England was apparently of less moment than their foreign possessions. It required the slow but inevitable process of

natural evolution to mould the Anglo-Saxon nationality; and a King John to liberate the Anglo-Saxon crown and institutions from French domination, to pave the way for the transformation of the clergy and nobility into Englishmen, with English interests, English habits, customs, and language, instead of French; and to unite, by a common bond of interest, the upper and middle classes in England. But the Angevin kings and the Norman barons, though they had become or because they had become English, were not the less proud and ambitious, and the people of England instinctively felt with them that if they were to prosper, their country must be reckoned as great amongst the great countries of the earth. So they fought for that greatness and they won it. But the people of England also understood very clearly from the earliest times that liberty was the best safeguard of prosperity; so they fought for their liberty, and that, too, they won. But when, after the death of the last Plantagenet king, England had won comparative greatness and comparative liberty, there was no space at home for the expansion of its energies, no available material for the efforts of its working men, no prospect of advancement, of glory, or of wealth. An autocrat might have provided for them, as the French kings did for their people, by foreign conquest, the resources in which their country was deficient. But wars necessitate fresh taxes, and the English people have never submitted very cheerfully to exceptional taxation unless it was warranted by exceptional circumstances. The Tudors were too politic to coerce their Parliaments, and too closely in touch with the national sentiment to strain the loyalty of their subjects, so the English people were forced to rely on their own efforts at home and abroad. Thus at the end of the fifteenth century that spirit of private enterprise arose which has made England what it is.

In the Tudors, England possessed sovereigns who understood the character of the people. The Frobishers and the Drakes, and the many adventurous explorers and traders who laid the foundations of England's colonies and commerce, were aided by an equally sturdy class, who at home worked for constitutional liberty, but for whose efforts the achievements of the former might have been fruitless. Had it not been for them England might have decayed like Spain, have become disintegrated like Germany, or been turned into a hotbed of revolution like France.

The causes of that lack by England of the artistic genius possessed by continental countries may, in part, at least, be the same as those which have brought about the greatness of the English nation. It has been said that English climatic conditions are to be held responsible for this want of artistic taste, and it has been contended that the Briton is debarred from sources of artistic inspiration which are the birthright of sunnier climes. The phrase may be fine, and the reason it conveys plausible, but is it correct? Unquestionably the English climate favors, if it does not necessitate, energetic bodily exercise, and the development of muscle may not be favorable to the development of brain power. Yet no continental country has excelled England in any branch of literature or in any direction of intellectual effort. The climate of Flanders is not sunnier than that of England, and yet Flanders produced an original school of painters, unrivalled in quality and fertility, while the sunny clime of Portugal has never produced an artist of note. Why, again, should every Athenian in sunny Greece have been an artist, while his neighbor the Spartan was insensible to art? Or why, in sunny Italy, should the Neapolitan and Sicilian have been destitute of the artistic genius which animated their northern fellow-countrymen? No; to other causes must the tardy growth of artistic taste in England, as in Rome, be ascribed—possibly to racial causes, the origin of which science may some day determine, and to the conditions under which England was compelled to work out her destiny.

There is seldom room in one mind for the co-existence of two powerful emotions or impulses. While the flower of the British race was engaged in a desperate struggle for existence at home and abroad, it was scarcely to be expected that they could turn their thoughts to the relatively useless embellishment of their homes. As with the Roman, so with the Anglo-Saxon, centuries of rough life and privations had engendered rough habits; a long continuity of stern purpose had prevented the development of those gentler and more refined habits which are eminently favorable, if not absolutely essential, to the growth of a national art. Still, as a rule, the demand creates the supply, and at the court of the Tudors there was a great demand for art and for artists; but foreigners had to fill the place of English portrait-painters. Music, too, was one of the chief amusements with the upper classes of the

day; but no English composer's name has been handed down to us. Ecclesiastical art, it is true, flourished in England during the Middle Ages, as vigorously as on the Continent; and the Gothic cathedrals of England built during that epoch can hold their own with those of France, Germany, and Spain. But the Plantagenets and Henry the Seventh had to bring foreign artists and art to England, sculpture and mosaics from Italy, and enamels from France, for the decoration of Westminster Abbey. When Henry the Eighth came to the throne, England had grown into an important kingdom. The young and chivalrous monarch, surrounded by a chivalrous and partly new and obsequious nobility, found a well-filled exchequer, a contented and — for the needs of the crown — a sufficiently prosperous realm. He was fond of show, of fine jewels, clothes, armor, and plate — in fact, of every form of luxury then known. Henry the Eighth, too, whatever may have been his faults, was a man of culture. Besides his contributions to political and theological literature, he wrote verses, and he sang and played on the instruments of the day with some proficiency. He may not have been as capable a judge of art as his fellow-monarch on the French throne; but he patronized artists, and, as can be seen from the catalogue which is still extant, the contents of his palaces must have been a wonder to behold. Cardinal Wolsey brought together at York House, Esher, and Hampton Court an accumulation of tapestries, paintings, plate surpassing that of the king himself. But this tapestry, sculpture, jewelry, furniture, and these paintings were not fashioned by English hands. They were collected abroad, or produced in England by foreign artists. There was much wealth in England during the reign of Henry the Eighth, especially after the fall of Wolsey, when large fortunes were acquired with facility out of the spoils of the monasteries; but the bulk of the national wealth had been amassed by commerce and private enterprise and the laborious work of the middle classes, who were unwilling to squander their hard-earned fortunes in what appeared to them a wanton and frivolous manner. When compared to the Continent the life and customs in England in the sixteenth century were crude and coarse. The position of some persons demanded that they should build large houses; and whether cultured or otherwise, these magnates appreciated the solid value of fine plate. For that reason, the

art of the architect and the goldsmith have always been successfully cultivated in England; but the demand for the many artistic luxuries of life was limited to the small circle of the court, who obtained a ready and copious supply from abroad. England was not yet ripe for a national art, and the few artists there were could hardly compete with the legion of skilled workers on the Continent. In this way the country gradually became accustomed to draw on the Continent for its supply of artists, and as a natural consequence English collectors were induced to accumulate works of continental art.

These conditions still subsisted in England during the reign of Charles the First. Foreign artists were patronized, and the best productions of the best epochs of foreign art were imported by the king and his friends. But the puritanical spirit that manifested itself during his reign affected a great body of the public. The Puritan looked with horror on all the frivolities of life, and detested the meretricious fascinations of art. The collections of Charles the First were sold, and some of the finest pictures in the Louvre bear witness to this day to his taste and munificence. Later on, though puritanical feeling became modified, it was to a large extent perpetuated in Methodism and the many other dissenting sects, whose teachings still furnish, among a large portion of the people, an obstacle to the cultivation of the fine arts. The Restoration was too short-lived to effect much, while the stormy struggles that ensued under James the Second destroyed that social repose which is imperative to the growth of art. It was not until the reign of William the Third and that of Queen Anne, when these struggles were decisively terminated, that English society became as polished as that of any continental country, and the national genius put forth its happiest efforts. A torrent of literary activity then burst forth, and the educated classes, like those of the Rome of Augustus, began to excel in their love for and patronage of every grace of life. But as in the Rome of Augustus, native talent for art remained comparatively dormant.

During the Hanoverian kings, native art first asserted itself in England, and during the second part of the eighteenth century that portrait school was founded which, though it may have been surpassed in technical excellence, is unrivalled in charm. Still the ordinary Briton, like the ordinary Roman, was little amenable to the fascinations of art, and the refined

class could only find the material to gratify their taste on the Continent, so they commenced the formation of collections of continental art, many of which exist to this day. The smaller portion only of these, however, was French. In all countries contemporary art, pictorial excepted, is less sought after than that of a past age. Familiarity does not always breed contempt, but it breeds indifference, and art not only needs the test and mellowness of time, but may suffer from the caprices of fashion. French patrons in the eighteenth century were far too prodigal to be influenced by these considerations, though English ones may have been more prudent. Other reasons also may be alleged for the then comparatively limited importation of French contemporary art. In the first place, it can hardly be gainsaid, that of all forms of art the pictorial has always been the most prized in England. This has not been, and is not altogether the case on the Continent. At all times, it is true, the pre-eminence of pictorial art has been as much recognized on the Continent as in England. There, as here, private picture-galleries have been formed for the last three hundred years; and there, long before here, picture-galleries were instituted for the benefit of the people. Here, too, as well as there, old cabinets, armor, carving, and enamels have been appreciated and sought for. But the fact remains, nevertheless, that an Englishman always purchases a picture in preference to any other object of art; that the average Frenchman's partiality is evinced towards decorative art; while the average German waxes sentimental over a curio of minute workmanship. English collections made in the eighteenth century, therefore, abounded in old pictures, and Italian pictures being the most valued, the grand tour was chiefly productive in the importation of Italian canvases. But though the main portion of these collections consisted of pictures, they also included cabinets, vases mounted in ormolu, china, and the many decorative objects made in France, which could not be altogether ignored by the collector.

Amongst the limited class of travellers, collectors, and men of refinement of his day, Horace Walpole exercised a considerable influence. It may appear paradoxical to say so, but he both retarded and accelerated the mania for collecting French eighteenth-century art. He retarded it on the one hand, as, being considered the arbiter of good taste, he set the fashion, and his taste was for Gothic

or neo-Gothic architecture, to which French decoration could not be applied, and for minute articles of the sixteenth century, which he valued chiefly for their historic interest. On the other hand, as other collectors followed his example, he promoted the collecting mania, and many of his imitators were influenced by the circumstances of the day to become collectors of French eighteenth-century art. But that art only leapt to the front in England, and assumed the position it has since held, when it was prominently forced on the notice of the artistic public by a personage of commanding influence. This occurred at the time of the French Revolution, which ended the old French *régime*, with its institutions, its customs, and its art, and opened out a new chapter in the history of France and that of the English collector. In France, for half a century at least after the Revolution, art remained well nigh in abeyance. In an heroic form it blazed forth in a graceless imitation of the antique during the first Empire, under the new roofs of the new men, and on the huge canvases of the regicide David, and of his pupils Gerard and Gros. The galleries of Europe were temporarily emptied into the Louvre; Murillos crossed the Pyrenees stuffed in the guns of Marshal Soult; Cardinal Fesch bought old pictures, Junot bought rare books, and Napoleon, who could think of all things supernaturally grand and infinitesimally small, allowed a pension to the octogenarian Greuze. But the art of the eighteenth century was dead; it had perished on the guillotine. During the Restoration France was too intent on healing her wounds, and too pre-occupied with the grave questions of the day, to be able to turn her attention to art. The traditions of former days were too deeply shaken, the minds of influential persons were concentrated too profoundly on the moulding and consolidation of the new order of things to admit, even amongst the competent and privileged few, the revival of a style and a taste that were identified with the past. When Louis Philippe stepped to the throne over the barricades of the July Revolution of 1830, the country had recovered her political balance, and her normal temper. In literature it was an age of almost classical perfection; while in art, a pleiad of painters evoked the admiration of their contemporaries. The best of their work is to be seen in the Luxembourg, but it is an open question whether it is nowadays much appreciated. Society had been reconstructed out of the

old elements and the new, and this reconstructed society contained many collectors of ancient works of art. The reign of Louis Philippe, however, on the whole, was the exception to the rule in the history of the artistic genius of France. Having been brought up at Versailles, his first care was to restore the palace of his ancestors; but the Restoration, though undertaken with the best intentions, was possibly more disastrous than beneficial. Louis Philippe had been an exile and a wanderer for twenty-five years, and he probably lost in foreign lands whatever taste he may have inherited.

In England, social conditions had remained virtually undisturbed during the French Revolution and the great war. The fall of the French monarchy brought about a general and long-continued dispersion of its valuables. Most of the great houses in and near Paris were sacked; and their furniture was either offered in the auction mart, or hawked about on the *trottoirs*, where it was picked up for a mere song by English travellers and sensation-hunters. Large quantities of these objects were also brought over to England for security, where the interest in them increased with their possession; and now that an art that had so recently been a contemporary art had, without any warning or transition, become an art of the past, it could not fail to enter into the calculations of the collector. Nevertheless, a reaction might have set in; the occasional purchaser might not have developed into the collector who collects systematically and as a rule eagerly, not with an eye to practical usefulness only, or to the gratification of a passing whim, but because of his appreciation and love for the object; and the acclimatization of French art might only have been temporary had not the prince regent come forward at this crisis, and settled its destiny in this country. He was endowed with the most exquisite taste, and availed himself of the unique opportunities of the time with a profusion that, however, was always tempered by good judgment. He never refused a fine cabinet or a first-rate piece of china, but if it was not absolutely above criticism, it was rejected, or bestowed on a favorite. He made Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace storehouses of art treasures, and trained a school of collectors who profited by his example. Personal friends were his principal agents, but he also availed himself of the services of lesser notabilities, and in his French cook he found a most intelligent purveyor.

not for his table only, but for his galleries. Thus while in France the art of the eighteenth century was neglected, in England it steadily advanced in the estimation of a discriminating public, and there appeared, soon, that best of all indications of an increased demand, the forger. The fashion which had been set by George the Fourth was further developed by the impulse it received at the hands of a new art patron. The education he had received, his very parentage, his position and relations, his resources, the dual life he at first led between London and Paris, then his long residence in Paris, a taste as accurate as George the Fourth, a judgment as infallible, qualified Lord Hertford to become the most ideal and the most gigantic collector of modern times. Hertford House speaks for itself; yet its galleries contain but a portion, though the greater and the choicer portion, of his collections. Lord Hertford, though an insatiable glutton for art, limited his purchases to the two last centuries and the present one; the works of the Renaissance period now at Hertford House having been purchased after his death by the late Sir Richard Wallace. The indefatigable perseverance and endurance, the ubiquitous presence of Lord Hertford, or of Sir Richard Wallace, in every city of Europe where a picture, or a cabinet, a piece of Sèvres, or any decorative work of a similar kind was to be obtained, can hardly be imagined. Rivalry Lord Hertford would not brook; competition he sneered at. As a matter of course he was jealous and eccentric — traits which are commonly found in the collector. For many a long year, "Le Marquis" and "Mr. Richard" — the names by which Lord Hertford and Sir Richard Wallace were laconically spoken of in Paris — attended every art sale, remaining side by side for hours on uncomfortable seats, jostled by an idle and excited crowd, and closely scanning every article.

Lord Hertford almost took a perverse pleasure in outbidding his friends at these sales. I had an opportunity of observing him at Prince Beauveau's sale in Paris in 1865, when he acquired every desirable item in the catalogue. Much interest was taken, I remember, in a small lacquer table, once the property of Marie Antoinette. It was well known that the Empress Eugénie, who cherished a romantic sentiment for her memory, and had gathered together many of her relics, had set her heart on obtaining this table. Nevertheless, Lord Hertford, though on the friendliest terms with the empress, would

not be balked of his prey, and he secured it after a long struggle. Eventually, however, I believe, he either gave or sold it to the empress — which may be regretted, as in that case it must have perished, during the Commune, with the Tuileries. Prince Beauveau's sale was followed by that of Count Pourtales. A picture by Greuze representing a young girl caressing a lamb, and called "Innocence," had excited the admiration of a well-known English art patron and collector recently deceased. He called on Lord Hertford, with whom he was intimately acquainted, frankly told him he wished to bid for the picture, and asked what sum he thought it would fetch. "Four thousand pounds," answered Lord Hertford. Pictures by Greuze were then less scarce or less valued than they are now, and the prices of the works of the best masters were much below what are given at present. There was but little competition for "Innocence," and Lord Hertford's friend, who was egged on by him during the sale to increase his bids, considered himself possessor of the picture at 2,600*l.*, when, to his surprise and dismay, Lord Hertford intervened, and raised the price at a single bid to 4,000*l.* He saw he had been trifled with and gave up a hopeless contest. It happened that on another occasion Lord Hertford was accidentally told of a Watteau — a masterpiece of that artist — the property of a gentleman in Holland. An emissary was at once despatched to secure it, but he ransacked every town and collection in that country in vain. The picture could not be traced. Years afterwards it was discovered stored away in a garret in Hertford House. The fact was, that long before his agent had gone on his bootless errand, it had been brought to and bought by Lord Hertford, who, after a careless glance, had forwarded it to London, and then forgotten all about it.

Lord Hertford's knowledge of pictures was so consummate that he needed neither private advice nor the fiat of public opinion to direct his choice; but whether from vanity, the love of excitement, or for the sport of thwarting other collectors, he seemed to prefer buying at sales rather than by private contract. He had been privately offered the matchless collection of Dutch pictures owned by the Duchesse de Berri. He declined the pictures, but as money was wanted he advanced a loan, taking them as security. Subsequently they were brought to the hammer, and Lord Hertford actually purchased some

few of the pictures for a much higher aggregate sum than that which he had been asked for the entire collection.

A final anecdote, though it does not bear directly on the subject, may not be altogether out of place. Lord Hertford kept late hours, and his valet had strict orders never to disturb him in the morning. "You may call me at eight if there is a revolution," was the injunction, "not otherwise!" On the morning of the 24th of February, 1848, Lord Hertford was called at eight. "What is up?" he muttered; "is it a revolution?" "Yes, my lord, it is," was the reply.

The last twenty years of Lord Hertford's life were almost uninterruptedly spent in Paris; but though his influence was more directly exercised on the French, it was equally felt on the English market, where his purchases, if not as numerous, were as sensational. The events of those twenty years contributed to make that influence permanent. Those two decades saw the rise, and but for one month they would have seen the fall, of the Second Empire. The policy of Napoleon the Third in knitting France and England together by ties of political and commercial alliance produced better relations and a more frequent intercourse between the two nations. Every eminent and distinguished visitor was welcomed at the Tuileries, whence he carried away an impression of a splendor that would have been crushing but for its refinement, a splendor that was all of the nineteenth century, but which in its details was impregnated with the taste and the revived spirit of the eighteenth. And during those twenty years the British Empire had undergone a stupendous development, which, while it facilitated amongst a large class the spread of culture, awoke a general desire for the more luxurious commodities of life. The press, too, conveyed daily and minute information of the life of Paris, its fashions, taste, and art, of the rapid variations in art — variations which chiefly consisted in a return to the style of the eighteenth century — of the expenditure made by foreign collectors on the art of that century. The study of the French language became common, and increased the number of persons who were in touch with French sentiment and with French art.

Meanwhile, owing to accident, their entombment in museums, their agglomeration in safe hands, French works of art of the eighteenth century were becoming rare, and the rarer they became the greater

grew the demand. And as they became scarce those of a more classical period became scarcer still. Occasionally the latter appeared—but at rare intervals—and when they happened to come within reach, they were as greedily snapped up, and as much, if not more, prized than in those days when they were abundant and collectors few. But meteors generally sail in unattainable heights, and the collector of genuine works of the Renaissance might be likened to the child who cries for the moon. He must lower his pretensions, and fain be content with an art of minor importance. But is it fair to say that the French art of the eighteenth century is only of minor importance? It is not classical, it is not heroic, but does it not combine, as no previous art did, artistic quality with practical usefulness?

But, it may be asked, should art be practical; need it be turned to any useful account? Should we not, if we choose to indulge in artistic proclivities, subordinate usefulness and comfort, and whatever our domestic requirements may be, to an ideal sense of and striving after art in its noblest form? Yes; we should if we could. But we live in a practical age when scientific improvement has affected the tenor and mode of our lives in their every detail. A return to the classical period for its decorations, furniture, tapestries, potteries, even for its paintings, is only possible to the collector—to him who may still be able to discover them—who can set them apart for a room or a gallery; but a general adoption of the art of the Renaissance, so that its feeling could pervade our everyday existence, would be out of keeping with all the essentials of modern life. French eighteenth-century art became popular and sought for, because of that adaptability which more ancient art lacks. Let the classical moralist inveigh to his heart's content against a sensuous age that produced a sensuous art; the classical purist may call it *rococo*, affected, effeminate, meretricious, trivial—what you will—and lash himself into virtuous indignation at the decayed taste that indulges in a degenerate art. Fashions will fluctuate, but French eighteenth-century art seems destined to maintain its spell on society, and tighten its grip on the affections of the collector, so long as the present social, economic, and political conditions prevail, and until some unlooked-for catastrophe revolutionizes the fate of the world, of art, and of art collectors.

FERDINAND ROTHSCHILD.

From Belgravia.

#### SCENES IN ALGERIA.

ONE does not like to think of the indignities which our British consul in Algiers had to suffer less than three-quarters of a century ago. It was part of his routine to go bareheaded past the palace of the dey. He might not wear a sword in the dey's presence. And when he sought an audience, he had to take his place, with other aspirants for that questionable honor, unheralded by anything that could give him confidence in himself or his country's greatness. This, too, after the bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth in 1817!

The memory of this and other incidents in Algerian history comes to one in sight of the old Kasba, or palace citadel, which looks down upon the town with so proud an air.

The Kasba still has its horseshoe windows and portals, its facings of red and green and white tiles, to remind one very forcibly of its old occupants. But the wide-breeched Zouaves who now enter and leave it, with a cheery swing of the arms and a jingle of weapons, on their part bear witness to the new order of things. So too do the barbed wire railings which fence in some weedy waste land hard by, whence there is so fair a view of the blue headlands east of the bay and the white houses of the far-extending suburbs.

It is no joke to ascend from the European quarter of the town to the heights of the Kasba. For my part I went at hazard, as I love to do in a strange place. I knew the quarter towards which I had to work, and that sufficed me. From one steep, dark street of white houses, so near together that the windows overhead almost touched each other, I climbed to another yet higher, until at length Algiers and its roofs were below me. What elegant little cobwebbed residences had I not passed on the way! Externally they were nothing. But I did not scruple to enter where I felt attracted, and then the humble place resolved itself into miniature ante-rooms and courtyards in the Moorish style, with much gay tile decoration, and an infinity of horseshoe arches and cool dark nooks, agreeable enough on a hot day.

I took coffee in the cave of an Arab who sold such refreshment to men of his own race. There was just the faintest shadow of surprise on the good man's face when I asked for a cup. He was squatting on a rush mat within arm's length of his tiny fireplace; and he made me the coffee and gave it me without a word. I squatted by him, drank, com-

mented upon the excellence of the beverage, the heat of the day, and his own delightful little hole of a shop. He received my remarks with grave bows; nothing more. And then he took my money and pocketed it without looking at it—and I was free to go my way and leave him to the peace he loved so dearly.

These men seem to me like so many conspirators. Their deportment is so very suggestive of valuable thinking. And yet, the odds are that save for the tax their religious ritual makes upon them, they are subjected to no mental trials from the beginning to the end of the year.

I was unfortunate enough to be in Algiers during the fast of Ramadan. This fact did not deter other Europeans, specially conducted, from swarming into the town mosques, past the devout Moslems who were washing themselves in the fountains of the mosque courtyards. The worshippers would have resented the invasion if they had dared. There could be no doubt about the meaning of the glances from their dark eyes when they lifted their heads from their mats. As it was, they could only groan, curse a little in secret, and lie down again to repeat their wearisome formulæ in praise or adjuration of Allah.

But if Europeans in a body were not to be gainsaid, a single European was not enough to overawe the holy men who sat as if in watch and ward over the place of worship contiguous to the tomb of a certain saint, whither chance led my steps in a remoter part of the town.

It was an engaging little graveyard on an eminence, with a small mosque in it, tombstones laid almost level with the ground, three or four bleary-eyed Arab mendicants sitting in the shade of the shrubs that grew by the graves, and two or three others lying prone and white and motionless upon the ground, more like marble figures of human beings than breathing men.

Spite of the notice on the town walls which made begging in the department of Algeria a penal offence, I was at once urged to give alms to these bleary-eyed idlers. I did so, to conciliate them; for had I not had a glimpse of the green and red silk hangings of the tomb of the marabout in a chamber to the left, with festoons of shells, blown eggs, and gilded lamps surrounding the tomb?

The beggar to whom I gave the most had no doubt I might step over the threshold—"But," he added, "of course you must unshoe."

"To be sure," said I; and, fully prepared to do all that was necessary, I stepped towards the portal, and began to unlace my boots. But it was not to be. From within I heard a voice:—

"What want you here?" and, looking, I saw an imposing guardian sitting cross-legged at one end of the chamber, and with him was another man.

"You cannot," was his reply when I proffered my petition to examine the marabout's tomb. And he proceeded, with less acerbity of tone, to tell me that if I would wait eighteen days the fast would then be at an end, and there would be no hindrance. I relaced my boots, and left him sitting there.

If the Kasba could be made to speak, I dare say it could tell as fine tales as the old Alhambra of Granada. It has stored a good deal of money in its time. One day carried about twelve millions sterling into it during a European siege of the town, and when, in 1830, the French at last got possession of Algiers, they found fifty million francs there.

It was a famous place, too, for executions. The dey's executioners were wonderfully neat craftsmen. In proof of this the following story is told. A certain man was sentenced to be beheaded, and, being anxious to die with as little effort as possible, he bribed the executioner to be more than usually dexterous. The official assured the culprit he should have no cause for complaint, and straightway he began swinging his sword round and round with marvellous speed. Then he dropped the point of the weapon, and seemed to be resting. At this the condemned man put on an angry expression and cried out, "You dog! You leave me in suspense because you are not sure of your nerve. I suppose you mean to cut my throat as if I were a sheep!" This said, he made as if he would spit upon the executioner. The other playfully urged him to try to spit. He did so, and his head fell at once into the bowl by which he was kneeling.

The decapitation had been so neat that not a drop of blood was spilled, nor had the severed head lost its equilibrium by a hair's breadth.

For my part, I do not believe the tale. And yet it is one of many which are reputed true in this land of story-telling.

From the Kasba I strolled along the highroad to El Biar, one of the most lovely villages in the world. To my right were the mountains, a faint purple across the broken green foreground. But what charming little bijou and other residences

nestled in the hollows of the country close by! Red and white, after the newest pattern from the office of the Parisian architect, or a dainty arrangement of blue and gold and marble, done after the manner of the Moors, with horseshoe arches, crescented domes, and little turrets. Round about the houses were profuse gardens; the perfume of them exhaled towards the road above, and the glow of their blossoms held the eye.

Among my fellow-vagabonds on the highway I found types and diversities enough to please a man with a greed for contrasts. I sat down on a bank with a fringe of umbrella-pines behind me, and a fountain bedded in the wall on the other side of the road. Three mortals were resting at the fountain: a grimy, foot-sore Arab with a pouch on his back, a Jew woman with a bandaged chin, and a negro boy in blue. The Arab washed his feet and said his prayers; the Jewess sat gazing at him; and the negro boy shouted as if from sheer gladness for the gift of life.

It was so as long as I kept to the dusty thoroughfare. Here a brace of demoniacal little lads flogging an ass as if their lives depended upon their energy, and the ass stumbling forward at each blow upon its lean, sore-tormented body! There a French maid, clean and neat as if she had but just stepped out of a Normandy farmhouse. An English tourist in a pith helmet under a green-lined umbrella, and a Chasseur d'Afrique, straight and martial from head to foot. A village mosque, sandwiched between a humble wine-shop of the style common in the Bastille quarter of Paris, and a washerwoman's with an invitation to soiled linen in the window. On one wall an election address, in which the impulsive candidate charges the party of his rival with bribing the Hebrew section of voters at six francs seventy-five a head, "reliant upon the well-known cupidity of that people." A few yards farther, and there is an Arabic inscription which seems to the unregenerate European mere rhodomontade, an endless repetition of words about the greatness of Allah and his capacity for goodness.

I had walked ten miles, and yet I was not tired. It was due to the fine air and the novelty. But at length, when I was nearly a thousand feet above the ships lying motionless in the glassy harbor, I turned down a lane pretty enough for Devonshire, and, between an avenue of vine-clad and honeysuckled hedges, again reached the town, with its dust, its tram-

cars and omnibuses, and its active little Arab boys with designs upon one's boots.

Some one had told me beforehand about the fair faces of Algiers. To the mistress of one, reputed the fairest of them all, I was indeed offered an introduction. I am half ashamed to say I rejected this offer. In the first place, a paragon of this kind seldom comes up to expectation. For her own sake and mine I resolved that she should not disillusion me. And, moreover, I fear I could not have kept to myself the fact that I had been attracted to her house simply by the fame of the fair face that illumined it. I dare say this would have been far from shocking to one so used to praise and admiration. But I forebore again out of consideration for myself rather than her. I am content to have her photograph before me while I write. Certainly she has a rare-shaped almond eye, and a wealth of dark hair. But I like not the sensuousness of the mouth. She is manifestly a Hebrew, which is neither for nor against her.

It pleased me better to pay a visit to a disestablished Moorish house of the first rank, in the heart of the town. Here was a noble courtyard, with palm-trees, and a fountain volleying its spray towards the marble balustrades and columns of the upper stories of the house. A glass dome roofed the courtyard high above. And what think you had taken the place of the sombre Moor and his household, who once monopolized these fairy balconies? A journal, with its clacking machines, its white-capped and aproned type-setters, its editorial offices, and its bales of paper lying in the corners ready to be smeared with telegraphic news and authoritative articles. I leaned on the marble balustrade of the second story, with my arm clasped about one of the twisted columns, and looked down on this strange, almost sacrilegious, scene, till the din of the machines had rooted an echo in my brain that it took me long to chase away. Doubtless they have seen various sights, these fair columns that one unconsciously caresses as if they were beloved flesh and blood; but the sights and sounds now beneath and around them are the most suggestive of all.

At sunset the harbor began to take those pearly tints which are apt to urge some of us stolid Hyperboreans out of ourselves in an ecstasy of admiration. The long cape to the east held the evening crimson for a while, and then, like the rest of the world, lapsed into the purple of early night. Then out twinkled the

lamps on the ironclads and other craft in the bay; a gun roared from the fort by the old harbor, where Lord Exmouth sent so many Algerians to the bottom of the sea; a band of music struck up from the square at the base of the hotel; the white houses of proud Mustapha (where European millionaires have their villas) glowed in the darkening air — and an Algerian night had begun.

Not that an Algerian night is such a very extraordinary freak of nature. It is much like a night elsewhere, though its stars do seem to be more lustrous than at Marseilles across the water. Yet to my mind it has strong individuality from the spectral forms of the white-robed Arabs and Kabyles whom I passed and repassed in promenade about the gardens of Bresson Square in the hour after dinner. They were such dart-like, upright fellows, and their eyes seemed to burn like fire. Perhaps it was due to the reflections of the lurid cigars which so many of them held between their teeth as they went to and fro with folded arms, while the band of the Chasseurs d'Afrique played stirring music in memory of the feats of French arms over the Moslems of Algeria.

It is quite possible that the average native Algerian of to-day would be embarrassed rather than gratified by a revolution which sent the French back to France. The occupation is now an affair of long standing, and new habits have displaced the old, inherited instincts which were bred with the Algerian Arab. For all that, there is still a good deal of the leaven of revolt latent throughout the province. There are thousands of Kabyles who sigh for the good old times. "Then," they say, "when we were free, each man was his own master (lord of his own head); the brave man feared no one; he killed his foe without pity; a man's life was reckoned of no more worth than the life of a fly."

This is the sort of spirit which lingers in the hills of Algeria, and very troublesome it is apt to become at times. There is no forgetting that the land is still held by right of conquest, though, of course, every year tightens and strengthens the hold of France upon it. The Moslem religious confraternities (or rather associations for political conspiracy) extend their arms throughout the land, from the Sahara to the blue waters of the Mediterranean; and if only the marabout or mahdi or messiah of their hope would declare himself, they would bring about one more tremendous upheaval in all the province. But they dare not stir until they can venture

to be sanguine; and, meantime, there is always consummate vigilance in the various Kasbas where French troops are lodged and exercised.

One morning at six o'clock, I left Algiers for Constantine, a distance of about two hundred and ninety miles. As I did not reach Constantine until past midnight, the journey cannot be called a triumph of speed. But then it was Africa, and in Africa one does not look for the rapidity and smoothness of travelling that are part and parcel of a high and well-established state of civilization. Besides, it was no level country through which I passed. There were long, gradual climbs, from plain to mountain plateau, more than once; and the wind from the snows of Djurdjura (upon which tempest after tempest broke while we were in sight of it) seemed to fight against our progress. And, lastly, there were between forty and fifty stations, with their various retarding influences.

It was a charming bright day at the outset, and the rich lands contiguous to the capital looked their best. The meadows were dyed with flowers — here a purple flush told of unruly thistles; there the yellow dandelions carried all before them; elsewhere crimson poppies gave a gala sheen to the landscape. The trees, too, were draped with convolvuli, white or amaranthine. And the sun shone upon all — meadows, vineyards acres in extent, and the vermilion roofs of the isolated farmhouses — from a sky clear blue to the far horizon line.

For fellow-travellers I had, at first, genial colonists from the middle departments of France, in top boots and shirt-sleeves. They were but going from one farm to another, and their talk was of beasts and the look of the vines. No men could have had a heartier appearance. The Algerian sun had given them a complexion like that of the Parthenon columns — a rich, clear, gold-bronze. And their broad shoulders and elephantine thighs told of the bodily development the climate had stimulated.

I got into conversation with one grey-beard, who, for some occult reason, leaped to the conclusion that I was a young man from the old country (*his* old country, that is) in search of a homestead. He laid down the law to me in a most fatherly way — had no doubt that if I kept off the absinthe I should do well — and for five minutes on end seemed hesitant whether or not he should offer me a job on his own

farm. However, his generosity did not run to more than advice, and he gave me "farewell" at a wayside station, with an encouraging slap on the shoulder and hospitable wishes for my prosperity. I dare say, when the old gentleman reached home and told his canny dame about his adventure, he got a sound rating for not making the most of his opportunity of securing a muscular young man from the country as cheap as a Kabyle.

Ah, those Kabyles! We were now in the midst of their country, with their mountains, black and white, away to the north, now shut up in inky storm clouds, and the next moment peeping forth through a sallow half gleam of sunlight.

Their villages, or such of them as we saw planted on the green hill slopes, were sweetly simple and unpretending. Here is a recipe for one on a small scale. Clear a ring of ground and fence the space with stout aloes. Add a hedge of prickly pear to the aloes. Then build as many huts of sticks and straw as there are families in the village, and stud the inner space with them. The huts may be conical or oblong at pleasure. To give animation to the scene, perch a dozen statuesque men in long raiment upon the largest dunghill in the village, and set the dogs barking and the women shouting. I should think a night among a thoroughly unimproved Kabyle family would be a very interesting experience. But the experimentalist would have to be imbued through and through with a hearty contempt for all kinds of vermin.

Anon, I made acquaintance with two adult Kabyles and a boy. This was near the village of Palaestro, where, in 1871, there was a hideous massacre of Europeans by the revolted natives. I had, that moment, been reading of the tortures the Kabyles inflicted upon the hapless colonists who fell into their hands, and I was in a humor to execrate the whole race. It was profoundly unreasonable, but what of that?

They were in rags, of the nature of sacking, from head to knee, and they smelt abominably. Yet one of them carried a watch under his rags, though, as he was fond of ostentatiously holding it to his ear, I judge it was a new acquisition. They puffed cigarettes with the air of desperadoes, and spat upon the shut window pane with so much horrid method that I was forced to fancy they thought it was closed against them for the purpose.

For all this they were undoubtedly picturesque, fine animals. When they huddled

themselves together for a nap, I had three sets of naked toes within an ell of my knees. The worst of it was, however, that though they made every possible preparation for sleep they did not become unconscious. Their six dark, beady eyes were concentrated upon me, their Christian travelling companion, and they screeched songs of a dismal kind towards me, till I wearied of them completely.

These men and the boy were not exactly handsome Kabyles. Others, visible at the poor little railway stations, when we were fairly in the mountains, with snow less than a hundred yards above our elevation, had a manlier look as they stood bolt upright in a line watching the procession of our carriages. This too must be said of them, that they have an inborn gift of dignity which almost compels a dim sort of regard. The French ticket-collector does not dream of treating them with the arrogance or contempt which his American equivalent offers as a tribute to the individuality of the abhorred colored man in the Great Republic. Moreover, one does not see a Kabyle in the cast-off clothes of civilization. I doubt if he would wear a hat even if the headman of his tribe bade him do so; and argument would be wasted in the endeavor to persuade him that his free naked legs would enjoy a pair of trousers.

Before the railway came to simplify life and connect Algiers with Constantine, much of the journey between the two towns must have been a hardship of no mean kind. For scores of miles the word desert might be applied to the country. Not that the sand of the Sahara is here or within a good many miles of the Algerian railway. But the rocks are of so unmanageable a quality, and the miserable streams that percolate at their bases are so obviously undrinkable, that one does not wonder at the total absence of human beings or signs of cultivation. Perhaps a single shepherd, in a brown cloak, may be seen in an area of twenty square miles. His flock too is in motion, so that there is no suggestion of pasture with it. The tearing wind that raged over these elevated barrens seemed to fight against the train. There were, in short, passages and moments which in the old days would have furnished an average traveller with material for a chapter of paralyzing descriptions of the horrors and perils of the journey.

With us, however, upon the whole all was easy. We breakfasted at one station within reach of snow, and dined at another station with a cactus hedge outside.

Towards evening we descended somewhat from the heights, and the storm clouds gave place to a lovely coral line of sky which continued for awhile even after sunset, and when one great star had begun to illumine the treeless land.

Interest in things sublunar fell flat as the hours dragged on towards midnight. But Constantine, at the witching hour, under a full moon, is startling enough to arouse a man in a trance.

A line of omnibuses outside the railway station of Constantine proclaimed the modern dignity of the famous city, which has seen so many incidents in the course of its chequered career. It was a trifle chilly, and we travellers gaped mournfully as we packed ourselves into the stuffy coaches. There was an old Englishman with a son, who looked like an undergraduate on the grand tour, and the two had a most entertaining word argument in English about their luggage and the hotel it behoved them to honor with their patronage. To tell the truth, the younger man treated his father with unnecessary contempt; but then the other had evidently travelled a good deal in his day and had become a perfect hotbed of maxims, which he threw at his son's head with a shameful ignorance of the tetchy, strong nature of the average undergraduate. I was fairly glad when the two climbed into a coach that was not mine, and rumbled off to the town, still with voluble arguments on their heated tongues.

Constantine at one o'clock in the morning is nothing, and less than nothing. However, the hotel bed was comfortable, and I slept none the worse for the expectation of the morrow that was lively within me.

When morning came, I was soon out of bed, and peeping at a scene in progress beneath my windows. Here was a little Arab market, in which respectable Moslems fell out of temper with each other over pennyworths of oil and butter. It was interesting, but the smell of the stuff assailed me with the same half sickening feeling I had felt in a Faroe house with new blubber in it.

Coffee and a newspaper ushered in the active part of the day. From the journal I judged that Constantine—indeed the whole of the east of Algeria—was much a prey to the larceny of the Arabs. This was especially so with the Hebrew part of the community. At the market of Sidi-mesrich, for example, a band of Arabs had marched through the bazaar, pillaging

the shops and persons of the Hebrews even to the very watches in their waistbands. French colonists, too, were constantly being relieved of their mules by raiders. In the States, crime of this kind is more serious than in Algeria. It is a question if the rule of the revolver and lynch-law in such cases is not really the most effective course open to the dominant members of a new country.

Breakfast over, I went forth to see this wonderful city on a rock hedged with precipices, and found it nearly as startling as my fancy had made it appear.

It is a square-headed rock, covered completely by the houses of the city, and the river Rummel flows at its base upon three of its sides, tumbling down a fine waterfall to the north of the rock on its way towards the sea. From the edge of the city precipices, if you let yourself go, you would fall plump from five to eight hundred feet ere you reached the water below. That is, unless you chose to drop in one of the places where the river is bridged with natural arches. But even here you would not come off scatheless.

With such a site, no wonder Constantine has a long record of human habitation. It is surely one of the most masterly positions conceivable. You enter the city, for example, by a bridge about five hundred feet above the river, which could, of course, be cut in case of need, so as to make the place unassailable except with artillery from the adjacent hills. Herein, however, consists its weakness. These hills dominate the city. From their summits (and they are but a few minutes' climb from the city rock) you look upon the white roofs and the brown and red tiles of Constantine as if you were in a balloon.

A stroll along the edge of the abyss which binds Constantine so appallingly gives one some very agreeable thrills. In places the width of the ravine is not more than a score of feet. Upon the other side are the dwellings of the Moslems of Constantine, with storks squatting on their chimney stacks and ravens wheeling to and fro, with their grey beaks turned towards the back yards of the houses, in quest of desirable garbage. Below, in the chasms, are hawks and swallows and other birds; and the rock sides are stained with the sewage of the city, the nasty aspect of which many a flower in an inaccessible nook can by no means countervail.

Then, by a steep and dizzy track, still hugging the precipice, I descended to the

very bottom of the ravine, where was a little bridge spanning the river. The Constantine washerwomen and washermen were busy flogging clothes in the stream, and beyond were reedy banks and an enthusiastic Arab boy or two angling for polluted fish in the polluted water.

From the waterside I climbed to the suburb outside the rock on the only quarter of Constantine whence it could be entered in avoidance of the river and the precipice. Here was a vivacious rattle of tongues and clatter of blacksmiths' hammers. In the yard of a native inn, nine camels, two donkeys, and three horses were huddled together in the straw in no very comfortable style. The contrast of beasts was odd. The camels were not of a quality the Messrs. Wombwell would care to admit to their select show of quadrupeds. They were small, overworked, evidently much castigated and out of health. One was of a pale cream color. But I could not help laughing at the ludicrous air of their churning jaws close to the sensitive noses of the asses, who perforce moved their heads now and then as if the breath of these ships of the desert was none too sweet. The pale-colored camel had a trick of scratching its head against the wall, which may, for aught I know, indicate it a wise or rare species of its kind.

In my hotel I had seen a printed notice about the arrangement of caravan trips from Constantine to somewhere. I imagine such caravans would be of a quasi-European kind, more for the solace of the ambitious tourist than for legitimate trade purposes. If these unfortunate camels in the inn-yard were part of the properties of the purveyor of caravans, I, for my part, should as soon think of going to a meet in Leicestershire upon a horse devoted to the knacker as going a caravan jaunt from Constantine.

I think I was most impressed by the sublimity of this city's situation, when I stood at the foot of the rock upon the upper edge of which, the citadel or Kasba of Constantine is built. It was a wall — nothing less — red and grey, between five and six hundred feet high. The river fumed along by my side, and then plunged a hundred feet down towards a bosky glen with a mill in it. The pray (of a very pestilential quality) damped my face as I gazed upwards and thought of the appearance this wall must have represented in 1837, when, to escape the French, who were pressing the siege, numbers of reck-

less Arabs tried to let themselves down here by ropes — which were by no means long enough. I could hardly have conjured up a ghastlier picture. The Rummel ran with a cumber of corpses that day.

What merry fellows are these Zouaves, of whom it is so difficult to think in disassociation from France's African colony! Several companies of them were, like myself, prowling about the river course, laughing and splashing one another, and daring each other to cross it from stone to stone. This, however, was no very formidable feat, for I did it myself, and then wandered around the other cliff base until I found the refraction of the sun too much for my British constitution. There are some fine clumps of prickly pear in this adventurous region of Constantine, and I caught a Zouave carving the word *Marie* upon one of the misshapen leaves of one of the trees. Later, I read a dozen other names — *Thérèse*, *Adelaide*, *Louise*, etc., etc. The honest fellows might have spent their vacation hours to less profit than in thus recalling the charmers to whom they had consecrated themselves in the old country. I hope, however, that I am right in my surmise that *Marie*, *Louise* and company were their true and only loves, to whom they were duly and eternally plighted.

By the way, I was struck with a little incident at dinner in my hotel. It was the hotel at which the officers of the Zouaves and other regiments barracked in the Kasba had their mess-table. I suppose there were about five-and-twenty of them — fine fellows all. They came in with a jingle of swords and an appetizing rubbing of hands, and hardly had they seated themselves than the soup followed them.

Something else followed the soup. This was the young wife of the hotel-keeper — a beautiful creature, dressed with the quiet perfection of the mistress of a famous salon, and with the manners of an accomplished woman of the world. She had a little powder on her face, but she was not a whit less charming for that. It was a lesson in tact to see her go from guest to guest (as much strangers to her as you and I, dear reader, are to each other) and say a few pleasant words. How I wished my old Englishman and his son of the railway station had been here! And yet her ease of manner would, I dare say, have worked wonders even with them.

From the guests proper she went to the officers, and ran the gauntlet of a volley of smiling compliments. What think you then? She seized the head of the handsomest of the subalterns — a curly-headed Norman, from his face, and kissed him soundly first on one cheek and then on the other. The youth said "Merci," and continued his soup — the others laughed. And madame, the hotel-keeper's wife, went on her way scattering courtesies as if she had done nothing out of the common. I suppose her husband allows her to amuse her guests in this way, and truly it was an entertainment with little of positive harm in it.

On the afternoon of my second day in Constantine, I was fortunate in being present at a wedding in the cathedral church. The church was a mosque at one time, but it bears its adaptation wonderfully well. Nothing could have looked better than its delicate little windows and the finely chiselled details of the Moslem architects. But the colored glass had a Christian character, and no one would have been likely to take the brilliant assemblage of officers and citizens, and their wives and daughters in full toilette, for people upon whose lips the wearisome phrase "Allah il Allah" was familiar.

I would say more about Constantine if I had space to spare for it. There is such a variety of costumes in the city streets that one is always on the lookout for something fresh. The Jews outdo the rest of the world in this particular. For half an hour I was content to linger by a certain terrace, above a thickly peopled street in their quarter, fairly revelling in the colors of their attire and their general picturesqueness. They seemed (and especially the children) to be clad in all the hues of the rainbow, and a good many others besides, and the little Jew damsels tinkled with jewellery even while returning from school, with their leather satchels of books upon their shoulders. Of their mothers I think as I saw them sitting at their windows, also resplendent, with their shapely heads resting upon the bare, shapely arms which supported their cheeks. I suppose it is a custom for them thus to sit before the eyes of the world, like the Venetian "fair but frail," some hundreds of years ago. If so, it is a custom for which the visitor must needs be grateful. I contrasted the effect with that of a troop of French boarding-school young ladies, all in black, out for a walk in the pine forest behind the railway sta-

tion. It was like setting the Middle Ages cheek by jowl with the sober, and in some respects a trifle dull, nineteenth century. But I dare say the little damsels in black, each with a precise parasol in her hand, were not so dull at heart as they looked. Though they prattled with sweet simplicity to "Chère Mademoiselle," the teacher in charge of them, and asked for information about the rocks and trees and grasses as assiduously as the best-behaved little boys and girls in the old-time story books, there was that in their eyes as they looked towards a troop of youths in claret-colored uniform from the Constantine public school, which proclaimed them human, feminine, and French, spite of all.

The scenery next day along the line to Bone was for several hours tame and depressing. One wearied of the spacious undulations, with great reaches of thin grain in the hollows of the land, here and there a lonely house or a shepherd with his sheep, and the hot blue sky with the rounded hills outlined against it.

This part of Algeria has no very enticing history to commend it to the traveller. Colonists have been brought hither by the village-full by speculative land companies, and the little square cemeteries on the hillsides have soon had a population in excess of the settlement founded so hopefully. They are not very pretty, these forlorn outposts of civilization, and one leaves a measure of pity with the inhabitants, and also with the blithe-spoken station-master, his blue-gowned wife and little children, who all look forth with such an air of eagerness when the train comes in sight.

Towards Hammam Meskoutine, however, a change came over the land. It rose up wooded and green as an English glen, and the river in the ravine ran faster and whiter than before. So we come to the wonderful place where for an acre or two the surface soil is hot as if a furnace were beneath it, and where the steam of the boiling springs hangs thick in the valley. Many an invalid comes here to be parboiled into health. But in summer one might as well go to Aden for comfort as come hither for pleasure.

I tarried an hour or two in Meskoutine to behold the still waterfall. It is a mass of calcareous deposit, over which the waste from the hot springs above continues to percolate, thereby thickening the deposit day after day. An Arab was crouched here, cooking a fowl in the water. A boy from the hotel was also boiling eggs.

It must be extremely useful to have a natural kitchen-range of such a magnitude, ever in a condition to provide dinner for a household.

I saw also a Jewess take her bath in a little bathing-house close by. She was swathed in wrappers and must have perspired considerably. It is to be hoped she was the better for the ordeal.

From Hammam to Bone the country gradually grows more and more opulent and homely. Never have I seen such vineyards as those in the neighborhood of Bone. They were miles in area. The laborers in them were dwarfed to pygmies in the distance. It is one of the most precious parts of the colony, and could, one would suppose, provide wine enough for all France, if the homeland ever fell short in its own produce.

No wonder the quays of the town of Bone are littered with merchandise to such a degree that the captains of the boats bound for Marseilles with Algerian cargo lose their tempers ere they can get quit of the port. It is an ambitious place, fiendishly hot even in May, full of Israelites, and with shops in which you may buy anything — from the *Petit Journal* of the day before yesterday to a panther skin, comparatively fresh flayed.

But Bone is most famous for its association with St. Augustine, who lived and died at Hippo, a little hillock a couple of miles inland, now capped with a house of mercy and a great white church, new and prim. It is not an easy walk to Hippo, though Bone is so near. I was half-choked with the odious dust of the highway, and broiled by the sun, ere I set foot in the precincts consecrated to the great church father. And after all there is little here but the association. Even the saint's body is somewhere else.

As the steamer leaves Bone harbor, Hippo seems more and more clearly to insulate itself. The mountains to the west soon become a mere outline in the vast vineyards, the purple lands east and south-east sink below the horizon. Bone disappears behind a headland, and only the white church of Hippo is left distinctly in sight.

"Fine spot for a lighthouse," remarks an American fellow-traveller. "A gigantic effigy of the saint, for example, in bronze, on the hilltop, holding an electric lantern in his hand, — Eh?"

It seems improbable, however, that French notions of art and propriety would coincide with such an idea.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

From The National Review.

#### ELIZABETH STUART AND HER FAMILY IN HOLLAND.

AMONG the historical associations that a visit to the Hague brings to the mind of the traveller who carries with him some remembrance of the past to enhance his interest in the present, those connected with Elizabeth Stuart and her family will not readily occur. Yet the greater part of the life of the unfortunate daughter of King James I. was spent in Holland. She and her children were very prominent figures in the society of the day; and their names appear frequently in the memoirs and chronicles of the time, in which (to use the words of Macaulay in a slightly different connection) "the character and spirit of an age are exhibited in miniature." Dutch historians have gleaned interesting facts respecting the exiled family from these sources and from State papers in the royal archives. The following pages contain such as appear to bring out most vividly the extraordinary character of its members.

Elizabeth first became acquainted with Holland on her journey to Heidelberg in 1613 as the beautiful young bride of the elector palatine, Frederick. She was received with public honors befitting her personal rank and her near relationship to the stadtholder Maurice, whose sister Juliana was the elector's mother. The States-General and the States of Holland sent deputations to pay her homage. Her uncle devoted himself to her amusement. "Distinguished strangers" from other countries came purposely to see her, and a troop of comedians was sent for from Paris to play in her presence. The principal towns vied with each other in doing her honor and in offering her handsome presents. At Amsterdam a splendid State coach was in readiness for her, as she stepped from her barge on a bridge covered with cloth, and the whole municipality was present to bid her welcome. The procession moved slowly through the gaily decorated streets, which were thronged with people. Two triumphal arches of vast proportions had been erected. On one a pantomime was enacted. The other held a group of people dressed in antique costumes, among whom was a figure intended to personate the princess as Thetis, the mother of Achilles. An inscription in verse addressed her as the English Thetis, and expressed the wish that she might be the mother of a modern Achilles. Elizabeth was the sole object of these ovations; for her husband, after concluding a treaty

with the States, had hastened his journey to the Palatinate.

Very different from this gay progress was Elizabeth's next arrival in Holland, in 1621, as the fugitive queen of Bohemia after the flight from Prague in the previous autumn. She and her husband, however, had been received cordially by Prince Maurice, the States, and the nation at large. In the eyes of the majority the cause of Frederick was identical with that of Protestantism. At first few would believe the fatal tidings of his defeat. An Amsterdam preacher actually said that "the report of the taking of Prague was a falsehood spread by Papists, Armenians, and other enemies of religion." Such was the public spirit of those stirring times that a mere skipper lay a wager on his raft that Prague had not fallen into the enemies' hands. When the news was confirmed beyond any possibility of doubt, there was great and general consternation, for "it had been firmly believed that the rise of Frederick would be the fall of Antichrist."

The States decided to "accommodate the king and queen of Bohemia" with a suitable dwelling. Two houses were hired for them in the Voorhout, a fine, broad street, shaded by lime-trees.

On the 23rd of April the king was received with great ceremony by the States-General. To quote a chronicle of the times: He gave "a singularly touching account of all his adventures and misfortunes." The States "answered with compliments, and comforted him in his adversity." They promised him a monthly advance of one thousand florins, besides a grant of one hundred and fifty thousand florins in support of the small army with which Ernest of Mansfelt was opposing the imperial forces under Spino-la.

Public opinion was not quite unanimous with respect to the royal refugees and the sums they drew from the national exchequer. Abusive pamphlets appeared. One writer said that "there were enough foreigners in the country; they did not need royal beggars." Another exclaimed, "It doth cry for vengeance that all hungry, naked, and miserable persons should be fed, clothed, and taken care of in Holland!" The elector was not without defenders. A friendly writer compares his presence amongst the Hollanders with that of the "Ark among the Philistines" — a comparison which could scarcely have pleased the people of Holland. The clergy generally sided with him. They

likened him, very inappropriately, with Joshua and Gideon, and offered up prayers for him at public worship.

In 1622 Frederick joined the Protestant forces in Germany; but after his defeat at Höchst in 1623 he was persuaded by King James to lay down arms. He went to his uncle, the Duc de Bouillon, at Sedan, and thence wrote to his wife: "*Où irai-je? La Haye ne me plait pas du tout et que Dieu me garde de sa mauvaise canaille.*"

From these ungracious words we gather that more had reached Frederick's ears and eyes than the complimentary speeches and polite bows of their High Mightinesses. To eat the bread of dependence in a foreign country and daily accept favors from a republic must have been particularly galling to the spirit of a German prince of imperial descent, accustomed to look down on the world from the proud eminence of the Castle of Heidelberg. However, no course other than to return to the Netherlands was open to him.

On October 9th of the same year a student, followed by two servants, one of whom carried his master's sober luggage, might have been seen hurrying through the Hague to the queen of Bohemia's house. That student was the "winter king" in disguise. From this time until 1632 he appears to have left Holland only for a brief visit to England with his wife in 1625, on the accession of Charles I. All attempts to recover his lands were confined to diplomatic negotiations, which were long, costly, and fruitless.

The exile of the king and queen must not be painted in too dark colors. They were deeply attached to each other. Sir Dudley Carleton, ambassador to the Hague, writes of Elizabeth in 1622 as "a tender wife, whose care of her husband doth augment with his misfortunes."\* Also, Elizabeth had one of those buoyant natures which rise with comparative ease above the waves of misfortune. She writes to one of her faithful correspondents, Sir Thomas Roe: "Though I have cause enough to be sad, yett I am still of my wilde humour, to be as merrie as I can in spite of fortune." Indeed, both king and queen refused to let either their private misfortunes or the state of their unhappy country debar them from the amusements to which they considered their age and rank entitled them.

The Hague was at that time a brilliant little capital, thronged with distinguished diplomatists and gay soldiers from most

\* Cabala; Mysteries of State.

European countries. The fame of Maurice of Nassau as a general attracted young men from France, Germany, England, Scotland, Sweden, and Denmark, to his camp. Military operations being suspended in winter, the Hague was then filled with these soldiers. It may be imagined how numerous they were, and what color and animation their presence gave to the picturesque town, when as many as two or three hundred Frenchmen of gentle birth followed the ambassador's coach as a guard of honor, on his way in state to an audience of the States-General.

Then, as now, fashion ruled in society. The Voorhout was to the Hague world what Rotten Row is to that of London; and people were in the habit of making the daily *tour des carosses*, or *tour à la mode*, after their midday dinner. The exiled royalties might often be seen among them, doubtless to the delight of the people who thronged the broad walk shaded by lime-trees that forms the middle of the Voorhout. The parallel with modern times happily ceases where we read of bitter conflicts arising from the vexed question of precedence in the manner of driving. The diplomatic mind, keenly sensitive to questions of etiquette, was frequently ruffled by the action of a rival's coachman. Once even the statesmanship of John de Wit was needed to prevent a fight between the followers of the French ambassador and those of the Spanish ambassador. Elizabeth may have been a witness of this serio-comic incident, which ended in the removal of a wooden barrier, this measure enabling each to drive away at the same moment.

In winter there was the same round of gaieties that used to enliven the court at Heidelberg. The queen was specially fond of the masques which were so much in vogue in England. The king and queen generally spent their summers in a country-house which they had built on some land given them by the Provincial States of Utrecht, near the small town of Rhenen, in a finely wooded and undulating country. They were both passionately fond of riding and hunting. There is a quaint allusion to this in a verse in which the poet naïvely expresses his surprise that Frederick, after having frequently been the object of pursuit, should be capable of becoming a pursuer. The concluding lines are these:—

He thus doth ever see a picture of his flight,  
And (what can sport not do?) finds pleasure  
in the sight!

Meanwhile their home life was far from uneventful. Eight children were added to the five that were born in Germany and Bohemia. On each occasion the parents showed great anxiety to secure sponsors who would be likely to give substantial presents. Often one of the provinces acted in the capacity of sponsor. Thus, the second daughter was named Louisa Hollandina, and received a fixed annuity from the wealthy States of Holland. When a younger child received a very paltry sum from the States of Overijssel, the queen wrote to a friend: "Pour Parrains la Hollande va encore, mais pour les petits états, ça ne vaut rien!"

Two of the children died in infancy. In 1629 the eldest son, a lad of fifteen, lost his life in a tragic manner. The so-called "Silver fleet" had been captured from the Spaniards; and part of the immense spoil, including many beautiful silver and golden vessels, was exhibited at Amsterdam. The king and his son went to see it. The weather was stormy, and their barge was upset by collision with another vessel. Young Frederick and three attendant gentlemen were drowned. His father was heartbroken, and is said to have repeated David's pathetic cry over Absalom: "My son, my son, would God I had died for thee!"

Hope dawned on the exiled family when Gustavus Adolphus brought an army into the field against Tilly and Wallenstein in 1630. Frederick joined him the subsequent year. He left the Hague on the 26th of January. Crowds assembled to see him off and wish him Godspeed "amid tears and sobs," people being apparently more easily moved than in our own day. It proved to be his last farewell to Holland. After a short campaign, he died of fever on the 19th of November. It is said that his end was hastened by the news that Gustavus Adolphus had been killed at the battle of Lützen.

Elizabeth was overwhelmed with grief at her husband's loss and the destruction of her newly revived hopes. She was a widow at thirty-six, with ten children, of whom the eldest was only fifteen. She did not, however, take her maternal duties much to heart—a fact of which her daughter Sophia's memoirs afford ample proof.

The children had a separate establishment at Leyden. They had a tutor and three governesses, and were attended, besides, by gentlemen-in-waiting and maids of honor. Their life was an ingenious combination of conventual rule with courtly

etiquette. Almost every act was accompanied by tedious formalities. Before sitting down to dinner, at 11 A.M., each child had to make nine bows or curtseys. It was the habit to invite two clergymen or university professors on Sundays and Wednesdays. The dancing-master, who came daily at 10 A.M., was always welcome, Sophia says; not so the other masters, she candidly admits. Twice a year the children were taken by barge to see their mother at the Hague; but they evidently bored her, and she was glad to get rid of them, and to be left to the undisturbed enjoyment of her dogs and apes. Even the delicate state of the little Gustavus's health does not seem to have moved the mother to greater tenderness. He died in 1641, after a lingering illness. Sophia, the only one remaining at Leyden, was removed to the Hague.

The children of Frederick and Elizabeth were more like their high-spirited mother than like their gentle father. They were handsome, clever, and remarkably self-willed. They appear to have been all more or less gifted with the fascination and brilliancy characteristic of the Stuarts.

The eldest son, Charles Louis, had more solidity of character than his brothers; but he was cold and calculating, ruled by motives of expediency, wanting in chivalry and generosity. He and his mother were never on good terms. Rupert, the hero of the Civil War in England, was her favorite, and appears to have been the most dutiful of her children. The three youngest sons, Maurice, Edward, and Philip, were remarkable only for getting into scrapes, of which more will be said by and by.

We seem to know the daughters better, chiefly through the memoirs of Sophia, who is quite as communicative about family matters as any autobiographical author in this age of publicity. Elizabeth, the eldest, was a very remarkable woman, and enjoyed a European reputation for learning, which she owed chiefly to her friendship with the philosopher Descartes. That versatile and nomadic Frenchman, who was at once a devout Roman Catholic and an independent thinker, a soldier and a man of the world, in the course of his wandering life spent some years in Holland, and two of these at the pretty château of Endegeest, near Leyden. During that time (1641-1643) he was a frequent visitor at the queen of Bohemia's court. Although the Princess Elizabeth was only twenty years old, her mind was ripe enough

to respond intelligently to his. He had the greatest admiration for her, and paid her a lasting tribute in the dedication of his great work, "Principles of Philosophy." However, philosopher as he was, he may have been fascinated as much by her youthful beauty and high rank as by her mental accomplishments. Indeed, he lavishes such gross flattery and exaggerated praise on his princess that he would fail to convince us if there were not better (although indirect) proof of her great powers of mind in his correspondence with her. Her letters to him, unfortunately, have perished; but forty of his have been preserved. They are for a great part answers to objections which she had raised against his ideas on the deepest problems that can occupy the human mind. Some of the letters allude to personal matters, and are attempts to comfort her in the family trials, which, with her grave and earnest nature, she took intensely to heart. If they are all after the pattern of that in which he endeavored to reconcile her with her uncle's death, by the extraordinary argument that death by the executioner's axe is preferable to any other, it is not likely that they had the desired effect on the poor girl!

Very unlike Elizabeth in character was the next sister, Louisa Hollandina. She was beautiful, lively, and accomplished. She painted portraits, and was considered to do credit to her master, the well-known Honthorst. She was careless of her personal appearance to the point of eccentricity. Unfortunately, she was careless in more important matters as well, and appears to have deserved, in some measure, the severe charges that are brought against her by contemporary writers.

Henrietta Maria, the third daughter, was the most beautiful and most amiable of the four sisters. She was evidently the least clever; but she was the most domestic in her tastes, and excelled in the homely and useful art of making jams.

Sophia, the mother of George I. and the friend of Leibnitz, was ten years old when she was removed from the dreary establishment at Leyden to her mother's home, where she appears to have early claimed the privileges of a grown-up woman, taking her part with wonderful success in the plays which the sisters acted. By all accounts, she was a charming girl—graceful, witty, accomplished, and brimming over with life and spirits. Her memoirs, however, reveal an appalling want of refinement, and calmly tell of practical jokes

played by the princesses on the gentlemen and ladies of the household, such as would not now be tolerated in a respectable kitchen.

They were not the only "fast" ladies at the Hague in the seventeenth century. If we are to believe Sorbière, a French visitor to the Hague, one of the favorite pastimes of ladies of rank was to disguise themselves as poor women, and travel by barge to Leyden or Delft, mixing with the people, and drawing them out to speak of the great folk at the Hague. Even the grave Elizabeth was not alive to the bad taste (to put it mildly) of these extraordinary proceedings, in which she and her sisters would sometimes join, which ended by the ladies driving off in their respective coaches, much to the astonishment of the spectators.

Beautiful and attractive as the sisters were, suitors were not numerous at the court of the well-nigh penniless queen. Elizabeth's hand was sought at a distance by King Ladislaus of Poland; but, as the proposal was made on condition that she should become a Roman Catholic, she and her mother were agreed to decline it.

Two young cousins, the Prince of Brandenburg (afterwards the Great Elector) and Charles of England, were frequent and welcome guests in the queen's house; but her hopes of securing them as sons-in-law were disappointed.

While this life of careless amusement and ordinary girlish incident was going on at the Hague, or at Rhenen, great events were moulding the world's history — events almost every one of which had some significance for the proud, eager women who, each after her fashion, chafed at their life of exile. The long, weary years between 1632 (when Frederick died) and 1649 (when Louis was reinstated in part of his hereditary dominions) were filled with endless negotiations, which, of course, were a perpetual source of alternate hope and disappointment.

In 1638 Charles and Rupert joined the army of the landgrave of Hessen, with troops which they had managed to collect. They were beaten by the imperial forces near Blothen. Rupert was taken prisoner, and spent three years in confinement at Vienna. Louis had to fly. He travelled through France in disguise, was arrested at Vincennes, and kept in prison for months. Soon after both brothers were in England. Rupert fought bravely on the king's side; but it is not quite clear whether the cautious Louis was trying to mediate between the king and the Parlia-

ment, or to make friends with the latter on the best possible terms for himself, regardless of his uncle's fate.

The year 1641 was that of the marriage of William, the statholder's son, with the princess royal of England. The young couple held a very brilliant court at the Hague, at which Mary's aunt and cousins would naturally appear very often.

At this time Elizabeth had her four daughters and three younger sons with her. The latter were known as the "Mad Palatines," and they well deserved the name. The scales of justice, even in such an enlightened country as Holland, were not always held evenly where high-born transgressors were concerned. The authorities would be blind to their evil doings, or else punish an unfortunate companion or lackey instead. Still, there were limits to the forbearance of the magistrates, and on several occasions it was only by hasty flight that the princes escaped their well-earned punishment. Their names occur constantly in the criminal records of the years 1641-1649, which are preserved in the royal archives. Duels were of frequent occurrence. Sometimes the hot-headed young rogues did not even go through the formality of challenging their enemy before attacking him. At seventeen years of age Maurice molested harmless citizens and their wives in the open street, and he was strongly suspected of having killed a Dutch captain in a duel. Edward was supposed to have been the accomplice of Sir Charles Howard, equerry to the queen, whose duel with a French captain in 1642 had fatal consequences for the latter. The queen then sent her three sons to Paris with a tutor; but they spent so much money that she was obliged to recall them.

However, in 1645 we again find Edward in Paris. He soon after married Anne de Gonzague, daughter of the Duc de Nevers, and joined the Roman Catholic Church, to the bitter grief of his mother, whose attachment to the Protestant faith is beyond suspicion. The Princess Anne was immortalized by Bossuet in one of his "Oraisons Funèbres." Edward comes in for a few words of eulogy, which, being thoroughly undeserved, shakes our confidence in the great prelate's discrimination.

In 1646 Philip became the hero of a disgraceful story which, as it fills an important and a very dark page in the family chronicles, we are obliged to relate. Many versions of it were current at the time; the one I will now give is believed by good authorities to be most authentic.

A Frenchman, named L'Espinay, who had been obliged to leave his country for no very creditable reasons, came to the Hague. Being clever and fascinating, he obtained the queen's notice, and was appointed her equerry instead of Sir Charles Howard, who had fled to Brussels after the duel. The high favor which L'Espinay enjoyed soon gave rise to unfavorable rumors, and had the effect of making him offensively overbearing. All this angered several of Elizabeth's children, and a marked enmity sprang up between him and Philip. One night Philip was attacked by four Frenchmen, one of whom he recognized as L'Espinay. Philip fought bravely, and escaped; but next day, happening to meet his enemy, he in his turn attacked him and killed him on the spot. He was able to make his escape, and entered the Spanish service.

Elizabeth's just horror of this deed of violence and her anger against her son were not mixed with any sense of guilt on her part in having had an indirect share in the awful business by not having removed L'Espinay from her court. An intercessory letter from Charles Louis brought about reconciliation of a kind between mother and son.

In 1649 Charles Louis was restored to part of his hereditary lands, and a ninth electorate was created in his favor. His family did not benefit much by the altered fortunes of its head. The execution of Charles in the same year filled Elizabeth with natural wrath against Cromwell, whom she always called that "arch rascal." It was in harmony with her perfectly undisciplined character, that, although she continued to apply to Parliament for grants of money (which were invariably refused), she did not see that both interest and dignity should have made her attitude towards the ambassadors of the Commonwealth one of strict neutrality. She threatened to dismiss any member of her household who dared to speak to any person connected with the embassy. Deputies from the States-General waited on her to express their disapproval of the violent and threatening language used by her son Edward, who, at the time, happened to be at the Hague. The interview bore little fruit. Edward and an English gentleman of Elizabeth's court were supposed to have belonged to a party of twelve masked and well-dressed men who suddenly entered an inn, where the regicide Dorlaar, a Dutchman, was having supper with some friends, blew out the lights, and deliberately killed him, wounding four peo-

ple besides. The murderers escaped, and were never discovered. Soon after, Edward with some followers openly attacked the ambassadors, Sir Walter Strickland and Sir Oliver St. John, in their coach. As the States seemed likely to take the matter up seriously, Edward was obliged to fly. The names of the "Mad Palatines" now drop out of the Hague chronicles. Edward lived in France; Maurice joined Rupert in England, and is supposed to have perished about the year 1653 in one of the piratical expeditions which they conducted after the fall of the monarchy. Philip was killed in battle in 1655.

There was scarcely a year that did not bring some fresh misfortune to the stricken queen. Gradually her house became deserted by daughters as well as sons. The later fortunes of the four princesses were almost as chequered as those of their brothers.

Elizabeth left her mother's house as early as 1646 to visit her relations in Germany. She seldom met her mother after that. Her energy and ability found full scope when she became secular abbess of Herford, in Westphalia, in 1667. She ruled her small kingdom well, and showed courage and sympathy with the oppressed members of a religious sect which had sprung up in Holland about the middle of the century. They resembled the early Quakers in some of their peculiar tenets and in their genuine and fearless piety. This doubtless accounts for William Penn's visit to the German princess and his honorable mention of her in his book "No Cross, No Crown."\*

In 1650 Sophia joined her eldest brother in Germany, either in order to relieve her mother of expense or because matrimonial prospects were more promising there than in Holland. She did not, however, marry Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, the later elector of Hanover, till 1658, after the curious episode of an earlier betrothal with his brother.

Henrietta Maria became the wife of Sigismund Ragozy, the prince of Transyl-

\* An article published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of last November is in many points contradictory of what I have written. However, Elizabeth's German biographer, in a very careful and thorough study of her life in the "Historisches Taschenbuch," edited by Friedrich von Raumer (1850), refutes many of the very statements made by Monsieur Bertrand in his paper, "Une Amie de Descartes," which statements appear to be mainly derived from Baillet, the biographer of Descartes. The grave charges brought in the same paper against Labadie and his followers, although they were certainly guilty of some fanatical practices, are considered by good Dutch authorities to have been calumny.

vania, in 1651, and ended her gentle, harmless life some months later.

The widowed queen was left alone with Louisa Hollandina, the clever painter daughter, who was to add another extraordinary page to the family history. In 1657 she suddenly and secretly left her mother's house, taking neither money nor attendants. A letter in which she announced her intention of becoming a Roman Catholic, and promised to write at some future time, was found. This sudden disappearance was at the time attributed to motives more in harmony with her character than her alleged motive; but these reports were proved to be calumnious. She became abbess of Maubuisson, and lived to a very great age. Bossuet, in his high-flown language, speaks of her thus: "La princesse Louise dont les vertus font éclater par toute l'Eglise la gloire du saint monastère de Maubuisson." If this eulogy is worth more than that bestowed on her brother, she must indeed have "turned over a new leaf" in France. The Duc de St. Simon, in his memoirs, confirms the opinion of Bossuet, and adds some personal touches which give an appearance of accuracy to his statements.\*

Louisa's heartless flight left her mother quite alone. Of her thirteen children, seven were dead; the six others were scattered far and wide. Her undaunted spirit gave way at last, and the tone of her later letters is one of deep melancholy. The ever-increasing burden of debt—in great measure due to her hopeless extravagance—was one of her heaviest sorrows. While James II. lived, her income was amply sufficient; but she was always heavily in debt. On Frederick's death the monthly allowance from the States-General stopped, and when the Civil War began in England the money from that quarter came irregularly until it ceased altogether. Elizabeth's income was now derived from her father's inheritance, and fell far short of her requirements. Her son, either from inability or unwillingness,

gave her but scant help. The letters that passed between them do honor to neither. On one occasion the elector sent her a present of Rhenish wine which appears to have been sour; for the queen wrote in return that he should have sent her money instead, and that he should have known that vinegar was not expensive at the Hague! In 1653 she was in such distress that she actually wrote to her faithful friend Lord Craven, who had gone to Heidelberg to settle affairs with Charles Louis "Il se peut que la prochaine vous apprenne que je n'ai rien à manger. Ce n'est pas une métaphore, mais la vérité pure."

The elector invited her to live in the Castle of Heidelberg. In 1654 she decided to go; but her creditors interfered, and she was obliged to appeal to the States of Holland, who appointed a committee to inquire into her affairs. A hundred and sixty-four persons, most of them with large claims, appeared before this committee. The very sums she owed to her butcher and her baker are still on record. A washerwoman made the very natural suggestion that the queen should sell her jewels; upon which the president gave the indignant answer: "Must not a queen have some jewels for her amusement?" The poor woman rejoined: "Yes, sir; but we have pawned everything, and must not our poor children have bread?" "Be silent, woman," was the stern reply. However, the queen was not allowed to leave the country. The States gave her money for current expenses; but the debts remained unpaid until after the restoration of Charles II. Elizabeth had to make a yearly application to the States, which must have been a severe trial to her proud nature. The following verbal entry in a State paper dated July 12, 1658, opens up a sad vista of deep misery and humiliation: "Received a piteous petition from the queen of Bohemia, couched in such submissive and humble terms as express her Majesty's miserable and desolate condition, but do not suit her dignity."

In 1661, the year after his restoration, Charles invited his aunt to come to England. Elizabeth eagerly accepted the proposal. Three frigates were placed at her disposal by the States. Sophia came with her husband to bid her farewell. Lord Craven placed his house in Drury Lane at her disposal until she should move into one of her own in Leicester Square.

It is believed by some that, although Lord Craven was her junior by twelve years, there had been a private marriage.

\* "Madame de Maubuisson était sœur du père de Madame et du père de Madame la Princesse et de ses sœurs, de la mère de l'Electeur de Hanovre, roi d'Angleterre, fille de la sœur du roi d'Angleterre, Charles I., tante des deux rois d'Angleterre, ses fils, et grand-tante de l'Impératrice Amélie, femme de l'Empereur Joseph. Tant d'éclat fut absorbé sous son voile. Elle ne fut principalement que religieuse, et seulement abbess pour éclairer et conduire sa communauté, dont elle ne souffrit jamais d'être distinguée en rien. Elle ne connut que sa cellule, le réfectoire, la portion commune. Son humilité avait banni toutes les différences que les moindres abbesses affectent dans leurs maisons, et tout air de savoir les moindres choses, encore qu'elle égalât beaucoup de vrais savants. Elle avait infiniment d'esprit, aise naturel, sans songer jamais qu'elle en eût non plus que de science." — SAINT-SIMON.

Other writers deny this emphatically, and even speak of a projected marriage between him and the Princess Elizabeth. The question remains open.

The queen died the year after her return to her native country. Of all her children only Rupert was near her. She begged Charles to pay her debts. It is not surprising to learn that not Charles, but Rupert and Lord Craven, fulfilled this dying request. She was buried in Westminster Abbey with the pomp befitting her rank; but her death caused little stir in the world in which for a short time she had played so brilliant a part. His story has on the whole been kind to her memory. The exiled widow, with her unruly household and perpetual debts, is well-nigh forgotten; but the brave young queen, whose courage never failed in the face of danger, whose spirit was not daunted by misfortune, whose fidelity to the cause in which she believed was proof against every temptation, will never disappear from its pages.

S. I. DE ZUYLEN DE NYEVELT.

From The New Review.

#### LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN TO HIS SECRETARY.

THE following selection of letters was addressed by Mr. Ruskin to Mr. Charles Augustus Howell, who, towards the end of 1865, became Mr. Ruskin's working secretary—not, that is to say, his "private secretary" in the ordinary acceptance of the term, for it has ever been Mr. Ruskin's habit to conduct his profuse correspondence with his own hand; but his assistant in literary work, his *factotum*, and the instrument of his charity. That Mr. Howell, by his talents and assiduity, became, for a period, much more than the mere henchman or agent of Mr. Ruskin—indeed, his trusted friend and *protégé*—is well known.

The lover of Ruskinian philosophy or Ruskinian polemics will search in vain in these letters for startling disputation, original assertion, vigorous denunciation, or quaint confession, such as may be looked for, and seldom with disappointment, in Mr. Ruskin's public utterances. But what he will find is of a different order—and therein lie the charm and originality of the series. He will see Ruskin the worker, as he acts away from the eyes of the world; Ruskin the epistolographer, when the eventuality of the print-

ing-press is not for the moment before him; Ruskin the Good Samaritan, ever gentle and open-handed when true need and a good cause make appeal to his tender heart; Ruskin the employer, considerate, generous—an ideal master. He will also find something of Ruskin the valetudinarian, and Ruskin the humorist. In short, he will find the Sage of Coniston as he was behind the scenes without the eye of the world upon him, and as the conditions of his work and method of life disclosed him to his intimates. With these few words of introduction we proceed with the selection of the letters, though indeed—as with Madame de Sévigné's pottle of strawberries—it has been a difficult task to choose.

[17th May, 1865.]

MY DEAR HOWELL,—It is a great pleasure to me to be able to assist you a little; and a greater to hear that your cousin is likely to be benefited by any effort you can make for her. I could not even read your letter last night. I was at dinner and I never answer or read letters after "business hours"—I never see anybody, my best friends, but by pre-engagement. Ask the Rossetti's, or any one else who knows me. I can't do it—having my poor little weak head and body divided enough by my day's work. But do not less think me ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I enclose cheque.

Denmark Hill, S.

DEAR HOWELL,—I want you to come and dine with me on my birthday, please—if you can—the Richmonds will be with me I hope, and it will be nice—all but the horrid occasion.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Thanks *so* much for Dolores. Am afraid the enclosed gentleman drinks, and I know him to have very little brains when he's sober. Would you kindly call and look at him any day, saying I asked you to see just what his position was.

Denmark Hill, S.,

Wednesday [22nd February, 1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL,—I really was very sorry for you, because you *thought* you had missed so much. I can't be sorry for you any other-how. My dear boy—is life so jolly a thing that you should find trouble in missing our home talk? But it *was* provoking.

Here's something please I want done very much. Will you please go to the Crystal Palace to-morrow or the day after, which is the last day, but to-morrow better, and, if it is not sold, buy the lizard canary (£1) No. 282, page 17 of Catalogue, in any name you like *not* mine, nor yours, and give the bird to anybody who you think will take care of it, and I'll give you the price when I see you—which must be soon, and I'm ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Evidently a tale hung by this canary, for it forms the subject of many communications. Two days later he writes : —

I am heartily obliged to you for managing this little business of the bird so nicely, and for the promise that your cousin will take care of it. If she gets fond of it, she need not fear my claiming it; but I am glad it will be safe.

I am sorry to have to ask you again on Sunday, but if you *could* come over at  $\frac{1}{2}$ -past 4 to-morrow and tell me about Cruikshank, &c., I should be very glad.

Say *nothing* about the bird.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

At this time George Cruikshank was in severe straits, and his friends, not for the only time in his life, were bethinking themselves how they might aid him. Ruskin, at this time, too, was considering how he might gild his charity in a commission involving the issue of a fairy-book for children with the great etcher's illustrations; but meantime other kindnesses engaged his attention.

A fortnight later he writes : —

MY DEAR HOWELL, — Here are £20: please take the bird sovereign out of it (Does he sing at all?) and don't let me keep anything of your fifty unless you can spare it. Thanks for your note about the boy and infinite thanks for kindest offer. But I've no notion of doing so much as this for him. All I want is a decent lodging — he is now a shop-boy — I only want a bit of a garret in a decent house, and means of getting him into some school of art. I fancy Kensington best — and you should look after him morally and I æsthetically. — Ever yours affectionately,

J. R.

Denmark Hill, S.

[27th March, 1866.]

MY DEAR HOWELL, — Please tell me about your illness. I am curious. How curious all that is about the Grimm plates. I wish you would ask Cruikshank whether he thinks he could execute some designs from fairy tales — of my choosing, of the same size, about, as these vignettes and with a given thickness of etching line; using *no* fine lines anywhere?

Thanks about the boy, and please let me know the particulars of the address.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

The reader should here be reminded that for Cruikshank's plates to Grimm's fairy-tales Ruskin has ever expressed the most unbounded admiration. "If ever," he wrote, "you happen to meet with two volumes of Grimm's 'German Stories,' which were illustrated by George Cruikshank long ago, pounce upon them instantly; the etchings in them are the

finest things, next to Rembrandt's, that, as far as I know, have been done since etching was invented." It was not only the simplicity and directness of them that extorted Ruskin's praise, but particularly the high merit of his etched line. In the following letter he enlarges considerably upon his idea with characteristic grace and delicacy.

Denmark Hill, S.

2nd April [1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL, — I have sent the Feline to Moxon all right. I don't want to lose an hour in availing myself of Mr. Cruikshank's kindness, but am puzzled, as I look at the fairy tales I have within my reach, at their extreme badness: the thing I shall attempt will be a small collection of the best and simplest I can find, retouched a little, with Edward's help, and with as many vignettes as Mr. Cruikshank will do for me. One of the stories will certainly be the Pied Piper of Hamelin — but I believe in prose. I can only lay hand just now on Browning's rhymed rendering of it, but that will do for the subject. I want the piper taking the children to Koppelberg hill — a nice little rout of funny little German children — not too many for clearness of figure — and a bit of landscape with the ravine opening in the hillside — but all simple and bright and clear, with broad lines: the landscape in Curdken running after his hat, for instance, or the superb bit with the cottage in Thumbling picked up by the Giant, are done with the kind of line I want, and I should like the vignette as small as possible — full of design and meat — not of labor and light and shade.

I would always rather have two small vignettes than one large one. And I will give *any* price that Mr. Cruikshank would like, but he must forgive me for taking so much upon me as to make the thick fine line a *condition*, for I cannot bear to see his fine hand waste itself in scratching middle tints and covering mere spaces, as in the Cinderella and other later works. The Peewit vignette, with the people jumping into the lake, I have always thought one of the very finest things ever done in pure line. It is so bold — so luminous; so intensely real, so full of humor, and expression, and character, to the last dot.

I send you my Browning marked with the subject at page 315, combining 1 and 2, and perhaps in the distance might be the merest suggestion of a Town Council, 3 — but I leave this wholly to Mr. Cruikshank's feeling.

Please explain all this to him, for I dare not write to him these impertinences without more really heartfelt apology than I have time, or words, to-day to express. — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

A few days later (April 7th) he says : —

That is capital and very funny about the pied piper. Your subjects are all good as good can be, but final one is here the best.

Please tell me of any other stories and subjects that chance to you.

It will be remembered how, in 1869, Mr. Ruskin so gracefully assisted Rossetti in the printing of his "Early Italian Poets." It is doubtless the same sort of generosity that just three years before prompted the next letter (April 9th, 1866).

Denmark Hill, S.

DEAR HOWELL, — I do not know anything that has given me so much pleasure for a long time as the thought of the feeling with which Cruikshank will read this list of his Committee. You're a jolly fellow — you are, and I'm very grateful to you, and ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I enclose Ckk.'s letter, which is very beautiful. I think you must say £100 (a hundred) for me.

Letter just received — so many thanks. It's delightful about Cruikshank.

Denmark Hill, S.,  
16th April, 1866.

DEAR HOWELL, — I'm leaving town next week — for six weeks or two months, and shall have to leave much to your kind management. For one thing I want to know exactly how I stand at Marlborough College, and I have just got an application for a presentation to it, from Archdeacon Allen, and I think I ought to have one, if not two, some day soon. Will you find out whom one should write to, and enclose this note and ask for full details? — Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Paris, 27th April, 1866.

DEAR HOWELL, — We are getting on nicely. My address will be Poste Restante, Vevay, Canton Vaud, Suisse. Send me as little as you possibly can. Tie up the knocker — say I'm sick — I'm dead. (Flattering and love letters, please — in any attainable quantity. Nothing else.) Necessary business, in your own words, if possible, shortly, as you would if I was really paralytic or broken-ribbed, or anything else dreadful; and after all explanation and abbreviations don't expect any answer — till I come back! But, in fact, I've a fair appetite for *one* dinner a day. My cousin likes two, but I only carve at one of them. Tell Ned this. The Continent is quite ghastly in unspeakable degradations and ill-omenedness of ignoble vice, everywhere. — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The next two letters which follow refer to the illness of a "friend" in his party. To the facts full reference is made in "Præterita." As no concealment is made in that publication as to his companions, their identity is not suppressed here, as — referring to private ladies — it would otherwise be. In the next he continues:

Neuchatel, 13th May.

MY DEAR HOWELL, — I am entirely occu-

pied to-day by the — too probably mortal — illness of one of the friends I am travelling with, but I may be more so to-morrow; so I write you just this line to ask you to answer just as you have done any letters now coming to you. I'll write to poor Mr. J. myself. Please post enclosed, and say to everybody whom it may concern that that portrait of Mr. Mawkes's is unquestionably Turner by himself: and on the whole the most interesting one I know. I gave Mr. Mawkes a letter to this effect, six months ago or more. Thanks for all letters to Vevay, &c., and business so nicely done. — Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

The friend died, and Mr. Ruskin's party proceeded to Thun, whence he writes in an unusually spirited strain: —

Thun,  
21st May [1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL, —

Poste Restante,  
Interlachen,  
Suisse,

will find me, I hope, for some days to come. I've had a rather bad time of it at Neuchatel; what with Death and the North Wind; both devil's inventions as far as I can make out. But things are looking a little better now, and I had a lovely three hours' walk by the lake shore, in cloudless calm, from 5 to 8 this morning, under hawthorn and chestnut — here just in full blossom, and among other pleasantnesses — too good for mortals, as the North Wind, and the rest of it are too bad. We don't deserve either such blessing or cursing, it seems to poor moth me. — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

After visits to Interlachen and Meringen another move was made to Lucerne, and the journey continued to Schaffhausen. From the former place Mr. Ruskin writes: —

Lucerne,  
Friday, 22nd June [1866].

DEAR HOWELL, — The post's all wrong, but we're all right at last. I've got everything and that's all I can say to-day. Write "Poste Restante, Neuchatel, Suisse."

That "nice quiet Miss H." was dancing quadrilles with an imaginary partner — (a pine branch I had brought in to teach her botany with!) — all round the breakfast-table so long yesterday morning that I couldn't get my letters written, and am all behind to-day in consequence. — Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

Dear love to Ned. I've got Georgie's letter. I'm too good-for-nothing to answer such divine things.

Geneva, 4th July [1866].

DEAR HOWELL, — All's right now. I have your packets and will send some talk to-morrow. I can only [say] to-day that I'm delighted about all these Cruikshank matters, and if the dear old man will do anything he

likes more from the old Grimms it will be capital. Edward and Morris,\* and you and I will choose the subjects together.

My little daisy, Miss H., is wild to-day about jewellers' shops, but not so wild as to have no love to send you. So here you have it, and some from the other one, too, though she's rather worse than the little one, because of a new bracelet. They've been behaving pretty well lately, and only broke a chair nearly in two this morning, running after each other. — Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

You did very nicely about Munro. I return the signed cheque. Please send it with my love, for I can't write to-day. *Is he better?*

The party returned from their Swiss tour in the latter part of July, their arrival being duly heralded, and followed, of course, by several calls upon the writer's charity.

Denmark Hill,  
22nd August [1866].

DEAR HOWELL, — The enclosed is from a funny, rather nice, half crazy old French lady — (guessing at her from her letters) and I have a curiosity to know what kind of a being it is. Would you kindly call on her and ask her for further information about the perdicament [*sic*] and, if you think it at all curable or transit-able, I'll advance her 20 pounds without interest. I've only told her you will call to "inquire into the circumstances of the case." — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Denmark Hill, S.,  
2nd Sept., 1866.

DEAR HOWELL, — I am wholly obliged to you for these Cruikshanks. The Jack Shepherd [*sic*] one is quite awful, and a miracle of skill and command of means. The others are all splendid in their way — the morning one with the far-away street I like the best — the officials with the children are glorious too, — withering: if one understands it. But who does? or ever did? This sense of loss and vanity of all good acts — *until we are better people* — increases in us daily.

I can't understand the dear old lady's letters, nor see the main point — *i.e.*, if she has got the receipt from Maple. I sent them a cheque as soon as you had left. I suppose it is all right, but I return you the letters. Please look after her a little. I shouldn't mind placing the over-charge sum at her bankers besides.

Also look over the enclosed form from B—. I'm very sorry about this man — anything more wretched than the whole business can't be. He'll never paint! — and how to keep him from starvation and madness, I can't see. I can't keep every unhappy creature who mistakes his vocation. What can I do? I've rather a mind to send him this fifty

pounds, which would be the simplest way to me of getting quit of him — but I can't get quit of the *thought* of him. Is his wife nice, do you know, or if you don't, would you kindly go and see? I've written to him to write to you, and to explain things to you, if you call. What a tidy nice way you have of doing things — the hymn to Proserpine looks like a set of pictures. What did you find among the [?] photos of Llewellyn Correspondence? The man wrote to me yesterday for a letter of Lord Derby's. I knew no more who he was than the Emperor of China. — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I — \* wrote to me in a worry for money, the day before yesterday. I wrote I couldn't help him — all the earlier part of this week an old friend of my father's, a staff writer on the *Times*, was bothering and sending his wife out here in cabs in the rain, to lend him £800, on no security to speak of, and yesterday comes a letter from Edinburgh saying that my old friend Dr. John Brown is gone mad — owing to, among other matters, pecuniary affairs (after a whole life of goodness and usefulness).

At page 449 of the Venetian Documents is Paul Veronese's estimate of the Tintoret pictures of which you have two photos — at 50 ducats each — pretty well for those days?

Denmark Hill, S.,  
[5th Sept., 1866.]

DEAR HOWELL, — Fearfully hurried this morning or I would have seen your cousin. I'm sorry she has had these troubles — but tell B — it's absolutely of no use his trying to see me (I don't even see my best friends at present as you know), and nothing is of the least influence with *me* but plain facts plainly told and right conduct. — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

How many impostors who may read this last letter will smile at the declaration which concludes it? For Mr. Ruskin's judgment has notoriously been victimized many a time and oft at the expense of his heart — and pocket. Mr. Ruskin now returns to the Cruikshank scheme.

Denmark Hill, S.,  
[Sept., 1866.]

DEAR HOWELL, — I send you the Rhine, with much love. I'm so glad you don't like those north stories. Wouldn't Cruikshank choose himself subjects out of Grimm? If not, to begin with, the old soldier who has lost his way in a wood comes to a cottage with a light in it shining through the trees. At its door is a witch spinning — of whom he asks lodging. She says "He must dig her garden, then." — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The suggestion was duly carried out by

\* Mr. William Morris.

\* A very well-known painter of great merit, recently dead.

the aged artist — with what result a later letter will show.

Denmark Hill, S.,  
[11th Sept., 1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL, — Thank you for all trouble and for the etchings, &c. I have been looking through at the fairy tales but don't like any. I think the best way would be to make that old Grimm a little richer, — there are plenty more subjects in it.

How horrid all that is — like a story in Dickens — about the old lady and the lawyers. Thank your cousin for all her niceness. Look here — without saying who it is for, or talking about it, whenever you come across *any pencil* drawings of Prout's, tell me of it. I'm glad I had that one for you for I think you must sometimes enjoy it a little. I've got plenty for *myself*, but I've a plan about them. Ever affectionately yours,  
J. R.

Denmark Hill, S.,  
[14th Sept., '66.]

MY DEAR HOWELL, — I forgot to thank you for the Cruikshank plate of fairies. I lost it out of a book when I was a boy, and am most heartily glad to have it again. The *facsimiles* are most interesting — as examples of the *im-measurably* little things on which life and death depend in work — a fatal truth, forced upon me too sharply, long ago, in my own endeavors to engrave Turner. That boy's sketches are marvellous. I should like to see him and be of any use I could to him. Ever affectionately yours,  
J. R.

Meanwhile Mr. Howell had been to Boulogne, but returned in accordance with the imperative instructions of Mr. Ruskin, in consequence of an outbreak of cholera.

Denmark Hill, S.,  
26th Sept.

MY DEAR HOWELL, — My mother is terribly nervous about the cholera at Boulogne — so, I find, is Rossetti — I am not and I hope you are not — most assuredly I should have gone myself just now, but for leaving my mother alone. But, under the circumstances I feel it my duty to beg you to return instantly. I mean this for as much of an order as it would be becoming to our friendship for either of us to receive from the other under any circumstances and I shall be seriously annoyed if you do not immediately comply with it (your good-nature might else make you delay). — Ever affectionately yours,  
J. RUSKIN.

When in Boulogne Mr. Howell called upon a lady for whom he had received a letter of introduction. That letter is one of those omitted from this series; but this word of explanation is necessary in respect to the following epistle: —

Denmark Hill, S.

DEAR HOWELL, — This H—— business is serious. Write to Miss B—— that I do not

choose at present to take any notice of it, else the creditor would endeavor to implicate me in it at once, if there was the least appearance of my having been acquainted with the transaction — and I don't at all intend to lose money by force, whatever I may do for my poor friend when she is quit of lawyers. If people in this world would but teach a little less religion, and a little more common honesty it would be much more to everybody's purpose — and to God's.

The etching will not do. The dear old man has dwelt on serious and frightful subjects, and cultivated his consciousness till he has lost his humor. He may still do impressive and moral subjects, but I know by this group of children that he can do fairy tales no more.\*

I think he might quite well do still what he would feel it more his duty to do — illustrations of the misery of the streets of London. He knows that, and I would gladly purchase the plates at the same price.

Here is the cheque for this, and Miss B——'s note. — Ever affectionately yours,  
J. RUSKIN.

Give my dear love to Mr. Cruikshank and say, if he had been less kind and good, his work now would have been fitter for wayward children — but that his lessons of deeply import will be incomparably more precious if he *cares* to do them. But he must not work while in the country.

Denmark Hill,  
3rd November [1866].

DEAR HOWELL, — I enclose your cheque for the 8th. You are now quits with me and we come to our 50 at February, but let me know always fearlessly when you want any quicker help. You can't at all think what complicated and acute worry I've been living in the last two months. I'm getting a little less complex now, only steady headache instead of thorn fillet. I don't mean to be irreverent, but in a small way, in one's poor little wretched humanity, it but expresses the difference. That's why I couldn't think about Cruikshank or anything. — Ever affectionately yours,  
J. RUSKIN.

Denmark Hill, S.,  
9th November [1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL, — All that you have done is right and nice — but I am sorry to see you are yourself overworked also. I will take some measures to relieve you of this nuisance by writing a letter somewhere on modern destitution in the middle classes. I hope to be able to do this more effectively towards the beginning of the year, and to state that for the present I must retire from

\* Nearly twenty years later, Mr. Ruskin thus again referred to Cruikshank's lost power, as testified in these two plates of the "Pied Piper" and Grimm's "Story of the Blue Light": "It was precisely because Mr. Cruikshank *could not* return to the manner of the Grimm plates" (published in 1822) "but etched too finely and shaded too much, that our project came to an end."

the position necessarily now occupied by a publicly recognized benevolent — or simple — person. In the meantime, whenever you don't think a letter deserves notice, merely say you "have forwarded it to me." Forward them to me in packets, merely putting a cross on the back of any you wish me to read. I may — or may not — but I will take the onus of throwing the rest into the fire.

I simply have at present no more money — and therefore am unable to help — in fact I am a long way within of my proper banker's balance, and I don't choose at present to sell out stock and diminish my future power of usefulness.

I think I shall do most ultimate good by distinctly serviceable appropriation of funds, not by saving here and there an unhappy soul — I wish I could — when I hear of them, as you well know I am at the end of my means just now, and that's all about it.

I am going to write to Rutter\* to release Cruikshank from the payment of that hundred.† He gave me some bonds which may be useful to him, and I shall put the 100 down — as I said I should — to the testimonial.

Take care of yourself. Don't answer letters at all — when you're tired. Suppose you are me, yourself — of course I can't answer them. Ever, with love to your cousin, your affectionate,

J. RUSKIN.

Such are some of Mr. Ruskin's letters to his secretary, extending practically over thirteen months' time. There is nothing sensational in them, nothing startling. But they show the man working away from the eye of the world, and presenting, as they do, a picture of him on his tender way through life, kindly, appreciative, enthusiastic, and as full of fun as of pain, they set forth a truer picture of him and his character — and that painted by his own unconscious hand — than can well be found elsewhere.

\* Mr. Henry Rutter, of 2 Aldermanbury, E.C., who appears to have acted as Mr. Ruskin's agent in money matters.

† See letter of the 9th of April, 1866.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE LATEST ELECTRICAL DISCOVERY.

ON Wednesday, the 3rd of February, the Royal Institution was crowded with one of the most critical scientific audiences in the world, who were held spell-bound for more than two hours while Mr. Tesla gave an account of his discoveries. Mr. Tesla is a young electrician born at Rieka, on the border of Montenegro, and now domiciled in America. The interest of the lecture lay not in the beautiful experiments with which it was illustrated,

nor in the actual facts put forward, but in the hope which it held out that we may now draw back a little farther the veil which hides one of the most fascinating mysteries of nature, namely the relations between light and electricity, and between matter and motion.

The tendency of modern science is to remove day by day the barriers between its different branches. Our views of the phenomena of light and heat, of electricity and magnetism, and even of matter and motion, are rapidly merging into one general theory of molecular physics, which is perhaps best expressed by the vortex theory of Sir William Thomson.

According to this theory the whole of every part of space is filled with a fluid called ether, almost infinitely thin, and almost infinitely elastic. The historic experiments of Faraday interpreted by the mathematical researches of Clerk Maxwell have demonstrated almost beyond doubt that the same ether whose waves carry light and heat from the sun and stars to the earth, also carries the waves of electric and magnetic induction which, as the daily experiments at Kew Observatory show, follow each outburst of solar activity.

Sir William Thomson holds that all that which we know as matter consists of vortices or whirlpools of this ether, which, from their rapid rotating motion, resist displacement, and therefore show the common properties of hardness and strength in the same way as a spinning top or gyroscope tends to keep its axis in a fixed direction. But whether the molecules or particles of what we know as matter are independent matter, or whether they are ether whirlpools, we know that they keep up an incessant hammering one on another, and thus on everything in space.

Professor Crookes has shown that the forces contained in this bombardment are immensely greater than any forces we have yet handled, many millions of horsepower being contained in an ordinary room. Owing, however, to the forces being in every possible direction they neutralize each other, and no result of them is perceivable to our senses; but if ever we discover how to so direct their courses as to send the majority of them in the same direction, we shall have at our disposal forces as much exceeding any we are now acquainted with as the blow struck by a bullet exceeds the force required to pull the trigger of a gun. In fact, as Mr. Tesla put it in his lecture, "We shall then hock our machinery on to

the machinery of nature." It is because they hold out to us a hope, however distant, of some day so guiding the ether storm, that the experiments of Nikola Tesla are of such transcendent interest and importance.

Professor Crookes, in his experiments on "radiant matter," has given us the first hint of a method of directing what, for want of more exact knowledge, we will call the molecules of matter. With the appliances at his command, however, he was unable to impart any great change of direction, but he succeeded in making that change manifest by reducing the disturbing forces acting against his directing force. In other words, he pumped out from glass bulbs and tubes nearly all the air or other gas that they contained, and the comparatively few particles left were then free to travel in any course imparted to them without much change caused by collision with others. This special direction was imparted by means of electricity, and gave us the beautiful phenomena of phosphorescence and radiant matter which are now so well known in these experiments.

By means of suitably shaped terminals a stream of molecules is focussed on a given point. If a piece of carbon or platinum is placed at that point it becomes white hot under the bombardment, from identically the same cause which causes a sheet of flame to appear when a cannon shot strikes an iron target. If a ruby or other phosphorescent material is placed there it glows with its characteristic color, and if a little delicately balanced vane or windmill is placed so that the stream is directed on one side of its fans it rapidly revolves. The forces available in these experiments were, however, almost indefinitely small, being as it were merely flying spray from the great torrent into which we have not yet been able to penetrate.

We now come to the advances made by Mr. Tesla.

In all the above experiments the electricity by which the directing force was imparted to the molecules was electricity of a comparatively slow alternation period, namely, electric currents oscillating about eighty to one hundred times per second. It was as if we had tried to ventilate a room by causing a man to walk slowly through it with an umbrella. He would undoubtedly move the air, but would move it so slowly that ordinary methods would be insufficient to enable us to perceive its motion. In order to cause a rush of air we must put up a rapidly moving fan or

other suitable machinery. Mr. Tesla, seeing this, abandoned the ordinary dynamo, which, as we have already noted, gives about eighty alternations per second, and the ordinary induction coil, which gives about the same number, and boldly constructed a dynamo which gives twenty thousand alternations per second, and by connecting this to suitable condensers he multiplied its alterations until they reached one million, or one million five hundred thousand per second.

Then at once an entire set of new phenomena appeared, and the experimenter entered a region of mystery and hope. One of the first things noticed was, that either because these vibrations are too rapid to excite corresponding vibrations in the nerves of the body, or from some other cause, no shock is felt from the current; and that though an ordinary current at two thousand volts will kill, yet this current at fifty thousand volts cannot be felt at all.

It was also found that the vibrations keep time in some unknown way with the vibrations of solid matter. Vulcanite is one of the best insulators known, and will entirely stop any ordinary current or discharge, but the stream of sparks between two poles with this current pours through a thick sheet of vulcanite as easily or even with greater ease than through air. It does not perforate it in any way, but passes through it as light passes through glass.

All the Crookes phenomena of radiant matter are almost indefinitely increased; it is the blow of mitrailleuse bullets compared to the blow of an air-ball thrown against the wind. The forces can be directed for a considerable distance through space without the aid of wires. Electric lamps light easily when attached to one single wire, and require no return conductor; and more wonderful still, if metal plates are fixed on the roof and walls of a room and connected to the terminals, the whole atmosphere of that room, whether it be ether or whether it be particles of common matter, is thrown into a state of storm and agitation which can be at once made perceptible by bringing into the space tubes or globes from which the air has been partially exhausted. Such tubes though without any metallic connections yet glow and throb as if powerful currents of electricity were being sent through them from an ordinary induction coil.

A Crookes radiometer placed near a metal conductor from which neither spark nor glow is perceptible yet rotates as if it

were placed near a lamp or heated body, but rotates in the wrong direction, and, last of all, a true flame burns in which nothing is consumed.

When the discharge issues from a suitable terminal it has the appearance and roaring sound of a gas flame burning under too high a pressure, and gives off a considerable heat; to use Mr. Tesla's words again: "This is not unexpected, as all the force and heat in the universe is due to the falling together of lifted weights, and the same result is produced whether these weights have been lifted apart by chemical energy, and rest in the form of oxygen and hydrogen ready to combine chemically, or in the form of mechanical energy of moving molecules directed by the electric current."

On the same table, on which Mr. Tesla's experiments were shown a few days ago, there swung in the year 1834, a delicately balanced galvanometer needle, under the influence of the first induction current, produced by the genius of Faraday. The force available to move it was very small, probably not greater than the forces lighting Mr. Tesla's tubes, yet that force has now developed one of the greatest industries of the world. It lights millions of lamps in London and elsewhere, in America it drives cars on thousands of miles of railways, and will soon distribute the power of Niagara Falls to the inhabitants of the neighboring states. May we not hope for some such development of the new discovery, and that we shall some day harness to our machinery the natural forces, which from the beginning of time have literally been slipping through our fingers?

Should the application of Mr. Tesla's results ever fulfil the bold dreams of scientific imagination, we shall see a social and political change at least as important as that caused by the railway system or the electric telegraph.

Most manual labor will become unnecessary, as unlimited power will be available at every man's hand. Engineering works will be able to be carried out on a far greater scale than has yet been even contemplated, and doubtless a corresponding era of material prosperity will set in; but, whether these dreams are ever fulfilled or not, few who attended Mr. Tesla's lecture will forget the possibilities which seemed to open to their minds when they saw a living man standing in the midst of the electric storm, receiving unharmed in his hands flashes of veritable lightning,

and waving above his head a tube, through which the very life-blood of creation pulsed, in waves of purple fire.

J. E. H. GORDON.

From The Contemporary Review.  
MR. SPURGEON.

BY THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

MR. SPURGEON is dead. There are thousands in this country, and there are tens of thousands in other lands, in whom this announcement will awaken a sense of personal loss. There are multitudes in England and America who reckoned among the prospects of their visit to London the treat of hearing Mr. Spurgeon. We are told by Mr. Stead of a North-countryman who said: "I dinna want to die till I gang to London and see Madame Tussaud's and hear Mr. Spurgeon." This man may be taken as a type of thousands, whose range of reading was restricted, whose historical interests culminated in Madame Tussaud's, and whose religious curiosity reached to Mr. Spurgeon. Their vision would be satisfied with the wax figures in Baker Street—or, rather, Marylebone Road; and their hearts would be gladdened at the Tabernacle. I do not mean that the range of Mr. Spurgeon's influence was limited to this type of man; it was far wider; but the type may be taken to represent those for whom Mr. Spurgeon's message had a special charm. Far wider was his influence; and the sense of loss will not be felt only among those who looked forward to hearing him, it will be the portion of those thousands to whom Mr. Spurgeon's sermon was a weekly benefit or boon. Ladies of education and culture took delight in reading his sermons; and ministers of all denominations found them more or less useful. Indeed, speaking of this, I tremble to think of those echoes to whom Mr. Spurgeon's death means the silence of the voice which awoke their notes. An echo is a poor thing at the best, having no originating faculty; but a pulpit echo is of all echoes the poorest and most pitiable, for this is an echo which is expected to make some noise every Sunday. There is, however, consolation for these; for we are informed that the accumulation of sermons in the publisher's hands will suffice for the issue of a weekly sermon by Mr. Spurgeon for some years to come; so that his echoes may continue their reverberations

for some time longer, till the supply comes to an end, and the imitators fall back upon their original staleness, and go limping about their work, having lost the power of using their own legs after having employed crutches so long. It will, perhaps, be good for them to be obliged to use their own powers. I think Mr. Spurgeon would have agreed with Dr. Johnson, in saying that "no man ever yet was great through imitation." I think Mr. Spurgeon would have gone further; I think that, however desirous he may have been of training men to teach the principles which he conceived to be essential truths of religion, he appreciated originality, and that from an ethical and spiritual point of view he would have said to those who aspired to serve God by preaching: "*Be yourselves*, but do not think of yourselves. Nay, forget self in order that you may be yourselves." For whatever else may be said of the great Baptist preacher, whether we describe him as a preacher, an organizer, an author, one thing remains true of him—he was always Mr. Spurgeon. It was his personality which impressed the world; the things he said may be quoted as smart or telling, as humorous or pathetic (though he was not often in the melting mood), but behind all was the force of his own personal character, his faith, his independence, his earnestness, his perseverance, the sum total of those mysterious qualities which make up personality; there was the character behind, which reveals itself in word and action, and which, in its turn, gives weight and force to all that is said and done; so that the same thing said by different men carries very different weight. What a man says is appraised by a subtle process of valuation; and in this men are like stocks which pay equal dividends, but command different market prices.

Mr. Spurgeon's loss thus becomes more than a loss to those who received from him much of their spiritual diet, or their pulpit pabulum. His death is the loss of a personality and character whose influence ranged further than his hearers or his readers. He was a factor in the life of the English-speaking people. He was an Englishman possessed of the robust qualities of our race, and he held a position which was recognized (even by those who differed from him most widely in religion and politics) as a position to which he was justly entitled, not because he was a Baptist, a Calvinist, a Non-conformist minister, but in virtue of those qualities which Englishmen have always delighted to

honor—energy, perseverance, courage, frankness of speech, singleness of purpose, independence of character, and faith in God.

Leaving out of sight his position as a religious teacher, he bequeaths us a lesson of success in life. Strictly speaking, he had no advantage of birth or circumstance, save that inestimable advantage of traditional piety in the home. But the step from the little cottage next to the Wheatsheaf Inn at Kelvedon to the Tabernacle and Beulah Hill was a great one. In taking it he had to endure the jealous distrust, partly natural and justifiable, but partly also discreditable and unworthy, which seldom forgets to dog the steps of those who climb above their fellows. There were some who prophesied that the excitement of his fame would not last. He had "gone up like a rocket and would come down like a stick." Dr. Parker, who quotes this, tells us also that grave and reverend men apologized for him, and hoped that "he would not be regarded as a fair sample of the Baptist ministry." He also relates how Dr. Binney spoke of him as a boy who talked "in a most confused and incoherent manner, without logic or consistency." But time did not wear out his reputation; the light shone to the last. He had talent, but he had qualities without which talent is of little avail; he had what athletes would call staying power. He passed through the ordeal of the *furor* of early fame. A lighter character and a less stable soul might have been ruined by the popularity which met him on the threshold of his manhood. The prosperity of fools destroys them; but Mr. Spurgeon had the instinct of a strong nature. He knew that no man can produce great effects without hard work. He had won a reputation; he did more, he did the much harder thing, he maintained it. He was able to do so, because he recognized the law of hard work, and because he was wise enough not to be tempted out of his depth. Of his hard work little need be said. It is open to all to see that he did not offer to his people what cost him nothing. We are told how the late Rev. Mr. Denton noticed at the British Museum a gentleman who was constantly consulting the works of the fathers and of other divines, and who proved to be Mr. Spurgeon's man, employed to ransack the divinity of the past for anecdotes or pulpit illustrations. The incident serves to show a determination to lay under tribute every source of light

and help and not to rely upon old material only. It is the price to be paid for freshness; since what is old and stale to us seldom comes with freshness from our lips.

But no anecdote is needed to show the energy of Mr. Spurgeon's working powers. The vast congregation which gathered at the Tabernacle, and the still vaster congregations who in every quarter of the world were readers of his sermons, are evidence of the industry and energy which kept his utterances fresh and crisp for more than thirty years. This indomitable and unflagging perseverance won its reward. It gave him an assured place in the metropolis; he became a recognized power in the religious life of England. He stood before kings, and not before mean men.

But he had another quality which contributed to his success. Besides the staying power which diligence assures, he had the wisdom to live within his own limitations. Many a man who has reached a certain measure of fame has been sacrificed by the ambition which overleaps itself, when he has been tempted to essay the winning of fame in some fresh departure. Bulwer Lytton was regarded as desirous of many-sided fame when he sought to add the reputation of a scholar to the renown of a poet and a novelist; it may be doubted whether these desires do not end in the obscurity of a man's legitimate fame. Dr. Watts, the correspondent of learned men in Europe, is forgotten; the author of "The Little Busy Bee" is remembered, and the bee has sucked the honey out of the flower of his fame. Thousands know him as the author of the line:—

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,

who do not know him as the author of the noblest hymn in the English language. A farthing candle lighted may blot out our vision of a star; and a puerile ambition of shining in some fresh sphere may dim the lustre of a well-earned renown.

Mr. Spurgeon escaped this temptation, if it ever assailed him. Some, indeed, thought that his essays at authorship might prove disastrous in this way; and the works that he has written may be pointed to as evidence of his having attempted, and successfully attempted, another path besides preaching. But this view is, I think, a mistaken one. It is true that Mr. Spurgeon wrote books. His "John Ploughman's Talk" has had a circulation of more than half a million. His

"Treasury of David" has sold by thousands. We admit it; but it is not as an author that Mr. Spurgeon will be remembered; his works are not in the true sense ventures in literature. They are rather chips from his workshop; and in his workshop not books but sermons were made. These were his true work; the others were but groupings of accumulated material. He was not tempted, as others have been, into really new ventures. Preaching was his trade; and he kept to it. *Hoc unum*—this one thing he did—whatever he wrote he threw it off in the course of, and not in addition to, his main and much-loved work of preaching. To this, and not to authorship, he devoted his life.

This energetic perseverance was allied with certain gifts—a sturdy good sense, a vigorous mind, a quick imagination, a mirthful and joyous temperament, a telling voice, and a mastery of good, stalwart language. I heard it once said of Mr. Spurgeon that he possessed no first-rate gifts, but a good supply of second-rate gifts in first-rate order. I thought that there was much truth in this description. There have been men with richer gifts—with wider mastery of their mother tongue, with voice of greater variety and more sympathetic timbre, with more native humor, and with higher intellectual endowments; but it has seldom happened that they have met in one man, as Mr. Spurgeon's gifts met in him, to find themselves dominated and directed by a vigorous will and a single-minded purpose. To compare him with men in the world of politics, we find ourselves disposed to say that he was among religious orators what Bright was among political. The comparison is not wholly correct, but it is one which suggests itself to many; and it is conveniently near to the truth.

In speaking of Mr. Spurgeon I am at a disadvantage, as I did not know him personally; but I know enough to be able to appreciate the strong personal attachment with which he was able to inspire his friends, and the power of that genial nature which could disarm prejudice. A ready word, and a kindly disposition to speak the word that was ready, gave him the key to unlock even a stranger's heart. I remember an anecdote which was told me by a clergyman whom to know was to love, and who, in telling me the incident, expressed the pleasure which it had given him. Like the Baptist preacher, he was compelled to spend part of the year at Mentone. There he met Mr. Spurgeon, to whom he described himself as frail,

saying that his doctor compared him to a fractured pane of glass, which might last long enough with proper care. "Ah!" said Mr. Spurgeon, "I hope that the pane of glass may last for many a day, for God's light to shine through it." There was a grace of simple kindness in such things as these, as there was the strong love of simplicity in his saying, "I hate oratory." To speak as he thought, as he felt, as he believed, with faith and with sincerity, this was enough; this is one secret of true power.

By religious descent Mr. Spurgeon belonged to the Puritan stream of English thought. As regards progress and culture, he has been called a Philistine. The temperament of such men blinds them to much of the joy and beauty of life. They are as those who live in a walled garden, and who lose the sunlight sooner than the rest of the world, because of the height of their garden wall. Such often mistake the shadow projected by their own wall for a darkness which has fallen on the whole world. Our prejudices and our self-made limitations may obstruct the light of heaven. But it is only fair to see the other side of the picture. The Puritan type may mean heedlessness of culture and loss of sweetness and light, but it also means seriousness, earnestness, and a courageous bearing like that of the Cameronians, "who prayed as they fought and fought as they prayed." If such men fail to see the light which falls beyond their own garden, the light in their own garden is very clear, and they know how to rejoice in it. Their own experiences are as revelations to them. Their own interpretations are derived from sources which are beyond challenge. The difficult text may be solved by prayer, and the solution so found may stand against the glosses of human learning. The resultant attitude of mind is plainly uncritical. It lacks historical perspective. The Bible becomes under such treatment as a Chinese picture, every object is equidistant. The sublime collection of books which make up the sacred literature of the Bible loses under such treatment the effects of light and shade which historical criticism can supply; the real weight, value, significance of many passages is lost. The texts are not understood as the prophet or writer meant them to be understood; their relationship to age and circumstances is merged in their relation, possible or impossible, to the modern reader. The message, real or fancied, to the spiritual experience of to-day constitutes their chief use. It is for-

gotten that the true message to the men of to-day can only be realized when the meaning of the message to the men of past days is understood. It is a fortunate circumstance that a man's moral earnestness may save him from the ill-effects or logical results of his intellectual limitations. Bishop Horsley said that the careful student of the English Bible might gain such an instinctive insight into the drift of Bible teaching that he could compass the meaning of passages which, critically speaking, he was unable to expound. There is truth in this. There is a spiritual instinct, the outgrowth of diligent and devout study, which carries a man beyond his own intellectual limitations. I do not of course mean that any man can escape the effects of his own mental limitations; but I do mean that men whose spiritual and moral forces are carefully cultivated may often transcend them. If it were not so, Christian sympathy would be even narrower than it is. But in much the limitations remain, and their effects are felt. They were seen in Mr. Spurgeon, though in him they were often transcended. Time and space would fail me in any endeavor to illustrate this point. But I may, at least, quote the following from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. His attachment to Calvinism is sincere and unhesitating:—

Do you suppose for a moment that this is any injustice in God in having given you grace which he did not give to another? I suppose you say, "Injustice, no: God has a right to do as he wills with his own; I could not claim grace nor could my companions; God *chose* to give it to me, the other has rejected grace wilfully to his own fault, and I should have done the same, but that he gave 'more grace' whereby my will was constrained." Now sir, if it be not wrong for God to do the thing, how can it be wrong for God to purpose to do the thing? And what is election but God's purpose to do what he does do?\*

I make no comment on the argument. That is not my purpose. I only wish the following to be put alongside it, that the spirit of Mr. Spurgeon may be seen lifted for the moment above his Calvinism.

He has been expressing his belief that the Baptists are more numerous than is commonly supposed. He then goes on:—

That, however, we care very little about; for I say of the Baptist name, let it perish, but let Christ's name last forever.

He then expresses the hope that the necessity for the existence of the Baptist

\* Sermon on Romans viii. 28. October 18, 1857.

body will cease by all Christians recognizing the value of baptism by immersion:—

Yea, and yet again, much as I love dear old England, I do not believe she will ever perish. No, Britain, thou shalt never perish; for the flag of old England is nailed to the mast by the prayers of Christians, by the efforts of Sunday schools and her pious men. But I say let even England's name perish; let her be merged in one great brotherhood; let us have no England and no France, and no Russia and no Turkey, but let us have Christendom; and I say heartily, from my soul, let nations and national distinctions perish, but let Christ's name last forever. Perhaps there is only one thing on earth that I love better than the last I have mentioned, and that is the pure doctrine of unadulterated Calvinism. But if that be wrong—if there be anything in that which is false—I for one say let that perish too and let Christ's name last forever.\*

This spirit lifts a man above his belief. It enables him to grow as life opens out to him wider ranges; and we are not surprised to find Mr. Spurgeon expressing in almost his last address his belief that

there is more love in the hearts of Christian people than they know of themselves. We mistake divergences of judgment for differences of heart; but they are far from being the same thing.†

It has been pointed out that there are three classes of men in the Christian Church. There are the men who may be described as intellectual, to whom the reconciliation of truth with truth is important. Erasmus may stand as the type. There are the men who seek to reconcile the world by the doctrines which they believe to be true. Luther and Knox belong to this class. There are the men whose chief thought is of the inward reconciliation of the spirit with the will and order of God. Of them Fénelon and Leighton are named as types. If we were to class Mr. Spurgeon we must place him among the men of action; he belongs more to the type of Luther than to that of Erasmus or Fénelon. He belongs to the class which produces strong leaders rather than strong thinkers—men of action, not men of contemplation. Each class has its range and its limitations; each has its message and its function. We may note their limitations without undervaluing their powers or their work.

It is needless for me to say that I dif-

fered from Mr. Spurgeon on many points of doctrine and of order. He was profoundly impressed with the truth of much that must be classed as doubtful; he uttered sentiments at times which seemed to contradict the principles which he so firmly held; more than once he spoke hardly of the Church to which I belong; some things which seem very true to some of us he had no eye to perceive. He was as one who sits in an observatory to view the heavens, but has his telescope so adjusted that he can only follow the course of a star through one portion of the sky. There are fields of vision which his glass cannot cover, and movements of stars which he cannot track; but this is the fault, not of the telescope, but of the way in which the telescope is fixed. What he does see he sees most clearly; his eye is at the glass, and the glass is turned towards heaven, and the heavens to him declare the glory of God; and he tells what he sees. He may not always be right, he does not see all the heavens; but what he does see is very clear to him, and he makes it very real to others. He lifts their eyes upwards to the lights that shine there, and to the glory that awaits them. He is often very literal and very limited; he misses the wider sense, he fails to perceive the relationship of star to star, or to track the wide sweep of the planet's orbit; but there are heavenly lights up yonder, and they do move, and they are God's handiwork. He sees and he believes, and he makes others see and believe also. He has no doubt about what he sees; he has no doubt about the meaning of it all. He sees it in relation to himself; the brightness of the heavens is a true brightness to him, he wants others to see how bright it is; the love of God is very real to him, and he wants others to feel how real it is. His very limitations give him confidence, but still more does the simplicity of his faith. "As the gates were opened to let in the men," said the old allegorist whom Mr. Spurgeon loved, "I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads and palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord.' And after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them." It was beautiful and most real to Bunyan, it was the same to Mr. Spurgeon.

\* Sermon on Psalms lxxii. 17. May 27, 1855.

† Address at Mentone, December 31, 1891.

We live in an age in which, like children with their toys, we wish to pull things to pieces and see what they are made of. We ask ourselves how the trees can grow in Paradise, or how they can be rooted in a pavement of gold. We love analysis, and we wish to understand the way in which golden harps can be tuned. We wish to understand so much that little is left to imagination, and inspiration shows signs of perishing. To other men of simpler faith, these golden streets and golden harps meant the triumph of love and the music of the other world. There was very real joy in the presence of God, and the angels who sang his praise were real beings. Perhaps it is better to have a faith such as this, even though allied to what the world calls narrowness, than to open our minds so widely that in the chaos and confusion of ideas which follow we lose faith altogether. But better still, I think, it would be if, as Dean Stanley said, we could combine the spirit and method of Erasmus with the energy of Luther and Knox, and the repose of Fénelon and Leighton. Who shall say that it is foolish to dream of a time when we may see in the Church of Christ the intellectual sincerity of Bishop Fraser conjoined with the saintliness of Keble and the sturdy faith of Mr. Spurgeon?

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
THE MILKY WAY.

THE nebulous band or zone of light known as the Milky Way or Galaxy is familiar to every one, and on a clear, moonless night forms a conspicuous feature of the nocturnal heavens. It has attracted the attention of astronomers and philosophers from the earliest ages of antiquity, and various theories have been advanced to account for its appearance. One of the ancient writers — Ænopides — considered it to be the original pathway of the sun. Plutarch saw in it the marks of Phaeton's accident. Anaxagoras thought it was the shadow of the earth; and Aristotle that it was due to atmospheric vapors! Other equally absurd theories were entertained by the ancients, and Ovid says — in his "Metamorphoses" — "When the sky is very clear a path of very radiant white color may be seen in the empyrean. It is called the *Milky Way*, and along it the immortals repair to the august dwelling-place of the Lord of Thunder;" a fable which is also referred to by Plato.

The true theory, namely, that its light originates from myriads of small stars, was, however, advanced by Democritus, Manilius, and Pythagoras, and on the invention of the telescope this hypothesis was fully confirmed.

The representations of the Milky Way shown in popular atlases merely give a general idea of its appearance, and show little or no detail of the brightness and faintness of the various parts — features which are very obvious when carefully observed. A mere passing glance might lead a casual observer to suppose that the Galaxy stretched as a band of nearly uniform brightness across the face of the sky, but good eyesight, careful attention, and a clear sky will soon disclose numerous details previously unsuspected; streams and rays of varying brightness intersected by rifts of darkness, and interspersed with spots and channels of comparatively starless spaces.

Heis gives, in his excellent atlas, an elaborate delineation of the Milky Way as seen in northern latitudes. He divides the varying brightness of the different parts into five magnitudes, the first magnitude being assigned to the luminous portions of the Galaxy in the constellation of the Swan and in Sobieski's Shield, and the fourth and fifth magnitudes to the very faint nebulous light which he shows filling in the vacuities (drawn on other star maps), and bordering the Milky Way on both sides throughout nearly the whole of its course. This method of division into magnitudes is of course, to a great extent, an arbitrary one, and the lines of demarcation between the assumed magnitudes are not so sharply defined in the sky as shown in Heis's maps. There is also reason to think that Heis did not pay so much attention to the Milky Way as he did to his star magnitudes. Still, his drawing serves to give a fair representation of the general effect visible to a keen-sighted and careful observer, as Heis undoubtedly was.

Heis's drawing of the Milky Way extends to about thirty degrees of south declination — about the limit visible in these latitudes. Below that limit we have an excellent drawing of the southern portion of the Galaxy by Sir John Herschel (which will be found in his valuable "Cape Observations"), and a very elaborate representation made at Cordova in the Argentine Republic, given in the charts of Dr. Gould's "Uranometria Argentina."

Another carefully drawn representation of the Milky Way will be found in Hou-

zeau's atlas. This, as the independent work of *one* observer for *both* hemispheres, has a certain value, although his drawing is somewhat diagrammatic and deficient in detail. The method of delineation adopted by Houzeau was to trace the lines of equal brightness (or "isophotes" as he terms them) of the various portions of the Milky Way. These somewhat resemble, he says, the contour lines on terrestrial maps, and are filled in with a blue tint, the washes of color being placed one over the other, so that "Plus il y a de courbes, plus l'espace renfermé dans la dernière est brillant." As in Heis's drawing, Houzeau shows five gradations of brightness, and these he determined by comparing the brilliancy of different portions of the Milky Way with neighboring stars of the magnitudes 6-7, 6, 5-6, 5, and 4-5. In making this comparison he was guided by the appearance or disappearance of the luminous patches of Milky Way light in the twilight or moonlight simultaneously with the stars of comparison. It seems doubtful, however, whether this method is susceptible of any great accuracy, the comparison of a bright point, like a star, with a nebulosity extending over a considerable area of the sky, being evidently a matter of much difficulty and considerable uncertainty. The visibility of the star and the adjoining nebulosity might not, in all cases, be equally affected by varying atmospheric conditions, and the gradations of light in the different portions of the Galaxy are so gradual, numerous, and complicated that most of the smaller details would unavoidably be lost in such a rapid survey of the heavens as that undertaken by Houzeau, who estimated the magnitudes of all the stars visible to the naked eye—in addition to his drawing of the Milky Way—in the short period of thirteen months. The drawing being, however, the work of a single observer, and so accomplished an astronomer as the late M. Houzeau, and moreover executed from observations made in a favorably situated station like Jamaica, possesses a value to which it might not otherwise be entitled.

The extension of the Milky Way zone, as drawn by Houzeau, is considerably less than that shown by Heis, much of the faint bounding nebulosity drawn by the latter astronomer being wanting in Houzeau's delineation. According to a computation made by Herr J. Plassmann the area covered by Milky Way light in Houzeau's drawing is about one-tenth of the whole star sphere, a considerably smaller

area than the extension shown by Gould and Heis.

The best representation we now have of the northern portion of the Galaxy is a drawing recently completed by Dr. Otto Boeddicker. This beautiful picture of the Milky Way, as seen with the naked eye in these latitudes, is exquisitely drawn, and evidently the work of an admirable observer and accomplished draftsman. At first sight it might perhaps seem open to one objection, and that is the almost evanescent faintness of some of the less luminous portions of the Galactic zone. But this could not have been avoided without giving to the brighter parts a greater prominence than a faithful representation of nature would reasonably permit. It must be remembered that even the brightest portions of the Milky Way are merely brilliant by contrast with the dark background of the heavens, and that even faint moonlight or slight haze is sufficient to totally obliterate its more delicate details. Even partial success in the delineation of so excessively difficult an object as the Galaxy would be in the highest degree creditable, and it will, I think, be admitted by those who have seen the original drawings that Dr. Boeddicker's success has been even greater than we might have expected from so excellent an astronomer. An eloquent writer in the *Saturday Review* says his maps "are in many respects a completely new disclosure. Features barely suspected before come out in them as evident and persistent; every previous representation appears by comparison *structureless*. There is something of organic regularity in the manner of divergence of innumerable branches from a knotted and gnarled trunk; nor can the protrusion of cloudy feelers towards outlying nebulae and clusters be regarded as purposeless; while the fidelity with which the milky effulgence coils and sweeps along the lines laid down by the stars emblazoned upon it is perplexing if it be not significant."

Sir William Herschel's telescopic gauges show that there is a well-marked relation between the general distribution of the stars and the course of the Milky Way—even as observed with the naked eye. Mr. Proctor was led to the same result by an examination of the naked-eye stars only, but as he assumed the area of the heavens covered by the Galaxy as much smaller than that shown by Heis and Gould, and also omitted vacuities which Heis shows to be filled in with

nebulous light, his results are perhaps more strongly marked than is really the case in the sky. Sir John Herschel also made a number of gauges in the southern hemisphere, and arrived at a conclusion in striking agreement with that obtained by his illustrious father. These results show conclusively that the number of visible stars increases, as we proceed from the poles of the Galaxy towards the Milky Way, where of course the maximum number is found.

Houzeau found that the northern hemisphere is slightly richer in naked-eye stars than the southern—by more than one hundred stars—and he considers this fact to have a real and not merely fictitious existence. He examines the relation of the lucid stars with reference to the Milky Way, and finds that the naked-eye stars show a marked tendency to aggregation on the Galactic stream. This result confirms that found by Sir William Herschel and the elder Struve. It also agrees with Proctor's researches, and with the results I have found myself from an examination of the maps of Behrmann, Heis, and Houzeau.

I have made a careful enumeration of the stars shown in the atlases just named, which are fairly complete for stars visible to the naked eye. The total number of stars shown by Houzeau in both hemispheres is—according to his own statement—5,719. Now, according to Plassmann's computation of the area covered by Milky Way light in Houzeau's maps, the number due to this area is 581. By a careful count of stars shown by Houzeau as lying on the Milky Way (omitting those which merely touch its boundaries), I find a total of 706, or a marked excess of lucid stars above that due to its area.

Heis's maps extend from the North Pole to about thirty degrees south declination (or a little farther south), and those of Behrmann from the South Pole to twenty degrees south declination (or a little farther north). Heis shows all stars to magnitude 6-7 ( $6\frac{1}{2}$ ), and Behrmann all stars to 6th magnitude. As, however, some of Behrmann's stars are somewhat fainter than the sixth magnitude, we may perhaps consider the two atlases as fairly comparable. In the portion of the sky common to both (twenty to thirty degrees south declination) some small stars shown by Behrmann are omitted by Heis, and *vice versa*, but these are exceptions, and will not materially affect the general result. As Behrmann omits the Milky Way altogether, its course with reference to the

stars shown by him has been derived from Sir John Herschel's drawing. The enumeration was made in divisions of ten degrees in right ascension and ten degrees in declination, as shown in the atlases referred to. The areas of these divisions can be easily determined, and thus the relative richness or poorness of the various regions of the sky can be ascertained.

I find that the total number of stars shown by Heis as visible to the naked eye north of the Equator (excluding variable stars, clusters, and nebulae) is 3,903, and the total number of stars on the Milky Way and its branches (including vacuities in which Heis shows faint light) is 1,199, or 30.7 per cent. of the whole. I find that the Milky Way—as drawn by Heis—covers an area of 5,340 square degrees, or 25.88 per cent. of the northern hemisphere (20,626.5 square degrees), so that the number of naked-eye stars on the Milky Way is slightly in excess of that due to its area. Had I omitted the vacuities—as Proctor did—the proportion would probably have been somewhat increased, as a glance at Heis's maps is sufficient to show that the lucid stars are somewhat sparsely scattered over these (so-called) vacuities. A glance at Behrmann's maps is sufficient to show that a rich region exists in the southern hemisphere, and a statistical enumeration confirms the judgment of the eye. This rich region nearly coincides with the course of the Milky Way from Canis Major to the Southern Cross.

The number of lucid stars shown by Heis in the northern hemisphere gives an average of 5.29 square degrees to each star (or about twenty-three times the apparent area of the full moon). For the portion of the southern hemisphere included in Behrmann's maps the number of stars is 2,306, giving an average of nearly six degrees to each star. These results show that the naked-eye stars are very thinly scattered over the surface of the heavens.

Wright of Durham was undoubtedly the originator of the so-called "disc theory" of the Milky Way. This hypothesis, popularly attributed to Sir William Herschel, was abandoned by that great astronomer himself in his later writings, as Struve has clearly demonstrated, and as Proctor has ably maintained, in recent years. Proctor examines the evidence afforded by Sir John Herschel's observations in the southern hemisphere, and justly remarks that the well-known "coal-sack," near the Southern Cross, and in-

deed the general aspect of the Galaxy in this region indicates "that the Milky Way, in this neighborhood at any rate, is really what it appears to be—a belt or zone of stars separated from us by an apparently starless interval." With this opinion I fully concur. It certainly does seem utterly improbable that the nearly circular black space known as the "coal sack" should represent a tunnel through a disc of which the thickness is comparatively small, while its diameter—on Sturve's theory—stretches out almost to infinity. A straight tunnel-shaped opening of infinite length, or nearly so, pointing towards the earth, would form an extraordinary phenomenon, even in a solitary instance, yet there are several somewhat similar cases to be found in the Milky Way. That all these should form tunnels radiating from a common centre is quite beyond the bounds of probability, and indeed such an hypothesis seems unworthy of serious consideration.

Sir John Herschel seemed inclined to consider the Galaxy as probably forming "a flat ring," although it does not appear that he definitely adopted this theory. His conclusion that we cannot, "without obvious improbability, refuse to admit that the long lateral offsets which at so many places quit the main stream, and run out to great distances, are either planes seen edgeways or the convexities of curved surfaces viewed tangentially, rather than cylindrical or columnar excrescences bristling up obliquely from the general level," is objected to by Proctor, who thinks that "the obvious improbability seems to lie altogether the other way." A glance at Dr. Boeddicker's drawing of the Milky Way will, I think, convince most people that Proctor's view is the correct one, and indeed it seems evident that the probability of a *number* of "planes" or "curved surfaces," being so placed as to be seen edgeways, is quite as small as the chance of a number of tunnel-shaped openings in a comparatively thin disc being all directed to the centre of the disc.

All the stars in Argelander's charts (to 9<sup>th</sup> or 10<sup>th</sup> magnitude, equal to Herschel's 11<sup>th</sup>) were plotted by Proctor on a single chart. In this remarkable chart the course of the Milky Way is clearly defined by a well-marked increase of stellar density. Proctor says: "In the very regions where the Herschelian gauges showed the minutest telescopic stars to be most crowded, my chart of 324,198 stars shows the stars of the high orders (down to the 11<sup>th</sup> magni-

tude) to be so crowded that, by their mere aggregation within the mass, they show the Milky Way with all its streams and clusterings. . . . It is utterly impossible that excessively remote stars could seem to be clustered exactly where relatively near stars were richly spread. This might happen, no doubt, in a single instance, but that it could be repeated over and over again, so as to account for all the complicated features, seen in my chart of 324,198 stars, I maintain to be utterly incredible." This argument seems quite unanswerable, and should, I think, serve to completely upset the "disc theory" of the Milky Way, which—like many other errors—has persistently held its ground in astronomical text-books.

Considering Sir William Herschel's later views of the construction of the Galaxy, and Sir John Herschel's suggestion that its form might be that of a flat ring seen edgeways, Proctor was led to propose a new theory of the Milky Way, which represents it as forming a sort of spiral stream in space. The well-known "gap in Argo" he imagines as due to an opening between two of the spiral branches, and he thinks that this gap could not possibly be explained either by the "disc" or "flat ring" theories. Dr. Gould, however, shows this "gap" as filled in with faint nebulous light. The "coal sack," near the Southern Cross, Proctor explains by a loop in the spiral, and the great brilliancy of the Galaxy in this region by the comparative proximity of one of the spiral branches to our system. But on this hypothesis the nebulous light on one side of the vacuity should be somewhat brighter than the other, one portion of the spiral branch being nearer to the eye. Sir John Herschel's drawing of the Milky Way, made at the Cape of Good Hope, shows a general uniformity of brightness in the nebulous light surrounding the "coal sack," and in Dr. Gould's delineation no well-marked inequality of brightness is perceptible in the bounding nebulosity. Proctor, however, points out that the difference of brilliancy would be slight. The whole aspect of the Milky Way in this vicinity suggests, I think, that the "coal sack" is a real and not merely apparent opening through the Galactic zone. Proctor applies to these circular openings reasoning similar to that applied by Sir John Herschel to the Magellanic clouds, and concludes that "if they are really openings at all, they are openings through a system which is not very much deeper—meas-

ured in the direction of the line of sight — than the greatest width of the aperture itself." With this opinion I fully concur, but not with the theory that the "coal sack" is formed by a loop in a stellar stream. Sir John Herschel's gauges at the Cape of Good Hope show that the "coal sack" — although apparently blank to the naked eye — is by no means devoid of telescopic stars. This is confirmed by Dr. Gould, who shows this remarkable vacuity filled in with faint nebosity, and also by photographs recently taken by Mr. Russell at the Sidney Observatory, which show numerous small stars within its boundaries. We cannot therefore consider it as a perfect opening; but this, of course, does not detract from the argument in favor of its being a perforation through a comparatively thin stratum of stars.

Proctor attributes the fading away of the "broken branch" in Ophiuchus (near 70 Ophiuchi) to increase of distance in the spiral stream in that direction, but the appearance of this branch as drawn by Boeddicker and Heis tends to negative this hypothesis. In Heis's drawing the branch is shown rather brighter at its extremity (near 70 Ophiuchi) than it is at the point where it leaves the main Galactic stream. Boeddicker's representation of the Milky Way in this region is in fairly close agreement with Heis's drawing, but agrees rather better with its general ap-

pearance as I see it. The Milky Way as drawn by Gould shows, I think, that the supposed division of the Galaxy into two streams, from Aquila to the Southern Cross, is more apparent than real, and that the intricate convolutions of the Milky Way in this vicinity cannot well be represented by a simple bifurcation.

If we consider that in viewing the starry heavens we are placed at the centre of a hollow sphere of vast and indefinite extent, and that the distance of only a few of the stars from our eye has hitherto been determined with any approach to accuracy, the great difficulty of framing a satisfactory theory of the construction of the heavens will be easily understood. Although Jupiter's system of satellites forms a most perfect piece of celestial mechanism, a mere glance through a telescope might lead us to imagine that absence of symmetry was its most striking characteristic. The cause of this imperfect view is clearly the unfavorable situation of our standpoint. The case may be similar with the sidereal system, and, could we examine it from a conveniently situated position, we might find — instead of apparent irregularity — an harmonious arrangement of all its parts, somewhat similar perhaps, but more complicated, to the solar system as viewed from the sun or from a point at right angles to its general plane.

J. ELLARD GORE.

**SOME INTERESTING LETTERS FROM VON MOLTKE.** — The first volume of the late Field Marshal von Moltke's correspondence, which was recently published in Berlin, is more likely to attract students of military tactics than the general reader. The book deals mainly with the period of the war between Prussia and Denmark in 1864, and throws an interesting light on the manner in which, even at that early period, the military power of Prussia was being developed and consolidated, with a view to future eventualities. For instance, in a memorial addressed, on June 30, 1863, to Field Marshal von Roon, who was at that time minister of war, Count von Moltke urged the necessity of making the arrangements for military concentration, so that the army might be ready to take the field, not only against Denmark, but also possibly against France. He also pointed out that the plans must be so framed as to render possible, from the very beginning, the solid co-operation of the whole of south-west Germany, and especially Ba-

varia. A letter to General Blumenthal, dated March 27, contains the following passage, which is interesting as showing Von Moltke's opinion that commanders in time of war should be left a free hand: "Stirring achievements are expected from the prince (Frederick Charles), but when he sets out to perform them he is at once called back. If the prince has to bear the responsibility he must have freedom in the choice of the means. Take Alsen and the six thousand pairs of boots, and all the other sins which you have ever committed will be forgiven you. May God bless and prosper the work." A little later the field-marshal wrote to General Blumenthal: "For goodness' sake do not make extensive reports on events which are to happen." In congratulating the general on the bombardment of Duppel, Von Moltke remarked: "I know that you have scarcely time to write. When one is making history one has to leave the writing of it to others."

Pall Mall Gazette.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## RETROSPECTION.

To thee I gave the freshness of my heart !  
 All that to youth most beautiful appears !  
 Its high imaginings, its fervid dreams,  
 But all have vanish'd now thro' these long  
 years.

To thee I gave the springtime of my life !  
 Sweet as are April's days, half smiles, half  
 tears ;  
 The fragrance of that flower-strewn path I  
 trod  
 Steal o'er me yet again thro' these long  
 years.

To thee I gave my summer's golden prime !  
 A woman's love, her prayers, her hopes,  
 her fears ;  
 The yellow corn still waves beneath the wind,  
 Birds sing, and sweet flowers bloom thro'  
 these long years.

To thee I gave pale autumn's fading days !  
 Heaven's storm-clouds burst, and mingled  
 with my tears,  
 As thick and fast upon thy grave they fell ;  
 I have wept many times thro' these long  
 years !

To thee I give these last few wintry hours !  
 My strength grows feeble, and my spirit  
 nears  
 That bourne where the tired traveller rests at  
 last ;  
 Hast thou remembered me thro' these long  
 years ?

My life I give ! spring, summer, autumn, age !  
 To thee I give them all ! Time but endears  
 Thy memory to my heart ! I welcome death,  
 For I have been alone thro' these long  
 years !  
 Belgravia.

CHARLOTTE A. PRICE.

## THE BALLAD OF THE BRITAIN'S PRIDE.

It was a skipper of Lowestoft  
 That trawled the northern sea,  
 In a smack of thrice ten tons and seven,  
 And the Britain's Pride was she.  
 And the waves were high to windward,  
 And the waves were high to lee,  
 And he said as he lost his trawl-net,  
 " What is to be, will be."

His craft she reeled and staggered,  
 But he headed her for the hithe,  
 In a storm that threatened to mow her down  
 As grass is mown by the scythe ;  
 When suddenly through the cloud-rift  
 The moon came sailing soft,  
 And he saw one mast of a sunken ship  
 Like a dead arm held aloft.

And a voice came faint from the rigging —  
 " Help ! help ! " it whispered and sighed —  
 And a single form to the sole mast clung,  
 In the roaring darkness wide.  
 Oh, the crew were but four hands all told,  
 On board of the Britain's Pride,  
 And ever " Hold on till daybreak ! "  
 Across the night they cried.

Slowly melted the darkness,  
 Slowly rose the sun,  
 And only the lad in the rigging  
 Was left out of thirty-one,  
 To tell the tale of his captain,  
 The English sailor true,  
 That did his duty and met his death  
 As English sailors do.

Peace to the gallant spirit,  
 The greatly proved and tried,  
 And to all who have fed the hungry sea  
 That is never satisfied ;  
 And honor and glory unceasing,  
 While rolls the unceasing tide,  
 To the skipper of Little Lowestoft,  
 And the crew of the Britain's Pride.  
 Spectator. WILLIAM WATSON.

## WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

NIGHT, cloud, and tempest ! In the vexèd  
 sky  
 The full moon struggles, and the winds rush  
 by  
 With a long shouting voice, a dismal cry.

See how the vapors fight the flashing moon !  
 Struggle, brave light, that thou mayst con-  
 quer soon —  
 Thy foes like withered leaves of autumn  
 strewn ;

While down the dreary rain-washed village  
 street  
 The headlong blasts with fitful fury beat,  
 Urging the flying drift to be as fleet.

Night, cloud, and tempest ! — who will care  
 to see  
 The mingled strife, the midnight victory ?  
 Home and the fireside are the best to me.

Draw close the curtain, let the firelight leap ;  
 Up the dark staircase softly will I creep,  
 To watch the beauty of the babes, asleep ;

Each flaxen head upon its pillow white,  
 Heedless of storms and dangers of the night :  
 God is their father, and they trust him quite.

Bending o'er each fair cradled face, I pray  
 That he will lay his hand, as thus I lay  
 Mine, on their heads, and let its blessing stay.  
 Sunday Magazine. ARTHUR W. SALMON.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
NEW STARS.

THE announcement made early last month of the appearance of a new star in the constellation Auriga in the Milky Way is certain to attract general attention to the many interesting questions raised by such sudden outbursts in the depths of space. It may indeed be said that in the whole domain of astronomy the class of phenomena to which most mystery attaches, and which, so far, has baffled inquiry most successfully, is undoubtedly that which relates to the sudden appearance, now in one region of the heavens and now in another, of these strange visitors.

These so-called new stars, some of which, at the moment of discovery, have been found to be as luminous as Jupiter, or even Venus at her brightest, have in almost all the explanations heretofore suggested been supposed to be old stars — by which term is meant stars of the ordinary kind — suddenly subjected to some process which has driven them into a condition of fervent heat; and so long as old stars of the ordinary kind were supposed, all of them, to be bodies like the sun, those processes were favored which we imagine to be actually at work on, or most easily associated with, that body.

It is now some little time since, in a paper in this review, I gave an account of the evidence gathered during the last thirty years by spectroscopic workers all over the world as to the true nature and conditionings of ordinary stars. Some of the conclusions to be gathered from this marshalling of new series of facts, obtained by the use of one of the most powerful instruments of research of modern times, might have been easily expected to be novel, and they were. As a matter of fact, some of them suggest that our usual notions about stars generally cannot be justly held with regard to all of them — that, in short, there are stars and stars. Nor do the conclusions to be drawn stop here. The wide induction rendered possible by the enormous area of new facts now available suggests further that some old theories require to be recast, while some modern ones disappear altogether.

Some of these general conclusions have the most important bearing upon the so-called new stars. One is that there is a complete evolutionary sequence between nebulæ and stars, whereas the idea in vogue was that these bodies represented different orders of creation. Another was that the spectroscopic phenomena presented by some nebulæ, stars, and comets, have so much in common that, unless we throw overboard the *regulæ philosophandi*, a similar nature must be ascribed to them. And since the labors of Newton (of Yale), Schiaparelli, and others have convinced most people that comets are swarms of meteorites, it is probable that some of the stars and nebulæ in question may be of like nature. It was next shown that, if we assume two meteor swarms or comets moving near each other, we can easily explain the phenomena of all the new and many of the variable stars; whereas the received idea was that they depended upon the rotation of a single star differently illuminated on different sides, or else with axes of different lengths.

To prove such positions as these is naturally a work of years. The chief thing that we can do is to note whether the new knowledge as it comes is in harmony with, or runs counter to, the new hypothesis, and to seek for new tests and vigorously apply them.

Since the new views were put forward, the work of Darwin, Pickering, Roberts, and others, has produced evidence of the most important nature in their favor. One by one the facts have been established that the solar system may, at a former stage of its history, have been a swarm of meteorites; that the spectra of nebulæ and of a certain class of stars remarkable for the appearance of bright lines in their spectra are similar to a degree hitherto undreamt of; and finally, that in a nebula so-called stars may vary their brilliancy with unimagined rapidity, and that even such stars as the Pleiades may in all probability be only the bright centres of a nebulous assemblage, a meeting-place of meteoritic streams.

While, then, the phenomena of new stars suggest that we are in the presence

of the most mysterious actions in the heavens, so long as we look to the old ideas to explain them, the new views on the other hand suggest that such phenomena must of necessity arise from time to time from the mere existence of moving meteor swarms in space.

It seemed, then, to me that the phenomena of new stars supplied a very rigid test for the new views, for, if they were right, all the mystery should be easily explained, and all the facts accumulated during three centuries should fall into a simple order. I have applied this test as honestly as I could, and it is not a little singular that another new star, which doubtless will furnish us with more, should have appeared within a month of the publication of the long memoir which I presented to the Royal Society about a year ago.

The object of the present article is to state the method employed, and the results recorded in the memoir, so that the phenomena which the new arrival will in all probability continue to furnish us for some time may be thoroughly understood as they are chronicled for public information from time to time.

Many new stars have been observed, and it is well to begin by considering the views which have been suggested as to their origin. For the first, we have to go back to the times of Tycho Brahe. They related to the new stars which appeared in 1572 and 1604.

The nova of 1572, observed by Tycho Brahe, is the first of which anything like a complete record exists; it appeared in Cassiopeia and was minutely described by Tycho Brahe. The nova seemed to be destitute of nebulous surroundings, and only differed from other stars in the vivacity of its scintillations. When it was first observed it appeared more brilliant than Sirius,  $\alpha$  Lyræ, or Jupiter, and even rivalled the splendor of Venus at greatest brilliancy, being, like Venus, visible in the daytime. At the beginning of December a diminution of brightness was noticed. This regularly continued until, in March, 1574, the nova had disappeared.

Changes of color accompanied the changes of brightness. When the star

first became conspicuously visible it was white, like Venus and Jupiter. It then acquired a yellow color which merged into red. In the first months of 1573 Tycho Brahe compared it to Mars and  $\alpha$  Orionis, and considered it to be much like Aldebaran. Later on in the same year, and especially towards May, a leaden hue was observed. This continued until January, 1574, when the color became less clear and less white as the star slowly disappeared.

The famous nova which appeared in 1604 is associated with the name of Kepler, as that of 1572 is with Tycho Brahe. It was first observed on October 10 by Bronowski, a pupil of Kepler's. To begin with, it was brighter than first-magnitude stars, and also Saturn, Mars, and Jupiter. In March, 1606, it disappeared.

Although many other novæ have been observed, none have matched the splendor of those of 1572 and 1604, and of none have such circumstantial accounts been written.

We next come to the explanation of the phenomena put forward by the respective observers.

Tycho Brahe considered that new stars were formed from the cosmical vapor which was supposed to have reached a certain degree of condensation in the Milky Way, and the fact that the nova appeared on the edge of the Galaxy was used to give weight to this hypothesis of stellar formation. Indeed, some observers imagined they could see the *hiatus* or opening out of which the nova came. The disappearance of the star was supposed to be due either to some action in itself or to its dissipation by the light of the sun and stars. It should be remarked that when Tycho Brahe advanced the above theory the tails of comets were looked upon as similar in constitution to the Milky Way. Kepler agreed with Tycho in considering that new stars were created from the ethereal existence of which the Milky Way was composed. The circumstance that *Mira* or  $\alpha$  Ceti, which was looked upon as a nova, appeared in a part of the heavens distant from the Milky Way, was explained by saying that the nebulous material was not exclusively

confined to the Galaxy, as supposed by Tycho Brahe, but pervaded all space.

A fact deemed of considerable importance was that both Tycho Brahe's and Kepler's novæ became suddenly and strikingly visible, and did not appear gradually to increase in brightness. Indeed, it was thought that all new stars must exhibit the maximum of brilliancy at their first appearance, and Kepler went so far as to use the statement made by Antonius Laurentinus Politianus, that he had seen the nova of 1604 increase in brightness as an argument against his having seen the star at all.

The first nova that attained any brilliancy, after that of 1604, appeared near  $\beta$  Cygni in June, 1669, and was observed by Anthelm. This nova fluctuated in brightness between the third and fifth magnitudes, and finally disappeared altogether. It is most probable that observations of this star drew Newton's attention to the subject, and led him to the idea that novæ were produced by the appulse of comets, propounded in 1686 in the "Principia."

In dealing with the period between Newton's time and our own, we shall give, as shortly as possible, some of the most important views expressed during the last quarter of a century.

According to the hypothesis advanced by Zollner, all stars, at a certain period of their formation, become covered with a cold, non-luminous crust. If the glowing mass bursts forth, the chemical combinations which have formed on the surface, under the influence of a low temperature, are again decomposed, with a resulting development of considerable heat and light. Hence the great brilliancy of a new star must not be ascribed merely to the bursting forth of a glowing mass, but also to the combustion of the substances which form the shell.

Drs. Huggins and Miller's observations of the nova that appeared in Corona Borealis in 1866 led them to the following speculation: "The character of the spectrum of this star, taken together with its sudden outburst in brilliancy and its rapid decline in brightness, suggests to us the rather bold speculation that, in conse-

quence of some vast convulsion taking place in this object large quantities of gas have been evolved from it; that the hydrogen present is burning by combination with some other element and furnishes the light represented by the bright lines; also that the flaming gas has heated to vivid incandescence the solid matter of the photosphere. As the hydrogen becomes exhausted all the phenomena diminish in intensity and the star rapidly wanes." In plain English, on this view we were spectators of "a world on fire."

Mr. Johnstone Stoney, in 1868, suggested that new stars might be produced by the friction of the outer atmospheres of two stars brushing against each other: "the outer constituent of their atmosphere [hydrogen], and the outer constituent alone, would be raised by the friction to brilliant incandescence, which would reveal itself by the temporary substitution of four intensely bright for four dark hydrogen lines."

Observations of the new star in Cygnus (1876-77) led Professor Vogel to support Zollner's views. Dr. Lohse, in 1877, considered that "the lighting up of new stars may probably be looked upon as the result of the innate affinity of chemical matter. By the progressive cooling of the mass of a luminous body (fixed star), which consists of heated vapors and gases, an atmospheric envelope is produced which absorbs the light so much that the star cannot be seen at all, or only very faintly, from the earth. As this body continues to give out heat at length the degree of coolness is reached which is necessary for the formation of chemical combinations. The greater portion of the body is composed of elements which then combine, producing by their combination heat and light; and thus making the star visible to a great distance, and for a long or short space of time."

In 1877, when discussing the phenomena of Nova Cygni, I advanced the view that meteoritic collisions were in all probability the cause of them. Almost, if not quite, the last view to which we have to refer is due to Mr. W. H. S. Monck, who suggested in 1885 that new stars are dark (or faintly luminous) bodies which acquire

a short-lived brilliancy by rushing through some of the gaseous masses which exist in space.

It will be seen from the above that there are more than twenty years of modern work on these strange visitors to be co-ordinated. This work has been of a most searching kind, since the spectroscope — that marvellous aid to inquiry — has been the instrument employed. The tests rendered available by its means have been applied to the observations recorded, and the results obtained will be very briefly stated in the case of each nova.

The quality of the light emitted by the new star which appeared in the constellation Corona in 1866 shows that the nova was intimately related to comets and nebulae, including in this term the bright-line stars. Two of the bright rays which appeared on the colored strip into which the prisms of the spectroscope decomposed the light of the nova turn out to have their origin in carbon, and to be identical in position with similar radiations emanating from some stars, whilst three other bright lines demonstrate the presence of incandescent hydrogen. A line was seen by some observers which in all probability was the same as that which characterizes the majority of nebulae.

The only obvious deduction from these facts is that the same chemical substances produced the light of this nova which exist in comets and nebulae. As the nova faded (from the second to the ninth magnitude), the lines dropped out one by one, until finally only a single representative of incandescent hydrogen remained, and this the one which in several nebulae is brighter than any other.

We next come to Nova Cygni, which appeared in 1876. At the time of discovery eight bright lines and many dark spaces were conspicuously visible upon the continuous background of colored light ordinarily seen in all celestial bodies. Brightest among these were the radiations indicative of hydrogen, whilst other brilliant rays are found to be matched by lines of sodium, carbon, and iron. But the most important line of all was one identical in position with the chief line in the spectra of nebulae; this brightened as the other lines faded, and finally glimmered alone in the spectrum, as it has been observed to do in some comets. Upon any probable supposition the temperature of the nova at this time must have been lower than at the time of maximum brilliancy. This being so, the line which increased in brightness as the nova was degraded to a

faint nebula could not be due to incandescent nitrogen as had been supposed. The origin of the line was still problematical and the observed phenomena entirely unexplained, when the researches on the spectra of meteorites referred to in my last article seemed to offer a solution of the problem. It was found that if a meteorite be slowly heated in a vacuum tube, so as to volatilize some of its constituents, a bright line is seen in the spectrum which disappears when the temperature is increased. This line was coincident in position with the one observed in Nova Coronæ and Nova Cygni, in nebulae and in faint comets, and apparently owed its origin to the magnesium fluting which is seen very brightly in the same position in the green part of the spectrum when a strip of magnesium ribbon is burnt in air. These facts enabled the statement to be hazarded that the phenomena observed in Nova Cygni would occur precisely as described if the catastrophe were produced by the collision of two swarms of meteorites of different densities. In such a case there would first be the collisions between the two sets of outliers, then the denser part of the smaller swarm would enter the outliers of the larger, and finally, after the densest parts of both swarms had come together, producing the maximum of light — which is generally the time at which attention is called to a new star — the action would slacken, and the light and temperature be reduced.

These views as to the connection between novæ, nebulae, and comets are considerably strengthened by the facts observed regarding an anomalous brightening discovered in the centre of the Great Nebula in Andromeda in August, 1885, which was the next nova that made its appearance. The light was found to be matched by that of the flame of a spirit-lamp. This was a definite proof of the existence of carbon, and, more than this, the luminous radiations exhibited by the nova under consideration were exactly similar to those which distinguish comets — in fact, they are so characteristic of these bodies as to be known as "cometary bands." This observation suggested a careful examination of the spectrum of the nebula itself. This was made by myself and my excellent assistant, Mr. Fowler, and it was found that, instead of being continuous, as had previously been recorded, it was like that of the nova. This made the whole thing clear. The nebula was simply brightened in a certain part by some disturbance; when this disturbance

ceased, the spectrum of the nova was undistinguishable from that of the nebula — both showing characteristic cometary bands.

Now that the chief facts gathered from each nova in turn have been considered, we may next deal with some general considerations.

If the appearance of a new star be due to the collision of two meteor swarms, as suggested, it is obvious that the spectroscopic changes should follow the same order as those observed in the spectrum of a comet during its passage from the point of nearest approach to the sun, when it is hottest and most disturbed; to that most removed, when all the energies have slackened down. The differences in observing conditions, and the relative physical conditions of the two swarms which produce a nova, must, however, be allowed for. From this point of view a map has been constructed, showing the theoretical sequence of spectroscopic changes which would result from the collision of two swarms of meteorites, one of which, previous to the catastrophe, existed in the condition of a nebula, whilst the other was sufficiently dense to exhibit the spectrum of a comet near the sun. The typical spectrum produced by adding together these two spectra is similar to that of the nova at the time of the first observation, so far as bright lines were concerned.

The first effect of the cooling of the imaginary mixed swarms would be a diminution of light and an accompanying disappearance of the dark lines, until only certain bright lines and flutings remained. This condition occurred in Nova Cygni six days after it was first spectroscopically observed, and in the great comet of 1882 when near the sun.

As the temperature increases, the bright indications of sodium, lead, and manganese must disappear, and the hydrogen lines become fainter, while the luminosity in the green which represents magnesium gets brighter. This stage in the sequence was observed in Nova Cygni and Nova Coronæ; and all the lines which characterize it have been recorded in the spectrum of the nebula in Orion.

The carbon flutings next merge into, and become indistinguishable from, the continuous spectrum. One hydrogen line remains, and this the one which is usually found in nebulae. The only line telling of the presence of iron is the one visible in the laboratory when a low temperature is employed to produce the vapor. Eventually

even this ceases its glimmering, leaving a trio composed of the hydrogen line just referred to, a line which occurs in meteorites but the origin of which has not been determined, and the other which has gained in intensity as the others have sunk out of sight. This combination occurs in the nebula numbered 4373 in Herschel's catalogue.

The hydrogen line next disappears, and so the spectrum consists of two lines as in the nebula No. 2343 and many others, and in Nova Cygni nearly a year after discovery.

The last stage in the sequence is when the line attributed to magnesium remains alone. This was observed when Nova Cygni had degenerated to the condition of a planetary nebula; it is the solitary badge of the nebula No. 4403.

None of the novæ which have been spectroscopically examined have shown the complete sequence of changes thus briefly stated, but Nova Cygni passed through most of them. The main point I wish to make is that, although the initial spectrum may be different in different novæ, as the temperatures differ, the changes should follow the same order of decreasing temperature, however high or low the point occupied on the temperature scale when first observed; and this seems to agree with the facts. The dark absorption lines giving way to bright lines in Nova Coronæ, the brightest lines fading away one by one in Nova Cygni, and the carbon becoming less manifest in Nova Andromedæ, all go to show a diminution in the temperature of the star after the first observation. This deduction would also naturally be made from the variations in magnitude. Tycho Brahe's nova and Nova Cygni dimmed very suddenly at first, and more slowly later on. Nova Coronæ flashed out very suddenly, and, as we have seen, its spectrum indicated a comparatively high temperature. Hence it is most probable that in this case we are dealing with the collisions of two rather condensed swarm of meteorites. In Nova Andromedæ, where the increase of luminosity was not so sudden, the temperature was not nearly so high. In this case we began at a point low down on the temperature scale, because we probably had to deal with a collision of two swarms not nearly so dense as those involved in Nova Coronæ; perhaps a slightly condensed swarm (a comet) passing through the Andromeda nebula.

One very interesting point about new stars has relation to their color and their

color changes. The characteristic colors which distinguish nebulae and some stars which are supposed not to differ greatly in temperature from them, are dull white, grey, or pale bluish-green. As the temperature increases, the color becomes reddish-yellow, and from this merges through red, orange, yellow, and white, finally a bluish-white, the badge of the highest temperature, is reached.

Now consider what must happen in the case of a new star on the idea which we have started. We begin with two swarms probably in different stages of condensation. If no star or nebula were visible before, the sudden increase of light would be due to the collision of two swarms or streams quite invisible so long as disturbances are absent. If one of the swarms engaged already existed as a nebula, the collision of another with it would cause an outburst similar to that of Nova Andromedæ. If the swarm existed as a star, and was therefore in a rather more condensed state, the collision of another swarm with it would produce a higher temperature; this was the case with Nova Coronæ. But after the disturbance due to the collision has subsided the temperature must begin to fall, as the mixed swarm is not in a condition to keep it up. We see, therefore, that the color changes of novæ will in general take place in the opposite order to that followed by a condensing swarm, because in one case the temperature is increasing, while in the other it is decreasing. The color of new stars will also be generally of a compound nature. The colors, then, should be special, and they often are.

All the color observations of novæ have been compiled and discussed among the new tests from this point of view. The nova observed by Tycho Brahe passed through white, yellow, and red to a *leaden* color.

Many observations were made of the variations in the color of Nova Coronæ, and they show that it ran down from bluish-white to dull yellow.

The estimations of the colors of Nova Cygni show that the changes were very similar to those observed by Tycho Brahe in the nova of 1572. From a golden yellow the nova passed to red, and then to orange, which agrees with the portion of the general color sequence — reddish-yellow, yellow, red, yellowish-red. The spectroscopic observations agree with those of color in assigning a lower maximum temperature to Nova Cygni than Nova Coronæ.

Finally, Nova Andromedæ was first reddish-yellow, then orange-colored, reddish, and yellowish-red, which closely agree with the portion of the color sequence reddish-yellow, yellowish-red, red, yellowish-red.

The discussion of color observations, therefore, strengthens the view that new stars are complex bodies. The strongest evidence of the color being produced by two light-sources blended are found in such observations as "cream-colored," "yellow seen through a blue film," "buff-colored," "leaden," "slight orange tinge," "red with tinge of purple," etc., and such instances might be multiplied.

After this general statement, it should be clear that all the facts brought forward prove that the various spectra observed in novæ are very closely related to those of nebulae and comets, including in their turn the bright-line stars, the difference in observing conditions and the compound character of the novæ being duly allowed for. The temperature and visibility of a nova depend upon the size and degree of condensation of the meteor-swarms which produce it and their distance from us. Hence it is that all novæ do not attain the same maximum temperature or brilliancy, and that some are lost to view before they descend to the same low temperature as others. In like manner, comets differ in their maximum temperature according to their different perihelion distances. The evidence derived from the observations shows that each nova cooled as its luminosity diminished. And if we accept the statements that the characteristic nebula line was seen in the spectra of two small comets in 1866-67, and that Nova Cygni now exists as a small planetary nebula, we must conclude that nebulae are at a low temperature; for if the views that nebulae are very hot be accepted, the impossible belief is forced upon us that comets reduce their temperature as they approach the sun and that new stars get hotter as their luminosity diminishes.

The changes in magnitude observed in novæ are in strict accordance with the meteoritic theory of their origin, for the rapid fading away conclusively demonstrates that small bodies and not large ones are engaged.

The complete discussion, therefore, tends to confirm the conclusion which I stated in November, 1887, that "new stars, whether seen in connection with nebulae or not, are produced by the clash of meteor swarms, the bright lines seen being the low temperature lines of elements, the

spectra of which are most brilliant at a low stage of heat."

From the above it will be gathered that the nova at present visible will receive the most cordial welcome from astronomers all over the world, and the first results obtained at Kensington, showing the almost exact agreement of the photographic spectrum with that of those nebulæ called "bright-line stars," and that the two swarms are now separating at a velocity of at least *five hundred miles a second*, are not unworthy of the first application of photography to the investigation of these strange phenomena, which we must now, it seems, consider by no means mysterious, but, on the contrary, a result in space analogous to that produced by the meeting of two trains at a level crossing.

J. NORMAN LOCKYER.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
DOCTOR GREGORY.

BY 'ALICE CORKRAN.

DOCTOR GREGORY was walking up the street in which stood the house of his friend, Sir William Fay. It was a steep street, austere monotonous in its architecture; the August sun was hot, the elderly gentleman carried a heavy bag, yet he walked with a springing step. He was white-haired and of a fine, open-air complexion. Notwithstanding a slight stoop, which betokened a dreamy habit of mind, there was a fire and a spirit about his whole appearance. His bright and hopeful eye, of somewhat abstracted gaze, kindled easily as he muttered to himself, and smiles played about his lips.

Doctor Gregory was an antiquary. He devoted his time and his energy to unburying the past. Enthusiastic by temperament, he was apt sometimes to overestimate the importance of the discoveries he made, nevertheless, the British Museum and some local collections contained some curious relics of Roman and Saxon times that he had presented. While digging in the neighborhood of a Roman encampment he had lately come upon a square block of masonry ornamented with inscriptions, in relieve, resembling nothing that he had yet found. The old gentleman was hurrying along to share with his friend the excitement and mystery of that find. Sir William Fay was a renowned excavator, of vast learning and judgment, who held a high official posi-

tion. A warm friendship existed between the two men. Essentially different in temperament, community of tastes gave to their relationship the exhilaration of intellectual comradeship. If the truth must be told, however, Sir William's feeling for Doctor Gregory was one of affection for the man himself rather than of trust in his judgment as an archæologist. To the doctor, who was an old bachelor, friendship with the eminent scientist was the solace and delight of his solitary and studious life.

Doctor Gregory, not being the most patient of men, felt inclined to fume at being kept waiting on the doorstep. With the abruptness of intimacy he burst into his friend's study and cut short his greetings.

"My dear Fay," he said, in tones of mystery, "you will never guess what I have in this bag."

"The bag and its master, in effect, seem charged with mystery," replied his friend, an amused glimmer flickering up into his faded eyes. He was a man of incisive countenance. His finely cut features of classic mould were somewhat marred by what looked like an accidental bluntness of the tip of the nose and projection of the chin. His friends said that he resembled a bust of Jupiter, fractured in the process of exhumation.

"I have something here that will surprise you, that will agitate you, my dear friend."

"Agitate me!" repeated Sir William, with sceptically humorous emphasis, the amused glimmer, not devoid of sarcasm, still brightening his glance as he regarded Doctor Gregory's face radiant and twitching with restrained communicativeness.

"I must prepare you for this find. I think, Fay, I may say without conceit that I have made some interesting discoveries."

"You certainly have," acquiesced Sir William, inclining his head.

"Well, I have found," cried Doctor Gregory, with a burst of sublime confidence, "a fragment which I believe to be unique. You know that encampment I have been digging through; well, I have dug below the Roman city into the early Briton period. Fay, I believe I have found there the trace of an early civilization — a lost civilization."

"Take care! take care!" said Sir William, in a tone of humorous warning. "We old antiquaries are apt to be all too credulous."

"Credulous! You will judge for yourself. I am tolerably familiar with the

great European museums, and I do not remember in any one of these national collections having seen such a fragment. Its shape, the inscription upon it, the position in which I found it, all add to its mystery, all deepen in me the conviction that it is unique."

"Take care, that is all I say; take care, Gregory, I know you of old. You are an enthusiast!"

Doctor Gregory made an impatient gesture as if about to open the bag, but he restrained himself. Affecting carelessness, he pretended to examine the treasures around. In the overweening importance that he attached to his concealed exhibit he thought by this simple device to pique his friend's curiosity, and to draw from him the request to see that extraordinary relic.

To his mortification, Sir William Fay seemed to have forgotten all about it, and rambled off gaily to his own topics, describing the plan he proposed to adopt in directing certain excavations he was about to undertake in Asia Minor.

"Are you not interested in the important discovery made by your friend?" at last asked Doctor Gregory reproachfully.

"Its importance, my dear Gregory, I do not pretend to estimate," replied Sir William, the gleam of mocking light returning to his glance. "You know we old antiquaries are getting a little weary of that word."

With a seriousness too profound for comment, Doctor Gregory unpacked the broken fragment and held it up at arm's length. "There!" he said.

"Where?" asked Sir William, with short-sighted gaze coldly passing over the fragment.

"Have you eyes?" asked Doctor Gregory with the calmness of irritation.

"My dear Gregory," replied Sir William, in a tone of bantering protest, "I see perfectly what you are showing me, but really your preface led me to expect something amazing!"

"I am aware," said Doctor Gregory, restraining the irritation that was making his temples throb, "that there are two specimens of sepulchral carvings, somewhat similar, perhaps, of immense antiquity in the — Museum."

"I fail to see a third, my friend," replied Sir William, with courtly chilliness. He put his glass to his eye. "Let me see — very interesting, very curious — but, my dear Gregory, I should say centuries later than the carvings to which you allude."

"I will not allow myself to be vexed, Fay," said Doctor Gregory, with great effort controlling the excitement that was gaining upon him, "but — pardon me for saying so — I do not think you are perfectly sincere. My dear fellow, there is something quite unworthy of you in all this."

"My dear Gregory," retorted Sir William, with polite irony unlike the asperity of his more real tone of affection, "let us make short work of this difference between us; let us compare this specimen with the undoubted antiquities in the museum. Come along, I will show you the points of difference."

"Fay!" cried Doctor Gregory, flushing purple, "I am too old to be lectured by you. I am experienced as a scientist. I venture to say that of such antiquities I am a better judge."

"You are too credulous, Gregory, to be a judge. The true scientist approaches every question of the kind with a wholesome incredulity. Now there is old Mr. Goldbeater." Here Sir William Fay indulged in a profane story of the archaeological blunders made by a silly quasi antiquary. Poor Doctor Gregory's temper completely gave way on finding himself ranked with an ignorant amateur. With a snort of indignation, and trembling hands, he packed up the precious fragment into its wrappings, returned it to the bag, and made for the door.

As he held it open, "Fay," he said, in a muffled voice, "this ends our friendship. I came to you in openness of heart, you have returned my confidence with insult. I do not wish to have any further intercourse with you."

He went out, banged the door after him, and left the house.

One evening, a week later, Doctor Gregory was sitting alone in his study. A melancholy was over him. The lamplight glinted on fragments of mosaics, on broken tiles, on bronze weapons steeped to the hilt in the romance of war, on statuettes of visionary mould. The giant lullaby of the past, which so long had soothed him, had been rudely interrupted by the intrusion of the present's pain. He had not heard from Sir William Fay. The sundering of the old friendship gave the lonely bachelor acute pain.

Doctor Gregory was going once more over all the details of that quarrel, when the servant announced Sir William Fay's son, Fred.

The elderly gentleman felt a spasm of pleasurable anticipation at his heart. Had

Fred come on a mission of reconciliation? He disguised his emotion as he greeted his guest; pressed hospitable offers upon him, and talked on indifferent topics. He noticed that the young fellow was moody, that his pleasant laugh was silent.

"The governor started on his travels two days ago," observed Fred after a moment's silence. "He and I have quarrelled."

"Quarrelled!" exclaimed Doctor Gregory, not averse to hearing that another had suffered from his friend's temper.

Fred moved uneasily, then he rose, went to the mantelpiece, put his elbow upon it, and turned away his head.

"The fact is I am in love!" He brought out the words with shame-faced abruptness. Then he resumed more naturally, "The governor won't hear of the engagement. If I marry, he says he will cut me off with a shilling."

Doctor Gregory looked at the youth with a blank expression. "Would the match be so unsuitable?"

"Unsuitable! Unsuitable for her. She ought to marry a king!" cried Fred enthusiastically. He was a handsome youth, with a boyish brightness of glance and manner. "But she is willing to have me, and no one can stand in the way. No one!" He spoke with a feverish rapidity peculiar to him when excited.

"What is the objection?" asked Doctor Gregory.

"She has no money. Her father ran through every penny. That is why the governor won't hear of it. But I shall go to the colonies; I shall live in the bush; I will do anything to make my fortune; then come back and marry her."

"What is her name?" asked Doctor Gregory feebly, overwhelmed by that young ardor.

"Amy! I mean Miss Ancelot."

"Amy Ancelot!" repeated Doctor Gregory with sudden emotion.

The young fellow nodded. "Do you know her?"

"Does she live at Manilhurst, in the Vicarage?"

Fred gazed with a perplexed stare. "She lives at Manilhurst, and she is now staying on a visit at the Vicarage."

"It is a delightful old house," said Doctor Gregory, "it stands in a beautiful garden. There is a sun dial, and close to it a seat hollowed out in the wall. A passion flower grows over it."

"There is clematis now," said the youth, still staring.

"You wonder," said Doctor Gregory,

"how I remember that house and that garden so vividly. Twenty-five years ago there lived in it a girl, the most charming I ever saw. Her name was Amy Ancelot."

"Amy Ancelot!" repeated Fred.

Something in the ingenuous and mystified expression of the young man drew from the doctor the secret he had never breathed to mortal ear. "The mother of the girl you love lived there. I loved her."

"But how do you know she was Amy's mother?" asked Fred.

"My Amy married her cousin. She was the vicar's daughter. She continued to live at Manilhurst. She died five years ago."

"That is all true," admitted the young man. He hesitated, then he asked, "How is it you did not marry her?"

"She was very charming," said the old man. "She was charming to everybody. It was part of her nature to charm all those who came near her." Doctor Gregory paused, then continued: "She was incomparably charming. I sometimes thought she cared for me. I was poor. An opportunity presented itself to win distinction, perhaps fortune. You know I had done well at college. I was editing a classical work. A noted explorer offered to take me to Greece. I worked hard under him. I was away two years. My uncle died suddenly, and left me his heir. I returned to England rich and not unsuccessful; but Amy had married."

Fred did not break the silence that followed.

"Has the daughter the same fascination?" asked Doctor Gregory.

"I never saw the mother, sir," replied Fred gently. "I do not know how Amy would strike you. To me she is bewitching beyond all telling."

Doctor Gregory's eyes shone with a moist and tender brightness.

"You must not leave her. Remember my fate, Fred."

"Will you intercede for us with the governor, sir?" said the young man wistfully.

"Intercede! Don't you know that we have quarrelled, Fred?"

"Quarrelled! What about?" exclaimed Fred, amazed.

"About that!" the antiquarian replied, pointing to the fragment of stone.

"About that!" repeated Fred, sticking a glass into his eye, and screwing up his face to keep it in place. "What is the matter with it?"

In his heart the young fellow considered all antiquities so much rubbish. He could

not understand a craze for broken fragments and old pots.

"Matter with it! it is unique!" cried Doctor Gregory, the antiquarian spirit within him blazing up once more.

"I should think it was!" said Fred, gazing with ferocious interest through his eyeglass at the fragment. "Did the governor dispute its antiquity?"

"Dispute it! he ignored it, Fred! He sees nothing in it!" Doctor Gregory's voice shook.

"Ignored it! why it is the most extraordinary fragment I ever saw," said Fred heartily.

"It is, Fred, it is! You are a good lad, Fred!"

"Will you intercede for us with my father, sir?" Fred resumed, letting his eyeglass drop, and looking at Doctor Gregory with a new wistfulness. "It is my last chance of winning his consent. If you will not, I must go to Australia."

"Don't do that, Fred, don't do that. I'll think over it. I'll let you know."

When Fred had gone, Doctor Gregory sat doing nothing. The enchanted past was about him. The air was full of its whispered "might have beens." Why had he never married? Why had he never cared for a woman as he had cared for this one? A restlessness came over the old man. He had never been able to bring himself to visit the place where she had been; he had avoided it in his thoughts. But now a spell seemed to be drawing him to Manilhurst. Still he shrank from the idea of encountering its golden memories. Then a sudden and wild resolution came over him to go and face these haunting and heart-breaking associations; to go and see the girl who exercised over Fred the fascination that her mother had exercised over him.

The next afternoon Doctor Gregory was strolling in the old-world streets of Manilhurst. The haunted feeling he had dreaded was over him, it filled him with a mournful ecstasy that was almost akin to joy. He had expected to find everything greatly changed; everything was exactly as he had left it. The very shadows of the trees in the High Street seemed the same. He remembered how several times she had walked down that street by his side; he almost fancied he could feel the draperies of her skirt brushing against his feet. He entered the church; he found the place where she used to sit. He paused before the great colored window behind the altar; he remembered how they had stood and looked at it together.

She filled the place; it was alive with her presence. It was the most thrillingly alive place he had visited since he left it twenty-five years ago.

He went to the Vicarage, the sun was shining on the lattice window that was hers; he turned away, he could not enter the house yet. Later on he returned, and summoned up courage to knock. Every one, the servant said, was out, except Miss Ancelot. Doctor Gregory sent up his card, and was shown up into the drawing-room. The furniture was not the same he remembered, but there was the bow-window where he and she had often sat together. As he stood dreamily looking around him, the door opened, and a tall, slight girl, dressed in black, entered. Doctor Gregory stared; she was exactly like her mother, she had the same charming eyes, penetrating, yet caressing.

"Perhaps you do not know my name. I was a friend of your mother," he said, with the bluntness of desperation, his heart was beating like a drum.

"Yes, my mother has spoken to me of you, Doctor Gregory, and I am glad to meet you," she replied, holding out her hand.

He took it. "I hope she spoke kindly of me," he said breathlessly, scarcely knowing what he said.

She smiled, but did not answer. It was her mother's entrancing smile, giving to her face the effect of being passingly seen in sunlight.

He moved away. When he turned, she was looking at him with that searching, sympathetic glance.

"You are very like her," he said.

She shook her head. "She was the most beautiful being, and the best. She was an angel."

"No, she was a woman!" he said.

They looked at each other, and he knew that she understood.

They sat down and they talked of her mother. He gathered from what she said that which he had guessed before, that the marriage had not been a happy one. As he watched her, Doctor Gregory recognized that the daughter was not so beautiful as the mother, but she had the same picturesqueness, and her countenance had more determination. He noted also that the expression of the mobile face when at rest was sad. He mentioned Fred's name. Miss Ancelot became very reserved, and he was sure that she grew a little pale.

"Will you not look upon me as an old friend, my dear," he said with a pathetic, flurried smile. "I am a pre-historic

friend; I hope I may speak frankly to you. Are you not engaged?"

"If Fred mentioned our engagement, it was premature," she replied distantly, with a blush.

"Fred is my godson," explained Doctor Gregory with anxious insistence; "it was natural that he should speak to me of what was all important to him."

Still Amy repeated her expression of regret that the engagement had been mentioned.

"There is an obstacle, a great obstacle, my dear," said the old man slowly, putting his hand on hers. "If anything should make you think of parting with Fred, hesitate. In a manner such partings finish a life. I was parted from your mother."

She rested her bright, pitying eyes upon him for a moment, then all her reserve melted.

"I would not part with Fred if I could help it," she said, with a flush and a pallor. "His father has written to me, he disapproves of the engagement. He writes with terrible directness; I cannot express how deeply I am wounded at the tenor of his letter. The large family of daughters he has by his second marriage makes it imperative that Fred should, as shortly as possible, be independent of his help. He is right in saying that with his son's expensive habits a penniless wife would be an inconceivable hindrance to his career. For Fred's sake I must break off this engagement. I must leave this place."

"Don't let it be a break off. Whatever you do, don't let it be a break off," pleaded Doctor Gregory.

"Put yourself in my position," answered the girl, with energy. "What can I do? I cannot, in the face of his father's opposition, keep on this engagement. I have heard of a situation as travelling companion. I shall take it. I must leave Manihurst. If I did not leave, Fred would never consent to abstain from seeing me."

Dr. Gregory sat in perplexed silence. Loyalty to the friend with whom he had quarrelled kept him dumb; then he said, as with effort, "If Fred would not consent under the circumstances to submit to the honorable necessity of not calling upon you, I admit you had better leave this place."

"I know that he would not; and I too," continued Miss Ancelot, with a quaver in her voice, "confess I am guilty of weakness, perhaps even of doing something very wrong. I am giving Fred a final meeting. I wrote to him that he might

come to-day. I think that I hear his step."

She rose and went to the window. Fred's voice sounded outside. "I will not embarrass this meeting," said the old man, rising, "but, I entreat of you, do not let your decision be final. His father may change if circumstances should change."

He took her hand, and held it with a tender and lingering clasp. He felt his eyes grow moist; he turned and left the room softly, closing the door after him.

On the stairs he met Fred, looking pale and anxious. "Take courage, lad. Let my fate be a warning to you. Do not lose heart," he whispered.

When Fred entered the room he could not at first see Amy. Then she stepped from behind the curtain and confronted him in helpless silence for a moment. He put out both hands, and she took them readily. He was about to draw her nearer to him, but she moved away.

"I have something to say, Fred. You will think me cruel, but it is for the best." She spoke with the hoarse note of emotion in her voice.

"What is for the best?" he asked shortly.

"We must break off our engagement," she panted. "Ah!" she went on, in a supplicating tone, "your father is right. He has written to me. I know a penniless wife would be a millstone hung about your neck."

"I refuse to release you," said Fred harshly.

"You cannot act for yourself in this matter. I must act for you, Fred." Her voice was husky. "We must part, dear Fred. We should never be happy with the shadow of his disapproval between us."

"I should be happy with you whoever disapproved," the young man replied, pale to the lips. Then, with a sudden rage of jealousy, "This is not the reason that you part from me," he cried. "Chisholme is in love with you. I know it. You have walked out twice with him."

"If you think this, so be it," she replied, with a flush. "Let us part."

"No, no, no!" he cried, with a burst of despair.

"Fred," she said gently, "let us trust each other. We may not see each other, but if obstacles can be overcome, we shall overcome them by our constancy."

"I cannot live without seeing you," he cried.

She shook her head without speaking.

He looked at her. Something in the expression of her face chilled his heart. He threw himself down on the sofa, hid his face in the cushions and sobbed. Amy went to him, laid her hand softly on his head. "Your friend, Doctor Gregory, had an intense love for my mother. He loves her still. Let us be like him, Fred, faithful, though apart." With a word and a gentle caress she was gone.

Fred rose; he felt giddy. He wanted to get out into the air. Pulling his hat down over his brows, he strode out into the country. The evening deepened into night, still he tramped on, not caring where he went. When at last he stopped walking through sheer fatigue, the dawn was breaking through the sky. He found that he had retraced his steps, and that he was just outside the Vicarage garden. The steadfastness of the pale stars still keeping their watch, the amity of the morning, sank into his heart and spoke to him of patience. He remained leaning against the low wall, gazing up at her window. The village folk early astir looked curiously at him. He went swiftly to the station and caught the first train up to London. A few hours later he was in Doctor Gregory's study.

The old man looked anxiously at him. "Well?" he asked.

"Our engagement is broken off," said Fred, in a voice that had lost all its hopefulness.

"What! are you mad?" cried the old man, with a burst of anger. "Do you mean to say that you took the girl at her word? You have allowed your engagement to be broken off finally?"

"It was her wish," answered Fred.

"Her wish," repeated Doctor Gregory, with a gesture of despair. "But don't you see what you have done? The girl loves you. Her pride is wounded, and you have allowed a decision, taken in a moment of just resentment, to influence your two lives. You have simply thrown away your chance of happiness—your single chance."

"I know it," replied Fred, with a groan.

"What could I do?"

"What could you do?" echoed Doctor Gregory. "You should have agreed to part from her for a time, but you should have made her understand that you held the engagement between you as indissoluble. Fool! to have thrown away the peerless chance of happiness that comes but once to a man in his life!" The doctor walked restlessly about the room, muttering, "The girl's resolution to re-

main faithful will grow chill and cold. She will lose her trust in you." Then, pausing in front of Fred, "Go to her at once," he cried.

"Go to her," repeated Fred breathlessly. "Do you really advise me to go to her when she has herself sundered the tie between us?"

"Yes, go to her, go to her at once. Tell her you are ready for a while to hold no communication with her during a period of ordeal. Be ready to keep loyally to that promise, but let there be no breaking off between you."

"Be sure that you are advising me right," said Fred; "for what you counsel I will do."

"Go," repeated Doctor Gregory.

Fred caught the midday express. As the train sped along, his hopes, fears, aspirations raced more quickly yet. Would the train never reach the goal where there awaited him the sight of the girl he loved? At Manilhurst he madly tore down the road that led to the Vicarage. He pulled furiously at the bell. "Miss Ancelot," he said, as the door opened.

"Miss Ancelot is gone, sir. She left an hour ago," the servant replied.

"Gone!" The shock staggered Fred. "Where is she gone?" he asked.

"We do not know, sir; she left no address with us. The vicar is at home. Would you like to see him?"

Fred was shown into the study. The vicar received him with suave coldness. He confirmed the servant's report. Miss Ancelot had left an hour ago. He was not at liberty to tell where she had gone. He had given his word not to divulge her secret. No entreaties or remonstrances of Fred could persuade the reverend gentleman to throw any light on Miss Ancelot's movements. It was her intention, he understood, to leave England shortly. In conclusion, the vicar exhorted the young man to submit to his father's wishes, and to respect Miss Ancelot's desire to be forgotten. His manner brought an added bitterness to Fred's heart. Towards midnight Dr. Gregory received another visit from Fred.

"She is gone! For God's sake can you tell me where she is?" the young man cried incoherently.

"I can tell you nothing of her," said Doctor Gregory, looking away.

"It cannot be simply because of my father's disapproval that she has left me. I don't believe it," cried Fred.

"Hush! Do not cast a slur upon her," said Doctor Gregory sternly. "Be brave,

be firm!" he continued, as the young fellow turned away. "Fred, she has done this for your sake, do not let her have to despise you."

"I shall leave England at once; there is nothing to detain me," said Fred, with a heart-sick groan.

The doctor went to him and laid a hand upon his arm. "Decide nothing for the present; the mystery may clear up, Fred. I am setting off on a journey. Promise to take no important step until I return."

"For the sake of our old friendship," Doctor Gregory pleaded, as Fred did not answer, "promise not to leave England until I return, or, at any rate, until the end of the year."

"I promise, if you wish it," said Fred, walking blindly about the room.

During the weeks that followed Fred's life was one continued effort, first to find her, then to forget her. In both objects he signally failed. Sometimes he thought that the breaking off of his engagement was an illusion—a wild trick of his brain. Sometimes a shapeless torment of jealousy seized him. Temptations to drown his sorrow in forgetfulness beset him, but always the sainted thought of his love restrained him as he hovered on the brink of moral ruin. Once he called on the vicar, but the reverend gentleman had not heard from Miss Ancelot, and had lost all clue to her whereabouts. He wrote to his father, but received no answer. From Doctor Gregory there came no sign. All enjoyment died out of Fred's life. He avoided his friends. Then once more the longing to leave England seized him, to get away from all that reminded him of her. He remembered his promise to wait till the end of the year; but he took his passage for Brisbane on a ship sailing on the first of January.

Christmas was passed, and the last week of the old year was a few days old when he received a note from Doctor Gregory, announcing his return, and asking Fred to come up that evening to have a talk. There was not a word of Miss Ancelot in the note.

"Talk! we have had enough talk and to spare," thought poor Fred dejectedly. At the appointed hour, however, he made his way to the doctor's house, and entered the study unannounced. On the threshold he paused. Doctor Gregory had another guest. Fred recognized his father, standing with his back to the fire.

"Well, how are you, sir?" said Sir William Fay, without stretching out his hand to his son. An expression of pity

softened the sternness of his glance. Fred looked pale and haggard.

Doctor Gregory shook hands with him with radiant fussiness. "You see my old friend and I have made it up," he exclaimed, patting Sir William Fay on the shoulder. The doctor struck Fred as altered; he appeared worn and thin. As Fred glanced from one to the other a wild hope seized him. It fell under the chilliness of his father's glance.

"I have heard bad reports of you, sir, of the neglect of your work, of your wildness. Take care, you may presume too much on being my only son," said Sir William.

"I shall presume on it no more, sir. I am going out of England in a few days."

"You are going to the dogs, sir, that is where you are going," growled Sir William, deliberately surveying his son through his spectacles.

"Going to the dogs!" repeated Fred bitterly. "I would have gone there sure enough, but for the thought of the girl from whom you parted me."

"Pshaw! she left you of her own free will. She wrote a most sensible letter, sir, an admirable letter. She saw the force of my decision. Forget her as she has forgotten you."

"She has not forgotten me!" cried Fred, with energy. "It was her love which impelled her to leave me. She would not drag me down by poverty."

A thousand doubts had rent his heart during those terrible weeks, now they lay dead at his feet, as he proclaimed Amy's truth.

"Go in there, sir," commanded Sir William in scathing tones, pointing to the door of another room, "and judge for yourself if she has not forgotten you."

"Yes, yes, judge for yourself," repeated Doctor Gregory, opening the door and pushing Fred inside.

He saw her standing there. She looked appealingly towards him.

"What does it mean?" gasped Fred, putting his hand to his forehead.

"It means," Amy said brokenly, "that if you wish it still, Fred, if you wish it, we can be married."

"If I wish it!" he repeated, and he caught her in his arms.

"Doctor Gregory has done it all! That dear man, for love of my mother, has done it all," she said, as soon as she could speak. "He journeyed all the way to that place in Asia Minor to see your father, to plead with him for us. He fell ill, he nearly died on the way, but he won his consent

to our marriage. And oh, Fred, he has adopted me! He has taken me to be his daughter. I am to come to you no longer as a dowerless bride. I shall not hang like a millstone round your neck."

What Fred replied it is needless here to record.

"Well! has she or has she not forgotten you?" inquired Sir William Fay, thrusting his head in through the door. His genial voice was a contrast to the surliness of his former tone.

Walking in, he stretched out his hand. "Come, lad, forgive me," he said. "I did not know you could care for anything so much. Somehow, I thought of you as a fop only, Fred."

"To a fop I would not give the girl I love dearly, for her own sake, more dearly yet for that of another!" said Doctor Gregory in a moved voice. He had entered the room behind his friend. Taking Amy's hand he put it into that of Fred.

Later on, during the evening, Sir William Fay, standing with his back to the fire, suddenly exclaimed: "Gregory, that is a most remarkable fragment, most remarkable! Where did you pick it up?"

"That is the fragment we quarrelled about," replied Doctor Gregory.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Sir William, examining the stone more closely with his short-sighted gaze. "Where were my eyes? A most remarkable fragment, of undoubted and great antiquity, I should say a fragment almost unique of its kind."

"I knew it, I knew you would think so, Fay, if you would examine it," Doctor Gregory said, tears standing in his eyes, as he shook hands with his friend.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### SKETCHES FROM EASTERN TRAVEL.

##### VI.

#### THREE DAYS' EXPEDITIONS TO MIZPEH, BETHLEHEM, AND HEBRON.

ONE of the most satisfactory points about Palestine travelling is the absence of carriage roads, which, even about Jerusalem, are so few that most expeditions must be made on horseback, whereby one is enabled to become far more thoroughly acquainted with the country than is possible while one is boxed up in a thing on wheels. Three days spent thus in the open among the Judean hills will be ever memorable to our friends the travellers. One of these is spent in an expedition to

the highest point among the hills about Jerusalem, and the most conspicuous feature in the surrounding scenery. This height, 3,006 feet above the sea-level, is now called Neby Samwil, but is believed to be the site of the ancient Mizpeh of Benjamin, which, if indeed situated in this exalted position, well deserved its name of "the Watch-tower."

The progress thither—of about eight miles in a north-westerly direction—is one of the roughest, rockiest, most break-neck rides that our friends have ever experienced. It is sad to see the desolation of those stony hillsides once carefully cultivated in terraces, which in many places still remain. The incident of the ride which most interests the English travellers is the sight of a long-robed shepherd wearing an outer cloak of brown goat's-hair material. He is walking along a rocky track on the hillside, and is followed by his flock of dark-brown sheep and goats.

"One can hardly understand," says Philippa, "that familiar imagery about sheep and shepherding until one has seen an Eastern shepherd leading his sheep over these difficult mountain-paths; and that figure of separating the sheep from the goats becomes far more significant when one has seen these Oriental flocks, in which, at a little distance, the two are quite indistinguishable."

The shepherd is a little distance now in advance of his flock, and, turning back, calls to them to follow. And "the sheep know his voice," it seems, for his shout is immediately followed by a bleating response.

After some two hours of slow riding, or rather climbing, over rocky hills, the travellers approach Mizpeh, which, as early as the sixth century, was erroneously identified with Ramah or Ramathaim-Zophim, the place of the birth, home, and death of Samuel, whose name is preserved in the modern Neby Samwil. Before ascending the steep hill they visit a rock-hewn cistern with a spring, supposed by some to be the pool of Gibeon whereat Abner and Joab met of old, and Abner proposed a game between their respective followers, which same game being played after a very earnest fashion, "the battle was very sore that day, and Abner was beaten, and the men of Israel, before the servants of David."

At last the horses heroically brave the final ascent, and our travellers reach the summit, where they visit the little mosque, once a Crusaders' church, which marks the traditional though not actual tomb

of Samuel. Ascending the minaret, they attain at last to the chief object of their visit, one of the most notable views in all the Holy Land. To describe it were almost to enumerate all places of interest in central Palestine. All around, the rocky hillsides are crowned with villages long familiar by their ancient names. Northward lie Gibeon, Gederah, and Beeroth; to the north-east is Geba, and near it that Ramah of Benjamin where it seems that the captives assembled in Nebuchadnezzar's time, when setting out on their sad journey to Babylon, — wherefore Jeremiah speaks of Rachel, the ancestress of the tribe of Benjamin, as weeping there over her unhappy children: "A voice is heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping, Rachel weeping for her children; she refuseth to be comforted for her children, because they are not." Almost at their feet to the eastward lies the ancient Hazor, while far away across the valley of the Jordan (which, from its great depth, is invisible) rise the mountains of Moab and Gilead. South-eastward lies Jerusalem, with her surrounding hills. Farther south is the Frank Mountain, the site of Herod the Great's city of Herodia, and also, saith tradition, of a gallant resistance of the Crusaders, who, if we are to believe it, held this position (without water, apparently) for forty years after Jerusalem was lost. Southward, too, still called Beit Lahm, is Bethlehem Ephratah, just within the territory of Judah, but close to the border of Benjamin, and so near to Rachel's tomb that she might well be represented as weeping over the SS. Innocents' death. But the most beautiful view of all is that to the north-west, where, far away and far, far below, is spread, as softly blue as the sunlit sea beyond, the expanse of the rich plain of Sharon, over which the eye wanders on, past Ramleh and Lydda, away and away to Joppa and the sea; while far to the northward some say they can even descry the faint blue outline of "Carmel by the sea." And half the points of interest have not been so much as mentioned. It is a view to be seen, not described! As soon as our friends can tear themselves away from it, they descend to sit in the shade of the mosque and eat their picnic luncheon. Whereupon they begin gradually to realize in what manner of place they are. They think no more of the mosque and that rubbishy little village of which barely a dozen houses are inhabited, but rather of the ancient Mizpeh of the time of the Judges, the central meeting-place of all

Israel. One by one those great assemblies rise up in the imagination, but most vivid of all is that solemn meeting when Israel had said, "Set a king over us," and the lot fell on Saul the son of Kish; but he, who in those days was "little in his own sight," "had hid himself among the stuff," and had to be fetched thence to be introduced to his subjects.

It will readily be believed that the travellers have not been long at Jerusalem before they devote a day to the Christian town of Bethlehem, about six miles to the south of the city. Accompanied by the sister, they ride forth one morning, skirt the north wall of Jerusalem till they reach the western angle, and then turn southward. The valley of Hinnom is soon left behind, and they enter that of Rephaim, riding just on the border between Benjamin and Judah.

It is not long before the travellers reach the Well of the Wise Men, an ancient, rock-hewn well by the roadside. The sister, being appealed to for an explanation of the name tells a curious old tradition. "The wise men," she says, "when they came forth from Jerusalem, saw not the star that had guided them heretofore; and being greatly in doubt concerning the way, they wandered along this road till they came to the well, and there they sat them down and wist not what to do. But as they looked down into the water, [they beheld the star reflected therein; and when they looked upward, behold it led them on as aforetime. 'And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.'"

Farther on is seen on the left of the road what is called by Christian folk the Field of Pease. The sister is again appealed to for an explanation, and once more delights her friends with a little of her legendary lore. "Once on a time," says she, "the Blessed Virgin with her Child in her arms, was walking in that field, and seeing the owner thereof sowing pease, she said gently, 'We are very hungry; pray thee give us some of thy pease to eat.' 'I have no pease,' answered the man roughly. 'These are but stones — thou canst not have them.' Then the Virgin bowed her head and said meekly, 'So be it.' And lo! when the pease sprang up, they bore stones instead of fruit. And to this day may be seen, in that same field, small round stones resembling pease."

The next object of interest is Rachel's tomb, where our friends dismount to rest.

The present building is not ancient, having been erected by the Moslems; but as to the identity of the site, Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans are all agreed. And the place of it agrees with the notice in Genesis: "And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath (the same is Bethlehem)." Accordingly, Bethlehem is full in view, hardly a mile away. The travellers are interested to find, close to the tomb, an ancient well, which perhaps may have been what induced Jacob to pitch his tent in this place.

Remounting their horses, our friends go on their way, and at last approach the "city of David." Perched high on its rocky ridge, the village may well look nearly the same now as in the old days of Ruth and her great-grandson David. But Ruth and David are forgotten by all who enter Bethlehem for the first time, even as they were forgotten by the pious Paula, who, when visiting the place with St. Jerome, said,\* with mingled tears and joy, "Hail Bethlehem, House of Bread! where was born the true Bread which came down from heaven. Hail, Ephrata, the Fertile, whose fruit is God!"

Our travellers visit first the Well of David, of which it is believed that David spoke when, the garrison of the Philistines being then in Bethlehem, "David longed and said: Oh that one would give me water to drink of the well of Bethlehem, that is by the gate! And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David." And David, with that fine perception (doubly wonderful in those days), from which alone we might have known him to be a poet, saw that the water obtained at such cost of peril was too precious an offering for any but the highest use, — "and he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord."

They then make their way to the huge mass of buildings, which consists of the Church of the Nativity and three convents, Latin, Greek, and Armenian. The church, the oldest in the world, was builded by St. Helena in the year 327. The nave and aisles of the present church are the only part that dates from that time. This portion belongs alike to the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, and is left by all bare and unadorned. Its four ranges of monolithic limestone columns, of the Corinthian

order, must have come from some older classic building, and may even once have formed part of the porches of Herod's temple. The present roof of this ancient church is of English oak, an offering made by Edward IV.

Passing through the nave, the travellers reach the choir, which belongs partly to the Greeks, partly to the Armenians; and thence descending into the crypt, find themselves in the grotto, which, ever since the second century, has been revered as the birthplace of our Lord. There is, of course, nothing remarkable (especially in the East) in the fact that the cave may have been used as a stable (the sister herself has a Bethlehem friend who keeps a donkey in one of the limestone grottos of the place), and in any case so old a tradition is not to be lightly dismissed. This Chapel of the Nativity is thirteen and one-half yards long, four yards wide, and ten feet high. At the east end, in a recess under an altar, there has been let into the pavement a silver star (symbolizing the Star of the Magi), and round it is the inscription "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." Opposite this recess is another, in which it is said that St. Helena found the manger (now in Rome) in which the Holy Child was laid. This has been replaced by a marble copy. The whole of the cave is hung with rich silks; though here and there a space is left, that the original wall of the grotto may be seen. There are few (let us hope) who will not sympathize with the loving care expended on the beautifying of this sacred place; and though all this adornment is maybe not in accordance with our severe English taste, yet we must endeavor to pity and make allowance for such folk as are not English, poor things — the wise men, for instance, who once brought very costly offerings to a very humble place.

Our friends visit the adjoining Chapel of the Magi, which rather unfortunately perpetuates the belief that it was to the Grotto of the Nativity that they came (whereas St. Matthew distinctly speaks of "the house," and the Holy Family would probably have moved from the stable long before their visit). Northward a subterranean passage leads to the Chapels of St. Joseph and the Holy Innocents, and thence to the grotto where St. Jerome lived with great austerity and labored with great diligence for thirty-five years, and whence he sent forth the Vulgate translation, as well as many other literary works. Hard by are the tombs of St. Jerome and his two pious and learned friends, Paula and her

\* From the Life of St. Jerome. By the Rev. E. L. Cutts, D.D. (S.P.C.K.)

daughter Eustochium. Leaving the subterranean grottos, the travellers ascend to the Latin Church of St. Catherine, which is chiefly modern. Before leaving the church they ascend the tower, and gain a beautiful view of the surrounding country.

They next visit a grotto wherein the Holy Family is said to have rested when setting forth to Egypt, after which they ride to the Grotto of the Shepherds some little distance east of the town. From this cave it is said that the shepherds were watching their flocks when the angel brought them the good news of the Nativity. Near it has been enclosed a field (traditionally called the Field of Boaz) in which it is believed that Ruth once gleaned among the corn. This is the last site visited by our friends, who conclude the day by a pleasant ride back to Jerusalem in the glow of the setting sun.

One more day shall be briefly described, — that devoted to an expedition to Hebron, a visit made by our friends nearly at the end of their stay in Jerusalem. Hebron, originally called Kiriath-Arba, is in the territory of Judah, about twenty miles to the south-west of Jerusalem. The travellers again follow the road, which for some distance lies on the border between Benjamin and Judah, pass Rachel's tomb, and, leaving Bethlehem on the left, continue their way through the hill-country till they reach the Burak, those famous reservoirs known as Solomon's Pools. There are three of them, massive structures built one below the other, so that the water flows from the first down into the second and thence into the third. The lowest, which is the finest of the three, is one hundred and ninety-four yards long, sixty-nine yards in greatest breadth, and in some places forty-eight feet deep. They are connected with Jerusalem by an aqueduct, which, like the pools, is of great antiquity. The origin of these works is uncertain, but they are with probability attributed to Solomon, who is supposed to allude to them in the words: "I made me pools of water, to water therefrom the forest that bringeth forth trees."

Continuing their journey, the travellers reach at length their destination, the town of El Khalil, the ancient Hebron. It stands in the Valley of Eshcol, whence that famous cluster of grapes was carried off by Joshua and the rest of the spies, and where the vine is still cultivated and grows better than elsewhere in Palestine.

The travellers go first to a large stone

building which calls itself a hotel, remarkable for its Oriental absence of furniture. Here they ask for a room in which to eat their luncheon, a request which is readily granted by the landlord, aged sixteen, a Jewish lad of quite abnormal intelligence. He is fully capable of managing the establishment, and is in all things to be relied on, though, if you take him at unawares, you may perhaps find him, with a few select friends, engaged in a bolstering match. He undertakes to show his visitors the sights of Hebron, and they presently set forth under his guidance. On their way to visit Abraham's oak, they make a short cut through a vineyard where they have an opportunity of examining an Eastern wine-press, a rectangular trough hewn in the rock. In it some rain-water has collected, wherein float the skins of last year's grapes. This wine-press is a small specimen, and there is only room for two treaders to work at once. Not far off is the little watch-tower in which, when the grapes are ripening, the owner takes up his abode with his household, that a sharp lookout may be kept against prospective thieves. Our friends will now find more intelligible those words of the parable: "There was a certain householder which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a wine-press in it, and *built a tower.*"

Abraham's oak (supposed to stand on the site of that under which Abraham spread his tent and entertained angels) is a venerable old terebinth, and is, moreover, the last representative of the ancient oaks of Mamre. Having admired the hoary giant, our friends climb the neighboring height to the Greek hospice, from the roof of which they look at the same view as that seen by Abraham when, from this or one of the surrounding heights, "he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and lo, the smoke of the land went up as the smoke of a furnace."

The most interesting object in Hebron is that building to which our travellers now repair, and which, beyond all manner of doubt, covers that cave of Machpelah which Abraham bought of Ephron the Hittite (that thoroughly Oriental bargainer, with his speeches of boundless politeness and his eye to the main chance), the sepulchre of Sarah, Abraham, Isaac, Rebecca, and Leah, and wherein no doubt still reposes the mummy of Jacob. It is now in the hands of the Mohammedans, who iniquitously exclude therefrom not only Christians but Jews also. All that our

travellers are allowed to do (and that probably not without some uncompromising Arabic curses) is to advance near enough to the entrance to enable them to put their hands through a hole in the masonry, and feel the rock of the cave. This is an interesting ceremony, and, moreover, if you are very fortunate, you may chance to find, by feeling for it, a Hebrew letter to Father Abraham, written by one of his present descendants, and posted to him through this hole in the wall. Only, pray, be sure to replace it carefully.

Somewhat disconsolately the travellers wander round this outer wall, which is ancient Jewish handiwork, and contains huge stones with drafted edges, from twelve to thirty-eight feet long. Then, having explored the narrow lanes of the town and seen something of the primitive manufacture of glass ornaments (apparently the chief industry of modern Hebron), they set forth on their return journey.

This is the last expedition made by our friends from Jerusalem. Their departure on the camping journey has been fixed for Easter Monday, and already Cæsar is busily employed in engaging men, horses, and mules to accompany them. At the father's suggestion, the little company includes Yuseph, who, whenever in the streets of Jerusalem he meets any of our travellers, beams with unspeakable delight. Indeed, as Philippa observes, the father now finds himself "at the head of a tribe," and cannot appear at the hotel door but he is immediately pounced upon by half-a-dozen mighty Syrians, who insist on helping him to mount his steed, protesting that they are "all his servants." All the arrangements are made and all expenses defrayed by the experienced Cæsar, who bids fair, in the organization of his little army, to rival the genius of his namesake the illustrious Gaius. A contract is drawn up by which he undertakes to conduct the seven travellers through the country, feed them, and supply them with every possible comfort, for the sum of £7 per day, which includes all expenses whatsoever. Finally the contract is signed, and the day of departure approaches.

## VII.

### A DAY'S JOURNEY FROM JERUSALEM.

It is the morning of Easter Monday. Preliminaries are over, and at about ten o'clock our travellers leave Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate, and set forth on their jour-

ney through the country. Their first halt is at the so-called Tombs of the Kings, an elaborate rock-hewn mausoleum on the southern bank of the Valley of the Kidron. These tombs were at one time supposed to be those of the kings of Judah, and M. de Saulcy even pointed out the very slab which formed the cover of David's sarcophagus; but, alas! this slab has since been proved to date from a time more modern than that of Constantine. The mausoleum has now been identified as that of Queen Helena, a Proselyte of the Gate in the first century of our era. She was the widow of Monobazus, king of the Assyrian province of Adiabene, and lived at Jerusalem. During the famine in the reign of Claudius (that same famine predicted by Agabus in Acts xi. 28) she showed great liberality in relieving the sufferings of the poorer Jews. Her tomb (which she caused to be prepared during her lifetime) is mentioned by Josephus, Pausanias, Eusebius, and Father Hierome, and the details given by those writers agree with the situation of these Tombs of the Kings.

Our friends explore with candles the rock-hewn chambers and passages; but what interests them most is the "rolling stone" which closes the entrance to the tombs. It is a flat circular slab of considerable thickness and great weight, working in a groove cut in the rock. As this groove is inclined upward from the opening, it would require great force to roll the stone aside so as to effect an entrance. The slab is exactly and smoothly cut, fitting nicely into its place, so that it could easily be secured by a seal to the rock of the actual entrance. Such a stone may well have covered the opening of that other rock-hewn tomb, and a sight of it gives a natural and intelligible meaning to the question: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"

Leaving the tombs, our friends ascend Mount Scopus by the old Damascus road (which is no road now, only a rocky mountain-track), treading in some places the ancient Roman pavement (now rough and dilapidated) once passed over by St. Paul on his memorable journey.

"I suppose he, too, went to Damascus on horseback," says Sebaste doubtfully.

"How else could he have gone?" says Sophia. "Can you not imagine the clatter of his horse's hoofs as he galloped over these very paving-stones? I am sure he went at the top of his speed on that occasion; and 'those that were with him' (*i.e.* his muleteers with the baggage) had to keep up as best they might."

"Our last sight of Jerusalem!" exclaims the sister presently; and all the riders stop and turn to gaze down for the last time on the Holy City, which they may never see again. What is the last view for them is the first for such pilgrims as approach Jerusalem from the north, and they have memorialized it by the erection of sundry little pillars built up of loose stones, not unlike those used for landmarks\* between the slips of land belonging to different owners.

"It is an old Fellahin custom," says the sister, "to erect memorial pillars; and I suppose Jacob's pillar at Bethel was much like these, except that it consisted of a single stone."

Onward once more fare the travellers, and presently Cæsar the dragoman points to a village perched high on a hill. "That, ladies," says he, "is Gibeah of Saul."

"It deserves its name of Gibeah," says Sophia, the Hebrew scholar. "It is unmistakably a city on a hill."

"Go on, Sophia," says Sebaste; "it is a well-known fact that you have by heart the whole of that voluminous 'Treasury of Bible Knowledge' which you packed up in your bag this morning (I pity the mule who carries it!), so you must hold forth, please."

"I don't remember much about that town, though," says Sophia, "except that, before Saul's time, it is called Gibeah of Benjamin. It was here that there was that terrible massacre of the tribe of Benjamin in the time of the Judges; and in the account of it, the warriors living in Gibeah are said to be 'seven hundred chosen men.' Saul lived there, and Jonathan once held it with one thousand men against the Philistines."

"Well done!" says the sister; "you are an inexhaustible fund of information. Now there, on that other hill, are the ruins of the ancient Nob. Some one must really tell us what happened *there*."

Philippa suggests that the Tabernacle was there in Saul's days, and that it was at this place that David ate the shewbread, and obtained from Ahimelech the priest the sword of Goliath.

All this time Neby Samwil, the Mizpeh of Samuel's days, is full in view on its lofty summit some distance to the west.

With so many places of interest to see and discuss, the morning flies away, and the wanderers find themselves at the khan of the village of Bîreh, which Cæsar says

is a suitable place for the midday rest. Here he sets forth for their delectation a charming repast, which they eat seated on rugs on the stone terrace in the shade of the building.

"This is the ancient Beeroth," says Cæsar, and every one turns to Sophia for further information. Whereupon she draws out of her satchel a small Bible, finds the ninth chapter of Joshua, and reads aloud the story of the Hivite cities — Gibeon and Chephirah, and Kiriath-jearim, and this same Beeroth — how the people "did work wilily" that they might make a treaty with Joshua, and escape the impending destruction; how they "went and made as if they had been ambassadors, and took old sacks upon their asses, and wine-skins, old and rent and bound up; and old shoes and clouted upon their feet, and old garments upon them; and all the bread of their provision was dry, and was become mouldy. And they went to Joshua unto the camp at Gilgal, and said unto him, and to the men of Israel, We are come from a far country; now therefore make ye a covenant with us," — and how eventually "Joshua made them that day hewers of wood and drawers of water for the congregation, and for the altar of the Lord."

"There is a further interest about this place," says the sister, "for there is a tradition that it was here that the Holy Child was missed by his parents as they were returning from the feast. You know, even now, travellers often rest here the first night after leaving Jerusalem. I suppose, too, that the khan of those days where the travellers would probably rest would be likely to stand on the same site as this present one. But now we must go and explore that beautiful ruin, which is a Gothic church dating from the days of the Crusaders, and built by the Knights Templars."

On the way to the ruin, the travellers are followed by six or seven pretty little girls, dark-eyed, and with bright, glowing faces, who hover about them in timid wonder and curiosity, like so many shy little birds. Their tiny bare feet trip lightly over the rough stones, and they dart about with wonderful grace and activity, sometimes venturing to stretch out a gentle little hand and wonderingly touch the marvellous and outlandish dress of one or other of the ladies. As for their own dresses, they are old and worn, but bright-colored still, and a thousand times more picturesque and graceful than any European garb.

\* "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark" must have been a much-needed law when that landmark consisted merely of a few loose stones.

"Oh look, Miss Philippa," says Elizabeth, "at this child's headdress!" And putting aside the little girl's veil, she brings to light a roll of large silver coins threaded close together and bound round the head, closely surrounding the little forehead, and forming a very becoming ornament. This is the little maiden's dowry, and the whole of her pecuniary property.

While the horses are being saddled for the afternoon's ride, some of the sisters amuse themselves by watching a group of women (probably the mothers of those merry little girls) who are engaged in washing clothes near the wall of the khan. "How handsome they are," says Irene, "with their dark, bright eyes and rich, glowing color, and how gracefully they group themselves round the water-trough!"

"And how picturesque their bright dresses are!" says Sebaste. "There must surely be something radically wrong about the European mind which makes us all dress so hideously."

"Mount, ladies!" sings out the cheerful voice of the Cæsar, and the cavalcade is soon again on the move. About an hour's march brings the travellers to Beitin, the ancient Bethel, now in ruins, among which appears the little village of modern Arab huts. Irene, who has been studying the guide-book in her palanquin, calls every one's attention to the remains of an ancient reservoir, in the bottom of which, now covered with grass, rise two springs, at which, says Irene, Abraham's cattle used to drink when he had pitched his tent at Bethel, and from which Sarah's maidens used to draw water, as do the Arabesses at the present day.

"I wonder where is the exact spot on which Jacob slept," says Philippa. "Some of those stones on the hillside are really just the right shape for pillows. And I wonder where was the oak under which they buried Deborah, Rachel's nurse; and whether there is anything left of Jereboam's temple, where the man of God from Judah cried against the idolatrous altar; and where is the site of that old prophet's house 'who dwelt in Bethel,' and deceived him to his destruction?"

"And I wonder," chimes in Sophia, "what the town looked like when Elijah and Elisha passed through it on that memorable day of Elijah's departure. But we must stay here for days if we wish to remember half the familiar incidents which happened at Bethel."

"And I am afraid we must really push

on," says the sister, "if we are to reach Turmus Aya to-night."

So onward moves the procession, climbing along rocky hillsides where the great boulders often seem to preclude all possibility of getting the horses past.

"But I believe," says the father, "that these Syrian steeds would think nothing of walking up the dome of St. Paul's, if you set them at it!"

"This is the Valley of Figs, sir," says Cæsar, as the path descends into a deep hollow between the hills.

"The name is appropriate," says Philippa. "How beautiful the fig-trees look in all the glory of their spring greenery, planted all over the hillsides on terraces, and lit up by the westering sun!"

"Yes," says the sister; "we shall have sunshine every day now, for 'summer is now nigh at hand,' to judge from the fig-tree."

So they ride on through the hill-country, on the border between Ephraim and Benjamin, always intensely interesting, and often ruggedly beautiful; and the sun goes down, and the night is upon them. The sky, which a moment past was aglow with the sunset, now suddenly fills with stars, and still they ride on and on in silence, till they seem, as though in a dream, to have been riding among those desolate hills and valleys for years and years, and likely to go on forever.

At last, far away in the lonely darkness, there appears a faint spark of light. All the baggage (as should have been mentioned before) has been sent on in front, and the travellers begin to strain their eyes through the darkness trying to make out the tents, which they expect to find pitched and ready for them. Nearer and nearer they approach the light, which must assuredly indicate their whereabouts; but suddenly the light begins to move, and walk about, and finally develops into a lantern carried by one of the Syrian folk in charge of the baggage. He has come to meet the cavalcade, and the tents are still nearly a mile away. Guided by the light, which now goes in front, the riders stumble along a rocky track which can scarcely be called a path, until at last, white and ghostlike in the darkness, appear their five tents, and soon the tired wanderers are gathered round the supper-table in their brightly lighted and cosy sitting-room.

This first day is a fair specimen of their three weeks' wanderings between Jerusalem and Damascus. On Sundays they rest; and very delightful is that one day

of stillness, enjoyed alike by the seven travellers, their good Syrians, and the hard-worked steeds. As for that part of their days spent in the tents, it is so charmingly uncanny, so strangely cosy, so peacefully lively, as to be altogether indescribably delightful.

"After such a long course of hotels," says Sebaste, who has quite an unreasonable aversion to those useful edifices, "it really is charming to have a home of our own again!"

## VIII.

## CAMPING-OUT IN PALESTINE.

AS Sebaste observed at the end of the last chapter, our travellers are once more at home, and a very charming home they find it, and tent-life a very enjoyable kind of existence. You are awakened every morning by the bright sunshine trying in vain to make its way through the many-colored roof and walls of your sleeping-tent (for, though white on the outside, the tents are lined with blue, on which are sewn, in elaborate and graceful patterns, pieces of stuff of all the colors of the rainbow); while fascinating beetles and spiders are crawling about in every direction, wild flowers are pushing up their heads between the bright Eastern carpets on the ground, your dear horse is neighing hard by, and all the Syrian folk are talking Arabic at once.

At about 7 A.M. on the first few mornings of the journey, Yuseph (Abu Said) is heard to exclaim "Dinner ready!"—nearly the only English words he knows.

"Breakfast, Yuseph, not dinner," says the father one morning in gentle remonstrance; and ever after, the first meal of the day is laconically announced as "Brex!"

Hereupon the travellers, having packed their bags, emerge from their sleeping-tents, ready equipped for riding (their heads protected from the heat with huge white puggarees), and assemble in the sitting-tent. Long before breakfast is over, the bedrooms have vanished, with all therein contained, and in their stead nothing is to be seen but certain uncouth packages destined for the backs of baggage-mules. Over this scene of destruction preside the two Maronite Christians of the party, Yuseph (Abu Said) and his brother Butrus (Abu Elias), the cook. Be it observed that "Abu" signifies "the father of," it being an Arab custom to call a man to whom you wish to be polite, not by his own name (which is a more familiar

mode of address), but by a kind of surname, consisting of the name of his eldest son with "Abu" prefixed. Whether, as a matter of fact, he has an eldest son, or any son at all, is quite immaterial, for if he should have a son, he will call him after his own father; so that, if you meet the son of 'Ali, you will be quite safe in addressing him as Abu 'Ali, even though he be still a boy and unmarried. Being on the subject of names, we may further remark that the name Butrus, which looks unfamiliar enough to English eyes, is neither more nor less than Petros or Peter, slightly changed through the inability of Syrian lips to pronounce the letter P.

To return to the morning start. Leaving the two Maronite Christians to superintend the packing of the baggage, the riders mount their steeds, who are as fresh and eager as themselves, and set forth in procession. Truly a goodly sight is the cavalcade, as it moves through the cool, clear, morning air and the ceaseless Syrian sunshine. First rides Cæsar (Abu Chaleel), looking exceedingly picturesque in his costume of many bright but harmonious colors, his head protected by a *kefiyeh*—i.e., a shawl of purple silk, put on Bedouin-fashion, and kept in place by a coil of camel's hair. He rides a beautiful Arab steed, likewise bedecked with Arab trappings of many delectable colors. Then follow the riders—the sister, Philippa, Sophia, and Sebaste; and finally advance the palanquins, remarkable and distinguished vehicles patronized by the father and Irene. A palanquin, be it observed, is something between a box and an armchair, and is slung between two mules—one before and one behind. These are conducted by various individuals, of whom the eldest is Mohammad the Druse, and the youngest is Hassan, a very merry young Syrian, who laughs all day long, and makes endless Arabic jokes, which the travellers greatly, though not very intelligently, enjoy. When not otherwise engaged he is generally to be observed playing at hide-and-seek with his own shadow, pelting it with stones, and chaffing it in Arabic.

Beside Irene's palanquin trots Elizabeth, the maid, on a huge black donkey, who is quite one of the characters of the cavalcade, and who, having once made a pilgrimage to Mecca, has very exalted ideas of his own dignity, and is not altogether free from affectation. Indeed he is a highly accomplished donkey, and has such musical tones in his voice that his

bray is the marvel of all his hearers. So proud is he of his vocal accomplishments, that he sometimes serenades the ladies nearly all night, waking them up at intervals with falsetto brayings, and reaching fabulously high notes. Whereupon Irène's dear little grey donkey (on whose back she travels when weary of the palanquin) will chime in with a bass accompaniment, and the two will perform quite an elaborate duet. This distinguished individual is attended by Yuseph the Jew-boy, commonly called Little Yuseph to distinguish him from Abu Said. He is aged seventeen, and is the youngest of the party. Poor Little Yuseph! Why he is so sat upon by the rest is a mystery, but he seems to be always in hot water on one account or another. He has plenty of pluck, however, and sometimes, it is probable, hits pretty hard with his smart speeches.

The procession is closed by Abu Hassan, the master of the horse, who owns nearly all the steeds. He keeps a vigilant eye on the riders, so that if your saddle is loose, and you don't wish to get down and have it rectified, you must ride behind him or a long way in front.

Of course this processional order is not long maintained, but the start is always made in good style. The travellers do from four to five hours' riding in the morning, and very rough riding it is sometimes; but their Syrian horses seem rather to enjoy than otherwise the rocky mountain-tracks which go by the name of roads hereabout, and after laboriously climbing up one side of a mountain shoulder and down the other, will be quite as ready as their riders for a good canter over the deliciously smooth plains which lie between in the valleys.

Somewhere between twelve and one o'clock the travellers generally arrive at some delightfully shady nook, often by a stream of water, surrounded by the lovely wild flowers which grow everywhere in wonderful profusion. Then the riders spring from their saddles and recline on the grass, while forth from Abu Hassan's saddle-bags appear so many good things of the edible kind that one begins to suspect that he is not unacquainted with magic arts, and that those same saddle-bags are one of those enchanted contrivances that the Arabian Nights' heroes used to carry about with them. Bright carpets are spread in the shade for the travellers to sit on round the white tablecloth, which is soon resplendent with metal plates and tumblers. Heartily do

they all pity their unfortunate friends at home in their stuffy dining-rooms, as they luxuriously recline round their hypæthral repast.

After luncheon the sister always makes a charming sketch; but the rest (if there is no ruin to be explored) are generally content, after their hot march, to lie still in the shade and think of nothing. Even Philippa, generally so energetic, has never been known to do anything more violent than making a daisy-chain for El Adham, her coal-black horse, to wear round his huge neck. It scarcely harmonizes with his sinister expression of countenance; but it is touching to see that hard-mouthed steed wearing this graceful token of his mistress's esteem and affection, which, says Philippa, he deeply reciprocates, though he is too strong-minded to show it.

The midday rest generally lasts two hours or more, after which time every one suddenly wakes up, the horses are saddled, and, as soon as their riders are on their backs, they prove themselves as fresh as ever after their rest. So forward once more fare the travellers, riding through scenery which is always intensely interesting and sometimes very beautiful, hardly believing that they are seeing at last with their own eyes all those places (with long familiar names) that it was always so hard to picture to one's self as real towns and villages, mountains and valleys, streams and springs.

When nothing else claims their attention, they are never weary of admiring the wonderful wild flowers. Nearly all our most beautiful garden-flowers seem to grow wild in Palestine ("the Crusaders brought them home to Europe," says the sister), — not here and there in nooks and corners, but everywhere in masses of brilliant color. Over the rockiest mountains grow purple and white cyclamen, crimson anemones, small purple iris, tall hollyhocks, and hundreds more or less familiar but not less beautiful flowers. The grassy slopes are sometimes all ablaze with large golden marguerites, among which rise up stately purple flags quite as large as our cultivated ones. Down in the valleys the "field" is often purple with broad beds of gladiolus, while tall yellow irises skirt the banks of the streams. Every day during the three weeks' journey to Damascus the wanderers come upon new flowers in endless variety of shape and color, till their multitude is quite bewildering.

The afternoon ride lasts from two to

three hours. The midday rest gives the baggage-mules time to come up and pass on to the camping-ground, so that the travellers, on their arrival, find their tents pitched and ready to receive them. Sometimes they come upon them suddenly as they wind round the shoulder of a mountain; sometimes they see them miles away, a mere speck of white on one of the broad green plains.

Arrived at the camp, the travellers are welcomed by Abu Said, who, knowing no language but Arabic, speaks not, but expresses by all manner of signs, and more especially by his beaming countenance, his joy at their safe arrival. He has long ago set out the teacups in the shade of the sitting-tent, and now from the kitchen, where Butrus has been brewing it, forth comes the welcome tea.

The interval between this refection and sunset is sometimes the most delightful part of the whole day. The Cæsar is wonderfully clever in choosing pretty camping-grounds. Sometimes the tents are nestled among a group of olive-trees; often they are close to a tiny stream of clear water, and surrounded on all sides by the wonderful wild flowers. If there is nothing of special interest to be seen, the sisters stray about near the tents, revelling in beautiful scenery and lovely flowers, and forgetting the fatigue of their long ride. Then, perhaps, Irene will read aloud to the father, who is resting in the sitting-tent, the last contributions to the family journal; while Sophia and Sebaste spread a rug on the grass in the shade of their tent, and recline thereon to read their daily chapter of Greek Testament. The sister, catching sight of them as she sits working at her sketch, whispers to Philippa, reclining at her feet, "What an edifying picture of piety and learning!"

After a time Philippa joins them, and then one of the three reads aloud a few chapters from the Old Testament, which, (like piety and learning with the Greek Testament) they are reading straight through; but in the course of these chapters they invariably come across some allusion to the very place they are in, or at least to that which they rode through yesterday, or the village near which they camped the night before last.

Before they are aware, the shadows grow long, the sunset glows red in the west, the sun dips below the horizon, and suddenly the night has come, and the dark-blue sky is filled with brilliant stars. Star-gazing is now the business of the moment, but too soon are all poetical mus-

ings and high-souled imaginings rudely put to flight by the voice of Yuseph (Abu Said), who suddenly ejaculates, "Dinner ready!" in a peremptory tone of voice which commands attention. This candle-light meal is the cosiest of the day. Abu Said waits at table, and before long the Cæsar appears on the scene, and there ensues a discussion of plans for the morrow. It is now that the emperor appears to greatest advantage. On his shoulders rests all the responsibility of conducting the travellers through the country, feeding them, and providing for their safety; and he soon proves himself fully equal to the task he has undertaken. Yet he is almost the youngest of the whole party, and quite as enterprising and full of fun as befits his boyish years,—indeed, he has once or twice been detected in something very like a romp with dear old Abu Said; but he is as careful and considerate as if he were sixty, and certainly more obliging. When he appears during the evening meal, the sisters seize the opportunity of making all the wild suggestions they can think of, which are received by Cæsar with the utmost gravity, and generally carried out with astonishing success.

If you wish to see the sitting-room at its cosiest, you must peep into it one evening during the interval of an hour or two between dinner and bed time. Outside, the lonely moonlight stillness is broken only by the sound of the jackals and hyenas whining in the distance, but daring not to approach the tents; while inside the tent is brightly illuminated by candles, from which the light falls on the many-colored roof and walls, and on the gorgeous carpets which cover the ground. A beautiful bouquet of flowers is placed in the middle of the table, round which sit the family party on camp-stools. The father and Irene are writing home-letters, which they hope to post at some indefinite point of future time; Sophia (who has an exceedingly topographic mind) is intently studying a map of Palestine; the sister is writing her diary; Sebaste is reading in admiring silence the family journal's latest pages, written by Philippa, who sits opposite hemming the white table-cloth.

Suddenly Sebaste looks up. "Philippa," says she, "when we get home to England, and I write a book about our travels——"

"*Another* book, Sebaste!" exclaims Philippa. "Why, you have written dozens of books in imagination, and not one of them has come into existence yet."

"I assure you," says Sebaste, "that they

are all, a whole library of them, entirely existent—subjectively, in my own mind. I suppose you don't disbelieve in the reality of subjective existences? For my part, I believe them to be fully as real as objective ones—if not more so."

"She is unbearable!" exclaims Philippa, shuddering. "Just fancy, sister! I distinctly heard her this morning, while we were riling through the Plain of Esdraelon, trying to prove to Sophia that space, like time, is a mere convention, and has no existence except in our own minds—meaning, of course, that she does not care in the least for any of the sacred sites."

"Meaning nothing of the kind!" says Sebaste indignantly. "I believe that a really philosophic mind would appreciate these places more than any other; for though it might possibly be less affected by the identity of space (though I don't see why it should), it would certainly be far less troubled by the discrepancy in time."

"Sebaste really must be suppressed somehow!" says Philippa. "Cannot you say anything to stop her, sister?"

"Our learned friend," says the sister, who can be exceedingly ironical on occasion,— "our learned friend forgets, perhaps, that we have not all, like her, fathomed the depths of Platonic metaphysics, so that we are scarcely capable of appreciating her profound and edifying discourse."

Poor Sebaste looks as thoroughly annihilated as Philippa could wish, and has serious thoughts (by way of hiding her diminished head) of subsiding under the table and staying there. But, with a desperate resolution to brave it out, she turns to Philippa and says deprecatingly, "I only wished to ask you, Philippa, whether (as, for my part, I find tent-life antipathetic to literary activity, and my own diary is in abeyance) I may, in writing my hypothetically-to-be-published book, make use of the family journal, and more especially of your brilliant contributions thereto."

"Oh, certainly!" says Philippa hurriedly; "anything for a quiet life."

"My dears," says the father, looking round at his daughters, "it is nine o'clock, and we are to start early to-morrow."

Whereupon ink-pots are shut and books laid down. Sophia sighs heavily as she folds up her map. "The mountains never will come out right," she says—the first remark that has crossed her silent lips all the evening.

"Take off those spectacles, dear," suggests Sebaste. "You would really get on better without them."

"And be always up in the clouds, like you," retorts Sophia the practical.

Good-nights ensue, and the ladies, leaving the father to sleep in the sitting-tent, emerge into the moonlight, and move away two and two over the dewy grass towards the three bedrooms, star-gazing as they go.

The watch is set, and the rest of the Syrians settle down for the night, the Cæsar makes his final rounds, and his cheerful "Good-night, sir!" "Good-night, ladies!" is the last sound before the little camp finally subsides into silence.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

#### SOME SOCIAL CHANGES IN FIFTY YEARS.

THE amount of interest to others involved in a personal retrospect of the past is always problematical; but these last sped fifty years have left their impress so strongly upon men and manners, things animate and inanimate, and indeed the whole length and breadth of our land, that without venturing into the mystic realms of science, or straying on the overtrodden ground of politics, it may perhaps not be an absolute waste of time to while away an odd moment in tracing a few salient, if not highly important, features of the changes in daily habits, affecting to some extent all classes, within their lapse.

In our public thoroughfares the enormous shop fronts of plate glass, with their attractive exhibitions by day, and the incalculably improved lighting of shops, streets, and houses by night, would probably be the first points to strike the eye of one permitted, after a sojourn of fifty years in the regions of Hades, to return to us for a brief earthly survey; to these, if the eye were really observant, would be added the comparative disappearance from all crowds of faces disfigured by smallpox seams. But against these inestimable benefits must, I fear, be set the increase of spectacle-wearers, and other indications of a decidedly lower sight average. How far this lowered average is to be traced to the substitution in most houses of gas flare for the softer lights of candles and lamps let scientists decide; but the evil seems perceptibly increasing among all ages, and the now general addition of electric light in our dwelling-houses does not appear calculated to exercise a counteracting tendency.

As to the vehicles which filled the streets fifty years ago, the now universal occupant of a coach-house — the brougham — had not yet been brought over from France (where it was known as a *demie fortune*) by the celebrated ex-chancellor to whom it owes its English designation, and who, on importing his own specimen, decorated it below the coronet with so gigantic an initial as to provoke the caustic epigram of "the B. without and the wasp within." Of course, our fast flying hansoms and steady four-wheeled growlers were not then even imagined, the resources of hurried or wearied pedestrians being limited to either the jolting old hackney-coach, so well described by "Boz," or a peculiar-looking cabriolet for two fares, with the driver perched in a little exterior side seat in parallel line with them. Between these superannuated vehicles and the more civilized conveyances in which we rejoice there arose a short interregnum of the so-called "pill-boxes," a species of covered inside car, with the Jehu well in front, and the door well at the rear; but the singular facility thus afforded to an agile and unscrupulous fare of escaping when near his destination, without pausing for the frivolous and vexatious ceremony of payment, soon closed the career of the pill-boxes on wheels.

It is, perhaps, idle — or worse — to lament the decrease of mere luxurious pomp, but an inspection of the long lines of carriages of all kinds filing in slow procession to the Palace on drawing-room days brings vividly to the mind the trite saying that "quantity is not quality." Where, indeed, are now such resplendent coaches, chariots, and *vis-à-vis* as those of the Duke of Beaufort, Lords Chesterfield, Jersey, Craven, Wilton, Foley, and some others whose turns-out defied criticism in every detail, from the arched heads of the horses to the silken stockings of the footmen? One only thoroughly worthy rival and successor to them in our day can I cite in the perfectly appointed chariot and steeds that bore the Duke of Fife and his bride on their marriage-day from Buckingham Palace back to Marlborough House.

Passing from the road to the rail, it is amusing to remember how, fifty years back, all the fine old Conservative, and in truth nearly all the good old Liberal landlords also, spent an immense amount of energy and determination in securing the remoteness of local railway stations from their ancestral homes and parks. Within a dozen years they displayed it quite as actively in achieving a diametrically oppo-

site result, as the urgency of fresh fish supplies and other domestic exigencies grew prominently into notice. One detail, however, remains to be deplored — viz., the impossibility, generally speaking, of bringing these newly arisen stations at all into line with the original grand approaches of large country houses, in consequence of which visitors are habitually brought to the door by a more direct but rather sneaking side drive, ignoring altogether the great avenues of lime, elm, or beech along which it was the just pride of our forefathers to pass from the London-road lodge to their respective thresholds. But a far more tangible grievance than this somewhat fantastic evil lies in the palpable fact of the extent to which the happy hunting-grounds of one's youth are becoming yearly more and evermore circumscribed by the progressive march of "sleepers" and the increasing network of railway lines.

When, fifty years ago, Louis Philippe filled the throne of France, his ambassador, the Marquis de St. Aulaire (a charming silver-haired specimen of the old grand seigneur type), dwelt at Hertford House, in Manchester Square, not at Albert Gate, where the present domicile of the French Embassy, having, like its opposite neighbor, remained long untenanted after its erection, the two houses became known in society as "Gibraltar and Malta, which never will be taken." The explanation of these sobriquets was, however, frequently curtailed, whereby great and long was the mirth excited once at White's by the naïve exclamation of a popular and handsome rather than preternaturally acute young Guardsman: "Well, hang me if I can see the fun of calling those houses Gibraltar and Malta because they can't be let!" That the schoolmaster was not as much abroad in the army in those days as he certainly is in ours was still further evinced by the same dashing hero, who, when shown on his way through Aix-la-Chapelle the great historical monument of that town, burst forth on reading its inscription into the loud, unsophisticated query: "And pray who the something *was* Carolo Magno?" Let me hasten to add that later on, in time of trial, this gallant officer responded, like his comrades, to the call of duty in camp and battlefield, showing himself no unworthy scion of a race well fitted to make their country "glorious with their sword" if not exactly "famous by their pen."

The Aix-la-Chapelle monument with its inscription recalls to me some lines I

once heard quoted at dinner as emanating from the pen of a distinguished judge, which lines, albeit not strictly relevant to my present subject, and founded, I imagine, upon a misconception, carry, I think, their own recommendation on the score of intrinsic merit. In the cathedral of one of our southern cities, the family monument of a ducal house is, I understand, inscribed "Domus ultima;" the learned baron who visited the cathedral, taking exception at, and probably misinterpreting the true sense of, this announcement, gave judgment thereupon in the following epigram:

Did he, who thus inscribed this wall,  
Not read or not believe St. Paul,  
Who said there is, where'er it stands,  
Another house, not made with hands?  
Or must we gather from those words  
That house is not a House of Lords?

A forecast of the future and of the place to be one day filled by his son-in-law, both in the country and in that deprecated House of Lords, would possibly have modified the latent acerbity of this otherwise admirable sextain.

The "vicissitudes of White's," with that dreaded hotbed of gossip, its bow window, past which no "lady of quality" ever suffered her coachman after midday to drive her; the innumerable stories connected with its (rigidly exclusive) members, do not properly belong to these pages, but exception may perhaps be made in favor of the reply of a noble lord, equally distinguished as a brilliant writer, and as what the French euphuistically term *une jolie fourchette*, who, when discovered by a friend enjoying alone his Christmas dinner with a fattened turkey before him, on being asked if he did not consider that rather a large order for one, answered effusively: "Yes, it is; that's the mischief; it ain't enough for two, and it's just too much for one!"

This characteristic remark, however, although not of a very recent past, does not reckon quite so far back as a fifty years' stretch; neither does the curious, yet, as the experience of all periods shows, by no means unique, episode of the frenzied notoriety suddenly attached by society to Hudson the so-called railway king, and his wife. The rage which prevailed through one London season for having very large entertainments graced by the presence of this essentially unpolished couple would appear simply incredible, had not social history in this, as in so many instances, repeated itself again and again. Countless, as may be supposed, and totally

unleavened by good nature, were the anecdotes circulated in ridicule behind their backs, while from interested motives all honor was shown to the faces of this unsuspecting pair, and the lesson thus afforded of the meanness of human nature when permitted to break through the restraints of good breeding and good feeling was neither edifying at the time nor pleasing to recall. The most innocuous of these *raccontars* was, if I remember rightly, the account of poor Mrs. H. being lionized over the abode of a peer of high rank and shown the bust of Marcus Aurelius, on which she gazed with reverence, inquiring with bated breath "if that was the *late* markiss?"

This marquis, his marchioness, and their descendants in the next generation save one have now passed from us, and far indeed seems the memory of the delightful little dances which gathered together some two hundred of us, three or four times in the season, without precluding more gorgeous festivals, under the same hospitable roof. It is true that the discipline then exercised by chaperones was far more stringent than it has now grown to be, and after each dance the dutiful damsels submissively returned to the shelter of the maternal wings, sitting out on balconies being an undreamt-of enormity and sitting down at supper-tables a physical impossibility; but most hardships have their compensations, and if the opportunities of *tête-à-tête* with fair Chloes were more restricted, they were assuredly grasped with more alacrity by their attentive Strephons. A partner too fine or too indolent to come in good time and bear his part bravely when arrived was an exceptional monstrosity; by eleven o'clock musicians and dancers were well started, and until three, four, or five in the morning a popular maiden would be kept from all rest so long as her satin shoes and her strength held out. Moreover, that even in those fenced-in grounds of propriety the herb o' grace romance could flourish more luxuriantly than in the existing unguarded plains of free intercourse, who can dispute that has witnessed the vigorous, pump-handlelike movement with wrists lifted to eyebrow level which constitutes a *fin de siècle* greeting, and called to mind how once upon a time, under the very gaze of the most rigid chaperon, a soft, small hand might lie — inadvertently of course — for the millionth part of a second longer than necessary in a manly palm, and receive, *almost* unconsciously before withdrawal, the hundred-thousandth

atom of a pressure ! Even the lack, too, of supper seats did not militate against enjoyment so much as might be imagined, seeing that it effectually precluded the now frequent spectacle (if report speaks truly) of a series of small tables entirely monopolized by some dozen or so of "gilded youths" to the neglect and disregard of all ladies' requirements.

With respect to the dinners of past days, the change is perhaps more strongly felt than easily described. During certain months of the year they abounded as ever in town, but the number of habitual guests was always in proportion to the dimensions of the table and room ; they belonged, as a rule, so much to the same set that, given the name of the host, one could to a great extent discount beforehand those of the diners, and the length of notice varied from eight to ten days. On particular occasions a fortnight was, with explanation, admissible, but an invitation at three or four weeks' date would have been a solecism pure and unmitigated ; in fact, as somebody observed in discussing such a blunder perpetrated by a more zealous than discreet candidate for fame and fashion, "one would feel as if bidden to a Guildhall banquet and expect to be sent in with one's wife !" Again, as regards that sending in, the now arduous labors of a hostess on that score were non-existent, for nobody *was* sent in ; the master of the house gave his arm to the proper person, and the other friends paired off unprompted without delay or difficulty, dropping at will into their seats at the dinner-table without the assistance or tyranny of inscribed cards. If in this proceeding the exact order of rank was not carefully observed no one took much account of the detail, seeing that in the prevailing intimacy it was a case (save for inward and unavowed predilections) of what the late Mr. Baring Wall—well known for his incisive little speeches delivered when ruffled in the gentlest manner—said of his friend's crack covert-shooting, "so nice, you know, so *very* nice ; no one place better than another !" The material part of the banquet would not, it must be owned, bear comparison, save under the auspices of the Sefton, Granville, Wilton, Maxse, and one or two more cooks, with the *cuisine* of to-day, and the admirable practice of ceasing to load the table with massive silver dishes reeking with hot viands was only beginning to creep in, but the dinner hour was neither inconveniently early nor unreasonably late, and efforts were made to secure a

fair amount of punctuality, except, perhaps, in the instances of irretrievable and privileged loiterers, such as Lord and Lady Palmerston.

This name leads us naturally to that prominent feature of polite society for many years from nearly the middle of this century, which no retrospect, however cursory, could possibly overlook—namely, the *salon*, unrivalled then as now, in her own and in every country, of Viscountess Palmerston. To define all the elements of the success she achieved as a hostess would be difficult, and whether, if she were still with us, the same success could, even with the assistance of her high-bred, gracious manner, sunny countenance, and indefatigable energy, be again attained seems problematical, for her weekly throng to meet all the distinguished and desirable personages of the day was not a *herd*, and her highly cultivated, social pasture lands nourished singularly few tares among the wheat. Necessary limits do not allow even fleeting mention of most of the feminine celebrities to whom the Palmerstons were, as a graceless punster (referring to the family name) observed, unfailing "Temples of hospitality ;" and of my own sex I will select but three or four for remark. The first in rank of these is the ex-empress of the French, then Mlle. de Téba, who passing through town with her mother, Countess Montijo, on her way to that stay in Paris which shortly afterwards so changed and dramatized her career, appeared at a Palmerstonian dinner and party a vision of peerless loveliness. The perfect proportions of her figure joined to the brilliant yet soft glow of her coloring, and the winning vivacity of her demeanor, rendered her in reality far more attractive than a renowned later beauty, who came over here in the days of the Second Empire, and about whom society incontinently plunged into one of its periodical, spasmodic phases of adoration—I mean the Countess Castiglione. Undeniable as were the latter's claims to much of the admiration so profusely tendered, they were, in the judgment of a sober-minded remnant, not a little marred by the palpable self-consciousness and worship of this "Cynthia of the minute," which extended to every item of her person and attire. All manner of details, too trivial for repetition at this length of interval, were related, bringing these qualities into relief, and there was even a crowning legend, for the truth of which it were hazardous to vouch, that after her departure

from Holland House, where she and her husband had been staying, the pillows of her couch were found seriously damaged by the traces of the castor-oil wherewith she copiously anointed her magnificent tresses—which legend prompted a malicious suggestion of changing her name to Castoriglione.

These two celebrities claim mention only, of course, as beautiful birds of passage, not as *habitués* of the house, and a tendency to delicate lungs made rare also the presence of an intimate member of the Palmerstonian set, whose name was some time since brought by the Carlyle memoirs before the public, though not altogether in a manner calculated to do full justice to her position or her talents. Lady Harriet Baring (afterwards Lady Ashburton) and a near relation of my own were for years avowedly the two women of highest mental calibre in London society, and while the latter immeasurably excelled in grasp of intellect and depth of thought, Lady Harriet was more than her equal in an amount of brilliant quickness most unusual in this country, and I had almost said absolutely unknown in any individual rejoicing in pure Saxon blood without admixture of Celtic or foreign particles. To an Irish mother more noted for acuteness than amiability Lady Harriet was, no doubt, indebted for this addition to her more solid qualities, and the result was an almost uninterrupted series of conversational fireworks, which evoked as much admiration and amusement as were compatible with a certain leaven of fear, for hers was *not* altogether like Grattan's—

A wit that in combat as gentle as light,  
Ne'er carried a heart stain away on its blade—

and it was impossible to predict on whose shoulders the silken lash might next fall. Mr. Monckton Milnes, for instance, who, though a more or less privileged guest, was supposed to entertain a strong lurking jealousy of the position held in her estimation by Mr. Charles Buller, on one occasion rather rashly complained of her being more tolerant of the latter's republican theories than his own, adding plaintively, "And you know Charles is much redder than I am." "You mean more *read*" was the immediate reply, under which the rising author naturally collapsed.

Lady Palmerston's most intimate friend of her own sex, in addition to my above-mentioned relation, was Princess Lieven, who at the time in question was unequal

to appearing at the large gatherings, but whenever in England constantly dined quietly or sat with her, and when abroad as constantly corresponded both with her and the other member of the trio. Many of Princess Lieven's letters, dating from the year 1838 onwards, which I have been allowed to see, evince a perfection of style and charm of expression which appears to me very inadequately rendered in the translated edition of her correspondence with a great statesman lately published. They bear, in fact, translation as little as the indefinable atmosphere of high breeding and refinement which, as it were, floated, round her shrunken and undeniably plain, albeit picturesquely attired person bears description, but the one blemish in this effect (I speak, of course, of quite the later years of her life) was the expression of eager and insatiable curiosity, always directed to one point, viz., foreign politics. In politics she lived and moved and had her being. Alas! poor wearied brain, how can it be lying at rest without them even now?

Of a very different stamp was yet another heroine: a gaunt, melancholy German, whose story was more interesting than her aspect. By birth Countess Hahn, hard-featured and, like Leah, "tender-eyed," but possessed of some fortune, and as richly gifted by nature with intellectual faculties as sparsely endowed with physical advantages, she married an impecunious cousin of like name (which she added to her own), and for whom she entertained a devoted attachment, not sufficiently reciprocated in her estimation by its object. Taking early in life to fiction-writing, Countess Hahn Hahn produced novels replete with talent of a passionate order, which in the case of "Faustine" and some others amounted almost to genius, and which gained for their author a widespread reputation. Her restless soul, however, unsatisfied with fame as soon as it was acquired, fell back upon the torments of conjugal jealousy, increased by a persuasion that the cast in her eye was the real impediment to her husband's full flow of affection. Without, therefore, consulting him she left home a while to seek treatment by a skilful oculist, and returned in triumph with the blemish removed and the hope of a happy domestic result to her cure. Alas for the collapse of vain expectations! With the unconscious brutality of indifference her husband at first overlooked the change altogether, and when called upon for congratulation and approval callously replied

that he rather preferred her former state. In the delirium of wild disappointment his excited wife thrust her scissors into the guiltless eye and extinguished its light forever. At the epoch of her wanderings through Lady Palmerston's rooms the husband had, if I remember correctly, departed this world like the unfortunate optic, and her appearance reminded one of the man in Scripture "walking through dry places, seeking rest and finding none." On her return to her own land she gave herself up exclusively to practices of austere devotion, in the fervor of which she called in all editions of her former works, and consigned them to one great holocaust in deep penitence for the harm they might have wrought. Her later publications were in a different and, I believe, commonplace style, and her death, when it occurred, evoked little public notice.

The prolific subject of Lady Palmerston's receptions is by no means exhausted, but this slight sketch only further admits of a rapid enumeration of some of the accustomed male pillars of her well-raised social edifice: Lord Clarendon, *facile princeps* among all agreeable men, not so much because always the best talker of his own set as because the same in every set or country and on all occasions; Lords Macaulay, Granville, Beauvale (afterwards Melbourne), Halifax, Lansdowne (grandfather of the present Indian viceroy), Russell, Grey, Shaftesbury, Seymour (afterwards Duke of Somerset), Sydney, Bessborough, Stanley of Alderley, Broughton, Glenelg, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Mr. Charles Villiers, the two Grevilles, and Count Pahlen; these, not counting later minor additions, such as Delane and Hayward, were some of the men to be met there forty years or more ago, whose conversation was indeed, to one just entering the pale of good society, a liberal education, and whose unfailing indulgence and courtesy made their acquaintance not only a valued privilege at the time, but has rendered it in long after years an ever-fresh source whence flow the mingled waters of pleasure and regret.

E. C. CORK.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### AN AUTUMN CIRCUIT.

*Devizes, November 16.*—If one don't get briefs, one may as well make notes of what goes on. A poacher blinks and twitches in the dock—a respectable, bi-

cycle-riding sort of young man, not the least like the typical figure; while the witness keeper, in velveteens and bright brass buttons, shows us the stones they threw at him (the kind of rock fragments one sees in pictures of St. Stephen's martyrdom), and the two hundred and twenty yards of rabbit netting he and the watcher captured. It was two in the morning when they lay in a ditch, watching up on Longlands, and heard the rabbits cry—lay close and breathless till the prisoner (himself the fourth, as the Greek grammar has it) actually came and looked at 'em lying there; when they rose and grappled him, and the three others ran away; whereupon the hapless, struggling Jones yells "Come back!—there's only two on 'em!—you're nice sort of mates!—come back!" To which touching appeal the nice sort of mates reply by coming back and breaking out into such a shower of stones and battery of sticks and firing of guns that the keeper falls back (watcher being entangled in the rabbit-netting), and prisoner gets away. But not before, having him by the collar, the keeper peers into his face and cries, "I know thee!" But why, if he knew him, didn't he cry "I know thee, Jones?" Point for the consideration of the jury, that. Also the fact that Jones's respectable father and most respectable mother, and highly reputable brother, all swear he was in bed all that night, spoke even drowsily in the small hours to ask the time, had clean boots and trousers to show in the morning; could not, moreover, have got out without being heard, owing to a particularly heavy and creaking door. So the jury acquit him, and Jones blinks and twitches himself out of the dock, quite indifferent, though his respectable relatives push and paw him about in their joy and satisfaction. A very proper verdict, all things considered; not that I have ever much faith in an *alibi*. Nor have prisoners generally, nowadays, in their saving qualities; for it is noticeable all over the country—the criminal country—that the *alibi* has fallen almost entirely into disrepute; is not pleaded half so readily, as a matter of course. *Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*. There is a fashion in defences, as in other things.

*Dorchester, November 18.*—The trivialities of circuit, the mere *hors-d'œuvre* of crime. Boys who have been firing furze and are mercifully condemned to be whipped, one of them screwing up his face to tears and burying it in a large red handkerchief, the other regarding him contemptuously, with a sort of a "Oh, I say!"

here's Tommy White blubbing!" look, and then marching away sturdily to the cells below, followed by the weeper, whose shoulders shake. Their place is taken by two young men from a farm, who have been stealing and dealing in a gun, and who lean over the dock and look down on counsel and solicitors just as though they were leaning over the side of a vessel at sea. One is vacant, with an ill-shaped head and an open mouth; he takes no apparent interest in the proceedings, is undefended, asks no questions of the witnesses, says nothing to the jury, and gets off; while the other, a sunburnt and impudent buck, with huge dirty hands on which glints a silver ring, is defended at length, and gets three months. He occasionally glances up and smiles at the corner of the gallery where are three young women, huddled together, watching and whispering—one of whom on hearing the sentence gives a very audible sigh and click with her tongue, as much as to say, "No Sunday afternoon walk with *him* for the next three months." I dare say she'll be at the prison gate the day he gets out—with an umbrella if it's wet.

Not by any means a Bloody Assize this, as it was in September 1685, when Jeffreys sat here, and, by way of terrible suggestion, had the court hung with scarlet. There were three hundred and ninety-two of Monmouth's men for trial then, of whom one hundred and nine were hanged; some of them at their own homes, for a more searching and immediate terror. On the earthen walls of Wareham there's a mound still called the Bloody Dyke, where numbers of them were executed, and where to this day the children say no daisies will grow. Many a time have I stood there in spring and heard the cuckoo call from the Priory coppice, and from the road below the strident voice of the auctioneer for the Easter cattle fair.

In Dorchester, behind the court, down by the water's edge, still stands the hangman's cottage. I saw it this morning, with its thatched roof and odd staircase outside, up which he climbed to sleep. In those days, when there was so much for him to do, almost every assize town had its local practitioner. The hour of execution in Dorchester was one o'clock, by which time the London coach had come in, to give the culprit every chance of a reprieve. To the prisoner, dead and cold in his coffin, came the afflicted to touch his neck, for the king's evil and other maladies of the kind; the shock gave the blood a turn, as it was called, expelled the

humors, and renewed the system. There is a very aged woman living in the town now who went through the ordeal, and such was the shock to her as a child that she was speedily and notably healed.

"On the use of shock in the cure of disease"—*ex. gr.*, a sudden fright for hiccoughs.

*Wells, November 22.*—The autumn sun gleams right across the court in broken yellow squares and patches; but the ruined man in the dock stands there, sunless. His mouth has fallen in, there is no light behind his spectacles; his bald, cupola forehead, indeed, is brighter than his eye. He looks as plainly ruined for a man, as a house looks ruined when its windows are broken and boarded, its front seamed and cracked, its roof all ragged and showing the rafters. And there stands his old father down in the court below him, bending to catch the judge's sentence, his hand over his ear; a white-faced old man, like a bad bust of Vespasian, with a blank, glazed eye, and the chords of his throat straining out of his coarse, red muffler. Sometimes he turns to look without emotion (with that want of interest and curiosity so characteristic of the very old and the very young) at the prisoner, who, as the counsel for the crown makes his statement to the judge, now throws back the capes of his coat dramatically and folds his arms, and now fidgets with the yellow rails of the dock with a hand that is as plainly bad as his face. He has already pleaded *guilty* in that false first-lesson kind of voice so many of the clergy assume (adopted by actors when playing the part); for he is veritably a clergyman and a man of some position, but of the vestry-sneak type who may one day carry off his landlady's mantelpiece ornaments in a shiny black bag. Verily, he has used the black bag to some purpose in Bath, seeing that the prosecution tells us he has had 35,000*l.* of the people's money there; and only 1,200*l.* of it left, to meet the demands of the doctors and widows and retired officers and officials, and poor, saving schoolmistress, from whom it has all been cajoled. Four years' penal servitude, and he bows and bends himself away like a beaten hound. And out of court shuffles, still quite emotionless, the old father in a long, drab ulster, and the few hairs standing straight above his curious round head with its flat top.

After so great and yet so paltry a scoundrel, a poor, trembling maid, who has forged her master's cheque and who keeps on bleating "I am very sorry," seems very

small game, and the court quickly empties of the ladies and gentlemen sightseers. Evidence is given as to her previous good character and most respectable parents, and she gets only one day's imprisonment; to be succeeded by a very honest-looking fellow who has broken and burglariously entered. But here so sweet and searching a gust of tobacco breaks in through the swing door, that, as the court grows hot with gas and the night falls, I yield to the temptation and go home to smoke.

*Tuesday.*—In the city there is a dense mist and the pavements are wet. But climb a mile up the Mendips from our lodgings—nay, half a mile—and, children of the mist, we emerge into the most generous sunshine. Here on the hills the morning is all blue and gold, while below us the cathedral towers peer through the mist-flood; and, within a few miles, the faint peak of Glastonbury stands out like Ararat. And further still, as the higher we climb, we can descry the pale, desolating patches of the Somersetshire waters that have been out since September. Would that we could stay all day in this vivid air, beneath this gigantic sunshine; for you can discern no sun, the whole sky seems sunshine; but in the mist below there is crime to be judged, and above all to-day a murderer.

In the court the gas is lit and glints on the yellow woodwork; the windows with their white squares look purple-black against the white walls; the wooden galleries are full. There in the dock sits the prisoner, charged with killing his wife by drowning; the head and face of a good workman, though by all accounts a bad husband. He sits quite calmly, like a schoolboy on a bench, watching the counsel for the crown address the jury in reply. Outside, I can hear the confused hum of voices from the crowd in front of the court. And the jury in their different attitudes of attention (I note there is nearly always a juryman who wears gloves) hang over the front and sides of their box, facing the suit of clothes lying limp in the witness-box, in which it is alleged the crime was committed. Dripping wet his father was when he met him in Avon Street, so says the little son called to give evidence; a child of nine or ten, for whom the streets at eleven at night were happier even than his home. He ran back after his wretched father, and, looking through the blind, saw him stripping off the wet clothes. Father, dry and restless, goes up to the Black Horse and drinks, bids a friend good-night there, says he will walk

about for an hour—the night, warm and scented September—meets the police marching with their sodden burden. “For God’s sake, governor,” says he, “who have you got there?” Whereupon the stolid policeman: “From what they say, it’s your wife.”

A story of squalor and drink and misery, though with its better side, as most of the stories have; for the man seems to have been an excellent workman, sober at his work, industrious, punctual. But I see quite clearly nowadays, as life grows for all of us more complicated and involved, how in some of our relations with our fellows we may be honorable and just, in others detestable, infernal even. A man may be an excellent member of Parliament, an indefatigable member of committee, but in more private relations a criminal. Let him see, if he must err, that he err not on that side on which lies the more public punishment and disgrace—that is, if in his erring he be given to calculation.

For this unhappy man there is no other punishment than death; he stands up and takes his sentence like the schoolboy condemned to write out a book of the Iliad for cutting his name on a desk. And he dies, I hear, with repentance and with fortitude.

Death for murder, with all the ignominy of the scaffold and the rope, is, after all (if punishment is to be deterrent), the only expiation; of that, as the murderer’s skull is at present shaped in this country, I don’t believe there to be a reasonable doubt. I have been told by a former chaplain at Newgate, in the old days when executions were public, that of all the murderers he shrived there was not one who had not seen a man hanged; so much for the preventive power. True enough, it had not deterred *them*, but what of the many thousands who had not reached the chaplain, and who were, no doubt, checked in time by so terrible a spectacle? It is the certainty of detection and punishment that prevents crime among the classes inclined thereto, and very little else; and if it only were a matter of absolute certainty that that day week after killing his man the killer himself would be strung up (as a matter of divine and not human law), there would be very many fewer murders. But the chance of life goes for something, and would go for still more if the punishment were only penal servitude.

For a humorous and yet faithful description of an execution, commend me to the gentleman whose father had so suffered: “Father fell off a scaffold,” he explained,

"outside Newgate, talking to a clergyman."

*Bodmin, Friday, November 27.* — "You say the prisoner is not guilty, and that is the verdict of you all." They do; so the prisoner jerks her baby up and down, and flounces, injured innocent, out of the dock. The baby, with its red woollen covering and pitiful white face, has cried most of the time and been plentifully supplied with natural nourishment. The mother is charged with having caused her step-daughter's death by striking her on the head with a bellows, for not being quick enough with a pail; neighbor saw it and cried "You ought to feel shame!" But, after all, there seems a good deal of doubt about it, whether the child hadn't hurt her head by falling off a chair, and the little touch of the baby plays its part (hard to send the baby to prison, and yet, how separate them?), and the mother, apparently a true *noverca*, is acquitted. Besides her we have a raffish architect's clerk, a kind of broken-down Champagne Charley, who's been dealing in false cheques at seaside Cornish hotels; says he's tired of the shifty life of subterfuge and pleads guilty; gets six months. What a relief it must be to tell the truth for once, and to know that for the next six months, at any rate, it won't be necessary to lie and forge! Next him stands a sailor with one eye, the other lost in a scuffle on Falmouth quay I should imagine, who stole his mother's boat; and next him, a woman in a disreputable mackintosh who breaks out into little false and unsteady smiles, and who's been throwing vitriol over her long-suffering husband. She gets three years; but they acquit the one-eyed sailor, who has a lively colloquy with his mother over the ownership of the boat; makes the poor old dame cry, even, into the fringe of a large check shawl.

And now a couple of "dramatics," as one witness calls them; the elder being a reciter and entertainer, the younger a player on the piano; both deceivers of landladies and obtainers of food and lodging under false pretences. I fear there are many of these rogues and vagabonds preying on widows about the country; "lakers" from whom not even the hedge linen is safe; provincial music-hall *artistes* who feast on the widow's tea and cake and eggs, talk largely of remittances and savings-bank accounts, and then "off it" when there's nothing more to be got. They mean in a sort of way to be honest, obscurely nourishing their consciences; that is, they'll be ready to pay if they make any-

thing after giving their entertainment in the back room of the Plough; but, on the other hand, they know perfectly well that, at the best when they've entertained themselves, there's very little likely to be over for widows. Pitiful types! The elder, viciously thin, his scanty hair trained across an irregular skull, his little eyes shifty, his voice the obvious false tones of the fifth-rate entertainer. The younger, a mere boy, has clearly been seduced from being a lawyer's clerk by the delights of an artist's life — the *vie de bohème* of October and November, when ways are miry and entertainments few; his face is long and his hair is long, and he seems amused at being in court, as though it were part of the education of an artist to find himself in the pale light of an assize court, facing "the red judge." Perhaps he'll make an entertainment out of it and take us all off on the piano in revenge. Both prisoners are acquitted, seeing that their pretences came *after* the procuring of board and lodging; indeed, the elder cross-examines the witness to that effect with a legal astuteness that seems to show he very well understands the weak points in the prosecution, and has done it before; so out they stalk in their terribly thin summer clothes of shiny light blue serge, carrying their hats, without linings, elbow-high like *jeunes premiers*, and go God knows where.

*Saturday.* — A moorland drama, the sea and the cliffs for background; while across the sombre picture, past the long stone farmhouse, goes the lonely road that crawls down to Penzance. And here a very wet, a most Cornish day, and in the narrow dock the dark young schoolmaster, with the drawn white cheeks growing whiter and more drawn as the dreary dusk that has been falling ever since early morning falls and fades into gas. Agony and a terrible apprehension in that man's face, if ever I saw it.

Crime charged to the young schoolmaster: the basest violation of hospitality alleged to his account, committed at the long stone farmhouse where he lodged so long; where, up-stairs, he kept his bright steel bicycle, and brought it down himself "for fear of the pigs." As the case goes on, one sees all the life in the farmhouse and most of the inhabitants: the upright, bold young man, to whom the schoolmaster had been "most like a brother;" the deaf grandmother with whom they don't know what to do when she hears what has happened, of such breaking power is her grief; the busy sister wrapped in a knitted

shawl and occasionally frightened into shy silence, if only at finding herself in court; the poor crimson and purple victim herself, victim at all events of some one's cruelty and lust. They were proud, evidently, of lodging such a man, of so much superior knowledge and refinement, who played the organ at the church; and dearly have they paid for their pride and confidence. "That is the case for the prosecution, my lord," that the prisoner at the bar was the man who committed the assault, and no other.

It resolves itself into this: where was the prisoner on the afternoon of the 1st of May, a Friday? At the farm, say the prosecution, and they know by this. He had his school examination in the morning, was home early, dined, oiled his bicycle, had his tea, and was off late in the afternoon, half past six, down into Penzance. Prisoner admits the first part, but affirms he started off on his ride not later than half past two, and was not back till eleven. Further, the girl says he talked to her that afternoon about the first of May in his part of the country, where a queen is chosen and five-and-twenty thousand people troop into Knutsford to see the coronation. Denied by the prisoner, who declares that he always regarded the girl (niece of the farmer) as a servant, and never exchanged half-a-dozen words with her the whole time he was there. Again, the farmer says he was papering the sitting-room most of the afternoon and spoke to the prisoner while it was going on. Denied; also, a couple of cattle dealers called who swear to the prisoner's presence in the passage behind the door at past three. They had come to buy a heifer; "Will you buy me?" says the prisoner, stepping forward. "Shouldn't know what to do with you," the dealers reply, "except show you on exhibition." They know it was the first, because one of them attended a funeral immediately afterwards, about four or half past; burial certificate, indeed, is put in. Conversation admitted by the prisoner, but as taking place not later than two, or a quarter past.

In answer to all this, prisoner calls two witnesses from Penzance to prove an *alibi*. Prosecution say these witnesses, not called before the magistrates, were sprung upon them at the last assizes in the summer, with the result that the jury disagreed and were discharged without arriving at a verdict. Trial remitted to the next assizes; hence, we try him in the autumn.

Now here for the defence you have the foundation of many a French play: crime charged against an innocent man, *alibi* to be proved, honor of married woman at stake; innocent man condemned, speechless rather than sully her fair fame. But here the married woman comes forward herself, clears her own fair fame and his; tells us how she does it with her husband's full approval and encouragement; how her husband is at sea in the coasting trade, and comes home for a fortnight once every three months; how she first met the prisoner at a ball and presented him with her card (visiting card, not programme); how he came to call and, afterwards, never scarcely came into Penzance without paying them a visit; and, "under stress of weather," would stay the night, invited by the ancient purser, her father; an old gentleman who has left the sea to take charge of a town hall and who delights to talk to the schoolmaster about shipping. "My father's favorite subject," says the daughter, with a simpering gentility.

It is always difficult to know on what it is precisely that juries act; nor must I be supposed in any way to call their verdict in question. In this case they acquit; very properly, on the whole, there can be no doubt.

Cornish juries have, however, a general character for clemency. When a celebrated judge was down in these parts some few years ago, driving with the high sheriff they came upon a lively hunting scene of hounds and hare, hard pressing and hard pressed. "Nothing can save that hare, my lord," says the high sheriff. "Nothing, Mr. High Sheriff," the judge replies, "but a Cornish jury."

*Exeter, December 2.* — Facing me along one side of the court is a huge picture of the school of R. B. Haydon, the historico-grotesque, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" in stupendous letters under the gigantic frame. Ancient Romans, apparently, and some domestic difficulty. Really it might be the work of Mr. Gandy, of Bloomsbury; it is quite worthy of the master-hand that limned "Alfred in the Neat-herd's Hut." Nay, for all I know, it may be an early effort of Clive Newcome himself; I am too far off to read the name, I can only make out that, like most similar works, it was *presented to the city*. Those were the days when to be esteemed a great painter it was necessary to paint on the largest possible scale. What a pity it is there is no natural law to cause such productions to fade and disappear, after a certain

specified period of neglect — say five-and-twenty years; then might that vast blank canvas be cut up and given to the poor.

We have quite a brisk coming and going of criminals all the morning: a nervous black and white man, ex-bank cashier, who tugs a scrubby beard and hands up testimonials of character. But, my poor friend, these testimonials are four years old and more; how have you been living since then? Well, with his mother for some time; then his wife died. And for the last two years? Downcast silence, and tugging of the scrubby beard. Who can tell the unhappy man's shifts and struggles till he takes to wholesale forgery of small cheques on non-existent banks, and is arrested on Newton Abbot railway platform with a brand new portmanteau on his way to lodgings at Torquay? But I am truly astonished at the facility with which these country banks cash cheques for strangers; positively they deserve to be defrauded. Observe: prisoner walks into a bank and presents a forged cheque on a London house that hasn't been in existence for fourteen years; gives the name of a customer for reference with whom he says he is staying; the bank does not even take the trouble to make inquiries of the customer, who, of course, has never even heard of the prisoner, but hand the money over the counter. And not once, but half-a-dozen times, with other banks. No wonder the prisoner has had no employment these last two years, since he has found it so easy to live otherwise. Three years' penal servitude. A most melancholy case, for the man has been plainly respectable and hard-working once. Inexplicable, almost, these outbreaks of dishonesty in lives otherwise almost wholly honest. I suppose there are characters with the seeds of dissolution in them from the first; hereditary germs of crime that only need a certain atmosphere for their due and inevitable development.

Something sad in court, always, and to wonder at. As a youthful burglar with a head like a pear, the back representing the stalk part, turns to leave the dock for the cells below, his mother rises hurriedly from a seat behind, leans over the rails, and, her face all puckered into tears, gives him a long kiss before he goes. His vacant expression never changes and he does not return the kiss. The mother is very well and prosperously dressed, while the boy is all in tatters, with a torn and discolored jersey; a kind of youthful Colonel Jack, sleeping on the warm ashes of a glasshouse. He shuffles below for the

next six months, while the mother rustles and bustles tearfully out of court. It was all so quickly done that if she had so desired and he been willing she might easily have given him poison. As it is, the by-standing police seem scarcely to have noticed it, while some one at the back of the court guffaws.

*December 3.* — A man like an ogre, with a huge, prominent tooth on which a three-year old baby might be clinging in illustration of a fairy-tale, clutches the black front of the dock with nervous, dirty hands and fights hard against a charge of perjury. So like the traditional ogre is he that I find myself looking for his club. Crumpled papers all around him and the police in drowsy attitudes, and the attention of the jury beginning plainly to wander. The case is chiefly interesting to me from the presence in it as a witness of the provincial money-lender. Bluff and hearty he stands, like a prosperous farmer, the capes of his coat thrown back, his short, thick hands composedly on the witness-box ledge, his upper lip very long and slightly incurving, hair light and scanty, head well shaped and solid; an aspect, generally, of great good-humor and kindness — part of his stock in trade, no doubt — a dimple, even, showing occasionally on the fleshy cheeks. He seems to live by making small loans to small people; ambitious man wants to start a cab, and the "shroff" advances the money, deducting out of it the interest in advance, *bien entendu*. The prisoner reads an interminably long statement from sheets upon sheets of blue paper.

*Winchester, Tuesday.* — They stand in a row in the dock looking like a slice out of the Chamber of Horrors, in attitudes of defiance, shame, indifference. Called on to plead to a charge of burglary, the little man with the faded blue jersey and the damaged cheek weeps copiously, and calls his Creator to witness that such a thought never entered his head, no more than a babe's unborn. I have never seen an elderly person weep so plentifully; and, what is stranger, it appears on his trial that there really has been a mistake, and that he is not the man. As a rule, the more volubly a prisoner protests his innocence, the more likely he is to be guilty. The innocent are generally perfectly silent, being afraid of making the case against them seem worse. The tall soldier-bandsman and the little white-faced woman with the prominent eyes, his wife, deny that they have any connection with the large number of false coins, the moulds, the

nitric acid and solutions—in fact the whole apparatus for “smashing”—found in their room in Copper Street, Southsea. Desperate character, the bandsman; was arrested three years ago in London for a similar offence, taken to Fulham police-station and left unattended for a few moments, when he naturally opened the door and walked out; has been sought sedulously since, but enlisting almost immediately afterwards has managed to hide in ambuscade behind a musical instrument in the band of the Inniskillings. Not a bad hiding-place for a “smasher,” more especially when the regiment is off to India the day after to-morrow. No doubt the three hundred odd false coins found in his box were for planting among the unsuspicious natives of our vast empire there. Only that the active and intelligent officers caught him first, and, after a desperate tussle in the main guard of the Victoria Barracks, there he stands in the dock in his gaudy bandsman’s tunic, with his hair sprucely arranged on his forehead in the fashion of the brass lyre that holds his clarionet music. It is very touching the way the little white-faced woman nestles up against the tunic, the way the bandsman puts his hand over hers, and fingers music, as it were, upon her terrified heartstrings; playing, perhaps, “Comfort ye!” She is acquitted as *feme covert*, and leaves the dock with many a backward, loving glance. For him everything possible is done: the natty little adjutant gives him the best of regimental characters—a model soldier, he declares, smart, and of blameless conduct; “great blow to the officers and men, this discovery, sir; great disappointment, sir;” and he looks longingly at the judge, imploringly, even, to give him back the unfortunate pride of the Inniskillings. But it won’t do, Mr. Adjutant; a first-rate soldier mustn’t be permitted to be a first-rate coiner too; for it’s perfectly clear the fellow has been supplying his friends in London with the stuff, and some few of his comrades as well, I’ve no doubt, seeing they used to come to the house; the regiment must sail without him, you must give his clarionet to some inferior performer. For how long? Sixteen years; sixteen years’ penal servitude. The public shudder as though each and all had been sentenced, too; the bandsman steps back an agonized pace, as though he had been struck; he shows his teeth in a *risus sardonicus*; stalwart policemen touch him on the shoulder, and he disappears from view.

And next to him a narrow, red-headed

young man with pointed moustaches, a rusty Mephistopheles, for breaking into a Roman Catholic church and stealing sacred silver dishes; and then a Swiss valet, with his coat collar turned up, who says—actually says, in excuse for burglariously entering his late master’s pantry—that he was there to see whether the silver was better cleaned than in his day; also, no doubt, as I hear afterwards, to visit an old flame of the servants’ hall; and then a sulky, yellow-faced young man with a soft, curling, Merovingian beard, an ex-groom, who has been indulging himself in a series of hut robberies at Aldershot, firing a revolver at his pursuers and hiding in the woods, where they ultimately catch him, and, bringing him here, the court gives him six years.

Crime, still nothing but crime. Let us leave the defiant-looking housemaid, charged with setting fire to her mistress’s house, and take the taste out of the mouth by attending the cathedral service; and, afterwards, we will invite a Winchester boy out to tea at Cotterell’s.

*December 10.*—While the prisoner, charged with the murder of her child, stands at the bar, I try to think of what I have ever seen that is as white as her face; neither that of a sheet of paper, nor of paint, but a dull, damp, dead whiteness, more as of alabaster. Indeed, when I see the alabaster effigy of William of Wykeham in the cathedral, there I find much the same hue. But I do not understand why alabaster has ever been held a fit attribute for beauty; there is a mortality about it that only suggests to me arrested decay, something between life and death, and most unlively.

The prisoner refuses the offer of a chair and stands resolutely at the bar, in her black turban hat and coarse brown jacket; a poor, ordinary slattern of a domestic servant, of the Bloomsbury lodging-house type, or Cecil Street, Strand; hard-working and honest, I dare say; only rather than be burdened with the shame and expense of another child (having one already, of seven years old), she ties a piece of tape round the baby’s neck, and the body is found by a little schoolboy playing on Barnes Common, covered with half of her apron and some sheets of *Modern Society*; also, under the body, a bag from a Ventnor confectioner.

There is a story of Guy de Maupassant, “L’Odyssée d’une jeune fille,” in which he traces a Norman farm-servant’s fall, falling, falling, till she alights, scared and helpless, on the Parisian asphalte. The

trajectory is accurate, no doubt, and in the same fashion, if it were not too painful and too long, one might trace this poor creature's slipping, till she is brought up short, as it were, by the bar of the dock at which she stands. And the man? Where is he? She is in the pillory, marked with the scarlet letter; is he among the crowd at the back of the court, dotted with red jackets and the black of the Rifles? More likely driving a cart somewhere, light-heartedly, or going his rounds, whistling. Why, he can't even find her the money for her defence, for she has no counsel until the judge allots her one, otherwise briefless.

It is about half past eleven as the first witnesses are called. A warm, rough, wet day outside, and the looped curtains of the court belly inwards with the wind. First, the mistress from Mortlake who took her down with her to Ventnor for a month's holiday; rather what is called a stylish woman, well-dressed, with a long feather boa; considerate, too, I am sure, from the way she gives her evidence; who bought her, it is to be noticed, a copy of *Modern Society* to read in the train. And next, the lodging-house keeper, an appearance of well-to-do gentility; of the kind I associate with keeping a boarding-house, not quite facing the sea, at Hastings or Eastbourne. And then the little schoolboy who found the body in a dell when playing on the common, whose head scarcely comes over the ledge of the witness-box, and who, when asked his age, tells us in a shy whisper ("Speak up, my boy, so that those gentlemen may hear you")—he is eight to-day. Truly a memorable birthday. He fetched the usher, who fetched the police, who fetched the detective, who, from information received, fetched the prisoner as she lay in bed with her little sister at her mother's, having been dismissed by her mistress the day before. Death by strangulation, says the doctor; while the policeman holds up for our inspection the little loop of tape he cut from the infant's throat before the final burial.

And now it is nearly one o'clock, and the meshes woven by counsel are closing round the prisoner at the bar, on whose blank forehead sits despair, graving lines deeper and deeper that were not there at all when she first came into the dock. The wind has dropped, and in the natural hush it seems almost as though Death, *L'Intruse*, had elbowed his way into court and found a seat on the bench; as though the high sheriff's javelin men were his satellites, and under his orders preparing

to strike. Speech for the defence and a sympathetic shuffle of feet at the close, and then the judge's summing-up, and, lo! it is twenty minutes to two, and the jury have turned to each other and are talking, considering their verdict. Twelve men, of ordinary capacity and appearance, small shopkeepers and farmers, met all together for the one and only time of their lives; somehow from among them some one by general consent stands out as leader and foreman, *per caput* and not *per stirpem*. He rises and the prisoner gives him a haggard glance. "How say you, gentlemen; are you all agreed upon your verdict?" "We are." "Do you find the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?" "Guilty." "You say that she is guilty, and that is the verdict of you all?"

Sentence of death! "Let all people keep silence under pain of imprisonment, while my lord the queen's justice pronounces sentence of death, according to law." Ah! the black cap! The poor wretch swerves and falls instinctively towards the female warder when she sees it; woman to woman in such an hour of agony. From being dumb she becomes loud and terrified in her fear and misery. Shriek after shriek, shriek after shriek—"Mother, my mother, my widowed mother!" While through the terrible hollow cries one hears ever the grave judicial voice till the sentence is ended—"and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The female warder is crying, as they raise the poor creature and support her below. Before she goes, her dress all unfastened, her light hair dishevelled, she turns towards the pitying, shocked people, and implores none of them to tell her mother. "Don't tell my mother! Don't let any one tell my mother!" And they bear the unhappy pale head and common light brown jacket away, and the court clears, and we go out to lunch, with what appetite we may.

But still those terrible shrieks, more hollow still from their reverberations from below; and the rain is falling dismally, and the wind is dropped and gone.

*Clifton Down Hotel, December 17.*—Clifton is full of the cheerful echo and *hum-pom-pom* of German bands, just as you hear them in Cleveland Gardens, walking home from the Temple about six or so. And occasionally, the season being sacred, one comes on shy ragged knots of children piping carols outside opulent doors, closed as hermetically as those of Russell Square. Passing quite close, I could only just hear their poor little thin

"triumph of the skoies," which could not even have reached the pity of the servants' quarters. Clifton is full of brisk airs and flourishes of high gentility, of fine houses that suggest Clapham and Streatham, of rough commons and unkempt downs, huge cliffs of rock and ravine, up from which rumble long-drawn detonations of blasting; and in the morning you meet little girls running to school, grooms exercising horses, and on the common a solitary enthusiast practising golf strokes, with a derisive dog only for audience.

At night, if one stands on the Suspension Bridge, below there are lights that look like the eyes of couched demons waiting for the next *miserrimus* to leap. I can conceive a rush of those fiery eyes to the hole in the water, a shrill reverberating peal of glee as they carry off the lost soul, down, even yet deeper. There echoes just such a scream of laughter now, only that it is the whistle of a steamer's siren cracking like a long, long whip, and circling like an obscene bird round and over me. And again the unwinking eyes return to their place and wait for their yearly feast. About one suicide a year, says the man at the toll-bar; "'tennyrate he's been there eighteen years and he's known twenty; don't take much heed of them now.'" Living down in Bristol at this moment there's a woman who took the leap, about three hundred feet; only that her petticoats played parachute and landed her like apple-blossom on the tide. You can't knock much more loudly at death's door than that. She has never since then felt any inducement to repeat the experiment.

Not much crime in Bristol; only ten prisoners. A railway guard, for carrying off the *impedimenta* of retired major-generals and their ladies journeying from Buxton; he gets eighteen months, his house being found full of pawn tickets relating to such robberies; declares, by the way, he found the violin lying among his garden cabbages, quite in the happy fashion our little brothers and sisters were born to us when we were children. Alongside of him is a very old offender, most respectable looking, who professes himself truly grateful for five years' penal servitude and two of police supervision; and an intemperate Irishman, who darkened the eye of one Mrs. Neagle, Irish also, for being tardy in opening the door to him. The great question always seems to be, "Now, were you drunk or not?" answer being mostly, "Oh, I'd 'ad a glass,

but nothing over the mark;" the mark being of quite an indeterminate height. With all possible appreciation for wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and all possible sense of amusement at the fume and fret of the teetotaller, it is impossible, quite impossible, to exaggerate the evils that spring from drink. Whether a universal blue ribbon would leave us less remarkable as a nation, neither I nor any one else can well determine, I apprehend; but I know this, that it would remove half at least of the criminals from our courts. Wine and beer and spirits are brave fluids, but you can scarcely trust the average Briton with them, any more than you can with opium or morphia. The fact is, the nation, taken as a whole, has a rooted tendency to spoil everything; give them leave to walk in a pleasaunce, and they leave paper bags about, write their names on the statues, carve them at the viewpoints; and so, in the garden of the world, you can't let them out of your sight for one moment but it becomes a pig-sty. "Bacchus, thou hast drowned more men than Neptune," and wilt continue so to do till the rollicking little gentleman is knocked off his hogshead.

Rather interesting last night, dining with the mayor and corporation. Behind his worship on the sideboard stood a very fine salver, or rose-water dish; a courteous official, next whom I sat, sent for it for my inspection. Then I saw that under the pattern there were innumerable marks of cutting, as though the dish had been divided into hundreds of little squares, oblongs and triangles; and on the back were rivets, so many that positively it looked pustulated. Evidently the dish had one day been divided for spoil, and cunningly pieced together again. It appears, that in the great Reform Bill riots of 1831, when Bristol for three days was in the hands of a raging mob (an old gentleman I know remembers as a frightened child seeing the light in the sky of Bristol burning, nine miles off), they broke into the Mansion House, and one James Ives, for his share of spoil, carried off this same dish. Unable to deal with it as it was, he resolutely cut it into one hundred and sixty-seven morsels, to deal with them for shillings and half-crowns. But James Ives was captured, every fragment was recovered, the dish was pieced, and for his share James Ives — when the commission came down in January, 1832, to try the rioters — received fourteen years' penal servitude. The droll part of the story is that, such was his love of good workmanship, James

Ives, on returning to his native soil, made an early call at the Mansion House, and entreated for a sight of the dish which had formed for him the bason of his *viaticum* to Botany Bay. *Ordered*, that it be accorded him, and that on the back, among the rivets, there be engraved a brief record of the theft, the recovery, and the wonderful piecing together again; where, indeed, I saw it, after an amazing good dinner and some capital speeches.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

#### DANGERS OF MODERN FINANCE.

A WISE man, who has passed through many vicissitudes, finds it necessary at certain periods to take a retrospective glance at past times, gleaning from experience lessons of prudence for future guidance. So should we as a nation study our past history, and be guided by experience with regard to our multifarious interests, namely, our defensive, social, and financial condition in relation to the other great nations of the world. Our military and naval position is criticised annually in Parliament when the estimates are voted; our social condition is the subject-matter for the consideration of numerous experts; but financial affairs are generally left to take care of themselves.

I trust it may not be considered presumptuous on my part to give to the public the result of my experience gained during forty-four years of hard work in the financial world. When speaking of the financial world, I naturally mean the City of London, for in no other place are the monetary transactions of the world so centred, so manipulated. In the very perfection of our credit and banking system lies the danger which threatens us; the fruit which has reached perfection is at the commencement of corruption. It is well to be in time to arrest such decadence. The development of our credit system is an evidence of human ingenuity that has no parallel in any other financial centre in the world. In London credit is used up to the hilt; vast amounts of bills and securities, called floaters, are held on "call," money which in other countries lies idle. Call money consists of funds destined to meet payments on the morrow, which is always in view yet always recedes. That provision for to-morrow amounts in ordinary times to at least twenty millions sterling, and is almost always used. Payments of hundreds of millions are settled

in the clearing-house by balance cheques of comparatively small amounts; no great sum of money ever lies idle; high pressure is the rule. The merchant, banker, or broker who has "money over" at the end of the day esteems himself, and, what is worse, is considered by others, a bad financier, throwing away interest which he ought to have received. All this is fair-weather finance, a happy-go-lucky system which passes triumphantly over small obstacles, but is apt now and again to meet with a shock all the greater when a period of calm lulls to fancied security. In other countries a merchant or banker, in view of the due date of an engagement, provides himself with the necessary funds to meet his liability, and keeps the money in readiness. In London, if an engagement is due on a Tuesday, the banker or merchant having the money on the Monday lends it over the day, and pockets the interest secured by the operation. Thus the United Kingdom, the wealthy repository of the money of the world, has no reserve worthy of the name. Hundreds of millions of credit rest on the small final reserve of the Bank of England, like an inverted pyramid — a great superstructure balanced on inadequate support.

Why is this country the banking centre of all the world? There are several reasons; the first is, because of the recognized integrity of our bankers and merchants. The second is, that our country is happily an island, difficult to invade, and still more difficult to conquer. Thus we form a treasure-house for the timorous all over the world. The third and not the least important reason is, that we undertake to pay all our engagements in gold, that metal which all the world scrambles to possess. The golden king had once a silver queen who, standing a step lower than his yellow Majesty, was yet a help-mate to him in safeguarding the financial state. That queen has been for many years and is still in disgrace. If there has been no actual divorce, she has at least been discarded, and his Majesty reigns in undivided supremacy. If we descend to a lower metaphor, and quote dethroned Bismarck, we may liken gold to a blanket with which several persons desire to cover themselves. But, alas! the blanket is not large enough, and as one occupying the outer edge pulls it over himself, he inconveniences another by leaving him out in the cold. "*Beati possidentes.*"

Let us now quit metaphor for practical business. We in this country profess to

supply all comers who have just claims with that desirable metal, gold. We are generous enough to turn bars of gold, the raw material, into well-minted coins, without any charge for manufacture. Other nations cover the cost of coinage by a small mintage. We act differently; we invite our creditors to take our heavy sovereigns to melt down, and we supply their place by renewed coinage at our own expense.

Foreigners, also gold-workers, here and abroad, melt our sovereigns almost as fast as we can manufacture them, leaving us the light pieces for home circulation. But that is not all; we use a soft metal, less durable than that employed by every other country for coinage, and we not only coin for nothing, but we produce coins which wear away faster than any others. We use a metal eleven-twelfths fine, whereas the United States and Russia, which formerly used the same kind of gold, have discarded it, and prefer, like all the rest of the world, the more durable metal nine-tenths fine.

But these are minor matters in comparison with the culpable carelessness of making enormous engagements to pay in gold with a wholly inadequate store of that metal. Our country is, without doubt, the richest in the world, and it is the over-confidence begotten by that fact which leads us to think that no mischief can possibly befall us. Moreover, with regard to a metallic reserve, the prevalent idea is, that what is everybody's business in general is nobody's special business. Suppose a banker had large liabilities, which he might be called upon to discharge on demand or at very short notice, and that he persistently left his resources in America and Australia, should we not in such a case prognosticate ultimate failure? That is the dangerous position in which our wealthy country stands at the present moment. We enjoy splendid prosperity, inasmuch as we lend to many nations and require to borrow from none; but, unfortunately, we lend to nations at a distance, while our neighbors insist on lending to us almost without our knowing it. We cannot prevent French and German bankers sending us their money for safe custody; neither can we hinder Continental capitalists from holding English bills and Treasury bills payable in London in gold.

This employment of money in sterling bills and deposits is almost universal, and is an evidence of confidence in our government and in our bankers and merchants. The main reason, however, is that it is

equivalent to holding gold and yet receiving interest. All this money due to the Continent of Europe, amounting to at least £40,000,000, is payable in gold, either on demand, or, what comes to the same thing, by discounting their bills in our market.

It might be argued, that we could tell the holders that we will pay at the due rate of their bills, refusing to discount even the finest paper in cases where it had been held by foreigners. But such a step would ruin our credit, and bring us to the brink of national bankruptcy. Such a contingency must be avoided at all costs.

We possess certain resources which, if rendered available, would amply provide the means of meeting our engagements. We have our excellent credit, and in ordinary times the bulk of our gold liabilities would be renewed in the usual manner by exchanging short English bills for those of longer dates. We ought, however, to make provision for an extraordinary and sudden demand from the Continent for gold. Austria desires to resume specie payments on a gold basis, and it is openly proclaimed that the £20,000,000 she requires must be obtained chiefly in this, the only country in Europe where gold in quantity can be had. It is further stated that, in order not to strain our resources unduly, it will suffice to acquire sterling bills by the issue of a loan which Austria could easily place. This new demand for gold and for sterling bills will tend to aggravate our danger; it certainly will not diminish the power of our neighbors to demand gold, which we can ill spare, and especially as we can only rely for a supply on distant debtors. To meet this large and increasing liability to pay gold we hold the inadequate stock of £22,000,000, against which we have issued £38,450,000 in bank-notes.

Formerly, in the halcyon days of bimetallism, prior to 1870, there was no scramble for gold; the Continental mints were open for the free coinage of silver; and gold was thus obtainable very rapidly from France and Germany, Holland and Belgium. That is not the case now. The German Imperial Bank takes effective steps to prevent gold shipments to this country by selling the sterling bills it always holds, and by its efficient control over the discount market. Besides, if any banker or merchant in Germany were to send even a moderate amount of gold to this country, he would immediately be called upon to explain so unpatriotic a proceeding, and if he persisted, his name

would be placed in the "black book" of the Imperial Bank. Other Continental banks are under no obligation to pay in gold; they would simply offer silver, which we could not use. The United States could supply a certain quantity; but bad European harvests and the McKinley tariff might force the exchange against us, and render Australia and the Cape alone available for supplies of gold. Truly, a large and sudden demand for gold might possibly be met by arrivals from New York after eight or ten days, if so much grace were granted to us; certainly we could not wait for supplies from more distant countries. The public might reasonably think that we could turn adverse exchanges by the sale on the Continental bourses of securities negotiable in Paris or Berlin. Unfortunately, we have little or no floating stock of international bonds. We used to hold a fair quantity of French, German, Dutch, Russian, Belgian, and Italian stocks; but in consequence of our successful conversion of consols, our holdings of first-class European securities have greatly diminished.

Our government is in no way to blame for the conversion which Mr. Goschen carried out so successfully. Hypercritics might say that the country was not ripe for so large an operation, that it was forced through by the then fortunate combination of circumstances, and that this is proved by the low price at which Goschens now stand in the market. Those whose stock was converted either with their consent or without it, if they omitted to object, naturally expected to receive new consols, which, although reduced as regards interest, would be realizable at about par. Had they foreseen so heavy a decline in the Goschens, they certainly would have refused the proffered conversion which has inflicted a loss on the investing classes of many millions.

Another disadvantage resulting from this financial *coup* is, that other European nations either converted their debts or issued loans yielding lower rates of interest. Thus these bonds became less attractive to English investors. Another obstacle kept the new bonds from the London market. We suffer under the imposition of stamp duties higher than those which obtain on the Continent.

For these reasons those who held foreign stocks refused to convert, and were paid off, and with those holders of consols, who were forced to seek a larger income, were induced to take Indian, colonial, and American securities.

Thus a speculative spirit prevailed in 1888, 1889, and the first half of 1890. Shares in gold mines and land companies were eagerly taken; millions were imprudently lent to Argentina, Uruguay, and other South American States. The resulting Baring crisis, with the humiliating borrowings of gold from the Bank of France and from Russia, has had a sobering influence, and presses upon us the necessity of taking preventive measures in the future. If evidence were needed of the dearth of European stocks in London, it can be found in the difficulty of obtaining delivery of such bonds on the account days. Out of over £500,000,000 of capital debt of Italy this country barely holds £10,000,000, which small amount is distributed among investors who are not likely to sell even to meet a demand for gold. Another example will confirm the fact of the exodus of Continental securities. We used to hold a large amount of Egyptian government five per cent. preferred bonds, and in consequence of our consol conversion that stock was converted into three and one-half per cents. at 91.

Our investing public did not find the new bonds attractive; many of them either demanded repayment of the old five per cent. bonds, or sold out the new three and one-half per cent. as quickly as possible. Some investors retained their holdings in inscribed stock, being induced to do so by the facility of transfer at the Bank of England. This was a serious mistake.

The inscribed stock cannot easily be sold on the Continent, and such limitation of negotiability depreciates its value. The price is about 85, as compared with 88½ for the same security in international bonds. Three months ago the inscribed stock was about five per cent. below the price of bonds. This experience acts as a further deterrent from holding Continental securities. It is only one instance of the depleted state of our market as regards the floating and available quantity of European securities. We hold now minute quantities of German, Dutch, Russian, and Belgian stocks. Our investments consist of Indian, colonial, and American stocks and shares, perfectly good in many instances; but almost all these have no market on the Continent, and cannot be rapidly converted into gold.

Further evidence of the process of depletion of Continental securities in our market may be gathered from the report of a Trust Company which appeared in the

*Times* of February 1st, from which the following is an extract : —

The chairman said that the enlargement of their powers of investment had been granted by the Court, subject to a slight alteration in the name of the company. The board had promptly used those powers. They had parted with a large quantity of Italian and Austrian stocks, and had reinvested the proceeds in first-class bonds of American railroads.

Our gold trouble is aggravated by the fact that protectionist tariffs on the Continent have forced us to seek distant markets for our manufactures, and as a result the volume of our resources continually locked up in distant countries is largely increased. We cannot, as in former times, diminish a Continental drain of gold by the sale of manufactured goods in Continental markets, and by this means turn exchanges in our favor. While our stock of gold is small and our engagements to pay in that metal are enormous and increasing, other countries acquire gold and retain it with extraordinary tenacity. The German Bank holds about £48,000,000 of bullion, in addition to the £6,000,000 gold in the war-chest at Spandau. The Bank of France holds nearly £58,000,000 of gold, besides about £48,000,000 in silver. The United States treasury contains about £56,500,000, exclusive of gold held by banks; while we hold only our usual amount of twenty odd millions, of which but a small proportion is available to pay our international indebtedness. Hence arise constant fluctuations in our bank rate of discount, which is frequently maintained for a long period at one or two per cent. per annum above what the commercial demand would warrant.

No one can foretell what the bank rate will be even a month hence, whereas transactions with distant countries frequently involve the locking up of funds or the granting of credit for a long period.

Let us compare the position of a prudent trader in England with his rival in France, both competing for the supply of goods to a distant buyer, involving six or twelve months' credit. The English merchant or manufacturer must base his calculations upon the probable bank rate six months hence. If he is very careful, and bases his estimate on a high bank rate, he may miss the business. On the other hand, if he calculates on a low rate, he may make a heavy loss.

They manage these things better in France, where the bank rate of discount

is kept year after year at three per cent.; consequently the prudent French trader need not trouble himself as to the value of money; that element of risk practically does not exist for him. Our bank rate of discount is constantly varying, being based almost entirely on the amount of gold held in the issue department. A couple of millions more or less will cause the pendulum to swing between a two per cent. and a six per cent. rate. The directors of the Bank of England, if they err at all, do so generally on the side of prudence. We therefore constantly see the official minimum rate of discount maintained at one per cent. or two per cent. above what is required for trading purposes. It is calculated that in ordinary circumstances the amount of bills of exchange actually afloat at any one time is £300,000,000, and that if that amount is affected by an unnecessarily high bank rate for three months, each one per cent. would impose a burden of £750,000.

It may be argued that if our traders and manufacturers lose, our capitalists gain at their expense, as well as at the cost, in some cases, of foreigners for whom we accept. Such reasoning is purely one-sided. Irrespective of the preferential consideration that we should bestow on the trading classes, we are losing our lead in the commerce of the world by burdening our manufacturers with needlessly high rates of interest. If certain reductions ought to be made from the loss indicated above because a portion of the bills of exchange may not have been created for trade purposes, on the other hand, our bank rate of discount affects hundreds of millions of loans based on that rate.

I have now endeavored to prove to the public that our highly organized and complex credit system is liable to get out of gear; that no efficient safety-valve protects us from danger; that credit is worked up to a point unknown elsewhere; that a number of discount brokers hold bills and floaters which, at a moderate estimate, must reach £20,000,000 on "call money" liable to be called in times of pressure, and that our stock of gold in the bank's issue department and our banking reserves are absurdly inadequate to meet large and sudden demands for gold and bank-notes. I will now proceed to consider if any, and what, remedies are desirable and practicable.

Mr. Goschen has endeavored to clear the ground of the mystification, which exists in some quarters, between the

metallic store in the issue department of the Bank of England and the paper and metallic reserves in the banking department of that institution. The issue department constitutes in point of fact the State bank, and is permitted to issue £16,450,000 of notes against British government securities, while all excess of notes issued must be in exchange for gold. Thus, as the stock of gold is about £22,000,000, the issue at present may reach about £38,450,000. These bank-notes are legal tender only so long as the Bank of England pays gold for its notes, and if so great a catastrophe could occur as the suspension of gold payments by the bank every debtor must meet his liabilities in gold. It would, however, be in the power of the government to make Bank of England notes legal tender without limitation, or, in other words, to impose a forced paper currency.

This danger need not be considered, as the Bank of England is so ably managed, and the bank-note issue is so efficiently protected, that no special stress need be laid on the limitation of legal tender quality of the Bank of England notes. We may, however, be permitted to criticise minor points in the management of the banking department of that institution, so that means may be found to lessen anxiety in times of pressure.

The Bank of England differs from neighboring State banks in the ineffective influence it exercises over the outside discount market. It therefore is frequently necessary to absorb floating money by the bank borrowing on consols, in order to raise market rates of discount. This condition of things is partially caused by the comparatively small amount of bills held by the bank under discount. In another respect our bank differs from European State banks, which are not allowed to hold securities other than bills of exchange, and the stocks of the State in which each bank is situated. It is currently asserted that only a moderate proportion of the amount published under the head of other securities consists of bills of exchange, and that the bank holds railway securities, a proceeding which diminishes its bill portfolio, and lessens its control over the discount market. Many European State banks hold portfolios of sterling bills, and when the exchange, say in Berlin, approaches the point when gold can be sent to this country, the Imperial Bank sells sufficient sterling bills to depress the exchange below the danger point. That is a powerful lever, even stronger than ap-

pears at first sight, because the moment that it is known that the bank is selling, other holders of bills on London follow suit, thus preventing our receiving even a small quantity of gold.

It might be advisable for our bank to fight the German institution with a similar weapon by gradually acquiring a portfolio of a million or two in sterling value of bills on Germany. If this operation were carefully managed, the bills could be renewed as they became due by utilizing the services of some eminent Berlin banker, and the result could hardly fail to be profitable. The bills would be bought at a time when the exchange on Berlin would be some points in favor of this country, and, whenever it dropped to about the gold export point, the bills could be sold with a profit. Such an investment would also have the negative virtue of diminishing a drain to Germany, whenever it became unwise to let our gold go to that bourne whence no gold returns. Minor improvements of this character might, when combined, do something towards the retention of our stock of gold, and would tend to equalize our discount rates.

But the great blemish of inadequate reserves held by the Bank of England, and by the other bankers and merchants, remains untouched. How can we apply a sufficient remedy which, if accepted by the banking community, would necessarily reduce their dividends? In New York, where there is no State bank, the Associated Banks are obliged by law to hold twenty-five per cent. of their net deposits in legal tender. If that margin were insisted upon in this country, we should have too much money lying idle. Possibly an elastic system might be legally imposed upon all banking institutions in England, somewhat upon the following bases. There might be indicated three stages: the danger point, ten per cent. of deposits, below which the cash reserve should never be allowed to fall, under penalty of the bank being eventually wound up; a moderately safe reserve of fifteen per cent.; and a perfectly safe reserve of twenty per cent. of their deposits. These reserves might be regulated somewhat after the following fashion. A bank or banker reducing the reserve below twenty per cent., but not below fifteen per cent., to pay a tax to the government equivalent to the interest for the time being, calculated at the bank rate of discount on the amount withdrawn. If the reserve is further reduced, and drops below fifteen per cent., a similar tax, calculated at the rate of ten

per cent. per annum, to be paid to the government; the minimum reserve of ten per cent. of the deposits to be rigidly maintained. A similar arrangement might be imposed on the Bank of England, so that its central reserve should be on the same bases, the bank holding in addition the bankers' reserves.

In passing from this part of my subject, it is necessary to say that my proposals are but rough suggestions which could be modified in various directions. It is impossible for a private individual to obtain precise information such as would warrant an interference with free banking. A Parliamentary Committee might obtain such information, or it may be found that another and inexpensive means of establishing a permanent reserve would suffice. The public may be aware that, without breaking the Bank Charter Act of 1844, there is only one mode of increasing the circulation of this country, and that is by the importation of gold. The active circulation of about £25,000,000 notes appears to suffice in ordinary times for the requirements of circulation in England. This is in addition to the gold and silver currency, variously estimated at £60,000,000 to £75,000,000 of the former and £20,000,000 to £25,000,000 of the latter. Although this volume of gold coins and silver tokens circulates in the United Kingdom, the bulk, no doubt, is retained by the English public—one-pound notes being preferred to gold in Ireland and Scotland.

This circulation of over £100,000,000 in bank-notes, gold, and silver fluctuates in ordinary times to the extent of several millions. It contracts in the spring, when the largest proportion of taxes is paid, and it expands in the autumn on account of agricultural wages and the needs of travellers.

In periods of great pressure, or "panicky" times, a sudden and large expansion of the currency occurs. If a large bank is known to be in difficulties, other banks find it necessary to be largely supplied with legal tender. The gold in circulation may be slightly diminished in the pockets of the people, but it would, under those circumstances, be retained by banks and bankers to strengthen their position. In such times the strain is concentrated on the Bank of England, and, if a serious commercial crisis occurs, the Bank Charter Act is suspended in order that solvent houses and institutions may be upheld. The foregoing refers to an ordinary commercial crisis, unaccompanied by a foreign

drain of gold, which, of course, causes a contraction of our circulation.

It must be remembered that all great wars have occurred in bimetallic times, and that no important European war has taken place since gold has become the sole medium for international payment. Before 1873 warfare was carried on in Europe, as now in India and China, by the aid of silver; consequently, when a war broke out in which we were not engaged, gold was not absolutely necessary, and was sent here for safe custody. Now a strong feeling prevails in Europe that the country which can pay for war supplies in gold will most likely prevail against the power which lacks such resources. We ought, therefore, to provide against the possibility of a sudden and enormous demand for gold leading to a gold panic to which a commercial crisis might be added.

It has been frequently stated that it is far better to have a large central store of gold than to be contented with a smaller stock, with the knowledge that unavailable millions are in the pockets of the public. Leaving sentiment on one side, is it of much greater advantage to the State for sovereigns to be in the pockets of the people than gold watches with gold chains attached? I fail to see any great difference between the minimum of the gold circulation and the gold articles in the pockets or in the houses of the public—all are equally unavailable.

We could not reduce to any considerable extent the gold in circulation by raising the bank rate even to panic point of ten per cent. Every one would try to obtain currency, and gold would be used for that purpose. If we imagine an extreme case, such as the suspension of gold payments by the Bank of England, and a forced paper currency, gold would then be hoarded or exported to foreign countries. Only a strong patriotic feeling, evoked by some great national danger, might induce the public to send in their gold for national needs.

It is evident that in this country we can only add to our central store of gold by importing it from abroad, or by withdrawing it from circulation.

If we import it from abroad in the ordinary way, it is added to our circulation, either in the form of gold coins, or, as is most usual, in the form of bank-notes, for which it is exchanged at the Bank of England. This addition to our supply depresses its value in the discount market. Thus, a large arrival of gold generally causes a fall in the value of money, until

the extra gold is exported and the circulation contracted to its normal condition.

It is therefore evident that if we desire to keep an increased stock of gold at the Bank of England by means of importations of that metal, we must adopt means to keep our discount rates equal to or higher than, those of neighboring countries. This is an expensive process, because those countries which also desire to attract gold would certainly raise their discount rates, with the result that we might have to impose an intolerable burden on our manufacturers and traders.

If we adopt the alternative course of withdrawing gold from circulation, we must replace the currency so withdrawn by some convenient substitute. The present moment, when light gold has to be withdrawn, is especially opportune for issuing £1 notes. In countries like France, where the State bank has the option of paying in silver, gold can easily be withdrawn from circulation and silver coins substituted. That course could not be taken here.

A few millions of gold might be withdrawn from our circulation without inconvenience, by calling in the light gold coins, of which at least thirty millions are in the possession of the public. The bank is now receiving light gold from bankers at the full value. Of these probably £3,000,000 to £5,000,000 are held in excess of currency requirements, owing to the maintenance of our absurd law, which every one disregards, from the chancellor of the exchequer and the Bank of England downwards, of cutting fairly worn gold.

The result of the intended withdrawal will hardly be satisfactory, because, unless bankers increase their reserve, the surplus light gold will render available more funds for employment in discounts, and an export of gold will ensue. The most harmless and least expensive mode of withdrawing gold from circulation and storing it at the Bank of England, would be by replacing such gold with £1 notes to the exact value of the sovereigns withdrawn.

This process would leave the circulation absolutely unaltered, consequently no export of gold would be incited, and the gold so withdrawn would be most useful in times of pressure.

Before detailing the procedure which I advocate, let us consider the arguments in favor and against the use of £1 notes in England. There is no doubt they would be convenient for those who now find it troublesome to carry five or ten sovereigns

in their pockets. Also for those who travel in England or Wales, in places where they might find it difficult to change a cheque or a large bank-note. Again, those who reside at some distance from a bank would prefer to keep in their houses notes to gold, especially as £1 notes could be as easily exchanged as sovereigns. Large employers of labor would find it easier and less expensive to receive £1 notes than gold, while the risk of robbery would be greatly diminished.

The use of bank-notes of the value of one pound is almost universal. Millions of persons of British and Irish birth or descent prefer small notes to gold. This feeling prevails wherever small bank-notes have been used for some time. In Scotland and Ireland £1 notes are preferred to gold, and from information I have received from the provinces, I can state that there is no doubt that an issue of many millions would be gladly welcomed, and would eventually be preferred to gold.

The objections are—that they would be largely forged, that they would soon become dirty, that they would spread infection, and that they would cause much trouble to count or to take the numbers.

Well-made notes could not be easily forged. For instance, a series of well-made twenty-mark notes was issued by the imperial government of Germany in 1882, and no case is on record of a forgery of these notes. It is hardly probable that forgers would exercise their misdirected skill on small notes, when those of a higher denomination could be as easily imitated. Counterfeit coins are more frequently made than counterfeit notes. There is no doubt, however, that the number of such counterfeits has greatly diminished owing to the improvement in the intellectual and moral condition of the masses since compulsory education was established in 1870. Dirty notes would be kept back and not reissued by the Bank of England or its branches, and if the counting gave some trouble at first, it could be reduced to a minimum by keeping the notes in packets of tens and of hundreds.

The numbers of these £1 notes need not be taken by the bankers; they would be in substitution of sovereigns, which have no numbers. I have ascertained that in other countries, including Scotland and Ireland, the numbers are not taken. I have also good authority for stating that but little clerical labor is caused by the circulation of £1 notes in Scotland and Ireland. As regards infection, we have yet to learn that Scotland, Canada, or any

other possession of ours, suffers in any way from the circulation of small notes. It is doubtful if a single case of infection has been traced to £1 notes in any country in the world.\*

Now, let us suppose that the Bank of England is able to issue, not the £25,000,000 anticipated by Mr. Goschen, but £11,000,000 in £1 notes, receiving the exact equivalent in gold. At present, with £22,000,000 of gold, the Bank of England issues over £38,000,000 in bank-notes. It could, with an extra £11,000,000 of gold, issue an extra £19,000,000; but if a law were passed that in ordinary times the £1 notes might only be issued against gold, pound for pound, we should have in times of pressure an effective increase in our reserve of £8,000,000 in notes issued against securities, if the demand was for additional currency, or about £5,000,000 of gold, if the pressure was for that metal. Should the Bank of England be able to issue £22,000,000 in £1 notes, the extra reserve for panic times would be either £16,000,000 in notes of any denomination issued against securities, or £10,000,000 in gold, in case of a gold panic. The bank-note issue would be amply protected even in a commercial crisis; in fact, it would, if that were possible, be safer than at present, because £1 notes would be *pocket-notes*, not *panic-notes*; they would take the place of sovereigns as well as of small cheques, which are so troublesome to bankers.

The outcry against Mr. Goschen's proposal to increase the fiduciary issue of the Bank of England is quite justified, because, if the bank were allowed to issue in the proportion of four £1 notes against gold, and one against securities, one-fifth of the amount of £1 notes issued would be driven out of the country in the shape of gold exports.

The proposal I make would leave the circulation absolutely unaltered in ordinary times, and in extraordinary times a perfectly justifiable note issue would never be exceeded. The mode of procedure in times of pressure might be as follows: Should the bank's reserve drop to danger point, the Bank of England, *with the consent of the chancellor of the exchequer*, could issue £2,000,000 of extra notes, paying the government eight per cent. per annum for the amount so issued, and,

with the like consent, a further sum of £2,000,000, paying ten per cent. per annum, and, if necessary, a further amount paying twelve per cent. On occasions of great difficulty, over-issues have been made by breaking the law, with the sanction of the chancellor of the exchequer; yet the amount of £2,000,000, the issue of which was thus irregularly sanctioned, sufficed. It acted like oil on the troubled waters, and panic was allayed.

Mr. Goschen's motive in increasing the fiduciary power of the Bank of England in ordinary times was avowedly to compensate that institution for the trouble and expense of issuing £1 notes.

Now, can it be necessary to cause a redundancy in the circulation, with a resulting export of gold, in order to save a few thousand pounds a year in the cost and clerical labor involved in the issue of £1 notes?

The cost of manufacture is very slight, and would not exceed a penny per note. Thus eleven millions would entail an expenditure of nearly £46,000. The average life of a small note has been estimated in foreign countries to be five years; but as we are very fastidious about having clean notes, we will assume that they would last four years, the cost per annum would then be £11,500.

It is difficult for an outsider to estimate the cost to the bank of extra clerical labor involved in the issue of £1 notes; but it could not be very large, because the notes would be reissued without taking the numbers. This is the almost universal practice with other State banks.

As a set-off against this expenditure, there would be the saving of the wear of sovereigns displaced by the £1 notes—a large item, as is evident by the fact that £400,000 has been voted to rehabilitate the light gold in circulation, which sum may possibly prove insufficient. It is estimated that a sovereign, on an average, becomes light at the expiration of twenty years—a moderate estimate indeed for coins in active circulation—and this is the class of coins that would be replaced by £1 notes.

At the end of twenty years of active circulation a sovereign costs at least five-pence to replace by a new coin, or a penny every four years, which is the exact cost of producing a £1 note. Another set-off would be the gain obtained from lost notes. No doubt £1 notes would be more frequently lost or destroyed than those of a larger value. There would also be that general gain to bankers, in which the

\* If we take as an example scarlet fever, which is a very infectious disease, we find that during the nine years, 1881-1889, the average death-rate for that malady per one thousand of population was 33·8 for England, and 29·9 for Scotland, where £1 notes circulate.

Bank of England would largely participate, of the diminution or total cessation of drawing cheques for £1.

Let me now recapitulate the three measures which, if carried into effect, would, in my opinion, obviate any possibility of danger which can be foreseen. We cannot, however, predict what might be the effects of a panic in times when, as at present, bimetallism has been abandoned by Continental powers, and gold is rushed after. The remedies are, first, a reserve imposed by legislation on banks and bankers, varying with the amount of their deposits, which can be withdrawn on demand or at very short notice, the same law to apply to the minimum reserve of the Bank of England, exclusive of bankers' reserves.

2nd. That the Bank of England should restrict its investments to British government securities and commercial bills, of which latter some bills might be payable abroad. This would not preclude the bank from lending on other securities as hitherto.

3rd. That the bank be empowered and required to issue £1 notes under precisely the same regulations as obtain with regard to the existing note issue, namely, above £16,450,000 against gold, with a certain permissible proportion against silver.

My second and third proposals might be tried first, and if they did not prove to be thoroughly efficacious, the question of imposing upon banks and bankers a legal minimum reserve might be considered.

In conclusion, let me say that if I have portrayed possible dangers in sombre colors; if I have taken a pessimistic view of our financial position, and ventured to place unwelcome facts frankly before the public, I have done so at a time when we have an outside discount rate of two per cent., accompanied by a plethora of money and a depression in trade, at a period when no staple is at a fabulous price, when no inflation or great speculation exists, so that we can calmly and deliberately provide for contingencies, instead of waiting till bad times may force us to review our position, and to rush into hasty legislation.

SAMUEL MONTAGU.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
THE COMTE DE FERSEN.

"A LIKELY young soldier with alert, decisive ways." Thus, Carlyle, in one brief, trenchant sentence, describes the

man who, in coachman's disguise, drove a carriage load of trembling fugitives out of Paris, and on "through the ambrosial night" of June 20, 1791. It is in connection with that flight of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, which, well conceived and boldly executed through his agency, ended in such miserable, disastrous failure at Varennes, that the name of Jean Axel de Fersen is chiefly remembered. Not in virtue of his own stainless, gallant life, or in virtue of its most terrible and tragic ending, but of that link, broken only in death, which connected him with a beautiful, heroic, discrowned woman, a queen, in whose slow martyrdom, in whose last lonely hours of anguish, men and women of whatever faith, of whatever politics, must always feel an undying interest, a living sympathy almost as fresh as when in those days of terror all Europe stood aloof and waited for news of her fate. The Comte de Fersen waited with the rest. But he at least had done what he could to save her, in memory of those bright bygone days when together they had danced in merry company in gay ball-rooms, together they had driven their gilded sleighs over the frozen snow, together they had wandered through the sweet-scented gardens, the tranquil woodland ways of the little Trianon. These two had played in concert at tragedy and comedy on a mimic stage, and when the other actors vanished, falling away from her, the inspirer of their pleasures, the life of their sports, like sapless leaves at the first pinch of frost, it was but natural that this man, who loved her disinterestedly, where so many professed devotion and paid a homage which had always some personal end in view, should stand by her as long as he could; that he should to the last, when his actual presence would only have been an added danger, cheer her by his words of comfort and counsel from a distance. It was the abiding memory of those other days, which seemed now as gone by and remote as if the dust of centuries already covered them, that kept the young Swedish noble in Paris, while French nobles fled, that brought him masquerading on the box seat of that historic coach into the deserted courtyard of the Tuileries, to wait with beating heart the advent of his precious freight.

Of all the European sovereigns, Gustavus III. of Sweden was the staunchest friend that the French royal family possessed, so that the Comte de Fersen could at least feel that, in all he strove to do for them as an individual, he was backed by

his master's approval. "If I can serve them," he writes to his father, "what pleasure will it not give me to acquit myself of a part at least of the obligations I owe them. What a sweet satisfaction for my heart if I am able to contribute towards their happiness." What he owed them was a kindly reception when he first came, young and a stranger, to Paris; and, later, in the early days of Marie Antoinette's reign, what he recalled with such gratitude was the distinction bestowed on him by words and smiles from those gracious girlish lips—the smiles not only of a queen, but of a charming woman. Of all the others in that light-hearted, light-heeled crowd, scarce one friend remained to her now. Some were in exile, voluntary or not; some had gone before her on the dark road to the guillotine; some had deliberately forsaken and traduced her in the hour of her need. It is a national characteristic of which the French have no reason to be proud, that they are inconstant in adversity, ready to belaud the victor of to-day to the skies, and to trample the victim of to-morrow in the dust. Marie Antoinette had kept a few friends—a very few—out of the wreck of her life, and none held a closer place in it than Axel de Fersen. How close, how dear, no one will ever know. Calumny battered on their friendship, and called it an intrigue. But calumny had pursued the queen from the moment she set foot in France, as a merry child of fifteen, a light-hearted dauphiness, had haunted her most innocent pleasures, and dogged her from her throne to her felon's grave. And it was never able to produce a single proof positive against a virtue that was exposed to every temptation, subject to every contamination. If any such proof had existed, we may feel certain it would have been brought to light and flung in her face along with that hideous list of vague and preposterous accusations upon which Fouquier framed her death-warrant. That they ever were more to each other than friends, dearest, truest, friends, there is nothing definite to indicate. Had they been so in a court where every little thing she said and did was spied on by a hundred spiteful eyes, and listened to by a hundred spiteful ears, to be whispered about almost before it was guessed at, a court where the queen lived night and day in public, the story would have passed beyond the surmise of scandal.

That Fersen was the man to whom as a woman Marie Antoinette's heart would naturally have responded one can well be-

lieve. She was young, lovely, and left to herself by a husband eminently unsuited to win her affection. She found in his gentle reliability and steadfast truth a support and companionship she sorely needed, and he possessed all the outward attributes that charm as well. "His face and air were very well suited to a hero of romance—but not of a French romance," was a comment passed on him by a contemporary. One has only to consider that face and air, as portrayed in a beautiful engraving from a miniature painted of him at the age of twenty-eight, to endorse the compliment and the criticism. Coming from Parisian lips, it was doubtless meant as both.

Axel de Fersen belonged, both in looks and disposition, to an essentially northern type. On the broad, grave forehead, in the long, full-lidded grey eyes—which, with their soft sweep of eyelash and the finely pencilled brows above them, are almost womanly in their beauty—there lies a seriousness akin to melancholy; while the delicate lines of his charming mouth and the firmness of his chin express a character calm, reserved, and resolute. It is the face of a man "*sans peur et sans reproche*"—the face of a man a woman might trust to the world's end.

The De Goncourts, in their admirable "*Histoire de Marie Antoinette*," while refuting one after the other the various calumnies against the queen, by pointing out on what slight and doubtful evidence they rest, yet admit that the testimony of all contemporary letters and memoirs goes to prove that for Fersen she had "*l'amitié la plus vive, la plus tendre, la plus approchante du sentiment*." And that friendship, begun in sunshine, starting gaily on the smooth tide of prosperity, outlived the foundering of many others. Long after, when Marie Antoinette's graceful coquetties were washed out in bitter tears, when her lips had forgotten their smiles, and her heart was dead to all personal hope and joy, and beat only in throbs of anguish for her children, her letters to Fersen attest how inalienable a place he held in her gratitude and affection. He was, perhaps, foremost in her mind when in that sad final hour she wrote her farewell letter—one of the noblest and most pathetic letters ever penned by a woman—to Madame Elisabeth. "I had friends once; the idea of being separated from them forever, and of their sorrow, is one of the greatest regrets I carry with me in dying. Let them know, at least, that until my last moment I thought of them."

Jean Axel de Fersen was born in September, 1755. He came of a noble Swedish family, distinguished in the annals of their country for military achievements, and for other qualities which fitted them for being more than merely brave soldiers. His father, Field-Marshal Frederic de Fersen, headed the liberal party among the Swedish aristocracy. At the age of fifteen, young Fersen was sent abroad with a tutor to pursue his studies, military studies especially, at Brunswick, Turin, and Strasburg. Three years later, in 1773, he paid his first visit to Paris, and here and at this period his diary, which he had already commenced keeping with great care and some fulness of detail, begins to be extremely interesting. This diary, kept through nearly all the troublous days of the French Revolution and up to his own tragic death, as well as the bulk of his letters to Marie Antoinette and other people of note, was published in 1878, with a sketch of his life by his great-nephew, the Baron de Klinckowström. It bears the title of "Le Comte de Fersen et la Cour de France," and for any one who cares to read an authentic record of events, before and during the Terror, the book is full of interest, the first volume especially. Not the least of the interest it contains lies in the peculiarly charming mind and character of Axel de Fersen.

But to return to that first visit of his to Paris. No sign of the coming storm had as yet stirred the serenity of the atmosphere, or its mutterings were still so distant and so low that only very keen ears caught them forebodingly. Versailles was at its brightest, the court at its gayest, and M. de Fersen's rank and connections gave him the *entrée* of the highest society, while his eighteen years and his manly good looks enabled him to enjoy to the uttermost the balls, theatricals, card parties, and other diversions to which he was bidden on all sides. The *jeunesse dorée* must have been more energetic in those days than they are now. Young Fersen thought nothing of dancing from eight one evening to six the next morning, and seems to have done it in good company, though he considered that his Parisian acquaintances lacked a proper zest in their amusements. "They have the bad habit," he writes, "of always saying 'I am bored,' and that poisons all their pleasures."

The Swedish ambassador wrote with positive enthusiasm to Gustavus III. in his young compatriot's praise. "It is not possible to behave with greater tact and discretion than he does. With the hand-

somest of faces, and plenty of wit, he could not fail to succeed in society, and that he has done completely. Your Majesty will certainly be pleased with him, but what so especially makes M. de Fersen worthy of his favors, is that he is of a singular nobility and elevation of mind." "More judgment than wit, circumspect with men, reserved with women, serious without being dull," was the verdict passed on him by the Duc de Lévis, at the period of his *début*.

There is no account of Axel de Fersen's first meeting with the woman who was destined so deeply to influence his whole life. Only he records on January 30, 1774, that he went to the *bal de l'opéra*. "There was a crowd of people, Mme. la Dauphine and M. le Dauphin came and stayed half an hour without any one remarking their presence. Mme. la Dauphine talked to me for some time without my recognizing her." Marie Antoinette was then in the first freshness of her light-hearted youth and the same age as himself. But he did not remain long in Paris on this occasion to enjoy his social successes; he left for England in the spring, returning early in the following year to Sweden. A military career was made very smooth in those days for young men of rank like Axel de Fersen. He had held a cavalry commission almost from his childhood, and he was now given a captaincy in the King's Light Horse. But he had no fancy for being a mere carpet soldier, and with Sweden at peace with the rest of the world, and no chance of active service at home, he started once more on his travels. The autumn of 1778 found him again in Paris. When he reappeared at court Marie Antoinette, now queen of France, exclaimed on seeing him: "Ah! Here is an old acquaintance!" Fersen, writing a little later to his father, says: "The queen, who is the prettiest and most lovable princess that I know, has had the kindness often to inquire after me. She asked Creutz why I did not come to her Sunday card parties."

Marie Antoinette was always especially gracious to foreigners. She felt she could allow herself to be so. Among them, after her friendship with the Polignacs had been cooled by circumstances not to the latter's credit, she formed her most intimate circle. And when some one thought it necessary to point out to her the dangers of showing such a marked preference, and the offence it gave to the French nobility, she replied sadly: "You

are right, but they are the only ones who ask nothing from me."

Her favors had been so traded on, her natural kindness and generosity made the occasion of such constant intrigues, it was no wonder if she came to look on a disinterested affection as one of the first best goods of life, and the most unattainable. When Fersen appeared at her card-table, she never failed to receive him with "a few words full of kindness," and after that they met frequently, and with little of the formality of court etiquette, at balls, at merry evenings at the *Trianon en petite comité*, at select parties given for the queen in Mme. de Polignac's or Mme. de Lamballe's apartments. The bonds of frivolous amusement first drew them together, and the light links it wove between them strengthened into that deep attachment which none of the after storms of fate could sever. They must have been a goodly pair. Marie Antoinette in the undimmed brilliance of her radiant variable beauty; Axel de Fersen with his soldierly bearing and clear-cut, aristocratic face. In those bright days of mutual pleasure, no inkling of a cruel future could have crossed their minds. Why should it? They were young, handsome, light-hearted. One belonged to a royal, the other to a privileged race; all the desirable things in life seemed theirs inalienably by birthright.

But envy and malice soon crept into their small paradise and spoilt it. People began to talk of their intimacy, jumping, as seems to have been always the way of courtiers, to the worst possible conclusions. It was whispered in the highest circles, and from them filtered down to the lowest, that the queen was deeply in love with M. de Fersen; that they were always meeting alone and having long interviews; that, seated one evening at her piano, Marie Antoinette had looked meaningly at him as she sang the words of a then fashionable operatic song:—

Ah! que je fus bien inspirée,  
Quand je vous regus dans ma cour!

Axel de Fersen was able for the time being to silence slander, and to obtain the main object for which he had left Sweden. He was appointed, as a great favor, aide-de-camp to the general in command of the French expedition about to start for America. All the court favorites, whose successful rival he had been, rejoiced unfeignedly over his unexpectedly sudden departure; and a great lady had the effrontery to say to him before he left:

"What, monsieur, you abandon thus your conquest?" "If I had made one," replied Fersen, with quiet dignity, "I should not have abandoned it. I depart free; and, unhappily, without leaving behind me any regrets."

And here we may quote from the despatch of Baron Creutz, the Swedish ambassador, to Gustavus III., on which the calumniators of the queen have delighted to dwell maliciously in proof of their assumptions. He wrote thus of M. de Fersen's going: "I confess I cannot help believing that she has a *penchant* for him. I have seen indications too certain to be able to doubt of it. The young Comte de Fersen behaved on this occasion with an admirable modesty and reserve; above all, in the part which he took in leaving for America. The queen's eyes could not quit him those last days; in looking at him they were full of tears."

Some pathetic little verses which she wrote in a note-book belonging to him, beside a miniature of herself signed by Boquet, are recorded in the private correspondence of the Comte de Vaudreuil. They run thus:—

Qu'écrirez-vous sur ces tablettes?  
Quels secrets leur confierez-vous?  
Ah! sans doute elles furent faites  
Pour les souvenirs les plus doux!  
En attendant qu'à cet usage  
Ce souvenir soit employé,  
Qu'il soit permis à l'amitié  
D'en remplir la première page!

Alas! poor queen! If she loved him, or would have, under other circumstances; if, in her early loveless life, her warm heart, craving for affection, turned to his, is it a thing to be wondered at? Is it the subject for a sneer? Afterwards, when she lived only for her children, and all her affections were centred in them, she remembered him; and he loved and served her till she had passed beyond help of his, however loyal, "to where, beyond these voices, there is peace."

Yes, for once, Fersen, the aristocrat, drew his sword on the side of democratic liberty. He assisted as Rochambeau's aide-de-camp at the siege of Yorktown, where Lord Cornwallis surrendered, and remained in America till peace was concluded in 1783. He gained considerable advancement in the service, as well as experience, from those three years of campaigning. By Gustavus III. he was made a chevalier de l'Épée and lieutenant-colonel, by Louis XVI. chevalier of the Order of Military Merit, and colonel of

one of his regiments — the Royal Suédois ; all this at eight-and-twenty ! It was at this period that his miniature was painted, the engraving from which makes a charming frontispiece to the first volume of his diary. Henceforth his duties in both armies obliged him to divide his time between France and Sweden.

Axel de Fersen was no narrow-minded aristocrat. He had indeed fewer prejudices than most of his class, having been brought up in an atmosphere of what were then considered liberal ideas. At first the Revolution which he returned to find impending seemed to him a beginning of better things for oppressed, tax-loaded France. To use his own words, "a healthy malady needing only a good doctor." Then, as the months passed, and the fever heat rose higher and higher, the near prospect appalled him, and his hopefulness changed to dismay. Early in 1790 he resigned the command of the Royal Suédois, and was sent by Gustavus III. to reside in Paris and be his direct means of communication with the king and queen. To the Comte de Fersen this was a most welcome opportunity of proving his gratitude and devotion to those who had shown him kindness in happier days. And while others sought safety in flight, he remained, forming one of a little ever-dwindling group of friends and counsellors on whom Marie Antoinette could really depend.

By the early summer of the following year the king's position had become so desperate, their last best hope lay in flight. It was then that Fersen planned and carried out the escape which ended so fatally at Varennes ; he only left them when he had taken them safely past the barrier as far as Bondy. From thence he did not disappear "into unknown space," as Carlyle puts it, but rode across country to Mons, to send a few triumphant lines to his father, telling him that the royal family were well on their way to Normandy, and that he himself was about to rejoin them. At midnight on June 23 he wrote to him again, this time in bitter grief and disappointment. "My dear father, all is lost, and I am in despair. The king has been arrested at Varennes. Judge of my sorrow and pity me." Perhaps he was most to be pitied when, shortly after, there reached him that sad little letter from his unhappy queen. "I exist," it begins, "that is all. How anxious I have been for you, and how I compassionate you for all you will suffer in not having news of us. May Heaven permit that this reaches you. We are watched day and night, but

that does not matter. Be easy. Nothing will happen to me."

Even at this juncture people were not wanting who accused the Comte de Fersen of sacrificing the royal family to his own ambition. In a letter to Marie Antoinette he tells her of these reports : "They are right. I had the ambition to be of use to you, and all my life I shall have the regret of not having succeeded. I wanted to acquit myself towards you of a part of those obligations it is so sweet to me to owe you, and I wanted to show them that one can be attached to people like you without any other interest. The rest of my conduct should have proved to them that that was my only ambition, and that the glory of having served you was my dearest recompense."

His father was now anxious for his return to Sweden, but Fersen soon convinced him that it was out of the question, that he could not desert the king and queen, nor go far out of reach of news from them. So he fixed his headquarters at Brussels, where for the time he could best serve their interests. A considerable portion of the French aristocracy as well as a large number of those who, as the Prince de Ligne says amusingly, had fled "from vanity," in order to prove a doubtful nobility, were located here, and having deserted their sovereign in his need, were now doing their best to hinder all rational efforts made for his deliverance. Axel de Fersen had never had a very high estimate of the French character, and an intimate acquaintance with the *émigrés*, with their levity, their indiscretions, and their hopeless incapacity for prudent and united action, did not tend to raise it.

By means of cypher and sympathetic ink he himself continued to correspond regularly with Marie Antoinette, directing and advising, as well as keeping her constantly informed of all that went on in Europe. They are sad enough reading, these letters and her answers ; a record of hope deferred, of repeated disappointments, of plans of escape which came to nothing, and, saddest of all, pathetic allusions to "le temps heureux où nous nous reverrons." They did see each other once again. On February 11, 1792, M. de Fersen left Brussels disguised as a courier, having at last obtained Marie Antoinette's permission to risk a visit to Paris. In his diary of the 13th he writes : "Arrived without accident in Paris at half past five in the evening. . . . Went to the queen, passing in by my usual way for fear of the National Guards ; did not see the king."

This laconic entry is the sole record of their meeting. Fersen had come full of the hope that the escape of the royal family might yet be contrived, but it was impossible, they were too closely watched, and he left Paris finally on the 21st, spending some hours with the king and queen together before leaving. "I took tea and supper with them," he writes, "and at midnight quitted them." He returned in safety to Brussels, though he narrowly escaped arrest on the way.

In the following month Gustavus III. of Sweden was assassinated, and in him the Comte de Fersen lost an affectionate friend and protector, and the French royal cause its strongest support. His brother-in-law, who succeeded him as regent, inaugurated a very different policy, and refused to join his troops with those of the Empress Catherine for a proposed invasion of Normandy. Henceforth Axel de Fersen's political influence was practically at an end. He was forced to stand aside and watch helplessly, while divided counsels and military incapacity brought defeat to the arms of the allies, and a death to all hope for the unhappy king and queen. Throughout that summer Marie Antoinette continued to write to him brief letters, addressed to an imaginary M. Rignon from an imaginary friend in Paris. In July she wrote: "I still exist, but it is by a miracle, . . . do not torment yourself too much on my account." After the royal family were imprisoned in the Temple correspondence became almost impossible, and to Fersen's bitter anxiety was added the trial of enforced ignorance. The public papers brought him news of the September massacres, of the king's trial and execution, of Marie Antoinette's separation from her children, then of her removal to the Conciergerie. From that time, though they hoped against hope and struggled with despair, her friends must have known that her fate was practically sealed, but the months dragged out nearly to another year, and she still lived. I think it was in the August of '93, in the midst of these tragic events, when the *émigrés* were suffering from terrible personal losses as well as national misfortunes, that Fersen speaks of going to the play at Brussels just to show himself, and "to avoid all that could have an air of affectation." He adds: "I found all the French there who ordinarily go, even the women. What a nation, great God!"

His diary for October 19, 1793, is full of the offer of a man named André, who declared himself willing for the sum of

two million francs to contrive the queen's escape. On October 20 he learned there was no longer any need for his plans, no longer any object for his hopes, that four days before, on October 16, Marie Antoinette had ceased to suffer. "Although I was prepared for it," he writes, "this certainly overwhelmed me. I had not the strength to feel anything. . . . It was frightful not to have any positive detail, to know that she was alone in her last moments, without consolation, without any one to speak to, to whom to give her last wishes. It fills one with horror. Those monsters of hell! No! without vengeance my heart will never be satisfied."

He did at least live to see his desire upon his enemies, in that the Revolution "devoured its own children."

After these events the Comte de Fersen, in 1796, was sent by Gustavus IV. as ambassador to the Congress of Rastadt; this and other diplomatic missions kept him abroad till 1800. He then returned to Sweden, where the last ten years of his life were spent. He was rich, and he had a great position; but death had deprived him within a few years of all whom he cared most for, his beloved queen, his father, his mother, his sister, his dearest friend, and private griefs and public anxieties combined to make his life a sad one. Sweden was passing through troubled times, and Gustavus IV. was a hard master to serve. He was deserted by the nation, and in 1809 was forced to abdicate, and Charles XIII. was elected to the throne, which was to descend on his death to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. A year later Prince Christian died suddenly, and the party which had deposed Gustavus IV. saw in the Comte de Fersen, now grand marshal of Sweden, the most distinguished representative of the old aristocracy, who desired the succession of Gustavus IV.'s son. They chose to believe that his death would crush their opponents, and with this end in view spread abroad horrible calumnies against him, accusing him especially of having poisoned the heir-apparent. On June 20, the day of the prince's funeral, it was known in Stockholm that an *émeute* was in preparation. The civic authorities warned Charles XIII. that the Comte de Fersen's life would be in danger if he attended the obsequies; but the former declined to take any measures for restraining the populace. The funeral procession as it entered Stockholm was headed by a detachment of cavalry, followed by a gilded coach drawn by six horses, in which sat Axel de

Fersen in his gorgeous uniform of grand marshal covered with sparkling decorations. He had not gone far before a clamorous crowd gathered in round his carriage, shouting insults and threats, and openly calling him Prince Christian's assassin. Soon, not content with this, they tore up paving stones and flung them, warming to their work as the object of their onslaught showed no sign of faltering or turning back.

At last at a turn of the street an immense concourse of people made further progress impossible. They pulled open the carriage doors and dragged Fersen out; but he managed to take refuge in a house near by. Only for a moment's breathing space. The general in command of the troops, warned of his peril, sent a handful of soldiers, too few to contend against the now infuriated mob. It would not be balked of its prey. Fersen was once more torn from his would-be protectors, dragged through the streets to the Hôtel de Ville, and there, in the courtyard, he was brutally, horribly murdered, he to whom a soldier's death would have been so welcome, who would gladly have died on the scaffold with the woman he loved. One wonders if he had time in that ghastly ordeal to remember her noble forgiveness of her murderers. He had time at least to gather his senses together, and follow her example. An onlooker told afterwards that just before his death Axel de Fersen struggled to his knees, crying aloud: "Oh! my God, who calleth me soon to thee, I implore thee for these my murderers, whom I forgive."

One bright sunny morning in May of last year I sat in the gardens of the little Trianon. The acacias and chestnuts were still in flower, cuckoos were singing lustily, and, for a wonder, the solitude was unbroken. Almost within sight was the grotto where Marie Antoinette was sitting when they came to tell her the mob from Paris was on its way to Versailles — the day on which she bade farewell to this beloved spot forever. What a *via dolorosa* from here to that dark, damp cell in the Conciergerie! Her Temple of Love still stands, but the white pillars are weather-stained and green with lichen, the stream that meandered past is filled up with grass and weeds, the tiny bridges are broken, the waterfalls have ceased to flow. The pretty little rustic cottages of the Hameau, in the planning and building of which she took so much innocent delight, remain, outwardly unimpaired, but they are closed and desolate. One peeps

in through a broken pane to catch glimpses of the small staircases and passages, up and down which red-heeled shoes and dainty feet once pattered lightly. An air of damp and mildew has crept over them. But better so; better neglect than they should be kept up, as in the empire days, for show. Marie Antoinette's Arcadia makes thus, in its weeds and desolation, a far more pathetic appeal to memory.

Oh, sweetest and most melancholy of spots! If ever ghosts walk this mortal earth they must surely haunt the Hameau in the warm hush of moonlit summer nights. Sitting there in the cheerful morning sunshine, with the banksia roses blooming yellow about the wooden balcony of the queen's cottage overhead, I saw no ghosts. But my mind, straying back to that long gone past, strove to evoke its brighter memories, strove to call up across the century's space that intervened the faces of dear dead men and women — the faces of Marie Antoinette and Axel de Fersen.

RACHEL GURNELL.

From Good Words.

#### A SAUL AND DAVID OF THE STEPPE.

BY MICHAEL A. MORRISON.

ON the right bank of the mighty Volga, about midway between the towns of Samara and Saratoff, a road leads away across the level and illimitable steppe to the lonely village of Sergéyevka. In dull November weather a traveller visiting this region, and looking only for the superficially picturesque, would be, perhaps, depressed by the dreary monotony of the landscape — interminable plains of brown grass, yellow stubble, and waste land, without a house or tree, without even a telegraph post to break the dead uniformity of nature; but if he were of a receptive humor, he might be impressed and interested by many a curious glimpse of life. He would pass an occasional Kalmyk shepherd — queer, slant-eyed, yellow-skinned heathens, trudging along the road in their greasy sheepskins — perhaps dragging a camel after them; he would see browsing on the stubble flocks of goats — haggard, weather-stained, and venerable beasts — the very goats for the foreground of some brown etching, dark with the passage of storm; and as he approached Sergéyevka he would notice the flaxen-haired Russian children tending the cattle; the leafless, silver-stemmed birches

round the little paddocks ; the young poplars and the willows beside the stream, and by the squat houses of the peasants ; the whitewashed church with its sky-blue cupola adorned with gilded stars ; the bright headdresses of the women and girls, over their sunburnt faces ; and the old men and *babui* sitting at the doors of their cottages, talking the everlasting small-talk of the village. Interesting enough scenes these for him who delights in the contrast of juxtaposition between what is familiar and what is remote and strange.

Count Pavl Kirilitch Levashoff was the owner of the village of Sergéyevka, the great man of the district. If the villagers were asked what they thought about Pavl Kirilitch they would answer by saying that he was a *tchudak*, a queer fellow, and would shrug their shoulders ; but when pressed for fuller information they would admit that they knew little or nothing about him ; that he kept himself remote from them in his big, lonely house across the stream ; that they seldom saw him ; and that they were all afraid of the sombre, silent man whom they called their *barin*. They had no love for him. He took his dues, and evinced no interest in their concerns. The priest and the schoolmaster never ventured to approach him when the harvest turned out badly, and they wanted help to ward off hunger from the village. He had come to Sergéyevka to live five years ago, when his father died — the Lord rest his soul — people said from Petersburg. In all that time he had never left the village, and no one of his former friends ever visited him — perhaps he had no friends. An old *baba* kept house for him, and Simyon Andreitch was his house-servant and steward all in one ; but never a word would *he* speak of the *barin*. This was all the peasants could tell about Pavl Kirilitch.

But there was far more to tell. When Pavl Kirilitch arrived at Sergéyevka he was a man of thirty — a man young in years. But he was broken by dissipation ; a ruined, wretched creature, who had wasted all the fortune left him by his mother, and all his father's savings as well. His life in Petersburg had been so strange and disgraceful, that all his relations had quarrelled with him, and all decent people shunned him. Just as he was being driven out of the society of the reprobates he frequented, for a fraud at cards more than usually flagrant, his father died ; and disgraced, covered with contumely, branded as a common cheat, ruined

in pocket, in mind, and in body, he fled to Sergéyevka, and hid himself in shame — the horror of the memory of his past life eating out his heart, and bringing him to the verge of madness.

Years of unutterable misery were now his portion. The memory of what he had been, the mordant thought of what he might have been, the ghosts of past crimes, the woful career of sin and shame — all this burdened the heart of Pavl Kirilitch with a load of anguish, from which he vainly sought release. Only one friend remained to him, old Simyon the steward. Every one else fled from the lowering eyes that could only express hate and contempt ; from the man whose cynical laugh, cruel speech, and storms of ungovernable fury made him an object of terror. It was this faithful servant who would often steal into the room where the *barin* was lying, face downward, on his bed, and remove his revolver, or his razor, or his rifle, fearing he would lay violent hands on himself in one of his fits of passion ; or would try to still him as he would a child, when he lay moaning all through the night in the agony of his mind. Simyon Andreitch never heeded the hard words and black looks cast at him. He would say to himself : "The *barin* is in great trouble ;" or, "The *barin* has a heavy cross to carry to-day ;" or, "The Lord is smiting the *barin* more than he can bear, but it will all come right — *vsye boodyet kho rosho*."

It happened during one of the *barin's* "bad days" that old Simyon was in the little room that served him as office, a room adjoining his master's. He heard the swift, uneven steps of the conscience-stricken man, as he paced his room like a caged animal, and he wished from the bottom of his heart that he possessed a salve to heal wounds that could cause such unending anguish. But he noticed that Pavl Kirilitch's movements gradually became slower and more regular, until at last he stopped in front of a small cabinet. Simyon Andreitch rose, and through the slightly opened door he saw his master take from one of the drawers of the cabinet an old flute that had lain there unused ever since they came to Sergéyevka, and wet it preparatory to playing. Pavl Kirilitch sat down on his bed and began to play an old Russian melody that all the peasants of the Volga know — that he must have learnt when he was a child, long before he went out into the world — a song about the rising sun. And as he played the tears rolled down his haggard cheeks. Starting up suddenly, he broke

into peal after peal of horrible laughter; and, dashing the flute into the burning stove, he sank on the floor, sobbing as though his heart would break. The old steward crept into the room, and strove to soothe the stricken man; but for many a day after Pavl Kirilitch was as one dazed, as one from whom all consciousness had fled; silent, motionless, without either hope or passion of spirit.

Leaving the old baba in charge of his sick master, Simyon Andreitch one morning crossed the stream into the village, on some business connected with the estate. He was feeling sore at heart about the barin, revolving many things in his mind, thinking what could be done to alleviate the sufferings of the lonely and heartbroken man. As he drew near to Sergéyevka he noticed one of the village lads, perched on top of a ruined wall, singing and playing an accompaniment on the roughly made mandolin, so often seen in the hands of the Russian peasantry. Simyon Andreitch could not tell whether it was the melody itself, or the way in which it was sung, that fascinated him. He recognized it as the same simple air that the barin had played on the flute; but it was sung with so sweet a voice, and the coarsely made instrument was touched with so skilful a hand, that the old man stopped in wonder to regard the boy closer.

An inspiration flashed into Simyon Andreitch's mind: "I shall have that boy up to the house to play for Pavl Kirilitch. I'll have him up this evening, and he'll sit in my room, and I'll open the door a little so that the barin may hear him." Then, turning to the boy, "Meesha, little sonny, I want you to come over to the house this evening to sing me that song." And Meesha consented to go, provided Simyon Andreitch would not let the barin see him.

At evening, Meesha, and the old steward were sitting together in the little office, and the barin sat in his chair before the fire sadly watching the dying embers. Meesha was not at his ease so near the barin, but, nevertheless, when Simyon Andreitch whispered to him to sing, he took up his old mandolin, and all his innocent confidence returned as he sang the quaint little peasant song:—

The sun is God's lamp in the sky;  
And its light streams around us all day.  
We rejoice as we work, as we play.

There are stars and the pale moon on high,  
When the night closes round us at rest;  
And his lamp has gone down in the west.

The dear Lord with his care ever nigh,  
Sends us all, gives us all, in large store;  
And is waiting to bless us with more.

The voice of the singer was the voice of an angel, and the sick barin heard it, and listened, and gave a deep sigh when the song was finished. Then he rose and closed the door into the steward's room, and both Meesha and Simyon Andreitch thought they heard him weep. And when Meesha saw that Simyon Andreitch was also weeping, he stole away to his own home, and thought it all over to himself, and wondered.

Next evening, at the steward's request, little Meesha again appeared at the great house. All his dread of the barin had somehow vanished. When Pavl Kirilitch heard the first fingerings of the mandolin, he cried out: "Send that boy here." And Meesha entered the room where sat the tortured man, who was passing through the valley of humiliation, and wrestling with the demon of remorse.

"Sing that song beginning, 'The sun is God's lamp.'"

Meesha sang it.

"Have you any more songs?"

Meesha smiled, "Many."

"Sing another."

Then the child struck some chords, and sang one of the sweetest of the Russian folk songs:—

O rich black earth, all streaked with snow,  
On cloudy April morning;  
The green headlands, the fresh-turned row;  
Young leaves the trees adorning.

Spring, spring on earth, in sky, in air;  
Spring will ever waken  
The saddest heart sunk in despair,—  
Thinking itself forsaken.

Spring! We will sing thy praise indeed,  
And bless thy welcome coming;  
And raise our hearts forever freed  
From winter's drear benumbing.

Pavl Kirilitch leaned forward, and with his two hands drew the boy's head close to him, looking long and fixedly with his stormy, heavy eyes on the bright and fearless young face. Then he passed his great hand slowly through Meesha's auburn curls, gazing wistfully; and still closer he drew the boy's head, and kissed his lips. Meesha loved the barin, and sank on his knees beside him.

"Your name is Meesha; isn't it? Come to-morrow, Meesha"—and the man's voice was hoarse, and choked, and broken—"but, before you go, sing me one more song, Meesha, Meeshurka."

Meesha rose. He was solemnized by the strange scene through which he was passing. He remembered that when he lost his mother a year ago, the schoolmaster, whom he loved, came to his father's *isba* and sang some beautiful words, which he afterwards taught him. Meesha remembered how the schoolmaster's song had cheered him in his sorrow, and he thought that if the barin is in great trouble, perhaps it might do him good also.

So Meesha sang — his great blue eyes wide open and gazing intently at the barin: —

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we saw as in a dream. Then our mouth was filled with rejoicing, and our tongue with song. Then said they among the nations: The Lord hath done great things for us: we rejoiced. Turn back, O Lord, our captivity, as the streams at noonday. Those that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. Sowing in tears the seed, he shall return with joy, bearing the sheaves.\*

These are the grand old words sung by the Russian boy; and as he sang, sunlight entered the soul of Pavl Kirilitch. His captivity was turned; and his stony heart, so long filled with hatred, with the memory of sin, began diffidently to hope that there was perhaps a place of repentance for him, if he sought it carefully through tears and humiliation and prayer.

\* Translated from the ancient Slavonic.

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From The Leisure Hour.  
STATESMEN OF EUROPE.

RUSSIA.

II.

SIDE by side with Vischnegradsky, for the importance which he has for the Russian people, must be placed the minister of public instruction, Count Delianoff. Both these ministers should exist for the good of the people; they both direct ministries which may be supposed to incarnate the soul of the nation; both in reality do little else save suffocate it. The actual minister of public instruction in Russia oppresses the souls of the people; his policy is fatal to their spiritual well-being. M. Delianoff took the place left empty by the Baron Nicolai in 1882. It will be sufficient if we cite two or three facts from his life to show what Russian society could expect from him. In 1854 he was nominated administrator of the secret committee called upon to persecute the

Raskolniks, or Old Believers, a sect that represents many thousands of Russians, and who are nothing more than dissenters from the orthodox faith — indeed, their doctrines differ very little from the orthodox, and consist chiefly in trivialities and in a desire for a simpler ritual. In 1860 Delianoff was a member of the censorship. In 1886 he was chosen adjutant of the then minister of the interior, Count Tolstoi. These data are sufficient to show what type of administrator he was likely to prove. A man whose task it had been to persecute the harmless and truly patriotic sect of the Raskolniks, to suffocate the press, to assist Tolstoi in his retrograde measures, was not one from whom much could be expected in the matter of public instruction.

Notwithstanding, society expected much from him, hoping that he would resolve the question of the secondary schools. A reform of these schools was looked for, because the government itself attributed precisely to them the diffusion of what it calls perverse ideas. It was therefore anticipated that Delianoff had been specially called to this post to eradicate these ideas, and to place the schools upon a new basis. The result, instead, was that all which had been anticipated of him did not come about. The Russian schools, although some changes have been made in them, are to-day nothing but chaos. If in the time of Tolstoi the secondary schools had a purely classical character and followed a certain system, antique and doctrinaire though that system was, now under Delianoff they are nothing but a conglomeration of all kinds of different types; military academies, technical schools, classical gymnasiums, seminaries. All these are mixed up together, and in their entirety are well calculated to turn out men as little educated as possible. There are those who say that the less men are educated, the better it is for the czar's tranquillity. If this be really so, the present system should be favorable to his rule. The universities had been put under a new regulation, in substitution for that which had been in force since 1863; and in 1886 Delianoff's name was in every one's mouth because of his famous university decrees, which had dissatisfied everybody, Conservatives and Liberals alike.

The essential fact in these new regulations was that the principle of election to a professorial chair was, under every form, entirely proscribed. Professors, rectors, deans, were all to be chosen by

the minister of public instruction. Moreover, it was ordained that all these authorities must submit themselves entirely and absolutely to the head rector and to the chief superintendent of studies, the head rector having the right to criticise any of the actions of his subordinates, to assign to them rewards, or to dismiss them without giving any explanation for his conduct.

Everything that regards public instruction in Russia passes through the ministry, and it must be borne in mind that one of the duties of the minister is to keep an eye on the nature of the lessons given by the masters. In virtue of a ministerial circular the professors are obliged to demonstrate the superiority of the orthodox religion and of autocracy over all other religions and over all other political forms on every possible occasion. For example, a professor who is giving a lesson on constitutional law in England would have to admit that the English constitution is an important fact, but that it is so only for the English; for the Russian people, educated in the fear of God, the only salvation lies in the autocracy of the house of Romanoff; the professor is obliged from his chair to declare that this is the will of God, and that the czar holds his power direct from Heaven, and not from the people. And it must be remembered that any one who openly or even indirectly declares against this, is, under the two hundred and fifty-second clause of the Russian penal law, liable to be sentenced to lifelong exile in Siberia. Obviously, many historical events must be absolutely ignored. Taken as a whole, the liberty of university instruction does not exist in Russia, and whoever has been or is its defender is cruelly persecuted. Some of the best men have lost their professorial chairs. In the ranks of the universities, if we may accept contemporary opinion, there remain, with a few exceptions, only those who have no authoritative position in science or scholarship. Let us quote the words of one of the apostles of contemporary science, the Russian professor Lamansky: "Entire branches of education, like philosophy, languages, Russian history and literature, the history of the Middle Ages, and the contemporary history of the Teuton and Latin peoples, the history of the Ottoman Empire and of the Slav people, have to be delivered in such a manner in the divers historical and philological faculties, that literally there is no possibility for the professors to teach what is asked of them, nor are the students able to study

these sciences in a manner that would enable them to become good specialists or literary men."

To characterize Delianoff we may add the following. Though he himself is of Armenian origin, scarcely was he nominated minister than he issued an order to close all the Armenian schools of the Caucasus. Delianoff is also known as the author of the circular now in force, according to which the sons of poor parents and those who are not noble are admitted only in very limited numbers to the universities. Yet his zeal has not remained unrecompensed; on the day of his official jubilee, Delianoff was invested with the title of count.

On account of its political importance, as well as on account of its serious responsibility, one of the greatest posts held by Russian ministers is that of minister of war. This office is now held by General Vannonsky, who was born in 1822. He received a most limited education, having finished his studies in the military academy in the times of Nicholas I., that is to say in the days when attention was paid to nothing but manœuvres. There not only nothing was taught, but everything that savored of science or higher instruction was persecuted. Vannonsky, rising gradually, was chosen at last to fill one of the most important posts during the war of 1877-78, being elected chief of the staff of the 12th regiment, commanded by the then crown prince, the present czar. His critics say that he has little executive talent, and repeat the taunt familiar in other associations, that he holds the basis of all strategy to consist in a certain quantity of buttons and braid upon the dress of a soldier, and believes the supreme force of the empire to be constituted in the number of men under arms. Alexander III., when he was called upon to fill the throne, nominated Vannonsky as minister of war. As might be expected from one having so little sympathy with military education, the artillery and engineers are little protected under his *régime*; his favorite corps is the infantry. One of the first acts of the new minister was to minimize even the small amount of instruction given in the military schools. His predecessor Milutin had attached great importance to education for the officers and the graduates; he had founded schools in all the regiments, had encouraged libraries, and had laid down some useful rules as to the lines upon which military education was to

be conducted. Under his *régime* the military colleges took the name of military gymnasiums, and in the instruction imparted there they were on a level with that given in other schools of the empire. Milutin opened the doors of the military schools to all those who desired to educate themselves without on that account committing them to the military vocation. It was found that the interests of the army did not suffer from this change. Indeed, the last war proved sufficiently that the method was not a mistaken one. Vannonsky, on the other hand, held that these arrangements disturbed the basis of autocracy; consequently the military gymnasiums were once more remodelled into military colleges, and the instruction imparted there was changed as entirely as the name, the school returning to the *status quo ante*. The classes of medicine to which ladies had been admitted, and which had been favored by Milutin, were abolished at the express desire of the new minister of war. He also speedily put into practice his own views with regard to the army, and from his point of view he has always conscientiously fulfilled his duties.

The army, according to Vannonsky, should consist of unthinking machines, blindly devoted to their czar, incapable of discussion, prompt to obey the first word spoken by their emperor, and should shoot or destroy not only all foreign enemies, but, if needful, their own brethren also. The czar, delighted with the zeal of Vannonsky, was about to raise him to the rank of count, when all of a sudden there occurred an unpleasant incident. This same army, which, according to Vannonsky, was so devoted to the czar, and actually that very part of the army of which Vannonsky was the chief representative, and which had always been regarded as the most secure protection for the throne, was just the portion which gave forth the group of persons that proved most perilous to the czar, and who ventured to attempt the life of his sacred person. On March 1, 1887, some young Cossacks of the Don were arrested at St. Petersburg on the Newsky Prospekt, at the very moment when they were about to throw a bomb of explosive material under the carriage of the emperor, who was then returning from the fortress of Pietropaulowsky, where he had assisted at a mass for the soul of his father, murdered on this very spot March 1, 1881. It is easy to imagine how mortified Vannonsky was at this incident. His main defence con-

sisted in reiterating that these young Cossacks were criminals solely and only because they had received instruction unsuited to a Russian soldier, because, horrible to say, they had been university students; and he, the minister, had said more than once that the Cossacks ought never to cross the threshold of the universities, and that it was enough for them if they knew how to manage their horses. From that day forward, to Vannonsky's great annoyance, the czar began to doubt the fidelity of the Cossacks. Then Vannonsky decided at all costs that the czarewitch, in his capacity as attaman of all the Cossack troops should go to Novotserkask, to persuade himself personally of the devotion of the army. The czar consented, and sent his eldest son under the pretext of blessing a new banner which had been presented to the Cossacks of the Don. The reception of the prince took place in the same official manner that always happens in such cases: the Cossacks defiled before him, at a foot pace, a trot, and a gallop; he was presented with the traditional bread and salt on silver trays covered with richly embroidered cloths, the joy-bells clanged through the air, the little Cossacks shouted hurrah, the Cossack girls threw flowers under the feet of the horses of the prince. No bomb was thrown, and Vannonsky triumphed. Notwithstanding, on the day of his jubilee he did not receive the title of count. And what Vannonsky is worth in his character of minister of war he has had no opportunity of showing. Meanwhile, it is whispered, and whispered pretty loudly, that the Russian army is worse equipped and worse educated than any of their rivals on the battle-field, that its *régime* is one of peculation and corruption.

Concerning some of the other ministers there remains little for us to say. The actual minister of public justice is Mána-seïn, who was originally a senator and became noted for his revision of the Baltic region in 1882. Many patriots placed great hopes upon this man; they thought that a man so learned, especially in legal matters, and who for a long time had filled the post of senator defending justice, that is to say, revealing himself as a follower of more modern legal principles, when once he had assumed the post of minister, would have continued in that direction. He once more undertook the question of the Baltic provinces, and visited them in person. He found great abuses current

there in the administration of justice; laws were arbitrarily violated or falsely interpreted, as results of the privileges and imperial rights accorded to the old feudatory nobility. Mánsseïn justly attributed all the evils that he saw here to the want of publicity, to secret tribunals, and to the amalgamation of the functions of police and justice that prevailed in the provinces. He proposed to rectify these evils by reforming the judicial institutions of the Baltic regions, and placing those provinces on the same level as the rest of Russia. This proposal found a sympathetic echo among all fair-minded Russian citizens; but what was their astonishment when Mánsseïn, become minister of justice, set himself to his task in a sense that they hardly anticipated. True, he placed the Baltic provinces upon a level with the rest of the empire, but he changed them from their more European position. He reversed the judicial codes of Alexander II., restricted publicity, almost abolished trial by jury, in short assisted as far as lay in his power to the making of Russian justice an instrument to aid Russian autocracy and the Russian orthodox religion. Thus it came about that the reforms in the Baltic region were made, not in order to diffuse modern ideas of justice and to educate the people under more humane and just laws, but to strengthen the Slavophile policy which is summed in the motto of Nicholas I.: "Autocracy, orthodoxy, nationalism." It is clear that Alexander III., like his grandfather Nicholas, regards himself as the representative of the Russian national spirit. But this spirit unhappily finds embodiment as a huge official fist, proud of its physical weight; it believes itself predestined to keep every other nation smashed and silent. At the same time that the Baltic regions were thus "pacified," ministerial circulars were issued by the minister of justice, applying to the whole of Russia, ordering that in future the number of lawyers and their assistants should be limited, and that in nominating them due attention should be paid to their religion, their origin, and their nationality. It must be borne in mind that Mánsseïn is a *protégé* of Ignatieff's and one of his disciples. This hint will suffice to make the reader understand what must necessarily be expected of him.

The next minister who claims our attention is the minister of foreign affairs, N. K. Giers, who was born in 1820, and though of Swedish origin is entirely Rus-

sified. He owes his career to his marriage with the niece of the Chancellor Gortschakoff, a Princess Cantakuzen. Giers is the representative of the European faction in the court of Alexander III., and his activity is known to the European public. Among all the ministers of the reigning czar, Giers is beyond question the most estimable. In Russia he is esteemed because he is the only one of Alexander III.'s ministers who has not initiated so-called reforms; for the Russian public has grown to dread reforms under the present czar as invariably meaning retrograde movements and changes for the worse. They also know that it is largely due to Giers that European peace is maintained. Under a subtle exterior and accommodating manners, the minister hides an iron will and a passive but resolute obstinacy; he speaks little, but acts much, and is an admirable tactician. Fine phrases do not move him, and protestations of friendship do not blind him; he knows what he wants, and he knows what is wanted of him, and he is not misled as to the aims of his adversaries. He excels in the art of temporizing. A cautious man, he has a constitutional dislike to the sensational diplomacy so dear to the heart of his now discredited countryman, General Ignatieff. M. de Giers's foreign policy is perhaps less personal than would appear. The emperor takes great interest in foreign affairs, and is often so absorbed in these that he neglects matters of interior administration. The national pride of the czar was humiliated so terribly by the disasters of 1878, that all his faculties seem concentrated upon the desire to give to his empire that supremacy and influence which he considers belong to it of right. M. Giers is only his aide-de-camp in chief, but a very able, a very important assistant. The maintenance of peace in various difficult moments of recent history has certainly been due to Giers; it is only necessary to recall Bulgaria in 1887, and Afghanistan in 1885. This certainly is no small merit to accord to a man, and one for which not only Russia but all western Europe has cause to be grateful to him. It is by no means impossible, however, that this love of peace manifested by the minister Giers proceeds from a conviction that a war would be fatal to autocracy. We all know that the severe blow of the Crimean defeat threw the autocracy out of the beaten track; it might not be able to survive a second fall of Sebastopol; it is too much undermined to be able to resist such a storm. This is the reason,

according to some Russians, why both Giers and the czar, as well as his other ministers, avoid plunging the country into war, though they so often appear to bring it to the edge of that disaster.

Certain it is that M. de Giers has notoriously often the greatest difficulty in restraining the short-sighted, intemperate zeal of the officials directly under his orders. One of the weak points in the Russian system of government is that the ministers have no corporate responsibility, and consequently they do not feel the necessity of acting harmoniously together. Cases have actually occurred in which the foreign minister was anxiously pursuing a pacific policy, whilst his colleague at the Home Office was systematically counter-acting his efforts by allowing the press to foment bellicose excitement. In such cases it is only the personal intervention of the sovereign that can secure harmony in the working of the government, and it is for this reason that the honor of the czar is involved in the loyal execution of treaties and conventions by all sections of the administration.

We must now speak of the man who, if he is not the best-hated Russian minister among his countrymen, is certainly one of the most detested abroad; we refer to Pobiédonostzeff. Under Alexander II. this man occupied but a secondary place, but under Alexander III., who was his pupil, he has become omnipotent. An indefatigable worker, a zealot, a nineteenth-century Laud, his influence for the last seven years has almost overshadowed the throne. He exercises an ascendancy which constitutes one of the darkest shadows of the reign. More than one-half of the existing ministers owe their nomination more or less directly to his influence. A narrow-minded man, unscrupulous in misrepresenting his opponents for the sake of the orthodox cause, fiercely ambitious, he is convinced that he is doing his duty, that it is he who has been called of God to save Russia from that breaking up into rival creeds which exists in the rest of Europe. To him Russia is a Church; she is primarily a religious communion, and only secondarily a secular community. He holds that the Church saved Russia in the past, and that the sacred duty which history has bequeathed to the Russian government as the first of all its duties is to safeguard the Church against anything which should menace its security and unity to-day. Such, even according to Mr. Stead, a partisan of Russia, are the

principles and the practice of the man now in the ascendant in Russia, the man whom he calls "the firm of Diocletian, Torquemada, Pobiédonostzeff & Co., Limited." When it was known last year in Europe that Pobiédonostzeff, from being procurator-general of the Holy Synod, had been appointed minister of worship, the news was most unfavorably received. It was taken to mean that M. Giers's pacific influence had diminished. M. Pobiédonostzeff does not, indeed, belong to the war party, but he holds ideas which, if put into practice, must inevitably end in bringing Russia into conflict with her neighbors. So long as Pobiédonostzeff had no seat in the Cabinet, direct conflict between him and M. Giers could be avoided; but M. Giers and the fanatical procurator are ill-made to work together as fellow-ministers, and, should the minister of foreign affairs be driven to retire, Pobiédonostzeff's influence will succeed in bringing a much less prudent statesman to the Foreign Office. The internal defects of Pobiédonostzeff's nomination, of course, concern the Russians only. The religious persecutions which had been undertaken at his instigation have since been carried on with redoubled vigor now that he himself superintends their execution; and if a nation of one hundred million inhabitants will submit to such things, Europe can only look on with astonishment and sorrow. It is related that recently, when the present situation of Russia was being discussed in an Austrian salon, a Pole who was present summed up the whole state of affairs by exclaiming: "Thank Heaven that the Russian police are corrupt; if we could not ensure ourselves against their persecutions by paying blackmail, there would be no living at all." It is Pobiédonostzeff who keeps alive in the czar the belief that he is the anointed of the Lord, the representative of God upon earth, and that the population of his endless empire only exists in order to obey his will. Certainly Pobiédonostzeff has contributed more than any Russian of his age to bring his country into discredit in the eyes of all thinking men and of all civilized Europe. Never has superstitious religion, as distinguished from real religion, been so rife in the empire as it is now. Everybody ostentatiously professes belief; the number of sacred images (*ikons*) placed in all public streets and squares is rapidly increasing; tracts are circulated among the people concerning the miracles wrought by these images, and the populace are encouraged to multiply churches and chapels.

Relics are eagerly sought for; everything that savors of ritual is encouraged and lauded.

A copy in miniature of Pobiédonostzeff is seen in another servant of the czar, Filipoff, the imperial controller. He, like Pobiédonostzeff, is sprung from the educated classes, and, like his prototype, was formerly a teacher. He is, indeed, in the service of the autocracy, a zealous believer; he brings even into his financial functions the spirit of religious persecution. His post is one that to European ideas is almost derisory. When we are told that from the controller, in the matter of revision of accounts, there are exempt in the empire the following offices: 1. The ministry of the court and its appendages; 2. The institution of imperial credit and the superior chancellery of ministerial finances; 3. The economical administration of the Holy Synod; 4. The ministry of foreign affairs for extraordinary expenses; 5. All those ministries and institutions which are furnished with special sums of which the use is known only to the czar—it is obvious that an administration carried on under such limits is worse than useless as far as the interests of the empire are concerned.

To speak of political parties in Russia is almost ridiculous, since these, even when they exist, have no public means of manifesting their views. Still there may be said to be in Russia four factions: the Conservatives, the Liberals, the Nihilists, and the German party. The word Conservative in Russia must be interpreted in a different sense from that which it holds in the rest of Europe; it rather represents a party which is in favor of a system of terrorization, than one whose opinions are founded upon a love of law and order. There was a moment when the Liberals seemed to have the upper hand in St. Petersburg, that is to say, during the administration of Count Loris Melikoff, when it even seemed that their ideas would triumph, and Russia be endowed with a constitution. But the murder of Alexander II. dashed all these hopes, and since the accession of Alexander III. the Liberal party has been almost as much persecuted as the Nihilists. Reaction, the ceaseless effort to go backwards, the trying to resuscitate evils already condemned and abolished, is the watchword at present in force in the empire. To say the least, it must be demoralizing to the people to witness daily persecutions like

those which are practised upon the Jews residing within the boundaries of the empire. The presence of such a mass of people, whose rights as men and citizens are daily violated, cannot be without its influence upon the character of the Russians. It must stir up in them their lowest instincts, graft upon them a cynical disregard of all moral restraint, accustom them to trample down the weak and sneer at human suffering. There is no making a free nation out of a people to whom violence and oppression have become a daily spectacle. What can be hoped of a people who boast, in the words of the *Grashdanin*, one of the most influential Russian papers, that it is their greatest happiness to think "that they are a powerful and barbarous people. . . . Our strength lies in the very fact that we are the barbarians of Europe, and the more inferior we are to that civilization which offers the guillotine as a reform, and replaces patriotism by comfort, and religion by unbelief, the stronger and more living we shall be as a Christian people. We Russians ought to be convinced that there is no enlightened man in Europe who does not regard us as his bugbear; and when we teach our children history, we ought to make them understand that Russia has always been beaten and crushed whenever she sought allies in Europe, and has created enemies in lieu of friends. Have as many sympathies as you like, but do not speak of alliance. What is the use? You know well enough that you would not lift your little finger for us. Why then ask us to set our whole army marching for you?"

Yet even Russia, it seems, cannot do without allies, if not for self-defence, at least for friendly concert. Curiously enough, she seeks her friends not among despotisms like her own (happily these are not easy to find), but among republics. The spectacle of the Platonic friendship between Russia and the two great republics of France and the United States fills all observers with puzzled astonishment. Certainly these alliances are not sought for the purpose of self-defence, for neither country would lift hand or sword to save the other in the day of peril. The civilities of Cronstadt will count for little in the day of tribulation when the fate of a nation trembles in the balance. Nor is it possible that the friendship with France should last long. The intellectual leaders of that country will not for an indefinite time patiently submit to the humiliating consciousness of currying favor with the representative of the knout, and of having

disgraced the historical attitude of France towards freedom.

Let those who believe in Russian progress not delude themselves. It is cynically said that every people has the government it deserves—and in a measure this is true. There is in Russia a party that desires a more liberal rule. To this the prisons of Siberia testify and the noble army of martyrs to Russian freedom. But the mass of the nation is still content to worship the reigning czar, whoever he may be, and to believe in his heaven-sent authority.

Were this not so, would they not revolt?—and what army can withstand a whole nation in revolt? Indeed the army, which after all is chosen from among the ranks of the people, would join their brethren in the holy cause of emancipation from worse than slavery. If a whole nation submits to such measures as those introduced and supported by Durnoff and his colleagues, we must perforce draw the mournful but logical conclusion that the mass of the nation approves them. It is an unpleasant admission to make, but it is vain to deny that the retrograde policy current in Russia has yielded for the land a harvest of apparent success, and that no signs of great discontent are visible. Liberal ideas, of course, germinate in Russia; even in the carefully regulated universities they find expression; but some aspects of the new policy recommend themselves to many minds at this juncture. The spirit of hope and restlessness which gave birth to so many reforms a quarter of a century ago is dead, or overcome with lassitude; the illusions of Liberalism have lost their hold; what is active, militant, and living is the half mystic union of orthodoxy and czarism—pride of race and a vague idea that Russia must set about its own mission in its own way. Never for a long time past could those who are under the spell of this belief feel that national pride was more studiously regarded than it is now; everything is conceded to popular traditions and prejudice. The pure Slav is no longer irritated by the sight of officials of German birth promoted to the highest posts in the army and court service; Russia for the Russians—the Slav to be sufficient for himself in peace and war, in literature and art—is the fashionable maxim of the hour, and it is pleasing to a large part of the nation to be told by its ruler that they are to go their own way. Russian civilization is to be no dull copy of that of western Europe, but is to have distinct and valuable features of its own.

The strength of this element is too much under-estimated by foreigners, who erroneously think of the Russian peasant and shopkeeper as living in an intellectual atmosphere more or less akin to their own, disposed to be critical, and prone to stand upon their rights and question those of their rulers. They do not comprehend the depth of the attachment to the crown, and the comparative indifference to all else, shown by the Russians. We hear of discontent and conspiracy, and we forget how small a factor even Nihilism may be in the life of such an enormous country as Russia. Let Europe not delude herself; the day when Russia will have an enlightened government according to Western ideas is still far distant, and certainly not so long as Alexander III. sits on her throne and wields her destiny. His motto and that of his counsellors is the development of Russia according to Russian ideas; and these ideas are too much mixed up with the superstitions of its religious faith to be civilized according to the European point of view.

\* \* \* Since this paper was written, the magnitude of the calamity which has fallen upon Russia has begun to appear. No one would venture to predict what changes and convulsions may be wrought by famine on so dire a scale, though it is not the first time that scourge has appeared within its borders. While the rule of the czar is frankly criticised, we believe with Lord Tennyson that personally Alexander III. is a man of generous nature. Autocrat as he is nominally, he has actually less power than is commonly imagined. The army being now the chief power on which he relies, he does not venture to thwart the ambitious views of the military chiefs. In civil affairs, his love of ease and his morbid timidity have brought him wholly under the influence of the successor of Count Dimitri Tolstoi, and of his old tutor, the narrow, bigoted, intolerant Pobiedonostzeff, procurator of the Holy Synod.

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From The Kent and Sussex Courier.

#### THE STRANGE CAREER OF A BURGLAR.

THE quiet little town of Burgess Hill has recently been startled out of the dull decorum of its existence by the fact that a gentleman living in one of its most eligible villas, who was recently married to a young lady of fortune, to whom he was introduced in America, is none other than a clever and dangerous convict, who had failed to report himself to the police, and had been occupying his leisure by the

perpetration of wholesale burglaries of a similar skilful and daring description to those for which he has already undergone two terms of penal servitude.

Frederick George Barton, who was born at Tonbridge in 1858, of respectable working-class parents, made his first appearance in any court at seven years old, when he was charged with setting fire to gorse on a common; but, in consideration of his tender age, he was let off with a caution on his parents promising to give him a whipping. At twelve he was committed for five years to Red Hill Reformatory for embezzlement. He absconded before his time expired, and was not traced until the period of detention had run out. He was shortly afterwards sent to prison in Yorkshire for robbing his master, a peripatetic auctioneer in watches and jewellery. Upon his release, in October, 1875, his employer, won by his plausible manner, forgave him, and again took him into his service, where he remained for a year, when he decamped with a portmanteau full of his master's jewellery, which he pawned in various parts of the country. Although a warrant had been issued against him, he managed to elude the vigilance of the police. After staying in (and robbing) a boys' refuge in London, young Barton went to Tunbridge Wells, and stole £17,000 worth of securities by a burglary in the house of a clergyman who had befriended him. He was taken and sentenced in 1876 (aged eighteen) to ten years' penal servitude. Four years later, in the December of 1880, with six years of his sentence unexpired, Barton was again in Tunbridge Wells, much to the astonishment of the police, who found him in possession of a free pardon from the home secretary, obtained by a daring and ingenious fraud.

Barton next enlisted, but was again arrested in July, 1881, upon suspicion of having committed several burglaries in the neighborhood of Tunbridge Wells. He was in uniform, with a sergeant's stripes, to which he was not entitled, and in his pocket was a forged furlough. The police, it is said, have a strong suspicion that he was in the employ of Lieutenant Roper as soldier-servant at the time that officer was found dead at Chatham Barracks. In the following November he was sentenced to a second term of ten years' penal servitude, and it was not until 1889 that he was released.

Barton then went to America, and the New York papers were presently writing

about "an action brought by Lieutenant Neville-Barton, V.C., R.E., against an eccentric spinster, who set her ferocious dogs on to him and mangled his flesh in a cruel and painful manner." At this time the ex-convict had introduced himself to New York society as Lieutenant Barton, of the Royal Engineers. We next hear of him as ingratiating himself into the family of Mrs. Miller, a lady of some independent means, residing in Brooklyn, New York; and so well did he play his part that in March of the past year he was married to Miss Miller, who is said to be a very pretty and accomplished girl. Barton's mother-in-law pressed him to introduce her to his fashionable relatives at Tunbridge Wells. On coming to England he went to Burgess Hill and took a residence. At once mysterious burglaries began in the neighborhood. Ultimately the police brought several charges against Barton of breaking into residences at Burgess Hill and stealing various articles.

By this time the family of the unfortunate Mrs. Barton had been stripped of nearly every penny by Barton, and left in an almost destitute condition plus the burden of Barton's liabilities. Even after his marriage Barton kept up a correspondence with ladies with a view to marriage, and paid personal attention to others. He made the acquaintance of a young lady, the daughter of a well-known clergyman residing near London, who was staying in Brighton with her mother, and paid her marked attention. Meeting her on the Brighton front, Barton invited her to accompany him in his dog-cart when he drove to Burgess Hill to see about his letters. Arriving at Cedar Lodge, Barton and the young lady were arrested together, and both taken to the police station. The lady was looked upon as an accomplice, and the police would not release her from detention until her explanations were verified and found to be correct. The young lady was released from her most unpleasant predicament late in the evening, and will probably not forget her drive with Barton and its sensational ending.

At the recent assizes at Lewes, Barton was indicted for burglary, and found guilty of receiving goods well knowing them to have been stolen, and was sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude; but, as he is even now only thirty-two or thirty-three years of age, it is quite possible that this plausible criminal will be heard of again in the future.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## SWEET PEAS.

SWEET peas of many colors, pink and blue  
And dusky purple mellowing to a hue  
Of brown-veined crimson, when I look at you  
I think my eyes have borrowed of your dew.

Because I knew you long ago mayhap,  
Your white face looking from a purple cap,  
And your fine bonnet with a modest flap,  
And loved you as you lay upon my lap;

Because I like the dear old-fashioned traits,  
Your stately carriage and your gracious ways;  
Because my heart can never cease to praise  
The tender beauty of the bygone days;

Because you smell of gardens long ago,  
With old-world lilies standing in a row,  
And dahlias with their gaudy furbelow;  
Is this the reason why I love you so?

Because — because — oh! blossoms, you have  
read

My secret heart; you seem to bow your head  
For pity and pity of the dead,

Because, perchance, I leave a name unsaid.

Longman's Magazine. NINA F. LAYARD.

DE SENE VERONENSI QUI SUBURBIUM  
NUNQUAM EGRESSUS EST.

FELIX, qui patriis ævum transegit in agris,  
Ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa senem!

Qui, baculo nitens, in qua reptavit arena,  
Unius numerat sæcula longa casæ!

Illum non vario traxit Fortuna tumultu,  
Nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas.

Non freta mercator tremuit, non classica  
miles;

Non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.

Indocilis rerum, vicinæ nescius urbis,  
Adspectu fruitur liberiore poli.

Frugibus alternis, non consule, computat an-  
num;

Auctumnum pomis, ver sibi flore notat.

Idem condit ager soles, idemque reducit,  
Metiturque suo rusticus orbe diem.

Ingentem meminit parvo qui germine quer-  
cum,

Æquævumque videt consenuisse nemus.

Proxima cui nigris Verona remotior Indis,

Benacumque putat litora rubra lacum.

Sed tamen indomitæ vires, firmisque lacertis

Ætas robustum tertia cernit avum.

Erret, et extremos alter scrutetur Iberos:

Plus habet hic vitæ, plus habet ille viæ.

CLAUDIAN.

*The same in English.*

Blest man, who in his boyhood's home has  
passed

From youth to age, and finds that home his  
last!

Who, where he crawled a babe, with staff  
propped hand

Scores still his farm's long annals in the sand!  
No dupe of vain Ambition's swelling dreams;  
No wandering waif who drinks of far-off  
streams;

Scared by no shipwreck, no alarm of war;  
Vexed with no wranglings of the clamorous  
Bar;

He, letting town and politics pass by,  
Enjoys the large horizon of his sky.

The years by crops, not consuls, he computes,  
And spring and autumn marks by flowers or  
fruits.

One field at morning, and at evening one,  
His dials, span the pathway of his sun.  
He set the acorn germ of that tall tree,  
And minds when yonder wood was young as  
he.

Verona seems like India to explore;  
Benacus' lake is as the Red Sea Shore.

No less the grandsons of his sons admire  
His vigorous limbs and unabated fire.

Rush round the world, to earth's last limits  
room!

Life's longest travels still are made at home.

National Review. W. J. COURTHOPE.

## WASTEPAPER.

HERE in this dusty drawer repose,

For better fate equipped,

My daughters Muriel, Maud, and Rose,  
In careful manuscript.

And here is little Miss Lynette

Who figures in my novelette.

Oh, rest! and may no vulgar eyes

Your privacy profane,

Sweet heroines, for the worldly-wise

Too simple and too sane:

Oh, rest! the bookstalls and the crowd

Want something spicy, weird, or loud.

Poor Maud, the one I liked the best,

Was voted somewhat slow;

Rose "lacked sufficient interest,"

And Muriel wanted "go:"

While as for little Miss Lynette,

She was rejected "with regret."

Must all these maids, whom once I thought

A marketable brood,

Sink to their graves unsold, unbought,

Unprinted, unreviewed?

Or shall I venture Maud and Co.

Once more in Paternoster Row?

I dare not. Luckless and forlorn

I lock you up again,

Dear dreams of many a night and dawn,

Dear children of my pen;

Maud, Muriel, Rose, and Miss Lynette,

My novels and my novelette.

Spectator.

From The Fortnightly Review.

# ON THE DISSIPATION OF ENERGY.

THE old chimera of "the perpetual motion" still lives, not so much in popular belief as in the scientific imagination. If we are now to feel sure that it has no more real existence than the fabled monster of Lycia and Etna, it is primarily because naturalists have failed, after diligent and persevering search, with all the help they could get from the science and art department of mankind ever since its commencement many thousand years ago, to find any creature fulfilling the imagined characteristics; not because philosophy can prove any absurdity in the idea that such a species should exist. In its original form of a machine which could do work without food, or fuel, or supply of energy from wind or water, or other external source, the perpetual motion was dead to science long before Newton's time; and on the negation of it Stevinus founded a beautiful proof of the parallelogram of forces, which is celebrated in the history of dynamics, and is still justly admired. But the doctrine of the conservation of energy, which has grown up since the end of last century, has given a fresh lease of life to the idea of the perpetual motion revived in a more subtle form.

From Rumford, Davy, and Joule we have learned that the reason why every machine, even though not called upon to give out work done by it, must come to rest, is not, as was generally supposed by contemporary and preceding philosophers, because the friction that stops the machine implies annihilation of energy, but because it converts into heat the energy given initially in the motion of the machine. Suppose now we could guard perfectly against loss of heat by radiation, or by cooling supports of the machine, might we not currents of air, or by conduction along the annex to it a motor, acting on the same principle as the steam-engine, which would reconvert into motion of the machine the heat which is developed by friction? Have we not here a good scientific foundation for believing that a fly-wheel set in motion, or clockwork driven by the unwinding of a spring or the running down of a weight, and connected with a heat

engine worked by the heat generated by its friction, only wants an impermeable encloser preventing all loss of heat to allow it to go on forever? Of course, this impermeable encloser is not realizable, but it is both a scientific and a practical consideration to think what might be done if we had an impermeable substance of which an enclosing case for the instrument could be constructed. We know by the principle of the conservation of energy that all the energy we gave to the machine is always all there; some of it in heat and the rest in energy of the weight or spring not quite run down, or in the visible motion of the fly-wheel, or wheels, or vibrating pendulum, or other moving parts of the mechanism.

Why not convert and re-convert continually into motion of the fly-wheel, or energy of the spring, or weight wound up, all the heat generated by the friction in the machine? To this question Carnot,\* in 1824, in his "*Réflexions sur la Puissance Motrice du Feu*," showed how to find a negative answer, to be founded, not on any then known law or principle in natural philosophy, but rather on general observation of natural phenomena, on experience in practical mechanics, and on experimental investigation of properties of matter; an answer founded on knowledge acquired in what may be called the

\* Sadi Carnot, born in 1796, son of the Republican war minister, and uncle of the president of the French republic. He inherited from his father a chivalrous motivity of disposition, which was prettily illustrated by a little piece of history of the year 1800 told by his brother Hippolyte, in the biographical sketch referred to below.

The Directory had been superseded by the Consulate. Carnot having returned to his country after two years of exile, was called to be war minister. . . . When the minister went to the Malmaison for his official work with the first consul he often brought with him his son, about four years old. The boy on these occasions lived with Madame Bonaparte, who had a great affection for him. One day she was rowing about in a boat with some of her ladies. Bonaparte came and amused himself by throwing stones into the water round the boat, so as to splash the fresh dresses of the rowers. The ladies did not dare to show their displeasure openly. The little boy, after having watched for some time what was going on, came suddenly and squared up to the conqueror of Marengo, threatening him with his fist, and cried out, "*Animal de Premier Consul, veux-tu ne pas taquiner ces dames!*" Bonaparte at this unexpected attack stopped, looked with astonishment at the child, and then fell into a hearty fit of laughter which spread to all the spectators of the scene.

"natural history stage" of progress towards truth.

That little essay was indeed an epoch-making gift to science. From it we have learned that heat is only available for a steam-engine, or an air-engine, or a gas-engine, in proportion to the excess of the temperature of the matter in which it is given above the temperature of the coldest matter obtainable for use in connection with the engine to carry heat away from it continually during the time it is working.

Every heat motor (as for brevity we may call any heat engine doing mechanical work in virtue of heat supplied to it) requires difference of temperature in different parts; or in the same part at different times, as in the old Newcomen condensing engine before Watt's improvement of the separate condenser was introduced. Heat is essentially taken in by the engine at the higher temperature and given out at the lower temperature. All this was taught by Carnot, in 1824, but with it, in his original essay, was involved the then almost universally prevailing idea that heat was a material substance, and that therefore the quantity of heat given out by the engine at the lower temperature must be exactly equal to the quantity of heat taken in at the higher temperature. Carnot died in 1832 (two years after the Revolution of 1830), at the age of thirty-six. If he had lived a few years longer, or if his short life, begun in the Reign of Terror, had been less troubled \* by the political mis-carriages of his country and repetitions of revolutionary violence, we should have learned much more from him. Manuscript journals and memorandums, found among

\* "These researches" [in thermodynamics] "were roughly interrupted by a great event, the Revolution of July, 1830. . . . Sadi frequented the popular meetings of this epoch, without, however, going beyond the character of a simple observer. . . . On the day of the funeral of General La Marque, Sadi was taking a walk out of curiosity in the neighborhood of the insurrection. A mounted soldier, who seemed drunk, passed at a gallop through the street brandishing his sabre and striking at passers-by. Sadi dashed forward, skilfully avoided the weapon of the soldier, seized him by the leg, dragged him off his horse, laid him gently in the gutter, and continued his walk; stealing himself away from the acclamations of the crowd, who were astonished at this bold *coup de main*."—From "Notice Biographique," p. 78, by his brother Hippolyte Carnot, referred to below.

his papers and published \* after his death (but not published before Joule had finally convinced the world of the immateriality of heat and had measured its dynamical equivalent), proved that Carnot had lived long enough to see irrefragable reasons for abandoning the doctrine of the materiality of heat and for confidently believing that heat is in reality motion among the particles or molecules or atoms of matter; and that he had taught himself decisively and thoroughly the doctrine of the conservation of energy, which, ten years later, was given to the world by Joule with his first determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat.

To the reprint (sixty-five pp.) of Carnot's original essay of 1824 are appended thirty-three pages of "Extrait de Notes Inédites de Sadi Carnot, sur les Mathématiques, la Physique, et autres sujets," and twenty-one pages of biographical sketch of the author, by his younger brother, Hippolyte Carnot, whose name, as a very benevolent writer and worker in political and social affairs, was well known in 1845 † among Paris booksellers, none of whom, so far as my inquiries went, had ever heard of Sadi or his "*Réflexions sur la Puissance Motrice du Feu*."

Here are some of Carnot's words literally translated (from pp. 95, 96):—

Heat is nothing else than motive power, or rather motion which has changed its form. It is a motion among the particles of bodies. Wherever there is destruction of motive power there is at the same time production of heat in quantities precisely proportional to the quantity of motive power destroyed. Con-

\* *Réflexions sur la Puissance Motrice du Feu et sur les Machines Propres à développer cette Puissance*, par S. Carnot, Ancien Elève de l'Ecole Polytechnique, Paris, 1878. Of this publication, with its appendices of biographical sketch by his younger brother, Hippolyte Carnot, and extracts from unpublished writings of Sadi, an English version has been published in America (and in England, Macmillan & Co., 1890) under the editorship of Dr. Thurston, Cornell University, who adds to it a short article by himself, on "The Work of Sadi Carnot," full of interesting matter.

† I went to every book-shop I could think of, asking for the "*Puissance Motrice du Feu*," by Carnot. "Caino? Je ne connais pas cet auteur." With much difficulty I managed to explain that it was "r" not "i" I meant. "Ah! Ca-rrr-not! Oui, voici son ouvrage," producing a volume on some social question by Hippolyte Carnot; but the "*Puissance Motrice du Feu*" was quite unknown.

versely wherever there is destruction of heat there is production of motive power.

We may then assert the general proposition that motive power is of invariable amount in nature; that it can never, properly speaking, be said to be either produced or destroyed. In truth, it experiences changes of form, that is to say, it produces sometimes one kind of movement, and sometimes another, but it is never annulled.

These words contain a perfectly clear and general statement of the conservation of energy; but Carnot did not live long enough to see how his original doctrine of the motive power of fire was to be reconciled to this principle. He says (p. 92):—

It would be difficult to say why, in the development of motive power by consuming the heat of a hot body, a cold body is necessary; or why we cannot produce motion simply by consuming the heat of a hot body.

When we produce motive power by the passage of heat from the body A to the body B, is the quantity of this heat which is delivered to B (if it is not of the same amount as that taken from A, if a part is really consumed to produce motive power) the same, whatever be the substance employed [in the ideal engine] to realize the motive power?

Could there be possibly a means [or substance] for causing more heat to be consumed in producing motive power, and, therefore, less to be delivered to the body B? Would it be possible even to consume the whole heat taken from A without the necessity of delivering any heat to B? *If this were possible we could create motive power without fuel, and simply by destruction of some of the heat of bodies.*

In these last words (which I have given in italics) we have from the founder of our theory of the steam-engine and other heat motors, and the profoundest thinker in thermodynamic philosophy of the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, a thoroughly clear statement of the old perpetual motion in its most subtle, nineteenth-century form. But this statement is put as a question with clear indication of a bias towards a negative answer; and it is impossible to doubt that Carnot would have unhesitatingly given the negative answer if a little more time had been allowed him for thinking out the thermodynamic problem. Happily, however, Carnot's original essay led others to give it. My

brother, Professor James Thomson, assumed a negative answer without proof, and founded on it his theoretical demonstration that the freezing point of water is lowered by pressure.\*

Two years later† I gave the negative answer as an axiom in the following terms: "It is impossible, by means of inanimate material agency, to derive mechanical effect from any portion of matter by cooling it below the temperature of the coldest of the surrounding objects. If this axiom be denied for all temperatures, it would have to be admitted that a self-acting machine might be set to work and produce mechanical effect by cooling the sea or earth, with no limit but the total loss of heat from the earth and sea, or, in reality, from the whole material world."

My statement of this axiom was limited to inanimate matter because not enough was known either from the natural history of plants and animals or from experimental investigations in physiology to assert with confidence that in animal or vegetable life there may not be a conversion of heat into mechanical effect not subject to the conditions of Carnot's theory. It seemed to me then, and it still seems to me, most probable that the animal body does not act as a thermodynamic engine in converting heat produced by the combination of the food with the oxygen of the inhaled air, but that it acts in a manner more nearly analogous to that of an electric motor working in virtue of energy supplied to it by a voltaic battery. According to either view, however, the mechanical effect achieved by an animal in walking up-hill, or in flying or swimming, or in dragging loads along the ground, or in acting as motor for a horse-mill, or tread-mill, or a crank, or a lever as for pumping, or for any kind of mechanism,

\* Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, January 2nd, 1849, reprinted in *Cambridge and Dublin Mathematical Journal*, November, 1850, and quoted *in extenso* in vol. i., *Mathematical and Physical Papers*, Sir W. Thomson (pp. 156-164).

† Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, March, 1851, and *Philosophical Magazine*, IV. 1852, "On the Dynamical Theory of Heat, with Numerical Results deduced from Mr. Joule's Equivalent of a Thermal Unit, and M. Regnault's Observations on Steam," reprinted in vol. i., Sir W. Thomson's *Mathematical and Physical Papers*.

is a part equivalent for the oxidation of the food; the rest of the equivalent being animal heat. Joule estimated that from one-fourth to one-sixth of the dynamical equivalent of the complete oxidation of all the food consumed by a horse may be produced from day to day in mechanical effect as of weights raised, the remainder, or from three-fourths to five-sixths, being evolved and given out as heat; and similar proportions seem to hold for the mechanical work and the development of heat by a healthy, vigorous working-man. It is, however, conceivable that animal life might have the attribute of using the heat of surrounding matter, at its natural temperature, as a source of energy for mechanical effect, and thus constituting a case of affirmative answer for Carnot's last thermodynamic question. The influence of animal or vegetable life on matter\* is infinitely beyond the range of any scientific inquiry hitherto entered on. Its power of directing the motions of moving particles, in the demonstrated daily miracle of our human free-will, and in the growth of generation after generation of plants from a single seed, are infinitely different from any possible result of the fortuitous concurrence of atoms; and *the fortuitous concurrence of atoms is the sole foundation in philosophy on which can be founded the doctrine that it is impossible to derive mechanical effect from heat otherwise than by taking heat from a body at a higher temperature, converting at most a definite proportion of it into mechanical effect, and giving out the whole residue to matter at a lower temperature.*

The considerations of ideal reversibility, by which Carnot was led to his theory, and the true reversibility of every motion in pure dynamics have no place in the world of life. Even to think of it (and on the merely dynamical hypothesis of life we can think of it as understandingly as of the origination of life and evolution of living beings without creative power), we must imagine men, with conscious knowledge of the future but with no memory of the past, growing backward and becoming again unborn; and plants growing downwards into the seeds from which they sprang. But the real phenomena of life infinitely transcend human science; and speculation regarding consequences of

their imagined reversal is utterly unprofitable. Far otherwise, however, it is in respect to the reversal of the motions of matter uninfluenced by life, a very elementary consideration of which leads to the full explanation of the theory of the dissipation of energy.

Carnot's theory of the perfect heat engine is essentially founded on the consideration of a reversible cycle of processes. The perfect engine is essentially an engine which can be worked backwards with every action in its cycle exactly reversed. When working forwards it performs mechanical work in virtue of heat taken from a hot body, A, of which a certain portion is essentially given to a body, B, at a lower temperature. To reverse its action mechanical work must be done upon it, and the equivalent output is a certain quantity of heat taken from the cold body, B, and a greater quantity given to the hot body, A. The excess of the quantity of heat taken from A above that given to B when the engine works forwards, and the excess of the heat given to A above that taken from B when the engine is worked backwards, is equal to the quantity of heat which has the same dynamical energy as the work done *by the engine*, in the case of working forwards, and the work done *upon the engine by an external agent*, when the engine is worked backwards.

It is impossible to fulfil the condition of perfect reversibility by any engine composed of any real material to be found in nature. The friction of the parts, and the impossibility of getting heat into the engine from A, and causing heat to leave the engine and pass into B, except by falls of temperature from the temperature of A to the highest effective temperature of the engine, and from the lowest effective temperature in the engine to the temperature of B, violate the condition of perfect reversal and involve essentially irreversible actions in the cycle of the engine, whether working forwards or worked backwards. In the condensing steam-engine, A is the burning coal of the furnace. The highest effective temperature in the engine is the temperature of the steam entering the cylinder from the boiler. The lowest effective temperature is the temperature of the "exhaust steam," that is to say, of the steam coming out of the cylinder in a single cylinder engine, or out of the lowest-pressure cylinder in a triple or quadruple expansion engine. In a condensing engine, B is the condensing water; in the non-condensing engine, B is the air into which the waste

\* About twenty-five years ago, I asked Liebig if he believed that a leaf or a flower could be formed or could grow by chemical forces. He answered, "I would more readily believe that a book on chemistry or on botany could grow out of dead matter by chemical processes."

steam is blown. The superiority of the double, triple, and quadruple expansion engines, over a single cylinder engine, is due to their diminishing the ineffective droppings down of temperature, between the highest temperature to which the water of the boiler can be raised for safe and effective use, and the temperature of the exhaust steam. The superior efficiency of a condensing engine consists in its allowing the temperature of the exhaust steam to be about  $40^{\circ}$  or  $50^{\circ}$  C., instead of its being a degree or two above  $100^{\circ}$ , as it essentially is in the non-condensing expansive engine. James Watt was, by his separate condenser, his use of expansion in single cylinder engines, and his origination of the now generally employed plan of double, or triple, or quadruple expansion engine, with his perfect tact and judgment as to practical economy, and his profound scientific knowledge of mechanics and of the properties of steam, arranging his engine to as nearly as possible fulfil Carnot's condition of reversibility, by minimizing every irreversible action in its cycle of work. But it seems certain that he had no idea of Carnot's grand generalization, according to which one perfectly reversible engine would give exactly as much work as any other, of whatever different substance or character, using heat supplied at the same temperature, and having the same lower temperature available for the carrying away of waste heat.

Exhaustive consideration of all that is known of the natural history of the properties of matter, and of all conceivable methods for obtaining mechanical work from natural sources of energy, whether by heat engines, or electric engines, or water-wheels, or windmills, or tide-mills, or any other conceivable kind of engine, proves to us that the most perfectly designed engine can only be an approach to the perfect engine; and that the irreversibility of actions connected with its working is only part of a physical law of irreversibility, according to which there is a universal tendency in nature to the dissipation of mechanical energy; and any partial *restoration* of mechanical energy is impossible in inanimate material processes, and is probably never effected by means of organized matter, either endowed with vegetable life, or subject to the will of an animal.

Some mathematical details regarding cases of this law will be found in a short paper\* in the "Proceedings of the Royal

Society of Edinburgh" for April 19, 1852. The dynamical explanation of it, founded essentially on consideration of the vastness of the numbers of freely moving atoms or particles in even the smallest portion of palpable matter, and the infinity of such motions in the material universe, is given in a paper, entitled "The Kinetic Theory of the Dissipation of Energy," which was communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh twenty-two years later,\* and which is republished in the *Philosophical Magazine* for the present month (March, 1892).

We have been considering a fly-wheel or clockwork driven by a weight and the heat generated by friction against the motion of wheels and pendulum, and by impacts of teeth against the pallets of an escapement. Our knowledge of properties of matter and of modes of propagation of heat by radiation or conduction, and of the efficiency of heat as a motor, discovered by several thousand years of observation and several hundred years of experiment and dynamical theory, suffices to show that when the weight is run down, and the potential energy (or capacity to do work), which it had in the beginning, has been all spent in heat, this heat is not available for raising the weight and giving the clockwork a renewed lease of motivity. The solar system, according to the best of modern scientific belief, is dynamically analogous to the clockwork, in all the essentials of our consideration. Not going back in thought to a beginning of which science knows nothing, let us compare the solar system as it was three thousand years ago with the solar system as it is now. Let our analogue be a clockwork which three hours ago was known to be going with its weight partially run down, and which is still going with its weight not yet wholly run down.

During these three thousand years the sun has been giving out radiant heat (light being included in the designation "radiant heat") in all directions, propagated at the rate of about nine and a half million million kilometres† per year, and therefore twenty-eight and a half thousand million million kilometres in three thousand years. We do not know whether the light which left the sun three thousand years ago is still travelling outwards with almost un-

tion of Mechanical Energy, republished in vol. i. of Mathematical and Physical Papers, pp. 511-514.

\* Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, February 16, 1874.

† The kilometre is sixty-two hundredths of the British statute mile; rather a long half mile, in fact.

\* On a Universal Tendency in Nature to the Dissipa-

diminished energy, or whether nearly all is already dissipated in heat, warming the luminiferous ether, or ponderable bodies which have obstructed its course; we may, I think, feel sure that it is partly still travelling outwards as radiant heat, and partly spent (or dissipated) in warming ponderable matter (or ponderable matter and the luminiferous ether).

The running down of the weight in the clockwork has its perfect analogue, as Helmholtz was, I believe, in reality the very first to point out, in the shrinkage of the sun from century to century under the influence of the mutual gravitational attractions between its parts. The heat-producing efficiency of the fire which there would be if the sun were a globe of gunpowder or guncotton burning from its outward surface inwards—that is to say, the work done by the potential energy of the chemical affinity between uncombined oxygen, and carbon, and hydrocarbons, attractive forces as truly forces, and subject to dynamic law, as is the force of gravity itself, is absolutely infinitesimal in comparison with the work done by the gravitational attraction on the shrinking mass adduced by Helmholtz as the real source of the sun's heat.

The whole store of energy now in the sun, whether of actual heat, corresponding to the sun's high temperature, or of potential energy (as of the not run-down weight of the clockwork)—potential energy of gravitation depending on the extent of future shrinkage which the sun is destined to experience, is essentially finite; and there is much less of it now than there was three hundred thousand years ago. Similar considerations of action on a vastly smaller scale are, of course, applicable to terrestrial plutonic energy, and thoroughly dispose of the terrestrial "perpetual motion" by which Lyell\* and other followers of Hutton, on as sound principles as those of the humblest mechanical perpetual-motionist, tried to find that the earth can go on forever as it is, illuminated by the sun from infinity of time past to infinity of time future, always a habitation for race after race of plants and animals, built on the ruins of the habitations of preceding races of plants and animals. The doctrine of the dissipation of energy forces upon us the conclusion that within a finite period of time past the earth must have been, and within a finite period of time to come must again be, unfit for the habitation of

man as at present constituted, unless operations have been, and are to be, performed which are impossible under the laws governing the known operations going on at present in the material world.

KELVIN.

From Temple Bar.

#### THE STRANGE STORY OF BEETHOVEN KOFFSKY.

I HAD known Beethoven Koffsky for some years, and had always been interested in him and his marvellous gift of music. He was a curious, half-starved-looking creature, jerky and voluble of speech, addicted to gesture, sensitive, enthusiastic, ridiculously vain, and as guileless and easily duped as a child. This last characteristic accounted, perhaps, for his never getting on, in spite of his genius. He was a composer—and a very fine composer, too—but he seemed quite unable to impress publishers with a right view of his talents. Occasionally he would get a song published, or a tuneless and inferior pianoforte piece, but after a day or two of affluence he would always sink into his habitual slough of poverty. Koffsky's mother had been an Englishwoman, and from her he told me he had inherited his singular genius and passion for music; it was she, too, who had insisted on bestowing upon him the somewhat ambitious name of Beethoven. Koffsky had adored his mother, and could never speak of her without tears. So far as I could learn, she had never known a happy or a comfortable moment from the day of her runaway marriage with Koffsky *père*, and I was quite glad to learn that the poor creature had been at peace now for many years under the scanty earth of a crowded London graveyard. Koffsky rarely mentioned his father, and all I had ever gathered about this parent was that he was a Pole and still lived in some remote corner of his native land, whence his son evidently did not care to unearth him. I had my own idea of what kind of man the elder Koffsky had been, and privately thought that it was from him Beethoven had inherited his long, matted hair, his wild, brilliant eyes, and his rooted aversion to soap and collars. Not that I blamed Koffsky for a constitutional leaning towards dirt; he was a Bohemian, and dirt is as dear to the Bohemian as his tub to the military man or his club to the swell.

Of course Koffsky was married; he was

\* Principles of Geology, vol. ii., edition 1868, p. 213 and pp. 240-243 (Recapitulation of chapters xxxii. and xxxiii., 1, 10, 15).

just the kind of incompetent, improvident, incapable kind of man who was bound to marry and burden the nation with a family of paupers. I was very sorry for his wife. She was a poor little nursery governess when Koffsky first met her, with five disagreeable children to take care of. I suppose she thought any life would be preferable to the one she was leading, and Koffsky, though grimy, was a good-looking man, and extremely interesting and even attractive when considered in the light of a musical genius. Once married, I am not sure that Mrs. Koffsky continued long to think that she had improved her position. Mary was a pretty, delicate-looking little creature, and the life she led was too hard for her.

In the course of four years the Koffskys had as many children, and the wife's hands were very full. I often dropped in at their miserable little lodgings, and it was a pitiful sight to see poor little Mary struggling with those four singularly unmanageable children. She worked hard to bring them up in her own ideas of cleanliness, but their Polish blood and their father's example were too much for her — soap and water held no place in the young Koffskys' scheme of life, and even the baby kicked and screamed when the long-suffering mother endeavored to wash its face.

"The children are too much for me, Mr. Blencowe," said Mrs. Koffsky ruefully; "there's too much Beethoven in them."

She was right; there was decidedly too much Beethoven in them.

And yet Koffsky was a very good fellow; he was devoted to his wife and children, and would do anything for them — short of getting on in the world. That was too much to ask of him. The poor fellow was a born dupe — not a day passed that he was not cheated by somebody. But what a genius he was! He would improvise by the hour together, on either violin or piano, weird music that made one's blood creep and curdle — or at least I could imagine that the blood of a less prosaic person than myself might have gone through that singular process. Then Koffsky became a changed being; his dark hair thrown back from his pale brow, his wild eyes shining with a curious light of passion and inspiration, his whole frame quivering with emotion — he seemed no longer Koffsky. At such moments music claimed him entirely for her own; he forgot the world he lived in and appeared to ignore his nearest and dearest. I had an example of this one day when I went to

see the Koffskys. The eldest child, an urchin of five years old, with his finger in his mouth and his pinafore in a state of dirt only to be achieved by a Koffsky, opened the door and pointed mutely upstairs. I skilfully avoided colliding with one child who was sliding down the banisters, by a desperate leap managed to clear the baby which was crawling up the stairs, and arrived safely in the little sitting-room. At night this became the children's sleeping room, but during the day Mrs. Koffsky sewed there and always kept it neat and tidy, in the teeth of what difficulties heaven and herself could alone know. Koffsky was seated at the piano (the one article in that household that had never visited the pawnbroker's), hammering at a tune which he repeated over and over again with every possible variation of chord and key. He took no notice of me, and when I wished him good day he merely rolled vacant eyes upon me and went on with his composition. I addressed him once or twice with the same unsatisfactory result. I was in the middle of a last effort to rouse him, when Mrs. Koffsky came in, furtively smoothing her hair and trying not to look as though she had just slipped into a tidy gown.

"It's no use speaking to him, Mr. Blencowe," she said, nodding towards the rapt Koffsky. "He's hammering out a bit of his opera — he's mad after that opera. He's in it now — he's not here; it's no more use talking to him than if he were dead and buried."

"Don't you find that a trifle trying?" I asked.

"I do indeed," said the poor woman; "Beethoven lives for music — not for me. He lives in a dream; if I cook him a nice dinner he doesn't know what he's eating, or if his mutton's hot or cold. Beethoven is a genius, but he's a terrible man to have for a husband. He's worse than usual now, for his opera's nearly finished, and he thinks it will make his fortune."

"What do you think?" I said.

She smiled sadly.

"It's a beautiful opera, and I dare say it will make somebody's fortune — but not Beethoven's."

"Do the children inherit his talents?"

"I hope to God they do not," she said solemnly. "I had rather see my children dead and in their coffins than have them musicians like their father. Better they should be dead and at peace than that they should suffer as my poor Beethoven suffers. He never rests, he rarely sleeps, and this dreadful composition when he has

a fit of it, shatters him like an illness. Does he look like a happy man?" she asked, pointing to the dreamer, who was still torturing the keys into unwilling harmonies.

He certainly did not; there were great drops of perspiration on his forehead, and his lips were drawn and livid.

"He does not know we are here," said Mrs. Koffsky; "I will show you how lost he is to everything but music." She touched his arm and called him gently by name. He looked at her with the same vacant glare he had bestowed on me and shook his head impatiently. "Beethoven," she repeated, with a little tremble in her voice, "won't you speak to me?"

This time he did not look at her; his long, thin fingers never ceased their voyage up and down the keys.

"Go away," he said; "I don't know you — I don't want you — go away — you disturb me."

"You see," said Mrs. Koffsky sadly; "it is a little hard, is it not?"

A fortnight later, as I sat in my rooms, ploughing away at common law, and feeling more sympathy with the breakers of laws than the makers of them, Koffsky darted in, in a wild state of excitement.

"What's up?" I asked, glad of any interruption in my uncongenial task.

"I have finished my opera," he cried, "at last! At last! And I have succeeded gloriously. I have almost overtaken my ideal! I have put the music of my dreams on paper. Listen." He sat down to my piano. "My libretto is founded on the life of our glorious patriot, Kosciusko. This is his battle song — his death song."

He struck a few stirring chords and burst into a wild melody. It was a fine song, and Koffsky's rich baritone voice did full justice to the music.

"There — isn't that grand! isn't that glorious!" he cried, turning his rapt face towards me. "It is Beethoven Koffsky's masterpiece."

I couldn't help smiling at the man's naïve vanity, but he was quite right — it was grand music. I told him so, and his pale face glowed with pleasure. He seized my hand and shook it violently.

"Ah," he cried, "I knew you were a musician at heart! I knew you had a soul under all your English starch! *You* can appreciate me! *You* know genius when you see it — when it speaks and cries to you! *You* know that Beethoven Koffsky is a genius!"

His words and his extravagant gestures were laughable.

"Ah, you smile!" he cried. "But why should you smile? What I say is true — it is not my vanity — it is God's own truth; and why should I fear to say it? My music is beautiful; if I could but get it heard, all the world would know that it is beautiful — mine would be a name for all time!"

He started up and paced the room wildly.

"But I cannot get it heard!" he cried, in heart-broken accents. "My beautiful opera that would delight the world, no one will look at it, no one will take it! it will never be heard — never! I am poor and unknown — no one will understand me — no one will believe that I have music in me, and my darling opera, my soul's child — it will perish — it is born only to die — to die unknown, unloved! Oh, my God! it is hard to bear!"

He covered his face with his hands, and I could see the tears start between his thin fingers. If ever I was sorry for a man that man was Beethoven Koffsky. I tried to comfort him; I suggested that his opera might yet be taken, but his present mood was strong upon him and he would not be comforted.

"No," he said brokenly, "no, without money nothing can be done. My opera will never be heard, never! and meanwhile, we shall starve. I have eaten nothing to-day, and my wife and the children — they are hungry. And I can do nothing! I can't make money — I can only make music!"

"Give it up and turn your hand to something else," I suggested. He turned upon me fiercely.

"Give up music? throw away my God-given genius? What do you think of me? I cannot! I tell you I cannot! I only live for music; I belong to her. The world seems only half real to me, but music is real and strong; she draws me on — and when she calls I must follow."

He resumed his seat at the piano.

"Listen, this is Kosciusko's song to his loved one."

It was a beautiful and passionate love-song, and Koffsky sang it as though inspired.

By the time he had finished it, he had evidently forgotten my presence, and went playing and singing dreamily on, for more than an hour. When at last he rose, his despondent mood had vanished.

"Ah, it is a glorious opera!" he cried. "It will take the world by storm! Some day you will hear of it, Mr. Blencowe, and then you will be proud of your poor friend, Beethoven Koffsky."

A few days after my last interview with Koffsky, I was fortunate enough to obtain a six months' engagement as bear leader. The Honorable Herbert Algernon Cecil FitzTaltork was only eighteen, but he possessed an obstinacy beyond his years, and an immovable ignorance that no cramming could shake. I led my growling and refractory charge through Italy and Switzerland, failing systematically to implant the faintest knowledge of anything in the singularly unproductive soil he called his brain; and I was heartily thankful when we went our separate ways, the honorable Bertie bound for his parents' "mansion" in Berkshire, I for my diggings in the Temple.

I had not forgotten poor Koffsky all this time, and I had not been back many days, before I paid him a visit. The same thumb-sucking, dirty-aproned urchin opened the door for me, but I noticed that his frock was black, and unusually respectable. There was a singular absence of noise in the house; there were no children sliding down the banisters, no baby crawling on the stairs, no article of childish apparel airing on the landing. What had happened? Mrs. Koffsky put down her sewing and rose as I entered. The poor little woman's life had never been a very happy one, but she had always managed to keep bright and cheerful; now, as she stood looking at me, paler and thinner for her black dress, I thought I had never seen so sad a face. Her pretty blue eyes looked sunken and faded, her fair hair had taken a tinge of grey.

"Mrs. Koffsky," I cried, concerned, "what is it? Is Koffsky —"

"No," she said in a quiet, dull voice, "Koffsky is not dead — yet, but I think he is dying. I am in mourning for my children," she added, glancing down at her dress. "You remember poor little Stanislas and my pretty Mary? they died three months ago. Ah, Mr. Blencowe," she cried, clasping her hands together, "if you had been at home I should not be a broken-hearted woman now! You have always been a good friend to poor Beethoven, and you would have helped us, I am sure."

"I would indeed," I said, "but how —"

"Sit down," answered Mrs. Koffsky, "and I will tell you; it will do me good to speak — I have so few friends."

She shaded her eyes with her hand, and went on rapidly: —

"We have always been very poor, you know, Mr. Blencowe; well, just when you

left England we were poorer than ever. Beethoven had been entirely wrapped up in his opera, and had done nothing to make money — I could only earn a few shillings by needlework — we were nearly starving, and from cold and want of food the children fell sick. My husband was in despair; he went everywhere with his poor opera — but no one would have anything to say to it. We got poorer and poorer and the doctor said that only proper nursing and nourishment could save our children. I went to your rooms, but you were away and had left no address — we had no other friends to go to. Oh, Mr. Blencowe, it was terrible to see our children dying for want of a little money! And then, just as we were in despair, and there seemed no help anywhere, a gentleman came to see us — a composer whom Koffsky had met once or twice, and — and he looked at the score of the opera, and made Beethoven play and sing it to him — and then — then he offered to buy it."

"To buy it!" I cried; "Koffsky's opera?"

She smiled drearily.

"Yes, he offered to buy the opera, but only on condition that Beethoven should allow him to bring it out, with some alterations, as his own. He offered eighty pounds, and — and Koffsky took the money. He parted with the opera which was to bring him fame and fortune. He signed a paper, I don't know what it said, and — and the beautiful opera is gone. What else could we do, Mr. Blencowe? We got food and wine for the children — but it was too late. Stanislas and Mary are dead — and Beethoven will never be famous now."

"Poor Koffsky!" I murmured.

"He did it to save us," said Mrs. Koffsky softly; "he gave us more than his life. That opera was his very soul, and Beethoven has never been the same since he lost it. He is dying."

"What is the name of the man who bought the opera?"

"He calls himself Edgardo Campanile," said Mrs. Koffsky, with a faint smile; "my husband says his real name is Edward Bell."

I started; I had some acquaintance with Campanile, and, though I know pretty well what meannesses most of my friends are capable of, I should never have credited him with quite such baseness.

When we had talked a little further, Mrs. Koffsky took me into her husband's room; the poor fellow had expressed a desire to see me. Koffsky was stretched

upon his bed, looking deathlike. His skin, which was of a dreadful yellow pallor, was stretched so tightly over the almost fleshless bones, that his face looked more like that of a skeleton than a human being. His eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy from their hollow sockets, and the intense blackness of his long, tangled hair made his pallor still more ghastly.

"My poor Koffsky," I said, "I am sorry to see you like this."

He reached me a feeble, claw-like hand, and his dry lips drew themselves into a ghostly smile.

"Has Mary told you?" he gasped, raising himself with difficulty on his elbow.

"About your opera?—yes."

"I sold it!" he cried, his eyes flashing wildly, "I sold it, my music, my heart's blood, my own child—I sold it to a stranger! It is gone. I shall never compose another, and the name of Beethoven Koffsky will remain unknown and unhonored. I did it for their sakes—for Mary and the children—and the children died—and I have sold my music, my fame—my life!"

His voice died away in a moan. Presently, he plucked my sleeve and drew me nearer to him.

"It is to be performed next week," he whispered, "at Drury Lane. Oh yes, fine singers will sing in my opera, fine people will hear it—but I—I shall not hear it. Campanile would not tell me about it, but I have looked and asked, and found out everything for myself. He has changed the name and found a new libretto—he has altered some of my music"—here a spasm of anguish passed over the musician's face—"he has mutilated my *chef d'œuvre*—but it is still Koffsky's music. Next week the world will ring with the fame of the great composer—but my name will remain unknown."

"It is shameful!" I cried hotly.

"Yes, it is shameful—but what could I do? It has killed me. The doctor thinks I can't last beyond this week, but I shall live till my opera is performed."

"And yet is it not something that your music should be heard?" I asked after a long pause.

He smiled.

"Yes, you are right—it is something. My child is not born in vain; my child will live and conquer the world; what does it matter if the father is unknown? But it is hard on the father, is it not? and when he loses his child what has he to live for?"

He gazed dreamily before him, and began murmuring to himself the song he had sung to me six months ago: Kosciusko's love-song. I saw he had become oblivious of my presence, and left the room softly.

I found by looking at the *Standard* that poor Koffsky's opera, "Kosciusko," was to be produced the following Thursday, under the title of "Arnold von Winkelried."

"Great interest is felt throughout musical circles," said the *Standard*, "in the approaching production of a new opera by the well-known composer, Edgardo Campanile. 'Arnold von Winkelried' is founded on a supposed love episode in the life of the celebrated Swiss patriot, and deals with the ultimate death of the hero. We hear that the opera will be quite a new departure from the composer's usual light and somewhat trifling style, and in place of his light, sparkling music we are to expect weird harmonies and wailing chords. The voice of rumor whispers that 'Arnold von Winkelried' is the outcome of a bet, Mr. Cyrus P. Tewanger, the renowned American musical dilettante, having laid a wager to the effect that Signor Campanile is incapable of writing anything in the serious style of opera that will prove a success and add to his reputation. If 'Arnold von Winkelried' finds favor with a London audience, Signor Campanile will be the richer by one thousand pounds."

I went at once to Drury Lane and took a stall for Thursday night, determined to hear my poor friend's opera. Thursday came, and found me punctually in my place. It was a full house; pretty women, diamonds, and fine dresses were as plentiful as they always are in an English opera-house. I saw the faces of many well-known musical critics in the stalls around me, and wondered if that rogue, Campanile, would win his bet. I almost found it in my heart to wish that Koffsky's opera might prove a failure. I will not describe the music; all I can say is that it pleased me from the first note to the last, that it was full of melody without being commonplace, and in parts rose to a height of passion and pathos that roused the audience to frequent bursts of enthusiasm.

"Good, very good," I heard G——, the critic, who sat beside me, whisper to his companion, "but quite unlike Campanile's usual style and incomparably superior. Wonder how he came to write such an opera."

The curtain went down on the last act, the music dying away in a faint tremulous

repetition of the motif of the hero's love-song in the second act. There was a roar of applause from the whole house; the opera's success was complete. I looked at my watch; it was three minutes to eleven, and I hurriedly dived for my hat and coat. I had just got them on, when a shout for the composer was raised from the gallery and taken up by the entire audience. Curious to see whether Campanile would have the audacity to respond to this call, I waited. There was a momentary pause, during which the shout of "Composer! composer!" became louder than ever, and then the heavy curtain was rolled back, and a figure came slowly forward. Good heavens! it was Koffsky! Koffsky whom I had left last week more dead than alive. What pluck the man must possess to have dragged himself here! As Koffsky advanced slowly across the stage a sudden and intense silence fell upon the house. A door must suddenly have been opened near me, for I felt a cold wind sweep across my face and a curious, chilly sensation creep through the roots of my hair.

"Who the deuce is that fellow?" murmured the critic beside me, and it seemed to me that he was very pale. At the same moment I became aware that I felt extremely ill at ease, not to say frightened, but why and wherefore I could not imagine.

Koffsky paused in the centre of the stage and bowed solemnly. I shall never forget his face. He was very pale, paler and more deathly than ever, and his thin face wore an expression of intense and triumphant joy such as I have never seen in any human countenance. He walked slowly across the stage and disappeared behind the wings. I drew a deep breath; the curious, chilly feeling that oppressed me vanished, and I felt the blood returning to my cheeks. At the same moment the applause broke out again, mingled with hisses from Campanile's friends, who naturally resented this misappropriation of the honors of the evening. While Koffsky stood before the curtain I had felt rooted to the spot, but now an intense curiosity seized me as to how the man had got there, and what had happened to him at the hands of the presumably furious Campanile. But how was it that Campanile had allowed him to appear at all? Absorbed in these queries I hurried to the green-room. I found Campanile surrounded by friends and musicians, all plying him with eager questions which he appeared incapable of answering. He was huddled in a chair; he looked panic-

stricken, and was mopping his forehead with a large pink handkerchief. When he saw me he started up and caught hold of my arm with a visibly trembling hand.

"Blencowe," he said, "they tell me you know that scoundrelly Pole—— What was he doing here? Why the devil did the fellow behave like that? Does he drink? Is he mad?"

"Why did you let him go on?" I asked.

"I tell you I couldn't help it!" stammered Campanile; "I—I was just going on myself, of course, when—when suddenly there was Koffsky, standing right in front of me. I swear he wasn't there before—I swear I never saw him pass, but there he was. Of course I tried to stop the fellow, but—but I couldn't move! I felt as cold as ice—I feel so still. I'll tell you what, there's something wrong somewhere—there's something devilish curious!" He shivered as he spoke, whether from conscience or a chill I cannot undertake to say. But certainly the scoundrel had all the appearance of a man who has had a severe shock.

"Where is Koffsky now?" I asked.

"I don't know," shuddered Campanile, collapsing into his chair again in a heap. "I haven't seen him since—since *then*; I hope to God I shall never see him again!" he added under his breath. Just then a servant came up with some bottles and glasses, and I saw him swallow down half a tumbler of brandy as though it had been water. By this time I was beginning to feel scared myself. An undefined, curious feeling of terror weighed upon me, and without losing any more time I left the green-room and hurried out into the street. Koffsky must have gone straight home, so I took a hansom and drove off to his lodgings. To my surprise the door was ajar; I pushed it open and went in. The house was very silent, there was no light on the stairs. Had they all gone to bed? But I was determined to solve the mystery of Koffsky's appearance at the opera, and striking a match I stumbled up-stairs and entered the little sitting-room. It was empty, save for the two children. I paused a moment, uncertain what to do, then, seeing a light under Koffsky's door, I knocked gently.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Koffsky's low voice from within; "hush! I will come out to you."

I waited for nearly half an hour, then the door opened softly and she came out, a lighted candle in her hand. The flickering light showed me a terribly white, tear-stained face.

"Forgive me for disturbing you at such an hour," I began, "but I am anxious about your husband. Has he come home yet?"

"He has *gone* home," she answered, with a curious emphasis on the word.

"Gone home — where? to Poland? that can't be! I saw him less than an hour ago."

"That is impossible," she said quietly; "my husband is dead."

"Dead!" I gasped; "but, Mrs. Koffsky, I saw him!"

For all answer she led me into her room. The sheet was drawn up over the bed, but under it I could see the outline of a still figure. She drew down the sheet. Yes, there was Koffsky's dead white face, fixed in that same look of triumphant joy it had worn on the boards of Drury Lane. "He is happy now," said his wife softly.

I felt cold with horror. I realized now what was the meaning of the chill intangible terror that had haunted me.

"At what hour did he die?" I asked in a voice that sounded quite unlike my own.

"At eleven," she answered. I felt myself turning paler; it was at eleven that Koffsky had appeared before the curtain at Drury Lane.

"Good God!" I cried, "I have seen your husband's spirit!"

She took me into the sitting-room and I told her what I had seen, in a whisper, to avoid rousing the children. There is something ghastly in a whisper, and when I had ended my story I felt more terrified than ever. Mrs. Koffsky looked at me with an awestruck face.

"It is marvellous," she murmured, "but you don't know yet how marvellous. Beethoven knew that his opera was to be given to-night, and all day he has seemed waiting — waiting. He has been terribly ill; a dozen times I thought he was dying — dead — but he rallied; it seemed as though he *would* not die. Suddenly, this evening, as the clock struck half past eight he started, moved, and half raised himself in his bed.

"Hark!" he cried, 'hark! don't you hear? it has begun! my music! I hear it!'

"He fell back on his pillows, but I could see that he was listening, and sometimes he smiled and beat time feebly with his hand and hummed a few bars of a song. An hour or two went on like this; I thought it must be time to give him his medicine, and looked at the clock. It wanted three minutes to eleven. At that

moment Beethoven started upright in bed; his eyes were widely opened and fixed as though they saw, oh, so far away!

"Listen!" he cried, 'don't you hear? Oh, you *must* hear! applause! shouts! they are calling me! Mary, they are calling me!' He remained for a moment, gazing eagerly before him with a strange look of joy upon his face, then fell back. He was quite dead, and as I raised his head upon my arm the clock struck the first stroke of eleven."

Mrs. Koffsky was silent. I drew a deep breath and a little chilly wind stirred my hair.

Poor Koffsky! His dying ears had heard the distant echoes of his beloved music; the applause he had so longed for in life had had power to draw his spirit to the spot. Beethoven Koffsky had been happier in his death than in his life.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A ROYAL GOVERNESS.\*

THE DUCHESSE DE GONTAUT.

I.

ONE of the rarest qualities found in autobiographies is the continuity of vital power, by which I mean the equality of impressionability manifested by the writer. The biography of one individual written by another may be complete, — it is framed within the circle of his own subsisting forces; whereas the record of events written by their own agent is under chronological and varying influences — the impressions of maturity differing from those of youth, and those of later years almost invariably lacking the direct and fiery impulse of unexhausted time. Obviously, no autobiography can aim at being a life; but its chief defects lie in the inequality to receive, and therefore convey, impressions. An autobiography is mostly a collection of notes, not necessarily, or to the reader's appreciation, made by one and the same person; and here is to be found the superiority of Madame de Gontaut's book. It is a thoroughly equal and homogeneous production — equal from first to last in its peculiar qualities of impressionability, and one from beginning to end with the mind whence it springs. From 1780 to 1836, over the space of fifty-six years, these extraordinarily sincere and interesting pages are the work of one and

\* Mémoires de la Duchesse de Gontaut, Gouvernante des Enfants de France, de 1773-80 à 1836. 1 vol. Paris: Plon, 1891.

the same person; they are experiences of public and private life, chronicled throughout with the same impartiality and the same unabated vigor.

It is owing to this sustained level of thought and conscience that we can say with perfect truth that never have the historic aspects of the so-called great French Revolution been so dispassionately described, or the more homely dramatic incidents of the July Revolution more feelingly told. Neither have the bearings of these two events upon each other ever been made more clear to the reader's eye.

Nor could it be otherwise, if one reflects that, although half a century elapses between the two periods of time, their narrator is the same; they are the work of a witness in whom no intellectual or moral change has taken place.

These souvenirs of Madame de Gontaut constitute pre-eminently a pleasant book. Pleasant to read, because so evidently pleasant to write; and pleasant to write, because so unmistakably interesting to have lived through. And yet, notice the dates: between 1780-89 and 1836 we count the overthrow of a dynasty over a thousand years old, the destruction of two thrones (one by the guillotine), the crimes of a military despotism, the miseries of the "emigration," and the temporary ruin of all the various creeds on which the peace, prosperity, and worldly honor of French civilization had been evolving itself for centuries. Such a succession of "mind-quakes" (if I may be allowed the expression) are, within so comparatively short a period, not to be paralleled within the annals of the Western world; and yet — we repeat it advisedly — Madame de Gontaut's memoirs are an undeniably pleasant book, for the pleasantness of it centres in herself. Not that she is indifferent to, or in any degree unmindful of, the sufferings of others — quite the contrary; but there is in her a steady, internal, moral sunlight that shines unfailingly over all things, is never dimmed, and never vacillates, — neither dazzling by any sudden exultation nor perturbing the spirit by any sudden eclipse. It is truly the story of an existence, or a mind, equal to any fate, and, in its firm serenity, superior to all circumstance.

In one phrase of her own lies the best explanation of all she was and all she did. After recalling one of the worst disasters of her emigration experiences, "You may," she says, "my dear children, perhaps accuse me of making too light of all vicissitudes. You would be wrong; God

has simply endowed me with the faculty of making the best of his severest afflictions; and I believe this to be the surest proof of real faith, and the only way of living through life without repining."

Madame de Gontaut was born in Paris, in 1773, of one of the most distinguished of so-called court families, but not one of the most prejudiced. Prejudice, as the word has come to be understood, was of later growth. The possessors of the highest worldly goods felt — many of them — so relatively safe in their possessions, that what was later on abused as "privilege" was till the close of the seventeenth century regarded as a simple right, altogether unobjected to. With much to be complained of, no doubt, there was a large amount of humanity afloat, and *reform* was still a term meaning progress in which all classes could join; it was not as yet indicative of class warfare, still less of any offending arrogance of caste.

There were among the highest a vast number so contented with what fate had awarded them, so unperplexed by suspicions of insecurity, that they could afford to live on easy terms with their own good luck, and enjoy the pleasures of existence without being as yet troubled by any uncomfortable notions of public obligations to their inferiors. The sentimentalisms of the Rousseau school had not yet attained to their full practice of authority; did not yet reign to the absolute detriment of kindly affability, as it was generally called. The genial philanthropy which was beginning to assert itself was a kind of fashion, a manner of charm, added to other distinctions — rather a grace than a virtue. The rigidity of the manners and principles of the seventeenth century had disappeared with the sway of etiquette under the *Grand Roi*, and the civilian dignity of constitutional or parliamentary rule had not succeeded it. A great deal was already loosened, very little was accepted as established, and the untrammelled, well satisfied "upper ten thousand" in France exercised a cheerful supremacy over any of the misgivings that might be on the eve of tormenting the brains of *messieurs les idéologues* or *les philosophes*.

Spite of John Law, who was not comprehended for a hundred years to come, and of the regent, who was put out of court as a coiner of base currency, money — mere money — had attained to none of the vilifying predominance it has achieved since then. Until long after 1789 it had comparatively no overbearing significance.

disposed of no sanction, was neither an equalizing nor in any sense a consecrating medium.

For instance, among the "good families" (the real gentry) of provincial France, the advantages of more or less wealth were but slightly taken into account, because the struggle to seem wealthy prompted no one's efforts. Appearances were nowhere yet a power; and this state of things endured in French civilization perhaps longer than in any other country. As a matter of fact, it remains undeniable that before the Revolution of 1789 there existed in the aristocracy of France a considerable number of men and women whose hearts and minds were, on the whole, almost as open to the liberal ideas of the period as were those of their neighbors of England or Scotland.

Madame de Gontaut's father, Monsieur de Montault, belonged to a race proverbial for its independence. At fifty-nine he married a bride of sixteen, and to his Burgundian wife and the only child she bore him brought the frank, gay qualities of the Gascon blood, which make perfect assimilation with Pyrenean mountaineers so easy to nearly all foreign nations. Mademoiselle de Coulommiers was fairly well dowered, and of a sweetness of disposition that never failed her. Until the death of the head of the family, their wedded life was one of uninterrupted happiness. Perhaps the chief characteristic of the race — that which most marked its domestic habits — was its entire simplicity, and from very early days the readiness with which it submitted to English influences.

At seven years old Mademoiselle de Montault was introduced to the gala aspects of court life by being, not held, but led to the baptismal font by Louis XVIII. (then Comte de Provence),\* who, with his Saxon consort, stood her sponsors at her birth. For this magnificent occasion she was awarded the honors of *le grand habit au grand panier*, and invited, with other children of her own age and rank, to a *réception*, presided over by Marie Antoinette. But, as has been already noted, these exceptional distinctions marred none of the simplicity common to well-disposed and excellently well-trained natures — no artificial distinctions being made of undue account. M. de Montault had always been used to princes; he was an officer at

fifteen, shared in all the campaigns of the famous *guerre de sept ans*, and returned to Versailles covered with honors and wounds. He had been educated with the three brothers, Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., and was, in fact, *menin du dauphin*, who became king as Louis XVI. But nothing of all this ever troubled his equanimity, or in the slightest measure modified the cordial frankness of the Gascon gentleman he remained to the end of his life.

As for his daughter, Madame de Gontaut, destined to form the "children of France" (her future sovereigns), a succession of strange chances made of her, almost from her cradle, an Englishwoman.

The first step of the little goddaughter of Louis XVIII. towards the ceremonious regions of *le grand monde* was, curiously enough, taken in the direction of Madame de Genlis. Following immediately on the very informal formal *fête* at Trianon (after the baptism and the *grand habit*), on which occasion she had been much applauded in Racine's "Iphigénie," and received the compliments in verse of the celebrated Chevalier de Boufflers, the accident of a marriage put Mademoiselle de Montault into close contact with the very imperfectly known lady who, whatever her pedantries or pretensions or other absurdities, certainly gave to the whole Orleans family their British notions, and the peculiarities of their British habits and manners.

"One of my father's nephews," writes Madame de Gontaut, "the Vicomte de Valence, married a daughter of Madame de Genlis, and from this circumstance an intimacy became natural between my mother and Madame de Genlis, leading also to one between the offspring of 'Egalite' [then Duc d'Orleans] and myself. These were the two Ducs de Chartres and Montpensier, the Comte de Beaujolais, and Mademoiselle (later on the far-famed Madame) Adelaide."

The account given by Madame de Gontaut of the situation held by Madame de Genlis in the family over which she was appointed to exercise absolute control is of the highest interest, for it explains much of the future, both as regards the Orleans princes themselves and also Madame de Gontaut.

The record of her first impressions marks clearly how her intuitions were necessarily English, and how inevitably she grew, not into a mere *Anglomane* or a *Franco-Anglaise*, like so many of her

\* The formality of this first entry into existence was often made at a relatively advanced period, in order that it might be a pretext for what were frequently really brilliant festivities.

compatriots, but into a thorough, genuine Briton, whose fundamental instincts, thoughts, principles, and habits of life and action were all unmistakably British—sometimes even more Scottish than merely English, as was evidenced by her stay at Holyrood.

It is here she stands alone, absolutely unique of her kind. This double nature asserts itself so supremely in her, that, while her every thought is what would be that of a *born* British gentlewoman, she, at the same time, lives the most perfect type, the very ideal, of what only a true French lady of former days ever knew how to be. Her grace is so dignified, her dignity so full of grace, that the impression of the twin nationality fairly bewilders you, and the sole solution seems to lie in the word "simplicity." It is in the simplicity once common to both origins where alone the explanation of the enigma is to be discovered.

We will now revert to what she quotes of Madame de Genlis, and the inconceivable influence she exercised.

The enthusiasm [writes Madame de Gontaut] that was on all occasions manifested for their instructress by the entire family of the princes, was naturally most quickly shared in by me. I should have been ashamed to prove myself deficient in a feeling of such a passionately romantic description, as all those around me were daily carrying to such excessive heights! I have with my own eyes seen the princes and their sister, Mademoiselle, kneel down to kiss the ground on which the feet of Madame de Genlis had trod; and I must frankly confess that, one day, desirous of evincing my capacity for worship, I threw myself upon the chair she had just left, ardently kissing the cushion on which she had sat; . . . but, be it humbly avowed, my mouth was thereby so filled with dust that the ardor of my admiring gaze was considerably diminished!

There you recognize Madame de Gontaut whole and complete—incapable of any totally unreasonable exaggeration; as of anything approaching a pose. She is full of heartfelt sympathy for any proof of natural sensibility, but for any offence against genuine fine taste she is a true *grande dame de la bonne époque*.

Nevertheless, there are some few signs here and there that nature had fashioned her with sundry pedagogical instincts lying dormant in her early childhood, and only awakened by accident.

On one occasion, Madame de Genlis having to reprimand the Duc de Chartres (later on, Louis Philippe) for want of tact in addressing his inferiors, said sharply,

"Will you never learn, monseigneur, the proper tone in which to speak to the popular masses? will you be eternally awkward?—never learn to show *un moment d'élan*?" (a rather curious reproach, by the way, to make to the Citizen King, called in future years by his own subjects *le Roi de la blague*!) On hearing these words, the small aspirant to future tutorships over royalty drew herself up stiffly, and exclaimed: "Allons monseigneur; de l'élan! c'est si aise!" "Easier than for you, I presume, to hold your tongue!" was the rejoinder of the patented school-mistress—at which rebuff, states Madame de Gontaut, the persons present burst forth into peals of laughter.

These first years of Mademoiselle de Montault's earliest life—from 1780 to the outbreak of the Revolution—were in most respects passed in very much the same fashion as those of her class-associates, excepting that the careful philosophy of her wise mother tolerated none of the frivolity inherent to the courtly customs of the period, and, above all, no want of consideration for others. M. de Montault, with the tendency to spoil an only daughter in a father of advancing age, was apparently less strict in his ideas of indulgence, and at twelve years old gave the young lady an establishment and a well-appointed equipage, reputed even then an exceedingly rare luxury. But the admirably balanced character of the girl herself resisted all exaggerations, and no amount of spoiling had any effect save that of enlarging her conceptions of benevolence and increasing her human sympathies, and utter inability to admit that mere opinion, whether political or social, should influence affections based by heart or mind upon considerations of an entirely different order.

The accidents of her British relationships and friendships mainly sufficed to form her character a few years later, and made of Madame de Gontaut, as I have already remarked, a person of singular excellence in an all but unparalleled career,—in a life of over eighty years, in which, in an English as in a French sense, every year, if not every day, put her different though not conflicting qualities equally to the test.

## II.

To take Mademoiselle de Montault from the beginning, we must follow her own example. The beginning is to her the Revolution. After a very few pages devoted to the record of her birth and earliest

years, the famous baptismal *fêtes* and joyous *réunions* at the Convent of Bellechasse under the surveillance of Madame de Genlis (where blindman's-buff seems to have been the "high-jinks" of the entertainment),—after these dawning days of girlish enjoyment and unsuspecting worldly pleasure, the storm breaks which is to leave none unscathed, and we are in the midst of the pillage of *la maison Réveillon*, the riots of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and the cries of *A la lanterne les aristocrates!*

Never, perhaps, did such a catastrophe fall so suddenly on a society so utterly unprepared; and this is one of the aspects of the time to which, perhaps, the reader's attention has been insufficiently called, and which, I incline to believe, has never been so strikingly set forth as by Madame de Gontaut.

The great preoccupation of the hour was to find an English companion for Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and Madame de Genlis despatched to London the Chevalier de Grave, a favorite equerry attached to the Palais Royal. He was commissioned to return bringing with him *une merveille*, and all the intimates of the household were in a fever of expectation. M. de Grave came back to Paris with his "find,"—a child of eight years old, satisfying all the prescribed conditions, a very fairy of beauty, as was unanimously acknowledged, but "nameless," as declares Mademoiselle de Montault. "Her name," she adds (was it Jane, Mary, or Sally is not stated)—"her name seemed to us all too plebeian for such a little princess, and we christened her Paméla."

And there she stands face to face with the doubly tragic story of her time—Ireland and 1798 and Lord Edward and the Revolution. Paméla, in memory of Richardson's novels, and because then only what was English could be lovely! And to this the general childish fancy added Seymour, forsooth, as a family name, although Madame de Genlis herself states that her parents' name was Sims. This, however, left the little heroine herself unsatisfied, and she expressed a wish to be entitled "lady;" so the mirthful band, enchanted with their new acquisition, gladly indulged her whim, and "en jouant nous l'appellâmes 'milady,'" relates the chronicler.

At the rising of the curtain, therefore, on the frightful drama of the age, is discovered the semi-royal masquerade of the *jolie Anglaise*, Paméla, and Seymour, and eke *milady*. From this impression of laughing infancy (for the actors are all

under ten years of age) date many more things than would be supposed. There dates the lasting vision of what, through the most extraordinarily adverse circumstances, has to be called the fascination of English womankind; and there dates, for Madame de Gontaut individually, her singular gift of perceiving from the outset, of seeing and grouping together, the various aspects of pre-revolutionary life and civilization.

M. Taine, in a chapter of his "Ancien Régime," speaking of the light-heartedness of the cultivated society of France, says: "Elle durait dans les prisons de la République," and this is a point on which writers without number have largely informed us; but I do not know of any author who has put the *ridicules* of pre-revolutionary courtiers in close juxtaposition with their social merits to the same degree, or with the same collectively witty power of delineation, as Madame de Gontaut. She is not afraid of bringing them together; she shows them as they are, puts them side by side, makes them act simultaneously, and, without over-exalting the courageous philosophy of the one, in no way exaggerates the unavoidable consequences of frivolous habits in the other. Perhaps nowhere is to be found so true a scene as that to be presently quoted in the commencement of Madame de Gontaut's narration of her emigration trials. It needs no comment; you see it living before you, living as it lived in reality, yet is nothing "set down in malice." Passing over the opening scenes of the Revolution, the taking of the Bastille, where (during the Federation *fêtes*) she witnessed the initiatory triumphs of Lafayette; passing over her transitory acquaintance with Mirabeau and the *constitutional* period of the *Etats généraux*, in which the latter was doomed, by the short-sightedness of the court, to such regrettable but unavoidable failure,—we reach the first emigration of Coblenz, with all its follies and illusions; and, in justice to Louis XVIII., there is an anecdote related by Madame de Gontaut that well repays the interruption occasioned by the recital of it.

Persons belonging to her own family began at first to write to the Comte de Provence the extraordinary fever of exultation which reigned in the capital, and at the very first he was inclined to partake of their illusions. The Duke of Brunswick, on the other hand, writes from the camps of the coalition armies that he is "sorry to see how few obstacles they will have to surmount." He ventures to pre-

dict that "in two months Monsieur will be enabled by his friends to 'finish his season' at his country seat of Brunoy." His Serene Highness is actually good enough to regret the "very little trouble that the revolutionary forces will give them"! "I could have desired for the general good," he writes, "that the allies had met with a more efficient resistance, *car les Français ont besoin d'une leçon telle qu'elle ne puisse jamais sortir de leur mémoire.*" \*

"Take care, prince!" was the rejoinder forwarded privately to the too confident Brunswicker, — "take care not to tumble into some unforeseen pitfall! I have a notion that the French will dispute the field with you; they have not been beaten everywhere. *On ne les pas battus dans toutes les circonstances.*" In the autumn of 1792 the Prussians could not take Thionville, and lost the battle of Valmy. Still, many illusions endured, many large sacrifices were made to their cause by ardent Royalists. Hopes of success were based on the escape of the royal family from France. Before the ruin of this last delusion, Madame de Montault and her family decided on joining the royal troops upon the Rhine.

When the "allied armies," as they were then called, prepared to re-enter France by Thionville, permission was given to all French ladies to rejoin their male relatives.

"Great and general was the ardor," writes Madame de Gontaut, whose *fiancé*, M. de St. Blancard, was at Coblenz. "Equipages without number crowded together along all the highways, and this remnant of splendor and elegance, and the confidence in fate that filled all hearts, made the commencement of the journey thoroughly joyous. Separations were gaily made, and rendezvous on return home almost without exception fixed for Paris."

Here took place the curious, and in every sense typical, scene to which I have alluded, and which I maintain to be entirely exceptional in its sharp picturesqueness of detail.

The disorder was indescribable [says Mademoiselle de Montault] and at each day's end we had to seek our lodging for the night. Where? That was the chief question. When

the retreat of the German *corps d'armée* began we were at Luxembourg, and the cannon of Thionville kept up hope in French bosoms. We proceeded at a foot's-space in the midst of wounded and dying men. At the gates of nearly every small town might be read the terrible sentence: "For Jews or *émigrés* no admittance here!" As to what concerned our caravan personally, this is what befell our expedition at the outset: For our first halt we found a spacious barn, with a plentiful supply of fresh straw, foreshadowing provisions in our minds of a tolerable night's sleep. Our party consisted of the Duchesse de Guiche and Mesdames de Pourpry, Delair, etc. My mother and myself settled ourselves as best we could along the wall of the barn, whilst a magnificent tall *chasseur* of the Duchesse de Guiche mounted guard over us, and, with a drawn sabre in hand, was commissioned to answer for our safety. . . . In the middle of the night we were aroused by a sudden knocking at the door. Knock on knock came repeated, and a woman's voice screamed, "Open, open! let me in—it is I!" (I, — who?) The door was opened, and "I," the appellant, came in. . . . Now, who should "I" be but Madame de Calonne, the minister's wife; and in she came in all the splendor of her gala adornments!

But it is best given in the authoress's own untranslated words: "*parée, crêpée, fardée, poudrée, belle robe à queue, papiers, souliers à talons*" — to whom is the vision not a reality?

But [adds the narrator, in a tone of exquisite raillery] no sooner is our new visitor ushered into our midst than she demands, with the lordly air of an offended princess, "Where are the apartments that have been prepared?" and then, transfixed with horror, "Where am I?" she exclaims, and, looking round, "Am I brought into a hospital? Who are these women lying down on straw? and a man in arms, too, with a drawn sword! . . . Holà! where are my attendants? (*où sont donc mes laquais?*) Lights, lights! let torches and flambeaux be brought instantly!" and lights are brought, and the barn was illuminated in all its length and breadth, and the poor "fine lady" is more frightened from her propriety than before. Wild with alarm, she sees (as we all for the first time see) the bodies of twenty-four slaughtered sheep hung up to hooks upon the walls, in readiness for the meat-market of the next day. "Corpses!" shrieks poor Madame de Calonne. "Dead bodies all over the place, hanging everywhere around me!" and her terror knows no bounds, until, a few moments later, the irrepressible laughter of her companions (that nothing could control in any one of us) showed her the reality of the situation, and made her understand the real dangers from which it was urgent to fly, and those which had only been conjured up by her imagination.

\* On the 22nd of February, 1848, M. Guizot spoke the same words to M. de St. Priest, then French minister in Denmark: "Alas! the king [Louis Philippe] will have found no resistance—*tout cela est trop facile.*" "He leant against the chimney in Madame de Borgne's *salon*, and played with the teacup in his hand whilst speaking to me," were the words of Count Alexis de St. Priest.

Is it possible to conceive a more vivid picture of the position? there you have it in all its aspects at the same moment, which I believe to be unattainable anywhere else. In other descriptions you have Versailles in its pomp, or the blood-stained streets of Paris, the frivolity of Trianon, or the massacre of the Carmes; you take sides and judge one or the other according to your regrets or convictions, but they do not show themselves together, whereas here they meet and jostle each other rudely. It is as though the whole mass of glittering, befurbelowed, bespangled female humanity were suddenly seized on the rose-colored marble terrace or the borders of the *Pièce d'Eau des Suisses*, and cast from some Titanic grasp upon the very heads of the members of the Convention, or against the crammed *charrettes* of the guillotine! It is at one and the same instant as tragical as it is grotesque; and the double current of history dashes forth before your eyes, meeting in one and the same awful din.

As space will not permit of any attempt at a continuous narrative of events that in fact extend over a lapse of eighty, or, at least, seventy-five years, we are obliged to choose the most remarkable passages of the volume before us, and to call the reader's attention to the chapters that best exemplify either the author's originality in seizing details allowed by other writers to pass unnoticed, or those that explain the reasons of her extraordinary British sympathies, or those that prove the inestimable influence of these sympathies over her conduct after she had become a responsible agent of the French crown. I say a responsible agent; for from the moment when—after the death of Louis XVIII. and that of the Duc de Berri, and the accession of Charles X. to the throne—Madame de Gontaut is created *Gouvernante des enfants de France*, she has to be treated as a public, as a political personage. The powers for which she stipulates, the dignity wherewith she is invested, all combine to make of her emphatically "Madame la Gouvernante," as we shall see when we have to relate her discussions with the Duc de Rivière in later times. It was no fault of hers that 1830 was an unavoidable misfortune.

We have touched the close of the Revolutionary period terminating with the last useless struggles of the emigration; the fatal date of 1793 is attained, and in the execution of *Louis Seize* the irreparable is achieved.

In the winter and spring of 1793–94 the

exodus of the whole Gontaut family through Holland to England takes place; and somewhat later Mademoiselle de Montault is married to her cousin, M. de St. Blancard, henceforth known as the Vicomte de Gontaut Biron. The ducal title was of later date. It was as king of France that Charles X. granted to "Madame la Gouvernante" the *tabouret* with the title of *Duchesse*.

Here we must perforce quote our authoress, for nothing can adequately replace the way in which she relates the impressions her own eyes have seen, and her own heart has felt, and preserved green to its very last hour. Of this she is herself so well aware, that in the very beginning of her story she says:—

I feel it is my special duty to make you, my dear children, understand that deep attachment to everything English with which I have sometimes been reproached, but which is everlasting in me. The law of my life has been gratitude. . . .

We had to wander farther, . . . but where to go, when in France all was lost. The winter in Holland, a severe one too, was dismal and unhealthy. . . . M. de St. Blancard, who had joined us, was anxious that our marriage should take place, and he suggested England as our future refuge. My mother consented, and we sailed, from the dismal Dutch shores for Harwich, where, on landing, the first word of a language I did not then understand woke a sudden joyful hope in my heart, sounding as it did with an accent of welcome that was in truth the presentiment of all that was in store for us. From that first moment we seized the whole depth of the sincere cordiality contained in true genuine British hospitality.

Government agents were prepared to receive us, the names of my parents and the official rank of my father having largely paved the way. But oh, the hearty kindness of that reception! how different from the coldness and slights to which, since our misfortunes, other countries had accustomed us! Is not this simple loyal demeanor on the part of a foreign nation sufficient to explain everything?

The opening scene, however, led to a certain *changement de décor*. The travelers went on to London (the London, be it remembered, of a hundred years ago, which was far from brilliant or elegant in its outward aspects in unfashionable quarters; M. de St. Blancard housed his family party of all places in the world in Golden Square!), and they were almost immediately inducted into the solemn sadness of a metropolitan Sabbath. But here again the native quality of Mademoiselle de Montault's sweet and equal temper served her.

"I can quite comprehend," she writes,

"that Parisians landing on a Sunday risk a fit of the spleen, and, overcome by the silent gloom, see the whole world dark around them; but all is dissipated on the Monday by the bright sunshine of Hyde Park."

The chief occupation of M. de St. Blancard would seem to have been to "paint the ways and habits of London society" to his affianced wife and her relatives, and for this purpose a few evenings apparently sufficed to make the exiles familiar with their surroundings, and inform us of the present day of a situation which has, in too many cases, endured till now.

He soon showed us how the ill-humor of our compatriots was asserting itself. Everything teased and annoyed them; they rebelled against the very helpful kindness of the Government, whose pecuniary aid irritated their susceptibilities; and their envy was set aflame by various puerile distinctions of grades—the lieutenant, for instance, getting less than the colonel or general. Resolved not to learn the language, they learned none of the customs of the country, and actually went the length of isolating themselves by walking in the mud of the open street, sooner than mix with the public on the foot-pavements. Similarity of misery did not bring about harmony of appreciation, and, I confess, we were confounded at the narrow-minded injustice of all we heard; for, as for us all, the resting-place and means of existence so generously vouchsafed to the victims of a great public calamity had simply filled our hearts with love and admiration for this noble English nation. I was the first to propose that we should leave London, and M. de St. Blancard, studying a map of the adjoining counties, was struck by the name of Epsom, where he remembered that a friend of his, Lord Edward Bentinck, had a house and resided with his family. So to Epsom we went, and at Epsom we were after our marriage in the Spanish chapel of London by the same priest who, but a few years before, had married the Prince of Wales to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

The marriage ceremony was a simple one.

There was naturally [says our authoress] no question of rejoicings or festivities; the instant all was over we returned to Epsom by means of the stage-coach (a public conveyance) to our new abode, and established ourselves in the very pretty but homely residence my husband had secured for us. All our dependents had left, and we were at the mercy of a single female servant. In such public disasters all privations become easy, and none complain: the real humiliation would consist solely in the incapacity to submit cheerfully to the exigencies of stern necessity.

Our little home seemed pleasant to us, and

we were the objects of general and somewhat amusing but in no degree obtrusive or unbenvolent curiosity. The cottage we inhabited stood in a sweetly pretty road close to the race-course, and in the neighborhood of beautiful country seats. We gradually discovered what exceeding interest we excited amongst our surroundings, and we soon ceased to feel any embarrassment at the watchings of our incomings and outgoings, and even sometimes at the looks cast through the interstices of our window-blinds in the evening.

There was such an affectionate desire on all parts to see how the French exiles contrived to make themselves comfortable under such appalling inflictions! But in a very short time the scene undergoes an entire social change, and we witness the entrance of the Gontaut family into the great world of England, which was the counterpart (with both its differences and its analogies) of what had been their own *grand monde* of France.

The chief rendezvous of what remained of French society [writes Madame de Gontaut] the central *salon* where congregated the cream of political and diplomatic Europe, was at once opened in London by the Princesse de Rohan, née Montmorency. She herself was one of the handsomest women of her time, and her husband, the Prince de Rohan, was regarded as the model of French *grands seigneurs*, at a period when the public opinion of France set the highest store by intellectual acquirements, charm of manners, and the high-bred polish of worldly intercourse.

We must remember that those to whom she addresses herself are the grandchildren of the persons Madame de Gontaut is describing.

Your grandfather's most intimate companions [she proceeds to tell] were Lord Liverpool and Lord (then Earl of) Bristol, and until their death both were the tenderly attached friends of your whole family.

In the London *salon* of the Princesse de Léon (future Duchesse and Princesse de Rohan) met together the entire exiled aristocracy of our own country, and the Prince of Wales himself asked the privilege of admission to the chosen band. Whatever was most distinguished in British society soon followed suit, and in a short time these nightly reunions counted the most illustrious personages of the time, and of all civilized countries. Political leaders, diplomatists, warriors, statesmen, and great orators, all gathered round this brilliant centre, whose brilliancy lay in itself, apart from the allurements of wealth or power, and in which Ministers themselves imparted the news of the day—of the history they were making, and where information was first-hand, and given between equals with perfect unalienable truth. Your grandfather, who was

an almost constant visitor at this famous *salon*, brought its echoes regularly down to us in our rural retreat, so that we were never out of the current of the life of our age, but followed every occurrence with passionate interest. But, above all, what quickly attracted us, and bound us to our surroundings, was the simple, frank cordiality with which all our new friends welcomed us, and made us feel we were one with them! And it was this trustful intimacy that grew up at once amongst us, and outweighed all the well-turned phrases that our native *bonne compagnie* would have spent upon us in France. There is in the hand-grasp of the true Englishman a far stronger magnetism than in any other contact, for it comes genuinely from the heart, and gives the promise of a friendship to which it holds through life.

The Edward Bentincks soon came into our neighborhood, and invited us to stay with them at their own house, which we did.

It was in these country-houses' habits that Madame de Gontaut's real knowledge and striking appreciation of English character began, as well as her extraordinary intimate penetration of the true worth of the British nature, whether private or public. It must be admitted, also, that if a foreigner of such superior qualities and education had rarely been put in a position to study the intricate developments of English society, never had the society of the gloriously affirmative days "when George the Third was king" shown itself more unreservedly so in all its varied strength of attraction to so sympathetic a spectator, to so well-disposed an observer, as Madame de Gontaut.

From the Bentincks come rapidly all the rest whereof they were the original source—from the prime minister's (Duke of Portland's) daughters proceed the original branches which furnish the whole intimate surroundings of M. and Madame de Gontaut. Grevilles, Villiers, and gradually Cecil, Capels, and Wellesleys, were soon members of the charming throng, whose portraits give an impression of living reality to every line written by our delightful chronicler. Her first painting shows the Clarendon circle, as coming closest to her in space, and in time reaching nearest to our own epoch. Of Lord Clarendon, the father, she says:—

He was forever at the Edward Bentincks', and rarely quitted his country abode in their neighborhood. He was a grand English gentleman, somewhat of the old school, rather more of a Tory than otherwise; a little reserved, perhaps even cold in appearance, silent, and receiving with ceremonious dignity the leading heads of country families, and giving them most magnificent dinners.

Above all, the Christmas banquets left a seemingly profound trace on the narrator's mind, for she instances, with particular emphasis, "*ces grands repas de Noël*." After mentioning the two brothers of the then existing peer—John and George Villiers—she comes to the George Villiers of our time, to our Lord Clarendon, who, till a recent date, was so universally the object of public attention, public admiration, and a popularity full of such high-bred grace—if one may so characterize it—that although it engendered frankness and ease, it never encouraged familiarity of a noisier description. Of him, of George Villiers the nephew, she says:—

The elder Lord Clarendon's brother (who married Miss Parker) had several children, and his eldest son became, in due succession, Earl of Clarendon, and began life at an early age. He was a Cabinet Minister very young, and Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid (with all but unexampled success), Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and more fitted by varied experience than almost any one else for his future post of head of the Foreign Office. From his earliest youth he exercised over me an irresistible attraction: his readiness of wit (*son esprit charmant*), his talents and aptitudes of all kinds, his manners, and his undeniable capacity, added to his kindness of nature, to his genuine heart, all won one to him. My friendship for him is deep and sincere, and I trust he still preserves for the old friend of his entire family a portion of the lively interest she will ever feel in him.

In those words you again seize the enduring, the unescapable spell cast over you by Madame de Gontaut. She is writing in 1855-56, during the Crimean peace, when George Villiers was foreign minister of England, and she is speaking of the men she knew half a century before; yet they are the same,—the same to her, and she makes them the same to us—they live! There is no break in these active public existences, in these careers of usefulness; and the continuousness of all they are and all they do binds us, as we observed in our first pages, as with a strong visible chain of unbreakable actuality.

When, a short time afterwards, we reach the Wellesley relationships through marriage on so many different sides, the circles widen, but the links grow tighter than before. By the Harveys (Bristols) we join the Uptons (Templetown); and we are suddenly face to face with young Sir Arthur himself, coming from India, sick and ill, and trying to regain health in Cheltenham, pending the hour when he will be

the great "Arthur," born of his Spanish victories over Bonaparte.

We are transported into the second period of the emigration. In still more straitened circumstances, Madame de Gontaut has taken refuge with her attached friends, Lady Templetown and Miss Upton, and is residing under their roof in the Carlsbad of Gloucestershire, when her friend, Lady Mornington (her friend of the Epsom period), suddenly commits to her kindest offices her brother, Sir Arthur Wellesley, to be "taken care of;" nay, more even than that, to be chaperoned, seeing that he is out of spirits as well as out of health. This is the *moment psychologique*, the critical moment, at which none guessed then, but which has been so well known since; the period when the fulfilment of his destiny so brooded over the great commander's whole soul, that it well-nigh crushed it, and when the ceaseless vision of "that thin red line" that contained his inevitable glory to come had so nearly extinguished the life wherefrom it sprang.\*

But all went far from smoothly at first. Lady Mornington's letter was vehement. "Arthur," it said, "knows no one in Cheltenham, and we rely upon you; it will be a charity to nurse him, and you will restore him to life." And the letter went on to announce his advent for the same day, and to state the great pleasure he would derive in the acquaintance of Lady Templetown and Miss Upton.

But the pleasure was not a reciprocal one by any means; and when Madame de Gontaut rushed off to tell her hostesses her joy at being able to show Lady Mornington her gratitude for so many acts of friendship in days gone by, she was met by something little short of consternation. "It was the most frightful of bores and inflictions," declared Lady Templetown, "to have to entertain this young man whom nobody knew;" and Miss Upton determined that nothing half so disagreeable could ever possibly have happened to them.

But the exquisite tact and sweetness of disposition of Madame de Gontaut steered her through every difficulty. Discarding all notion of evading Lady Mornington's behest, she starts instantly for the "*Salon des Eaux*," as she terms it, in order to

discover her new friend. But here let her tell her own tale, for none can describe the scene as she does:—

I had no small trouble to persuade Miss Upton to follow me, but she did so, however unwillingly. I went straight to look up the list of new arrivals, seized on it, found the name of Wellesley and read it aloud that Miss Upton might hear it, but she never moved or stirred. A stranger seated by my side was reading the same list: putting a finger on my name, which was also printed among the others, he looked up to me with a smile and said: "Madame de Gontaut! *Rien de plus piquant; nous ne nous étions jamais vus et nous nous connaissions déjà!*"

But Miss Upton was not yet tamed; she stood by stiff, mute, and motionless.

Miss Upton [adds her French friend] was not like other people. She was of the most affectionate nature, and tenderly attached to me, as I to her; but she liked not every one, nor did every one like her. She cordially hated what is called the world, and well understood how to show her dislike to those who displeased her. She unbent not one inch for the new guest, neither smiled nor bowed. I introduced "Mr." Wellesley, and announced there and then that I was going to present him to Lady Templetown; still no sign. But we set out on our walk home; he offered me his arm, which I accepted, saying how we rejoiced at meeting a friend of his family of whom we had heard so much. However, after the first few moments of embarrassment, Lady Templetown's natural kindness got the better of her, and she gave the new-comer a general invitation to dinner for every day. The ice was broken. When Miss Upton consented to sing, and saw the evidently sincere delight she afforded our new acquaintance, she also became amiable, and soon we grew to be all at most perfect ease. I was from the first instant charmed with our visitor's straightforwardness and frankness, and he was in confidence with me from the very outset.

This was apparently so true that ere many days were over Madame de Gontaut had heard the entire story of the betrothal to Miss Pakenham, and the hesitations of the bridegroom, then on his road to Ireland, and to a marriage of which history knows but too well the eventual outcome. "There is a word pledged, a promise given," was the account of the chief actor in the drama; "it has to be kept, though she most honorably has released me from all obligation. . . . I may return from Ireland by Cheltenham married or unmarried, alone or with my wife." "He did return married," proceeds Madame de Gontaut, "and with her, but she was alone inside the carriage, he outside it on the box."

The impression made on his foreign

\* We have all now present to our minds the months of deadly languor, when, after his Indian triumphs, he who was to be the "Iron Duke" lay in Calcutta, "dying of his unaccomplished fate," the victim of his ceaseless dream of the "thin red line." "I could think of nothing else," were his own words later on.

friend by the hero of Waterloo was a lasting one, and they remained firm friends, as we shall see, through life.

He never alluded to his deeds in India [she states]. All we heard of him at this period came to us through public fame. . . . He was modesty itself and gentleness, and silent on whatsoever concerned himself as a public man or a soldier. And so years passed on, and events crowded on events. The unexpected guest from Hindustan was a stranger amongst his people—hardly welcomed by them, and oddly enough patronized by me. . . . My *protégé* of Cheltenham was the famous Duke of Wellington; my father's *protégé* was Napoleon Bonaparte!

One of the most curiously interesting passages of these memoirs is the following, which it is worth while to give the reader entire. We have arrived at the end of the first Reign of Terror, and Robespierre's death enables Madame de Gontaut to visit France in disguise, and see for the last time her grandmother, Madame de Coulommiers.

Her accounts of what had passed [states Madame de Gontaut] furnished me with details of what none of us, the *émigrés*, were familiar with: She told me the incidents of the queen's captivity and Madame Elizabeth's martyrdom, and said to me: "But we are now full of hope. France is exhausted, and longing for a king and for a legal government. . . . I receive letters from a great friend of your mother's, full of a wonderful young soldier who is going from victory to victory in Italy, and rendering the whole army mad with enthusiasm. She seems to think we must know him. Dear child! aid me with your young memory. Can you not recall the facts of a young artillery officer (I think a foreigner) who was recommended to your father from the *Ecole Militaire*, and whom he did so much for with his (then) comrades?" . . . "Of course I can," was my reply, "I remember it all so well! . . . It was while you and my grandfather were building your new house in Paris, and were living in the one the Marquis de Tinbrune (head of the *Ecole Militaire*) had lent you. You had been entreated by an old friend to get a young Corsican officer transferred as quickly as possible from Brienne to the *Ecole Militaire*. My father, with some trouble, got this done, and the young officer was presented to you. . . . How well I remember it all! and how I remember the first time he dined with us, and put on his uniform. Mamma was so fond of him, and told him he had such a classical head (which I thought so handsome). As I was let in to dessert, I put myself at table between the young officer and mamma. He dined nearly every Sunday—I think I can see him now! . . . One day I tried in fun to draw his sword, but he rapped my knuckles, and said, '*On ne touche pas à*

*cela!*' " "But do you remember his name?" asked my grandmother. "I should think so indeed!" was my answer. "It was Napoleon Bonaparte." Grandmamma cried out delightedly, "*Ah! oui! c'est bien lui!*"

And these amiable Royalists were dreaming of the victor of Lodi as the necessary restorer of "the king!" \*

In no passage of Madame de Gontaut's curious existence shall we find more striking proofs of the double nature already signalized than in the experiences shown or submitted to, in her emigration vicissitudes in England.

It is the delicate tact and grace, the *souplesse* (though joined to the sincerest honesty) of the high-born French lady, that vanquish the antipathies of originally contradictory spirits such as Arthur Wellesley's and the stiff Sophia Upton's; but it is the sterling solidity of a positively British temperament that compels the same native Frenchwoman to recognize and proclaim the sovereign genius of William Pitt, and proclaim his superiority of character over all others.

Mr. Pitt [she writes] † had obtained for my friends, the Villierses, the loan of Deal Castle, and there I met him frequently. He was already a Minister, and looked up to with anxious expectation. Till my journey to France [in 18—] there had been but little communication between the two countries; but after that, what I had to impart appeared to interest him deeply. He liked to hear French spoken, and often made me read pages of Fénelon's "*Télémaque*" to him. His enthusiasm for Mentor was unbounded; and one evening, as he drove me home in his phaeton, to my intense surprise—for I had never heard him speak a word of French) he recited to me long tirades of Mentor's in irreproachable French.

In conclusion, our authoress adds:—

As he had the habit of often spending from Saturday to Monday at Deal, in order, as he expressed it, to forget politics, I saw somewhat more of him. His politics were history—I will avoid speaking of that. He himself was reserved, mostly taciturn, and the look of his profoundly penetrating eyes at first disconcerted and alarmed me; but I soon grew accustomed to it, he listened with such benevolent attention. . . . Years later, at Mrs. Bouverie's house, I made the acquaintance of the celebrated Mr. Sheridan, very witty certainly, but how infinitely superior was the stately tone of Pitt! (Sheridan était bien spirituel, sans doute, mais comme je préférerais la société tranquille et solide de M. Pitt.)

\* *Vide* Madame de Gontaut's *Mémoires*, p. 66.

† *Mémoires*, pp. 66–68 *et seq.*

In that one phrase lies the *raison d'être* of our authoress; and in that solidity of judgment, in that high appreciation of genuine worth, we shall find all that actuated her every thought and word in her later more responsible existence. It is because of her sterling sense of character that Madame de Gontaut would, had she wielded real authority, have gone far, as *gouvernante des enfants de France*, to avert from the French nation the catastrophes caused by the errors of Charles X.

### III.

MANY of the best informed, best initiated, in contemporary French history, have long believed (some have even said) that the real causes of the disastrous catastrophe of July, 1830, were always inadequately appreciated even by those who should have been their nearest observers. As years have gone by, and the violence of mere party passions and personal enmities have abated, a wider view has been taken, and a larger philosophy has pointed to moral incentives and suggestions of a more deeply rooted kind that had failed to be taken into account. Facts gradually came to light that in the old order remained hidden, and there ensued a more accurate appreciation of the character of the king, of his weaknesses and false judgments, of his resolves, and what to him seemed duties; and the *raisons d'être* of acts that had apparently sprung from political prejudices alone, and had for their sole motive political infatuation and individual dislike, changed their aspect almost entirely, and might perhaps have been in the end attributable to, if not more elevated, at all events more sentimental motives.

Madame de Gontaut has no desire to defend the conduct of Charles X. She blames and opposes him from the hour of his accession to the throne, and, what is more, foresees from the very beginning to what consequences his seemingly perverse and blind obstinacy must lead. But she relates circumstances known at the time to herself only, and whereof she was in some cases the eye-witness, which materially alter the mental conditions of the sovereign, and award a different source to public acts that have hitherto received a single indisputable interpretation.

Was the Revolution of July an event solely due to the political opinions of Charles X. and the mystical-minded minister on whom he relied, or was its true origin merely religious bigotry, and a pledge solemnly taken by the monarch

that he conceived himself bound to redeem at all costs?

On this point Madame de Gontaut is not alone the most valuable, she is perhaps the only real witness, and she is the witness from the first hour to the last moment of the romantic story.

Before passing a final judgment on Charles X., it is absolutely incumbent on the reader who judges him to take into account two leading facts: He was, and more than all in his latter years of life, a strict observer of his plighted word; he held to it superstitiously to the letter rather than to the spirit; and, in what regarded religion, he was an indisputable fanatic, in no way of the inhuman type, of a Torquemada, but a believer like the Breton peasant or Irishman, who is convinced that the failure to keep a vow (a promise) made to God or to the Church (both being identical in his sight) must inevitably draw down eternal punishment on the head of the perjured.

These two ideas firmly grasped the tale has to be told which, notorious hitherto as a piece of court scandal, has never yet been related as a matter of fact, and in its real intimate details, till Madame de Gontaut imparted it in her latest years, in its form of historical truth.

The Comte d'Artois in his earlier life had never been determinedly immoral or corrupt; there was no debauchery in him — his tastes did not lie that way. He was "gallant and gay," but no Lothario, neither a Richelieu, nor belonging to the tribe of cruelly heartless voluptuaries of the Louis XV. epoch. In his elegancies, as perhaps in his levity, he was of his time, treating all things lightly, love amongst the rest. His heart had been left untouched, and was what is vulgarly called "good" — namely, tender — if once touched.

The popular legend has been through all times busy, and all the world over, with *les amours* of the French king and Madame de Polastron. *Les amours!* Such a word for such a deep-hearted tragedy! such a mockery of what was so utterly the reverse, and implied simply life-and-death suffering to both victims! Madame de Gontaut shall tell us the facts. After the first period of the early (English) emigration was closed, and the (then) Comte d'Artois had joined his faithful followers, and all had migrated to Holyrood — whose first gloomy aspect "struck little short of dismay and terror" into the imaginations of the French visitors, — "it is time now, my dear children," writes the future *gouvernante*, "that we should speak of Ma

dame de Polastron, and that you should know the truth, that has never yet been really divulged, concerning her. Louise d'Eparbes de Lussan lost her mother at her birth, and was given in charge to my grandmother, Madame de Coulommiers, who brought her up with her own daughter, to whom she was always as a sister."

If any one, then, had the right to answer for poor Madame de Polastron, and defend her memory there, where it could, with Christian charity, be defended, it was undoubtedly Madame de Gontaut, and chronologically we will follow her recital.

At twelve years old the little girl was placed at the convent of Les Dames de Panthemont, and at seventeen "drafted off" (there is no other word for the matrimonial habits of the age) into marriage with the Vicomte de Polastron, a brilliant colonel, high in favor with the court, commanding a regiment garrisoned at a considerable distance, and undertaking to "leave his bride at the church door," and return duly to Versailles at the expiration of a year.

Every word wherewith our authoress paints the circumstances of this ill-fated wedding is worthy of attention, for not only does it put before us the manners of the *grand monde* at the close of the last century, but it exquisitely depicts an episode as pathetic as any to be found in even the German literature of the same period, and which, when thoroughly studied, displaces, we maintain, many of the supposed responsibilities of the Revolution of 1830:—

Louise [relates Madame de Gontaut] was not pretty, nor, strictly speaking, attractive; but she had a charm all her own, and an attraction irresistible to whomsoever was capable of perceiving it. The bridegroom's sister was the famous Duchesse de Polignac, and she determined on the union, obtaining (as usual) for her new sister-in-law all the favors and distinctions that were in her *entourage* esteemed so enviable. The title of *Dame du Palais*, an establishment at Court, the assurance of living in the Polignac centre of splendid influence, — was there ever such a dream? such a *début* for a simple orphan girl, scarcely more than a child? . . . Of her husband himself, it was but slightly questioned: he was altogether absorbed by his uniforms and equipments, and the pomps and ceremonies with which he would inaugurate his new *commandement* in the provinces.

Louise was left on her marriage-morn alone, frightened, amazed, with only for her protectress my sweet mother (*ma douce mère*), a few years older than herself, and who solemnly promised she would never leave her through

life. Left in the midst of what a *milieu*! of what an *entourage*! After the wedding, which was comparatively private, there came the dazzling grandeurs of the position, the presentation to the queen, and the ballet-like performances of the *grande comédie*, presided over, *réglé*, by the immortal Vestris, and where the chief aim of all existence was set forth to the eyes of the victim as being the graceful manner in which she would go through her reverences, and "make the mien" of kissing the hem of the queen's garment. Poor Louise! my mother did her utmost to encourage and support her; but she stood there berobed, bedizened with jewels, becoroneted, and pale, trembling as a scared dove, and panting with fear, looking to my mother to be prevented from sinking to the floor, forgetful of curtsies, and hand-kissings, and bendings down to the hem of queenly robes. . . . A murmur of admiration salutes the entrance of the two *grandes dames* who are to present her — the Duchesse de Polignac, and her daughter the Duchesse de Guiche; they are superb in their beauty and magnificent *aplomb*. The queen welcomes them cordially, and advances to embrace Madame de Polastron; but she remains transfixed, mute, distraught, awkward — her awkwardness remarked by all, and the remarks it elicited overheard by herself! The terrified glances she cast around met but one sympathetic response, — one countenance (but one only) was full of pity. She felt it in an instant; and in the look exchanged between them, — on one side imploringly forlorn, on the other expressive of compassion of the deepest quality, — in that look was born the entire lifelong (though short) romance of Louise de Polastron and the future French king. . . . Excess of timidity had been her charm, of which she was forever unconscious; pity of an almost celestial character was in the beginning, and for a long time, the link which bound him to her.

He pitied her with all his heart, for his heart was then for the first time touched; and it was this that she recognized, to which she unconsciously vibrated. The modest, innocent girl, shrinking from all display, was for a longer time than could have been supposed unconscious of her own feelings as of those she had aroused, and her royal lover was too intensely respectful of her ignorance to allow her to divine the true state of matters. In later days, when alluding to her wedding day, she was used to say: "In the dreadful glare of that noonday sun, in that cruel *plein midi* of Versailles, all I longed to be able to say to the one who showed me his compassion was, 'Monseigneur, you saw what I suffered, you felt for me, you had not the heartlessness to laugh and mock at me when I was fainting away from fear

and from shame. . . . Oh, Monseigneur, for your saintly pity be forever blessed ! ”

The position for the prince was one of an utterly novel description. His attention was drawn towards Madame de Polastron by the sincerity of his commiseration for her own evident unfitness for the centre in which she was placed ; and her rare qualities soon inspired him with a respect that none of the habitual companions of her life had ever called forth. In his own *entourage*, the Comte d'Artois was quickly pointed out as being “transformed” by his silent admiration of the deserted “child-bride,” and in the way in which he spoke of her he never disguised the timid cult that he always offered up to her.

“Vous m'en imposez, Madame,” was the first word wherewith he approached her, a very long while after his sentiments towards her had become apparent to the eyes of the spectators. And so the drama went on, and when she perceived what was happening—which she was by no means prompt to do—retreat was too late ; but resistance was long, determined, and undeniably sincere. It was this perfect sincerity on her part which made that resistance possible ; for, to his honor be it said, the Comte d'Artois bowed down loyally to a virtue in which he did not and could not affect not to believe. But in the end, after long and protracted struggles, “the end” came, and from genuine love of him she yielded—but he knew what the sacrifice was, and honored her for making it as she did, at the same time, with that of her life. She lived only for him she loved, and of her love she died, and it is with the circumstance of her death that we have to do.

Years had passed, a compromise had been accepted by society in harmony with its traditions, but which Madame de Polastron never ratified in her inmost soul. She remained in her own thought so ardent a worshipper of the purity she had forfeited that she condemned herself to death, and paid for the loss of purity with her life. She never sought for an excuse ; she loved without stint, and to him she adored gave the self-respect without which mere life could not endure ; and touching the extent of the price she paid, he who received it never for one instant doubted. There was the peculiarity of the situation—all was true.

Through Madame de Gontaut and her mother the influence of the Church was invoked, and the natural piety of the repentant sinner, aided by the sincere auster-

ity of the confessor, led to a separation, but upon one condition—that at the hour of death, when that hour was known to have irremissably sounded, she should, for the last time, see the prince. “For,” said she, “I have then something I must say to him ! (J’ai une grâce à lui demander.)”

The request was granted ; and when the solemn hour had come, Monsieur, as he was then denominated, was summoned to hear the farewell behest of her who lay dying before him, and dying for his sake.

Unfortunately space does not permit of our describing one of the most simply pathetic scenes—pathetic above all from its awful simplicity—that have ever marked the history of a nation ; but the last supreme incident has a distinct historical interest for the student of public events, therefore claims a right to be recounted. When the Comte d'Artois, summoned from the country, whither the stern command of the Abbé Latil (later on, the celebrated Cardinal Latil, who played no inconsiderable part under the last years of the Restoration, and was a confidential favorite of the king) had exiled him during the fatal illness,—when the prince reached London, the humble chamber in which the dying woman lay was tenanted by those whom their ceaseless attachment had never allowed to leave her side. Sir Henry Halford (sent by the king at Windsor) was in attendance, as he had been all through, and caring for his poor patient with an indescribable tenderness. The abbé stood by the bed, at the head whereof Madame de Gontaut sat grasping the hand of the friend she had never left.

The fever grew at every moment more intense, the agitation became worse, the death agony set in. Sir Henry made a sign to the abbé that the time had come. . . . The door was opened, Monsieur stood there, despair-stricken, ghastly pale ; her hand shook in mine. . . . Their eyes met ; his impulse was to start forward to be nearer to her,—a movement of the Abbé Latil stopped him. . . . Looking up to heaven, she said in low but distinct tones, “Monseigneur ! one only prayer ! *une grâce, une seule ; désormais soyez tout à Dieu, à Dieu seule, rien qu'à Dieu !*” Falling on his knees, he sobbed out, “I swear it to God Himself ! (*Je le jure à Dieu même !*)” and she again repeated with strange firmness, “*Entièrement, tout à Dieu.*” With those words her head sank upon my shoulder ; with them her breath had ceased,—she was gone. Monsieur, with a cry of horror I shall never forget, raised his arms as in an appeal of desperation, and the doors were closed—all was over—we sank prostrate round her bed, incapable even of prayer expressed by speech.

Now, be it remembered that the Comte d'Artois had in his veins the blood of Louis XIV., and that the episode of Madame de la Vallière was not two centuries old. It is a repetition of the same drama, and the outcome is the same, but in a contradictory sense. Louis XIV., in his desertion of Louise de la Vallière, sentenced her to death through the living grave of the cloister; Louise de Polastron, by her death, entombed Charles X. in the eternal darkness of the claustral spirit, like a penitent recluse.

But the king's character once granted, with its virtues as well as its defects, will any impartial judge of humanity believe that such a scene as that of the deathbed of Madame de Polastron could leave him otherwise than subjugated and compelled for the remainder of his existence? As a matter of fact, no doubt *was* entertained of the permanent impression made upon the sovereign's mind; and in its utmost levity no court gossip, even by its faintest breath, ever suspected the unsullied devotion and fidelity of Charles X. to the memory of Louise de Polastron.

As to the long duration of this fidelity, many incidents known to the *entourage* are there to prove it; one seems to me sufficient. It has been told more than once to relations and intimates, and from the source whence I derive it I think I am authorized to vouch for its veracity. In the summer of 1830, an officer of the Gardes du Corps was on duty at St. Cloud, in the room adjoining the king's chamber. The window at which he was mounting guard touched the door of the royal apartment, and was at immediate right angles with the lofty *porte-fenêtre* by which his Majesty had egress to the balcony just below. It was a bright moonlight night in June. Some time after the whole château was supposed to be wrapped in sleep, the king's window opened, and Charles X. himself, in his dressing-gown, stepped forth upon the balcony, and, leaning on the iron rails, looked thoughtfully up to the sky. After a short pause he took from the breast pocket of his *robe de chambre* a small gold frame encircling the miniature of a woman, which he pressed to his lips several times with the deepest fervor, then returned to its resting-place; and, again looking up to the sky, he retired to his own room, closing the *porte-fenêtre* behind him.

When the witness to this little scene told the tale (as he sometimes did), his invariable comment upon it was, "I was too far off to discern clearly the features of

the portrait, except that they were those of a lady; but my secret conviction everlastingly endured that they were the features of Madame de Polastron."

Be it well remembered that the true underlying cause of the July Revolution was not merely the issue of the Ordinances against the Charte, nor the inconceivable reply sent by the monarch to the "Address of the 221."\* The real origin of the whole was a religious one, and lay hidden in the king's most secret thought. It was, as is so frequent in France, in direct connection with the perpetual discussions between Church and State—the contention, in fact, between Parliament and the clergy; and it was a deadly one, implying the defeat of either the civil power, born of the Revolution, or of the priesthood, which, since the demise of Louis XVIII., had risen gradually to a degree of unbearable arrogance. The genuine motive of all quarrels was a confessional one; it was to be found in the same eternal struggle for supremacy. Was instruction to be free, or was it to be subject to the clergy? was, in truth, the entire public career of the subject in France to depend upon the law, upon the Constitution, or upon the *billet de confession*?

Reduced to its last essential expression, there was the disguised but entirely predominant thought of the king. As has already been stated, for Charles X., as for every intolerant Catholic of his narrowly bigoted school, God and the Church—*i.e.*, the clergy—are one, and between the king's government and the priest there is no place for the citizen. It was, as the public voice proclaimed, the *régime* of "the altar and the throne;" and the throne had registered a solemn vow "to God himself," which, in 1825, was the first duty recalled to the sovereign's conscience. All the rest was colored by that.

What might be made politically compatible with the one sacred obligation was conceded; but that obligation remained paramount, and had to be obeyed.

It is not our purpose to enter on the details of the various circumstances ushering in the overthrow of the Restoration, or even the admirable opposition so firmly adhered to on all occasions by Madame

\* When the address was presented to the king at the meeting of the newly elected Chamber, the royal answer was, as every one will remember: "I have done my royal duty in receiving your address. Return now to the hall of your debates; my ministers will inform you of my will."

de Gontaut; but one or two leading facts require to be noted in order to prove that, from the beginning, Charles X. followed an internal conviction of his own, a resolution formed on principles deep rooted in his soul, and for years abiding the precise moment when they could be carried out with a chance of safety.

Early in 1830 the king changed his ministry, and suddenly called the Polignac ministry to power.

"This will please you," were his words to Madame de Gontaut, when confiding to her the list of the new ministers, "but you must allude to it to no one; it is a secret, and must for a short time remain so."\*

"A secret!" retorted she sharply; "that is already revealed by M. de Polignac himself,"—and she showed a letter from Lady Maryborough, which told the strong opinion of English statesmen, and the still more strongly expressed disapprobation of her brother-in-law, the Duke of Wellington. To this the sovereign turned a deaf ear, and in an hour after handed to Madame de Gontaut the draft of his intended speech to the Chamber and the names of his new advisers. On her returning this into the hands of his Majesty in silence, he asked her for her opinion, to which she frankly answered: "As I am ignorant of the motive for the sudden change, I cannot appreciate it properly, but doubt the opportunity." The royal answer was: "The Villèle ministry must be set aside." Madame de Gontaut's concluding remark was: "Sire, I may displease your Majesty, but I must affirm that I regret several of the outgoing ministers, but in the situation in which we stand at present, most of all I regret M. de Martignac."

The king turned his back, walked away, and no word more was exchanged on the subject.

The Polignac Cabinet took office, and no one in the French public had a doubt of what was in store. It was the inevitable and patent victory of the priesthood. The Prince de Polignac, imprudent, inexperienced, and even more bigoted than his master, was quietly waiting for a miraculous intervention of the Virgin Mary, from whom he was quite convinced he had received manifest signs of protection, and absolutely insisted on the king's entire and blind submission to his prime minister alone.

Madame la Gouvernante, whose author-

\* It should never be forgotten that the new minister, Jules de Polignac, was the brother-in-law of the Duchesse de Polignac, who made the marriage of her own brother M. de Polastron with Louise de Lussan.

ity was of the very highest kind, left no attempt untried; the numerous and urgent appeals and reports sent to her from the outside were all by her brought to the knowledge of Charles X. He refused to look at them, or attend to any communications from without. He was literally under orders from M. de Polignac; he had promised, and again I call attention to his narrowly scrupulous adherence to his plighted word.

Of the daily occurrences of the period, however interesting Madame de Gontaut's narrative makes them, we purposely avoid speaking, because our limits forbid, and that their general outline is familiar to most readers; but we cannot refrain from quoting, in her own words, one anecdote, for the reason that, in the first place, it shows the variety of the author's pleasant style, passing, as it does, from "grave to gay;" and that, in the next, it affords such a convincing proof of the conscientiousness with which the "royal governess" educated the princess given into her charge, and of the steadfast principles with which her long sojourn in England had imbued her. Sincere Christian as she was, Madame de Gontaut yet taught Mademoiselle to unite with the most perfect self-respect and dignity, the highest recognition due to individual freedom, and the constitutional privileges of modern nations. We give her own words.

When the king had heard my answer to his own proposed discourse upon the "Address of the 22<sup>r</sup>," he remarked that the attitude of the Opposition was becoming unbearable, and that he for one "could bear it no longer." "*Je ne le supportera pas,*" was his phrase; "*c'est à n'y plus tenir.*"

Mademoiselle was at a writing-table by my side, but listened. Looking the king straight in the face, she calmly said, "*Et que ferons nous après bon Papa?*" His Majesty, noting that it was the hour for the assembling of the Council, left his study hurriedly. I did not observe that Mademoiselle, after putting down some lines on paper, and clutching at a wafer-basket, got up and went to the window of the king's study. I followed the king.

At the door of the Council chamber the Minister, M. de Chabrol, joined his Majesty, apologizing for being somewhat late, having been stopped for a moment by a knot of persons who were trying to decipher a placard pasted on the window of the king's cabinet, which fronted the street. The king ordered a *huissier* to bring the placard to him immediately. . . . He did so. I read in Mademoiselle's handwriting the ominous words, "*Maison à louer.*"

There was the comment on the uncon-

stitutional conduct of Charles X.—denounced by his grandchild of eleven years old, the princess whom Madame de Gontaut had brought up!

S. B. DE BURY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### HOW THE EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS WERE READ.

ALTHOUGH probably most persons have heard of the Rosetta Stone, and have a dim notion that by it the Egyptian hieroglyphics were deciphered, it may be doubted whether many could give a satisfactory account of it. This is certainly so, if we may judge from the strange statement made by a correspondent of a contemporary. This learned person informed a querist that the inscription on the Rosetta Stone is written in Egyptian, Greek, and Roman (!). Apparently, having heard that it is trilingual, he guessed at the languages in which it is written—and the guess was wrong. Doubtless he received one of the quarterly prizes offered by the journal in question for the best replies. Many similar absurdities might be quoted, but it will be more profitable to pass at once to a correct description of this important monument.

The Rosetta Stone, then, is a block of black basalt of irregular shape, measuring about three feet two inches long by two feet five inches wide. It was discovered in 1799, during Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, by an officer of artillery who was engaged in repairing a fort near Rosetta. The victory of our troops at Alexandria in 1801 placed it at the disposal of the British government, and in 1802 it was deposited in the British Museum. It has inscribed upon it a decree of the priests assembled at Memphis, B.C. 195, recounting the glories of Ptolemy V. and conferring divine honors upon him. This decree is given in three forms: (1) Egyptian hieroglyphics; (2) a later form of Egyptian called "enchorial" or "demotic;" (3) Greek. No one of these has been entirely preserved. The hieroglyphic version, which was placed first, has lost probably thirteen or fourteen lines at the beginning, and there remain portions only of the concluding fourteen lines. The demotic, which comes next, has suffered but little, having lost small portions at the ends of about half the lines. The Greek is perfect, save for a few words at the very end.

Attempts had been made to read the

ancient language of Egypt long before the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, but most of these attracted very little attention, and possess even less interest for us than they did for their contemporaries. But one name especially deserves mention. Zoega, a Danish scholar, in 1798, on the very eve of the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, suggested that the signs enclosed by ovals (usually called *cartouches*), with which nearly every Egyptian monument is covered, were the names of kings; and he further contended, in opposition to the view then almost universally held, that many of the hieroglyphs were phonetic and not symbolic, that they expressed sounds and not ideas. Both these views are now known to be correct.

But great as had been the fascination of the mystic land of Egypt and its undecipherable monuments, that fascination was very greatly increased by the news that at last had been found a piece of Egyptian writing with a Greek interpretation. On its arrival in England a *facsimile* of the inscription was soon made, and the attempt to decipher the two Egyptian texts by the aid of the Greek was entered upon by many. Two false ideas, which then and for some years afterwards held firm possession of the minds of the students, combined to turn attention away from the hieroglyphic and towards the demotic text. Because the hieroglyphics consisted for the most part of easily recognizable representations of various objects, animate and inanimate, it was supposed that these must be entirely ideographic (that is, representing ideas); and because the demotic contained no recognizable representations of objects, it was supposed that that must be entirely phonetic. Egyptological research has proved both these ideas to be false. The hieroglyphic and demotic writing both contain phonetic and ideographic elements. But the learned world, notwithstanding the arguments of Zoega, being under the dominion of these twin errors, supposed that it would find a less formidable task in deciphering the phonetic than the ideographic version. As a result, considerable progress was made with the demotic portion, but we must leave this for the more interesting hieroglyphic, the study of which ultimately took the lead.

The first student who made any real progress was Thomas Young, an English physician. He started, like the rest, with the erroneous assumption that the hieroglyphs were purely ideographic signs, a view which he never seems to have aban-

done, except in one particular, until the truth had been demonstrated by the great Champollion. Young was led to the same conclusion as Zoega — that the ovals above mentioned contained the names of kings. He also argued that, as the king mentioned on the Rosetta Stone bore a Greek name, this name could only be transcribed into Egyptian by means of phonetic signs. He, therefore, identified the oval which occurs several times on the stone as containing the name Ptolemy. In this he was correct, but from this point he went almost entirely wrong. He identified another royal oval at Karnak as that of Berenice, which turned out to be right, but his subsequent attempts were not destined to be so lucky. Altogether he assigned conjectural values to about twenty royal ovals, but he read none correctly after that of Berenice. It would have been indeed marvellous if he had, seeing that he did not use the method of comparison by which the key was ultimately found, and by which all subsequent progress has been, and continues to be, made. His total results amounted to this, that he had identified the oval as the mark of a royal name, and had given the correct values for two ovals out of the scores upon the monuments. When once the Rosetta Stone was examined, it required but little acuteness to see from the continual recurrence of the name of Ptolemy in the Greek and the oval in the hieroglyphs that the one was the equivalent of the other. Young really did no more than discover this fact. He could no more "read" the royal ovals than before, as is evident from his fearful blundering directly he attempted to do so. But Young must be credited with having recognized distinctly, at least as early as 1819, in his article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the phonetic nature of the signs in the cartouches. This conclusion was not reached by Champollion till 1822, and, indeed, in 1821 he had maintained that the hieroglyphs do not represent sounds but things. Young also made some progress in determining the values of the individual signs in the names of Ptolemy and Berenice, but his results were only very partially correct. Thus, while it is impossible to admit the claim made for Young as the founder of the science of Egyptian interpretation, it must be conceded that he detected the phonetic element in the language some time before Champollion, and that probably Champollion's thoughts were put on the right track by the article of 1819, already referred to.

It is remarkable that even this splendid genius, who at last found the solution of the great problem and made the records that had been dumb for so many centuries speak again, began with the same erroneous notion as to the essentially different character of the hieroglyphic and demotic writing which had befogged Young and others. But he ultimately abandoned this view and set himself to determine the sounds of the hieroglyphic letters. He agreed with Young that the oval on the stone contained the name of Ptolemy, and he rightly concluded that in the royal ovals, containing as they do transliterations of names already known from other sources, must lie the key to the Egyptian phonetic system. But he also saw, what Young did not, that it was only by comparison of various ovals that any real progress could be made.

It is a singular result of the damage which the Rosetta Stone has sustained in the course of ages that there only remains upon it the cartouche of Ptolemy himself. It is evident from the Greek text that there occurred in the thirteen or fourteen lines of hieroglyphics wholly lost the names of Alexander, Berenice, and Arsinoe, and in the missing portion of the existing eighth line the name of Arsinoe again occurred. Possibly, if these opportunities for comparison had still remained upon the stone itself, Young might have been led into a more scientific and safer course than the one he actually adopted. However that may be, Champollion proceeded to look for his materials for comparison elsewhere. A small obelisk (a model of which is now in the British Museum) had been removed from Philæ to his residence in Dorsetshire by Mr. William Bankes, who had caused *fac-similes* to be made and distributed. This obelisk has upon the base a Greek inscription, mentioning Ptolemy and Cleopatra, and on the shaft an Egyptian one. Champollion compared the two monuments, and found that one cartouche on the obelisk was the same as that on the Rosetta Stone, from which he concluded that the other was that of Cleopatra. This result, however interesting, could not by itself be made the means of any further advance. The one thing needful was to determine the values of the individual signs in each oval. This was where the genius of Champollion so greatly exceeded that of Young. On comparing the signs, he found that three were alike in each name and that they were in the exact positions they should be, assuming that

they corresponded to *l*, *o*, and *p* respectively. The sign representing *l* was second in Cleopatra and fourth in Ptolemy, that representing *o* was fourth in Cleopatra and third in Ptolemy, that for *p* was fifth in Cleopatra and first in Ptolemy, while the sixth and ninth characters in Cleopatra, representing the two *a*'s, were alike. Stronger evidence of the truth of his hypothesis could scarcely be conceived. He now felt quite sure that these were indeed the names of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, and, transliterating the whole of the signs on this supposition, he obtained at one stroke the phonetic values of twelve hieroglyphs. Thus, Rosetta and Philæ—the extreme north and the extreme south of Egypt—contributed to lay the foundation of the structure which Champollion was about to erect; and if fortune had been unkind in the way she had dealt with the Rosetta Stone, she had been exceedingly gracious in preserving such an important monument as the obelisk of Philæ. Champollion next applied his method to a cartouche supposed to contain the name of Alexander. The signs in it, the values of which he had already determined, corresponded with this name, and by transliterating the three unknown signs on the hypothesis of the name being really that of Alexander, he obtained also the values of these. Being once in the right path, it was easy to make progress in consequence of the large number of names of Persian, Greek, and Roman rulers of Egypt, already well known from other sources, to be found on the monuments. So rapidly did the work proceed that, although Champollion had in 1821 announced his adherence to the false theory of the ideographic character of the hieroglyphs, he had by the end of 1822 not only abandoned this view, but was able to publish his hieroglyphic alphabet, which became the basis of all further research.

Comparing the methods of Young and Champollion, we see them to be essentially different. Both commenced by assuming something. To find the key to any forgotten language something must be assumed. But whereas Young assumed the values of twenty royal ovals, and proved none, Champollion only assumed the values of two, and immediately made one confirm the other. This method of comparison it was that gave the victory into Champollion's hands.

But Champollion, great as he was, did not fully grasp the true phonetic structure of the language. He had gradually built up an alphabet of nearly two hundred signs, and to these his pupil, Salvolini,

had added nearly one hundred more. Thus there were about three hundred signs for fifteen sounds, or nearly twenty for each sound. A young German scholar, Lepsius, showed in 1837 that, while these signs are all phonetic, only a small number (thirty-four) are alphabetic. The others he relegated to the class of syllabics. A syllabic sign is, as its name implies, one that expresses a syllable, instead of the simple sound expressed by a letter. But their essential peculiarity is that certain signs are strictly appropriated to certain words, and cannot be interchanged with others, even though expressing exactly the same sound. The alphabetic characters, on the other hand, can be used wherever their sound is required to be represented.

The views now generally accepted as to the structure of the language are substantially those laid down by Lepsius in 1837. Some of the signs have been removed from the alphabetic to the syllabic, and *vice versa*; the values of some syllabics have varied from time to time, and, of course, new knowledge has been continually added. But the broad outlines remain the same; the constituent elements of the language that he recognized then are the same as those recognized to-day.

So far we have dealt only with the discovery of the phonetic portion of the old Egyptian language; but it is obvious that this by itself would never enable us to read the inscriptions. To do so we must know not only the sounds but the meanings of the words. It is somewhat remarkable that many of those who have written on the Egyptian language have entirely passed over this part of the subject. For the purpose of the interpretation of the texts, Champollion made an assumption, which, although not strictly accurate, was sufficiently so to guide him in the main to correct conclusions. He assumed that Coptic was ancient Egyptian written in Greek letters. He also very soon discovered that the phonetic groups were followed by ideographic signs. These signs are of two classes—ideograms and determinatives. A determinative represents a *class* of ideas, such as the skin of an animal placed after the name of a quadruped, and the famous oval, supposed to be an elongated signet-ring, which determines a hieroglyphic group as the name of some king, but not of any particular king. An ideogram, on the other hand, represents a single idea, as the figure of a cat placed after the word for that animal. This gave Champollion

two methods of determining the meanings of Egyptian words. He could transliterate them and compare them with similar Coptic words, and he could check the meanings thus ascertained by the ideographic signs following the phonetics. In the case of words appearing on the Rosetta Stone he had the additional advantage of comparison with the Greek. But the latter is not by any means so valuable as commonly supposed. It is not a literal translation of the Egyptian text, and the number of words that exactly correspond in the two versions is small. Substantially, the means by which Champollion worked in the early days were the Coptic (of which he was a consummate master) and the ideographic signs. But a new method soon presented itself. The words whose meanings had been provisionally determined from the Coptic were found to occur on the monuments, sometimes in one combination, sometimes in another, and the comparison of these either confirmed the original rendering or suggested some other. Thus, by comparing the texts with the Coptic and with one another, Champollion gradually built up his vocabulary and grammar, as he had before built up his alphabet.

But it is not to be supposed that Champollion's results were perfect. Undoubtedly he attached too much value to the Coptic; and this was, perhaps, inevitable under the circumstances. If Champollion had not been the great Coptic scholar he was, he could never have laid the foundation of Egyptian research. Coptic is, beyond a doubt, the representative of Egyptian, in the same sense that French is the representative of Latin; but it is not true that Coptic is ancient Egyptian written in Greek letters. Hence, the simple method, at first favored by Champollion, of transliterating the Egyptian and then translating as a Coptic text, will not give absolutely correct results. But the meanings of many words can be very fairly obtained from the Coptic, especially with the help of the ideographic signs, just as the meanings of many Latin words might be obtained from the French, if the knowledge of Latin should be unfortunately lost. This was essential as a groundwork. But a sufficient number of words being translated in this way, the comparison of texts becomes the great instrument of advance. Coptic at the present day occupies a very subordinate position in the discussions of Egyptologists; it is used as an auxiliary to other arguments; but he who should attempt to

translate primarily by its aid would be regarded as very far behind the present state of knowledge. The last man of any note who used this method was the late Samuel Sharpe. On the discovery, in 1867, of the Decree of Canopus, a similar trilingual inscription to the Rosetta Stone, he published a translation in which he determines the meaning of each word by reference to the Coptic, with an occasional glance at the Greek, purposely leaving out of account parallel passages on other monuments. To take note of these, he says, would be to translate *ignotum per ignotius*. If this were so, it is difficult to see that any value whatever could be attached to Egyptian research. If upwards of forty years of labor had produced results so unsatisfactory as this, it was surely time to throw Champollion's system aside entirely. As a matter of fact, the meanings of most of the words and phrases had been quite sufficiently determined long before the discovery of the Decree of Canopus. If, indeed, the Greek text of that decree had contradicted what Sharpe calls the "orthodox" rendering of the hieroglyphs, it would have been necessary to recast the received system. But it does not. When we have a translation not only agreeing in its general sense with the Greek text, but consistent also with a reasonable interpretation of other monuments, it is surely to be preferred to one got up from the Coptic merely to fit the known meaning of that particular decree, with a studious disregard of any other Egyptian writing whatever.

It would scarcely be appropriate here to enter into any extended defence of the commonly received views as to the interpretation of Egyptian texts, but a few words may not be out of place. It is obvious that Egyptian is not known in the same sense as the classical languages — that is, by a continuous tradition. It is also true that the fundamental assumptions on which the whole system was reared do not admit of any direct and independent proof. Why, then, does the whole learned world rely upon the translations furnished by the students of Egyptology? The only possible answer is, that every translation confirms every other. It would be comparatively easy to invent a plausible translation of one single text without any real knowledge of the language; but that men should invent a grammar and vocabulary that will translate *every* text, and yet that every translation should be wrong, is inconceivable. We

may adopt here Mr. Le Page Renouf's argument in his conclusive reply to Sir G. C. Lewis. Suppose a Latin scholar were to go to some distant portion of the earth's surface, where Latin had never been heard of, and were to teach it to the natives. He might never tell them how he himself had learned it; they might not know anything about the continuous tradition; they might not even know whether it were a living language or a dead one. What guarantee would they have that they really knew the Latin language? None, but the one and all-sufficient fact that the knowledge imparted to them enabled them to understand any Latin author that they attempted to read.

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From Good Words.

### THE CHARTERHOUSE OF TYROL.

BY MARGARET HOWITT.

WHEN Bruno, in the eleventh century, fled from the crimes and excesses of mankind to dedicate himself to the service of God and the salvation of his soul, he was joined by six like-minded companions; and they journeying to Hugh, Bishop of Grenoble, who was an ardent lover of solitude and contemplation, were led by him into a savage mountain region in his diocese. Here they built an oratory and separate cells in the year 1084; and this secluded settlement gaining the name of Chartreuse from the district in which it was situated, has conferred the same appellation on all other subsequent monasteries of this most austere order; in English corrupted into Charterhouse, in German into Karthause.

Heinrich, Earl of Tyrol, introduced in the fourteenth century the sons of St. Bruno into his principality, and in so doing, could not have fixed on a locality more suited to their taste and mode of life than the upland Schnalserthal. This lofty, narrow valley, hemmed in by a series of serrated mountains, is entered at the distance of a three hours' drive from Meran by a terrific defile, and then ever ascending between precipices, ends at an altitude of six thousand feet near a vast treeless wilderness of perpetual snow and ice.

On January 25, 1326, joyfully and out of pure love to the Carthusians, so the old deed assures us, Heinrich bestowed on them his two farms at Korf for the site of the monastery, adding for its maintenance his castle of Schnals with all its appurte-

nances, fifteen farms, important rights of fishing, exemption from taxation, and many other privileges, all which gifts and grants he entrusted to "Brother Gottfried," prior of Mauerbach, who was to erect the monastery after the manner of the order.

This "Brother Gottfried" was the superior of a Carthusian monastery which Heinrich's well-beloved nephew, Friedrich of Austria, had erected in his dominions. Both these princely founders had been prisoners of war under the German emperor, and during their joint captivity had been strengthened and consoled by Gottfried; he was, moreover, a peacemaker, whose wise conciliatory measures contributed to the release of Friedrich.

The monastery in Austria was dedicated to All Saints; that in Tyrol to St. Michael and All Angels, and this has led to the acclivity on which it is situated acquiring the beautiful name of All Angels' Mount. Korf lay between two and three hours' walk up the valley, on the broad sloping shoulder of a great mountain, surrounded by vast and melancholy larch woods, and from its elevation of 4,625 feet buried for many long winter months in snow.

On January 25, 1332, Gottfried's undertaking was completed and the monastery formally opened; and then began that life of prayer, hard work, and self-abnegation, which, by a curious coincidence, lasted exactly four hundred and fifty years; for on January 25, 1782, the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, having decided to abolish all contemplative monasteries, signed the decree for its dissolution. Yet even to the present day the well-built fabric of Prior Gottfried testifies to his care and skill.

It was a single, not double Charterhouse, that is to say, one especially adapted to the requirements of twelve anchorites and a prior. On three sides rise lofty battlemented walls with loop-holes, suggestive of the unruly age of its construction. Within, surrounded by a broad band of meadow-land, stands the great oblong quadrangle, which has cloisters giving access to twelve little houses. Ten of these are quite detached, and are separated by their walled gardens, whilst two are built on to the large block of buildings terminating the quadrangle on the north side. This block comprised the convent-church, the sacristy, chapter-house, refectory — where on festivals the monks dined together — the library, guest-chambers, and some official residences. As Earl Heinrich bestowed the entire jurisdiction

of the monastery lands on the Carthusians, a secular judge had also to be located on the premises. His house, with that of the prior, faced a large outer court, and commanded all the busy external monastic life, for adjoining this court were the dwellings of the bumbailiff, of the miller, and the other numerous retainers and menials, together with the stables and barns.

The prior was the greatest man in Schnalsenthal, and much occupied with temporal affairs. His brethren gave themselves up to prayer and labor, each pursuing in the solitude of his cell some fine art or handicraft, which, combined with the solaces of religion and outdoor exercise, preserved him from gloom or low spirits; and traces still remain of this rule of life. An old cupboard, adorned with carved pilasters, acanthus leaves, and inlaid work, and furnished with solid metal hinges, testifies to the aptitude of one such recluse. The great clock in the Capuchin monastery at Schlanders came from this Karthause. A friend of mine owns a beautifully finished timepiece with carefully painted figures of the Archangel Michael, St. Bruno and St. Hugh of Grenoble, that was made in one of these cells; whilst the most valuable old books and manuscripts in the public library at Innsbruck were acquired by the spoliation of the monastery.

The cell of the Carthusian was a compact little house, containing a vestibule, study, bedroom, small kitchen, and a spacious attic most convenient for the storing away of implements and handicrafts. All these habitations faced the south, and were well wainscoted, and heated in winter by large stoves, and possessed an abundant flow of the purest water. Two cells remain precisely as in the monastic days, and on the high roof, made purposely steep to prevent the snow from accumulating, the original shingles lie straight, compact, and well fitting, needing no big stones, as on all the more modern and flatter roofs, to keep the loosely laid and much warped pieces of wood from being blown away by the wind; and to one of these tall roofs the ladder is still attached, reaching to the summit, to be used in case of fire. On most of the houses the old sun-dials remain, and in one garden, at least, the huge bare wooden cross, that has inspired more than one monk, as he paced to and fro or tilled the soil, with salutary thoughts of redemption.

First-rate gardeners were these Carthusians, creating a demand for their carnations in the then most distant city of

Vienna, and making apples and pears to ripen on heights where they no longer grow; and in one garden there still lingers on a root of angelica, dating from the time of "the good old gentlemen," as the present owner says.

The rations of each monk were brought him once a day, and the cupboard-like passages in the wall, near the entrance of every cell, are still extant, through which it was supplied. Some aged inhabitants remember in their childhood wooden hammers lying in these wainscoted receptacles, with which the lay-brother knocked to announce his arrival.

Besides reciting portions of the divine office in their cells, the monks went to the choir for mass and vespers and to sing matins and lauds at midnight; and as the church was terribly cold in winter, they wore, a great part of the year, over their white flannel habits, big mantles of black sheepskins, the shaggy wool on the outside. Very strange and weird therefore must their aspect have been when, thus attired, they monotonously intoned in long-drawn-out syllables the portentous themes, death and judgment, heaven and hell, in the gloom of night. On one such occasion the occupants of the two cells in the south cloister, returning from the nocturnal service, found that their abodes had been completely swept away by an avalanche.

The handsome church is now a cow-house and barn, and the beautiful white marble pavement of the sanctuary, rudely broken into fragments, serves as doorsteps and hearth-stones for the present Karthausers. At the dissolution a chapel for the menials, built in the outer wall, was chosen for the future parish church, because, being smaller, it would cost less to keep in repair. But indeed over the entire locality Ichabod is written in legible characters.

Joseph the Second had no use for the monastery when he had turned out its possessors, so after various vicissitudes it was sold by the government in 1794 for an old song. A speculator purchased it and speedily amassed money by putting it up to auction in lots. From 1795 the sales went briskly forward, the cells and large rooms being bought separately by peasants. Thus at the close of the century forty families were occupying the space of the former inmates, and every hole and corner of precincts set apart for single blessedness, silent study, and prayer, began to swarm with a conjugal population allied to squalor and ignorance.

The farms under the Carthusian jurisdiction being secular possessions and thus subject to the military levy did not share the fate of the monastery, for Joseph's real aim had been to procure more soldiers; and the soil specially cultivated by the monks, and which was sold with the buildings, did not contain sufficient acres to enable each purchaser to carry out the highest wish of a Tyrolean peasant, that of living by the produce of his land. Thus the buyers had to increase their income by some trade, causing Karthaus, as the village was called, to remain the chief locality in Schnalserthal, for here lives the doctor, the veterinary surgeon, the tailor, shoemaker, weaver, and the general dealer for the whole country-side.

As the dwellings had of necessity to be enlarged, we find an additional story, or else a partition constructed of the poorest lath and clay cement, or of the very combustible pine, supplementing Brother Gottfried's substantial masonry; some tenements having outside galleries of the same wood. The barns and stalls, partially dating from the original foundation, are large and chiefly of pine wood. These barns in autumn are crammed with hay, corn, and fodder, all the hay going at once into the barns, for the Tyrolese do not make ricks out of doors as we do.

You would think that here were sufficient elements of combustion to cause great precaution on the part of the closely packed inhabitants, but on the contrary, as if these inflammable substances were not enough, they add their great stores of winter firewood. It is cut in lengths of about a yard, placed endways against the sides of the houses, and reaching to the roofs, blocks up the cloisters, which now form the village street. Moreover, huge stacks and immense piles of dry timber are stored up everywhere, in the great outer court, in the passages, the cloisters, alleys, gardens, and under fences. The Karthausers have thus a preparation for a conflagration, as it would seem, that at any moment may break out with a fury and rapidity which not even the abundant supply of water could control. Yet in the minds of these good but dull mortals, who plod on day by day at their agrarian labors much as their oxen do, it seems impossible to awaken any alarm. They live and eat by force of habit, are, in fact, upright, moral human machines.

Mgr. Valussi, Prince-Bishop of Trent, said to these worthy souls assembled in their church on the morning of August 21, 1891: "You are in a peculiar, probably a

unique position, that of living in a village that was once a monastery. Formerly this spot was holy ground, consecrated to prayer and meditation. That time of solemn dedication has ceased. The church is desecrated, the cells abandoned to other than their original purpose. Yet though this Mount of Angels has changed its character, the aim of the monks should still be fulfilled. You, too, can be a praying people. Here in this lofty solitude, in this ancient sanctuary, you may well carry out the Apostle's injunction, when he says: 'I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands.' Moses went up into the mount and remained alone with God in prayer for forty days; and when he came down his face shone. If we pray steadfastly our countenances will likewise be illuminated; for the virtue in an individual shines forth in his face. But human weakness makes it difficult persistently to converse with Christ. The Apostles asked the Lord to teach them to pray, and we must do the same, for to pray properly is a great art."

It was the prince-bishop's first visit to this remote portion of his mountain diocese. Suffering from vertigo, although still in the prime of life, he had been carried in a chair up the steep bridle-path by some of the stalwart guides, followed by his personal attendants and the local clergy on mules. As he reached the first triumphal arch, erected in his honor on the outskirts of Karthaus, and saw amongst the kneeling population the white caps of three daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, encircled by a group of little children, he joyfully exclaimed in a clear voice: "What! Sisters of Charity up here. It delights me!" and then raising his hand, he blessed them.

And very soon, when his clerical colleagues were otherwise engaged, just when he was least expected, but on that account doubly welcome, he entered the cottage-hospital, and once more blessing the sisters, asked them to take him to their inmates and show him everything. He stepped into the larder, and said, in a tone of regret and surprise: "How empty! No, this is sad! My daughters, you take wine?"

"No, Princely Grace."

"Then I hope you have meat!"

"Sometimes a little dried meat, Princely Grace. But indeed we are quite happy and content on potatoes and milk."

"Who is responsible for this state of things?" asked the bishop in a troubled tone. "Is it the parish?"

"Oh! Princely Grace, the parish is laden with debt and cannot support us. It is we who have to help the parish."

Then pursuing his anxious inquiries the prince-bishop learnt from another inmate, not from these modest, retiring women, how seven years ago two of these sisters — Hadriana and Diomira — had been summoned hither by the poor parish priest, and an old well-to-do peasant, who, feeling he was dying, wished to be properly tended in his last hours, and to bequeath his property as a permanent sick-fund for his neighbors in Schnalsenthal. On their arrival, however, he had recovered, and needed his money for himself. Thus left in the lurch, they would have returned to their convent at Innsbruck, but for the entreaties of the Schnalsenthal clergy to aid them in ameliorating the condition of their rustic flocks.

With the sanction, therefore, of the mother-general, herself a remarkable example of self-sacrifice for the sick and destitute, Sister Diomira had speedily all the neglected children under her wing; whilst Sister Hadriana made the long-stretching valley, with all its stupendous heights and depths, the wards of her hospital. They had arrived on the festival of St. Bruno, October 6th, and soon it was cruel winter weather, yet day by day this sick-nurse voluntarily visited a distant mountain chalet to tend Barbara Nitschler, a bedridden girl. Down the steep, ice-bound ravine she clambers, crosses the now sullen river, mounts a snow-clad acclivity only again to plunge into a second chasm, traverses a frozen stream, then ascends a jagged mountain. Climbing from rock to rock, now holding on by the prickly, congealed bushes, now taking off her shoes for safety, she creeps up a wall of ice; she steps back, she tears her habit, then, regaining her balance, scales a beetling crag, until, holding on by the splintered rocks and rounding a jutting precipice, she stands, after two hours of the greatest physical exertion, on the steep, slippery, snow-covered fields of the chalet. She quietly and cheerfully enters the chamber where she has been most anxiously expected, and alleviates the invalid's sufferings, until the sun, dropping behind a distant ridge of snow, warns her to commence the perilous descent. Week by week this superhuman energy went on, until Hadriana's health and strength succumbing, both sisters decided to have Barbara brought to them and place her in the bed lent them for their own use.

But he who feeds the vultures never for-

sakes his doves, and at this crisis the divine arm was stretched out to help his handmaids. Heaven only knows the privations, the courage and endurance of these ministering women that first winter; but a faint echo of it had reached Meran, causing an English lady, the late Miss Alice Panton, to visit them, make their need known to others, and herself anonymously purchase for them a house.

Under a roof of their own, matters began to mend. An old widower brought his goats and his other goods and chattels, and came to live and die with them. An old woman came likewise, bringing her spinning-wheel; other solitary, decrepit mortals asked to be taken in, throwing their little all into the common stock. Sickly, deserted children were placed confidently in the tender arms of the sisters. And although the adults did their best to help, an aged man busily turning the churn or the coffee-mill (its chief contents being roasted barley), and another expending his feeble strength in cutting herbage for the cow it soon became needful to have a third sister in the kitchen.

The present representatives of the chief characters in the old chronicles of Karthaus are inspired with a warm interest on behalf of these sisters. The emperor of Austria and other members of the imperial family have by their generous co-operation just secured to the hospital some near-lying most sunny and fertile fields, with a water-mill for grinding the barley and rye; and the monks of the Grande Chartreuse, recognizing in these Sisters of Charity worthy successors of their fallen brethren, sent them last November a bank-note of a thousand francs towards supplying the house with water, as well as making an outdoor enclosure — requisites which the premises did not possess, from having originally been the dwelling of the dairy maids, and consequently without the precincts.

But now we may be permitted to follow the prince-bishop back to the church. He kneels before the altar sunk in prayer; the building is filled with silent worshippers, consisting chiefly of men and women from distant mountain-sides and high-lying, lateral valleys, who have brought hither their god-children for confirmation, whilst close to the bishop's feet stand uncompromisingly erect a male and female tourist. He is in shirt-sleeves, with a bundle strapped to his back, she likewise carrying a pack, and with the skirt of her gown pinned round her waist. So they remain stiff and stationary for ten minutes,

picturesque representatives of an important feature of this mountain life, the visitors. Then they step out of doors, to continue their sight-seeing along the great highway over the Alps, for the Schnalserthal has become a starting-point for the Oetzthal glaciers, that world of snow and ice already mentioned.

A favorite excursion is over the Hoch Joch to Vent, in the Oetzthal, returning by the Nieder Joch. Across this Hoch Joch—which is really the lowest of these two passes, and therefore its name a misnomer—sledges can be used, but most of the tourists prefer walking over the solid snow.

In the summer months a procession of pedestrians daily traverses these passes in pouring rain and calm sunshine. They come and go in Schnals with July and August, individually unknown and soon forgotten, yet now and then making their mark. Three years since it was a plucky old lady of eighty-five who successfully accomplished the tour on foot, and this year it has been a little girl of eight who has done the same.

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From The National Review.

#### PATCHWORK IN BLACK AND WHITE.

MOST of us who have travelled know the feeling, half of sadness, half of regret, overlying the remembrance of some lovely scene which we may never see again. Our thoughts carry us rapidly across thousands of miles of sparkling water to some golden tropic land, clothed in its robe of brilliant green, bathed in the light of a glorious sun, and splendid with flowers, where the mountains, covered with waving palms, slope down to glittering waves which curl over on the hot, sandy beach, and all around is light, color, motion, beauty.

Or perhaps, these same thoughts have conveyed us thither by night, to see the great stately trees throwing their black shadows along the ground, making the silver light softer and stronger by contrast, while the clash of palm leaves just stirred by the night wind, the sound of the surf on the distant coral reef, and the quiet chirp of the little tree toads, breaks the fragrant stillness; and then there arises a longing, sad and strong, to see once more those beauties of night and day so indelibly impressed on our memories.

Perhaps there are few parts of the world boasting of more beautiful scenery than some of the West Indian islands,

which it was my good fortune to visit a year or so ago. We were combining business with pleasure, as a certain sugar estate required a little looking after, and stood in need of the master's eye.

How different it all is from the old days when the very name of a West Indian planter was synonymous with health and opulence, and West Indian heiresses were in demand! A sugar estate is a very different affair nowadays, and, in bad years, is apt to run the unfortunate owner into debt. Owing to the difficulty of finding a market, a good deal of land has gone out of cultivation, and, with sugar fetching only from £11 to £12 a hogshead, there is not much margin for profit. Of course, the enormous depreciation (for twenty years ago it fetched from £20 to £25 a hogshead) is caused by the bounties granted to sugar growers in other countries.

By far the greater part of West Indian sugar is sold in America. In England there is now hardly any market at all, and much distress was caused about the year 1883 by the closing of the sugar refineries in London, Bristol, and Greenock, by which thousands of men were thrown out of work. Whether it is a good thing to abolish an industry once so important, and practically to ruin one of our colonies, is a question I cannot pretend to discuss. Of course, the great argument in favor of beetroot sugar is its cheapness; but this is fully compensated for by the superior sweetness of the cane sugar. This fact was impressed on our minds in a very homely way the first day we were in the West Indies. Having sugared our tea in the same generous proportions as at home, we found it quite undrinkably sweet, mere syrup, in fact, and were careful thenceforward to handle the sugar-bowl in a more gingerly manner.

"Our oldest colony" (as the people of the islands proudly call themselves) are a good deal distressed and disheartened at the outlook, and their eyes are longingly turned towards the mother country in the hope of some assistance; for there seems nothing to take the place of sugar, and nobody has capital enough to embark in an entirely new enterprise. In Jamaica a good deal is done in the way of cattle and horse-breeding; but in most of the islands the want of pasture makes this impossible. Tea and coffee grow well; but Ceylon is first in the field. Cocoa is in the same case. Spices have been suggested; but the market would soon be overstocked if the whole colony turned its attention to

them. In short, it seems as if, unless the American market continues to hold good, almost the whole of our West Indian possessions must eventually pass out of cultivation. In many of the islands the want of roads is a very serious drawback. In Domenica, for example, cultivation is cut short not very far inland by the difficulties of getting the sugar, when made, down to the harbor. St. Lucia suffered in the same way; but, now that troops are stationed there, this, no doubt, will be remedied to some extent.

The expenses of farming a sugar estate are considerable. The cost of producing each hogshead is about £8, and then there is the freight to England. In many cases money to work the farm is advanced by London firms on the security of the crop, and is paid off, with interest, when the sugar is sold. Many mules and other cattle are maintained on each estate; but, as they live on the tops of the cane, chopped and mixed with maize, the cost of their keep is not great. The ever-useful cane, after it has been crushed, and the juice extracted, is used for the engine furnace, and also ploughed in as manure, for which purpose, too, a good many pigeon peas are grown. In Barbadoes literally every spare inch of ground is cultivated. Wheresoever a few scanty blades of grass appear a wretched sheep or goat is tethered. The sheep and the goats, by the way, resemble each other curiously. Both are thin, leggy creatures covered with scanty reddish hair; and the sheep are destitute of wool.

My first West Indian dinner, which I ate at the Ice House in Barbadoes, was a memorable experience. It comprised, among other strange delicacies, flying fish, which are excellent, and vegetables and fruits which were not. Afterwards, sitting out in the balcony, and watching the ever-shifting scene below, we seemed transported to some great playhouse, as the lights from shops and windows glanced over the dusky crowd, gleaming on their white garments, on the bright handkerchiefs twisted round the women's heads, and flashing back from brilliant teeth and rolling eyes, while the singing, whistling, laughing, dancing, and chattering, made an unfamiliar uproar of merriment. Presently a black man, clothed in spotless white, approached our balcony, and began to whistle marvellously. Air after air, hymns, songs from operas, many of them full of intricate shakes and runs, were faultlessly rendered; and now and again a bystander would join in with a second, or some of the audience take part

in a chorus. The women stood around, listening, their baskets of green or golden oranges on their heads, their white skirts throwing back the lamplight which shone from the lower windows of our hotel, while farther off in the dusk the busy crowd hurried to and fro, and now and then from the harbor came the measured chant of sailors weighing anchor, or the monotonous plash of oars.

The blacks are not a prepossessing people. Their great merit appears to be their cheerful, good-tempered dispositions. Life to them seems made up of dance and song and basking in the sun, tempered by much rum. There is something rather attractive about them just at first. The black, round, shining face gazes at you solemnly, until suddenly, without warning, the grave expression breaks into such a broad grin, such a display of dazzling teeth, such a roll of the large round eyes, that you also must needs laugh and join in the merriment like a child, not knowing why. As a race, the blacks do not improve upon acquaintance. Some of the servants have a dog-like fidelity to their masters; but, as in England, the days of attached retainers are dying out, and the new generation is in no way equal to the old. They are lazy, greedy, dishonest, fond of rum, and lack all reasoning power. They dislike regular work, and, having earned a dollar or two, live in the lap of luxury until it becomes necessary to work again. A pennyworth of salt fish and a penny "bread" (loaf) suffice the family for a day. The hut, which is about the size of a large rabbit-hutch, and, like it, stands on four short legs, is generally placed near a bread-fruit tree; there is a tiny patch of garden, in which sweet potatoes grow. Clothing costs little (a lady in one of the islands clothes four families for 10s. a year). Thus, life is easy; and the whole family squat round the hut under the trees in great comfort; the cooking, eating, and even the mysteries of the toilette being generally performed in public.

This childlike and irresponsible race has been found quite unequal to the necessary regular work, and has been to a great extent replaced by coolies, who are steady and sober workmen. With their straight features, stately walk, and grave manners, coolies present a remarkable contrast to the blacks, and seem to have a great contempt for them. I have seen a coolie watching a company of dancing and gibbering niggers with the deepest scorn. The two races never amalgamate. The

differences, moral and physical, are too great. There is always a subdued ill-feeling between them; for on the one hand we have a race of extravagant, drunken, pleasure-loving, and superstitious men, and on the other a thrifty, sober, serious, and religious people.

Our first feeling on seeing the estate we had come so far to visit was one of disappointment. We saw a wooden house standing in the middle of a circle of sheds and outhouses, and surrounded by acres of waving cane. Apart from three or four tall, melancholy palms in front of the dwelling, every tree had been cut down; and there was an utter absence of all other vegetation. Things, it was obvious, were managed on strict utilitarian principles, and on a well-conducted sugar estate no shrub or flower ventures to raise its useless head. The canes were being brought into the yards in carts drawn by long strings of mules or of oxen, harnessed one in front of the other, each attended by two or three drivers, armed with long whips, which cracked formidably. The noise of the engine, the shouts of the men, the stampede of animals, and the ceaseless jabber of shrill voices, rendered it nearly impossible for us to make ourselves heard; but, fortunately, the overseer advanced and dispersed the niggers, who had hurried up in troops, burning with curiosity to see us.

We had afterwards, of course, opportunities to compare the different methods of sugar-making, and came to the conclusion, as everybody must, that for those who have capital to lay out on their estates the method which is best and cheapest in the end is to put up entirely new machinery, and to produce crystallized sugar, which still commands a fair price. The cost of this method is so great that very few people have been able to adopt it. According to the usual and old-fashioned method, after the sugar has been sufficiently boiled and cleared, the molasses drain out from the hogshead, a process which occupies weeks and leaves the common brown (or Muscovado) sugar remaining; but centrifugal machinery separates them in a few minutes, and the crystallized sugar is ready for shipment a few days after the cutting of the canes.

The overseer died of a chill after a few hours' illness; and while talking to the blacks about it I learned some of their superstitions. They told me that the overseer's jumbi (spirit) would return and walk about the yard. Such of the men as had the gift of seeing jumbis would speak to

him and say, "Go to your rest." On the third night after a death, the bed in which the dead person usually slept is made ready and left empty, and the jumbi comes home to sleep in it. Thereafter, unless he intends to become a regular nocturnal wanderer, he is generally not seen again. No negro will ever venture out alone after dusk. He is afraid of meeting one of the spirits, which, they say, are constantly to be seen. The whites naturally affect an extreme contempt for this superstition; but I could not help thinking that some of them who had lived a long time in that part of the world had become slightly infected with the curious belief. The jumbi, however, sinks into comparative insignificance by the side of the "round"—a creature something between a dog and a calf, which sits at night on a stone, if it can find one conveniently situated at cross-roads, and springs on the back of the passer-by. On the subject of rounds the blacks are not communicative. The terror of the ghastly apparitions is too deep-seated. Many niggers profess to have interviewed jumbis; but I never met one who would admit having seen a round.

I often wondered why the songs of the West Indian negroes are so very inferior to those attributed to the negroes of the States. Here, instead of touching and pathetic words, we usually have an incongruous and senseless jumble. I listened in vain for the "Swanee River," "The Old Folks at Home," and other ditties which we consider as of negro origin. In the West Indies the songs usually consist of gibberish such as this:—

I have a cock, and the cock pleaseth me;  
I feed my cock under yonder green tree.

(Chorus.)

And the cock says "Cock-e-ree-co!"

I have a hen and the hen pleaseth me!  
I feed my hen under yonder green tree.

And the hen says "Caw, caw, caw!"

(Chorus.)

And the cock says "Cock-e-ree-co!"

I have a chicken, and the chicken pleaseth me;

I feed my chicken under yonder green tree.

And the chicken says "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"

And the hen says "Caw, caw, caw!"

(Chorus.)

And the cock says "Cock-e-ree-co!"

It eventually becomes necessary to stop, and start the niggers on a fresh tack, or they will pass the entire animal creation in review. However, their songs are not unpleasant (for one need not listen to

the words) when sung by good voices, all taking their parts properly, as they row you across the harbor in the soft moonlight, and one nears the dim outline of the shore and the twinkling lights of the little town, while the great white stars gleam above, and the Southern Cross hangs low on the horizon. A friend who visited the opera in Martinique, where "Lucia di Lammermoor" was given, told me that the chorus was composed of blacks, and that the principal parts were sung by indifferent French artistes. He said that the effect of Highland bonnets perched on the black woolly heads, and surmounting the round, shining, grinning faces, was irresistibly comic,—to say nothing of the black knees appearing below the kilts!

Traditions of old world warfare linger round some of the islands, where, for centuries, the great naval powers of England, France, Spain, and Holland fought for the supremacy of these seas. Nor were the battles by land less frequent. St. Lucia was taken and retaken five times by the English (twice under Rodney) before we finally conquered it in 1803. St. Kitts, which claims the honor of being the first British colony, was afterwards partially captured by the French, who took possession of half the island; and here, within an area of sixty-eight square miles, deadly battles, on a small scale, waged for years. The two tiny capitals, Basseterre and Sandypoint, were alternately besieged as the fortunes of war fluctuated, and surprises and massacres were of every-day occurrence. Reinforcements from the mother countries arrived from time to time, and the inhabitants were not completely exterminated. At last Spain drove both French and English from the island, which, having been again re-conquered by all in turn, was finally ceded to us at the treaty of Versailles. It still bristles with the remains of forts; but only one, and that comparatively modern, is worth visiting. Brimstone Hill is a wonderful piece of fortification. A perfectly isolated conical hill, it rises very steeply, and is about seven hundred and fifty feet high. The path to the top, which winds round and round, corkscrew fashion, has been cut out of the steep side of the rock, and is paved and faced with stone. Great gateways span the road at intervals, and were guarded with cannon in the old days. The whole top of the hill is occupied by the fort, and must have been quite impregnable. There are supposed to be underground cisterns seven acres in extent; so the garrison could hardly have fallen short

of water. This magnificent work, which cost the government about £4,000,000, was occupied only a short time. The troops were withdrawn about forty years ago; and since then it has been going to ruin as fast as such solid masonry can go.

Among the many expeditions we made during our sojourn in the West Indies, two stand out prominently in my recollection. The first was to the little island of Nevis, where we spent one of the hottest days I can remember. Our landing was rendered unpleasant by the blacks having upset a hogshead of molasses on the jetty. Crowding round the brown, sticky pool, scooping it up in their hands, some even lying on their faces the better to imbibe the delicacy, crowds of niggers, old and young, were enjoying life hilariously. A plank was laid for us across the darksome stream, and we reached the other side in safety. There we hired a nondescript buggy, drawn by a mule and a pony, and proceeded on our way. Our Jehu took us at a hand gallop through the tiny town, the blacks cheering and waving their hats as we passed; up the long, white road, between rows of waving cane, we crept slowly on in a cloud of dust, and so at last came to our first halting-place, Fig-tree Church. We entered from the glare and heat of the noonday sun into the cool and dusk of the little building, a quaint, dilapidated place, with many tablets above our heads and at our feet, many flagstones setting forth in long Latin inscriptions the innumerable virtues of men long since passed away. The old colored man, clerk or sexton, produced the great treasure of the island, the register containing the entry of Nelson's marriage. He informed us that the ceremony was performed—not in the church, but—in the house of the lady, which stood close by, and is now in ruins. Prince William Henry, afterwards Duke of Clarence, then a lieutenant on the Boreas, was best man. More than this the watchman could not tell us; so, after another look at the yellow, tattered page, where the marriage of "Horatio Nelson, Esquire, Captain of his Majesty's ship Boreas, to Frances Herbert Nisbet, widow," stands among the entries of marriage of planters and mulattos, we turned to leave the little church. One more glance round at the dim little building, at the mouldering woodwork, at the long Latin inscriptions; one instant's pause to realize the intense repose in the dusky stillness around us—a hush deep and profound, full of the nameless and powerful influence of those who had rested

there for centuries — and then we passed out into the dazzling sunshine, through the tiny porch, over which a splendid creeper had thrown its great bunches of bright flowers. On and on, up the same steep white road we journeyed, until we turned through an ancient gateway, and found ourselves in the ruin of an old garden — a tangled thicket of oleanders, raising glorious pink blossoms athwart the sky; a wilderness of feathery bamboos; a mass of ferns growing in every chink and cranny among the scattered stones of an old grey house, one of the substantial houses which the West Indian planters used to build; a row of tall and graceful palms whispering above us, and telling each other the histories of the ancient dwelling.

The other expedition which I remember so distinctly was in an out-of-the-way island, up a mountain, the top of which was an extinct crater. The house in which we were staying was some five or six miles from the foot of the mountain, and it was arranged that we should drive so far. We started in the darkness, which rested like a soft cloak upon the earth, before daybreak; but we had hardly proceeded a mile when the sun threw level rays across land and sea. Higher and higher he rose, and immediately (as it seemed) the stillness and silence had fled with the darkness, and the world was wide awake. The land breeze had risen; the birds were flitting to and fro; the flowers spread their bright petals to the sun; and the laughing waves sparkled on the shore. By noon we stood on the summit of the mountain, at the edge of the crater, after a tiring climb of between four and five thousand feet, now scrambling over a carpet of maidenhair fern and white begonia, now forcing our way, through brambles and thickets, among the great tree ferns, above whose arched heads towered the great palms, completely sheltering us from the sun. From the lip of the crater we had to descend eight hundred feet. As the hill was nearly perpendicular, it was difficult to get down; but the vegetation helped us, and once down we were well rewarded. The sides of the crater, covered with the most glorious foliage, sloped steeply down to a lake, about two acres in extent, which completely filled the basin. Standing on the narrow strip of beach, only a yard or so in width, we gazed up at the green wall rising on all sides, almost as steeply as the sides of a well; then we looked down upon the placid water at our feet, a melancholy lake which has never been ruffled by the slightest breath of wind, nor ever

will be; shut away from all disturbance, all turmoil, it watches the centuries float past. The silence was oppressive. No tiniest breath of air stirred the broad palm leaves drooping to the water's edge, or brought a ripple to our feet. We seemed incongruous and disturbing intruders; yet it was with regret that we turned away and resumed our weary upward climb. Once more on the summit, we looked down through the thick ferns, at the solemn water, and at the motionless trees below us; and an indefinable sadness came over me as I looked my last on this haunting emblem of infinitude, which, somehow, in its mystic serenity, in its placid undecaying death, made the idea of eternity a realization and a dread. Nevertheless, I fancy that in the days which so surely come to all who live long enough, — those long and weary days of waiting which follow the bright and stirring days of action, — when age, with gradual and quiet hand, has put out the lights at the feast, and, one by one, has called away the guests, — when we shall sit alone in the twilight, waiting for the end, and our very living is done (as it were) by deputy, in the words and in the deeds of others, — then, I think, it will, after all, be a happiness to recall some of those sights and sounds of beauty which fixed themselves in our memories in the time when we too really lived.

G. BLAKE.

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WINTER SHIFTS.

THE wind, in long-drawn sighs has passed over the uplands, and died away in the hollows at the foot of the hills. A long, low line of cloud has hung for days in the south-west, lifting slightly from time to time, to settle again as before. This belt of clouds reaches for miles. There is a break in it now and again, caused by wind rushing up fitfully from the sea, far away beyond the hills; but it is only for a short spell, then the cloud-line is continuous again. The ponies, rough and long-maned, are moving noiselessly with unshod hoofs to certain hollows well known to themselves, where they will stand sheltered and warm as if they were stabled, under the thick hollies. Rough-fleeced sheep as well as ponies have taken the notion into their heads that white weather is coming. The sheep, also, are making tracks, but in a different direction from the ponies. Their food is the same

but their habits and their choice of shelter are very different.

Wild-fowl in companies of three and two, far apart, rush overhead, high up, to certain points and back again,—wild ducks they are, so far as we are able to determine from their flight. Where the mast lies in profusion the birds are very busy on and under the fallen leaves. Wood-pigeons, especially, are filling their crops in most business-like fashion. There is no playing about—no rushing up to the tree-tops to spread wings and tails and to trim their feathers; all that they are bent on now is to stow away a good crop of food before the snow comes and covers it in. They will still be able to get something to eat when that happens, but it will be under difficulties, for the birds will have to plough the snow off with their broad breasts—unless it lies too thickly for them to do this—and to flit it to right and left of them in white, powdery puffs. A large number of wild pigeons marching along on the feed, under these circumstances, may fairly be compared to feathered snow-ploughs. It does not take long to clear a space wherein to forage. The jays, for a wonder, flit quietly from one tree or berry-bearing bush to another, too busy to squawk unless you frighten one out of its wits by quietly coming on him from behind some clump of bushes, as he is stocking away among the fallen leaves. In such case he is seriously alarmed, and makes a tremendous noise over it. The green woodpecker is just as busy as the rest, only after a different method. Something—his instinct we say, for want of a better term wherewith to describe a bird's faculties—tells him that after the sumptuous living he has enjoyed through the spring, summer, and early part of the autumn, ants or their eggs are essentially necessary to his well-being, to tone things down a bit possibly. For the yaffle is positively plump just now. To procure pupæ in a more or less advanced stage of development, he leaves this belt of silver-grey beech woods and frequents the outskirts, where are open spaces covered with fine grass and ant-hills, well studded with gnarled old thorn-trees, both black and white thorn, covered with moss and lichens. You will be pretty certain to find him, if you know how to look for him, scuttling round some ant-hill; no deserted one, though—he knows better than that.

There he is! the yellow patch on the lower part of his back betrayed him as he scuttled round, and he is continually on

the scuttle. Up he pokes his long, stout bill and a part of his head from the side of the ant-hill that is farthest from us,—a comical bird, truly. He is listening to find out, if he can, what that suspicious rustle was that he heard just now. He is not quite satisfied, and presently he dives into the ferns at the stem of one of the old thorns, a little farther away. Being well acquainted with his antics, we look at once at the middle of the tree, and there we have him, his head twisted round the stem, looking in our direction. My glass is full on him, and he appears a most extraordinary fellow as he raises the crimson feathers of his head and lets them fall again, the head well on the slant,—a red-capped, long-nosed, feathered harlequin. On examining the ant-hill on which he has been so busy, we find he has excavated into it sideways—driven tunnels, in fact. There has been no waste of labor; he has gone straight for the emmets and their domestic offices. Probably the insects and their eggs have, as I have already suggested, a corrective property which is fully appreciated by the yaffle, and he means to have his fill of them before the snow comes.

On the broad roads, or rides, cleared in the beech woods, where the wind, to a certain extent, keeps the leaves from gathering thickly, large flocks of chaffinches and tits gather; from the great tit to the little blue tit, all are busy at the fallen mast. There is a continual twink! twink! twink! As to the tits, they chide and chatter; and mingled with them you will find the beautiful bramblings, or bramble finches, conspicuous at once, as they fly up, by their white tail-coverts, as well as by their scissors-grinding note. I kept a pair of these once for a time, but had to give them their liberty or they would have ground us out of the house. One thing is very noticeable about all birds that have luxuriated on beech-mast for a long spell,—their plumage gets the gloss of satin on it, doubtless owing to the great amount of oil in the nuts. A woodland friend brought me a couple once for preserving; they were skinned with the greatest difficulty. In fact, the bird-preserver told me that if I had not been a special friend of his, he would have thrown up the job. The man who brought the bramblings informed me "they bramblings hed bin a middlin' good thing for him, fur a *real gentleman* as he knowed on took all he could ketch; he said they wus as good as some birds as he'd eat in furrin parts. I made bold," said he, "to ask what they birds might ha'

been, an' he told me they wus *ortlins*. Queer names they has fur critters in furrin parts."

Missel-thrushes, song-thrushes, and blackbirds flock to the yew-trees for their luscious berries; so do other birds, but the thrush family contrive to keep a monopoly of the yews. We have been taught by some theologians that "birds in their little nests agree;" they certainly do not do so when feeding. I have been standing hidden in the middle of a bush close to some yew-trees, and have witnessed a scene of scolding, wrangling, and some battles-royal, not to be surpassed in human life. The scarlet-vermilion berries are in profusion on the trees, and they cover the ground below in spots over which a more than usually energetic struggle has been taking place. Where the boughs have had most light and warmth there is, of course, more fruit, and the largest and ripest, and the birds feed there voraciously. The perfection of bird-diet they find it. On one heavily berried branch three missel-thrushes settle; one fine fellow screams defiance at the other two, who will not see the matter in the same light. So a conflict ensues; at it they go, feathers flying and floating away in all directions. It ends in the fine bully having the bough all to himself, but minus quite half the berries, which have been threshed off in the scuffle. He does not long enjoy his position unmolested, for as he raises his head to take a look round before feeding, showing a beautiful spotted breast, a couple of robins, the fighters of the woodlands, make a dash at him, knocking him off his spray of yew. And so the game goes on from morn till eve,—screechings, cluckings, chirpings, and flutterings amongst those yew-trees.

The squirrel also appreciates the berries highly. I have just seen one of the prettiest sights possible,—a squirrel feeding on them in most dainty fashion. The pulp is of a sweet, glutinous nature—very sticky, in fact. To see the way the little fellow glided over the thick dark foliage until he found a branch just to his liking was a treat. Then he sat up, his fine brush-tail well up to the back of his head, ear-tufts erect, and those bright eyes glancing in all directions to make sure that all was right, before he indulged in this luxury. Very neatly he picks off a fine berry with his fore hands,—in spite of the information one of our critics solemnly volunteers us that squirrels do not possess hands, I cannot bring myself to call them feet,—places the fruit in his

mouth, eating the pulp and dropping the seed. Just as he is reaching out for another berry, two song-thrushes dash down on to his branch. He gives one look of amazement at the intruders, then makes a dash at them. This they by no means appreciate, for they know that if they once get into the clutch of the squirrel it will go hard with them. He belongs to the gnawers; but, like the rest of that family, or at any rate most of them, he indulges at times in other diet than a strictly vegetable one.

These sights are most interesting, but the inside of a bush is not quite so comfortable as the outside of it. I burst out suddenly. Master Squirrel chatters and is off. All I see of him is his tail. As to the birds, there is a flutter like that about a pigeon-cot, so great is the number that fly from those old yew-trees.

Snow is certainly about; one or two small flakes have been seen; now some larger ones fall. We shall not be long without more, for the flakes cease falling just as suddenly as they began. The air is too cold yet for it to come down. As the daylight begins to get low, lurid streaks show, low down beneath the long line of cloud-belt. There is a murky light above that gets darker in tone, for the belt is moving and appears to rise. The winds moan as though heavily laden, and complaining about all they had to carry and drive before them. Beside the hedgerows the blackbirds are busy, tossing the leaves from side to side, peering under hollow places for snails or worms. Instead of their usual shriek of alarm they give only a half-smothered cry as they slip through the hedge, to get away from you. The hedge-sparrow, that beautiful singer when other songsters are still, glides in and out of the hedge, flirts and shuffles with his wings, justifying one of our local names for him, that of "shuffle-wing." He is silent now, however, for he knows that he, with others, will have to hunt hard and to little purpose before long.

"Chack-chack!" muttered out overhead, tells us that fieldfares are near. There they go, a flock of them, to roost on the ground in the "forey" grass like larks. A few redwings detach themselves from the company, and with feeble clucks make for some plashy hollows that are wooded and well sheltered, there to find food with the woodcocks that frequent the same locality.

"Peewit, weet, weet—peewit!" Here come the green plovers from the large open fields of the upland farms. They

wheel and flap, and twist and wheel again. We think that they have decided at last to go, but we are mistaken. They make once more for the fields they had left, settle, run about, and then rise, calling most mournfully, as they pass over us, a flapping company of black and white, making for the sheltered coombe, close to the old farm where they have had their haunts and homes "frum beyon' recknin'."

The wind sinks as we reach the foot of the upland; flakes of snow come on us; more fall, and we hurry on, for a blinding storm of snow at night, in a rough, wooded district, is a serious matter, fearfully misleading even to those who know the country well. Rooks are sagacious birds—they have the faculty of self-preservation very fully developed; but I have known them all at sea in a snowstorm, and completely helpless in one of the thick, white fogs that are so very prevalent in the woodlands, after a heavy fall, and a half turn of the wind to the southward for a few hours. In such case they will drop in the first trees they come to, or even on to the tops of hedges, flapping, fluttering, croaking, and quarking in a most unearthly manner, unable to reach their rookery until the fog lifts. Their instinct, or reckoning faculties, fail them, just as man's will fail him under similar circumstances.

The leadings of instinct are by no means so unerring as some would have us believe. I have known a kingfisher come to his death by plunging down on to the roof of a low greenhouse, mistaking the glitter of the glass through the shrubs for water. Insects are continually fluttering against the top-lights from inside, especially butterflies, and birds will attempt their capture from without. Wild creatures often make fatal mistakes, and catastrophes occur at times that exterminate hosts of animals and birds together. After heavy snows the remains of unfortunate creatures—such as do not of their own accord associate together—have been found involved in one common ruin.

Before we reached home the snow had fallen so thickly that the footsteps of those who passed were noiseless. On the morning following we find the ground covered a foot deep in some places. Travelling over it in one of my usual rambles, I find that the birds are not affected by it. That is because there is no frost. Snow may lie for weeks, if it does not freeze, without wild creatures being punished through it. The robin, as we pass him, looks at us with his bold, dark eyes, warbling a cheery song, as if he thought the wintry weather

most seasonable and enjoyable. There was never a snowstorm yet that completely covered all places; go where you will, countless spots of possible shelter will catch your eye in every direction. The snow may be lying on the hedges, where it has drifted in such heavy masses as to bend them over to leeward, but the banks below will be free from it. And as nearly all hedges have water-runs on one side of them or the other, the ground is soft, and so everything that lives in the banks can be got at by the birds that live on snails, slugs, worms, and the many various forms of insect life in a torpid state, mature or immature. The berry-eating species keep more to the tops of the hedges. These are in the best of spirits, for their food gleams out in the midst of the snow in the most tempting fashion. Crimson hips and the berries of the hawthorn are in profusion. Fieldfares have gathered here, chacking and chattering, as they cling with their strong feet to the heavily laden twigs; the snow flies off all round and about them. The bullfinches that are feeding on the privet-berries look like roses as you catch sight of their brilliant breasts, while they cling and flutter and pipe within a few yards of you. Wild fruit is in the pink of condition when the cold weather sets in; it becomes sweet and smooth, instead of being acrid and rough as it was.

If by some rare chance any of the clustered berries of the mountain-ash are left, they will be fiercely fought for. The ring-ousel, the blackbird of the moors, will be sure to have his share of them if he be in the district. So partial is he to this fruit, that I have known him stay his flight and come close to houses near Dorking town, where some of the mountain-ash trees have been grown as ornamental objects on either side of the entrance-gates. This was very late in the season. That ring-ousels are about during the winter months I have had most convincing proof, having seen some that had been shot by men when out blackbird shooting.

It is the frost that punishes and kills our wild creatures—unless they are extremely hard to kill—not the snow, which protects and keeps them warm. The hare that sits in her form of dry, tussocky grass and dead ferns, roofed over with stout trailing brambles, which the weight of snow actually makes to touch the ground just in front, is snug and warm. Her food is close within reach, and, so far, she has nothing to fear from the weather. It is very enjoyable walking across large, un-

frequented woodland fields after a good fall of snow, providing there is a public right-of-way through. There is no silence that I know which is so impressive as the silence of a snow-covered country. A dim light is all round about, no stars are visible, you can hear yourself breathe. So far from being cold, one feels uncomfortably warm. A very slight shift in the wind would cause it to thaw a little, but that shift does not come.

Spots appear in the fields — spots that move. They are hares and rabbits feeding. They will soon clear the snow off their nibbling-ground with their fore feet. Just now they are playing high-jinks, — the rabbits are cutting fine capers. Soft white weather does not upset their arrangements, so far as food is concerned. We can see something coming towards us, making for the hares and rabbits right across our path. It ploughs along at a rapid pace; we crouch low to bring our sight on the snow, and know at the first glance that it is that dreaded foe of rabbits, the stoat. I have seen him on the hunt in the snow before. He rushes along, leaving a furrow behind him, where he has parted it in his progress. Now he is close to, passing us sideways. He catches sight of me, and bounds from out the snow most actively, but in the direction of his prey. If he gets near enough to them without being seen or winded, there will be short but very deadly work for either hare or rabbit.

A change comes; the winds get up in the north, then shift to the north-east, whence they blow as nor'-easters will blow, whirling the snow off large fields, to deposit it in huge drifts in the roads, blocking them up. At night the winds sink again, and it is clear and dry; the stars twinkle merrily, and a hard frost sets in. Next morning a hard, blue sky is overhead, the wind is keen and bitter, it still freezes hard. Notice the robin now as you pass along. His cheery song is over, and he weeps and mourns so that it is positively disheartening to listen to him. One of the things I cannot bear is to hear the robin cry.

Fieldfares, redwings, and lapwings flit restlessly about, at a loss what to do. Had the snow remained on the fields with the root-crops left for sheep-feed, it would have been all right, for the birds would have found good shelter under the broad leaves as well as food. But now the ground is hard, and their food is under it. So they move to and fro, loath to quit what had been their happy hunting-

grounds, until some of them, the thrush portion, get so weak that they are unable to extricate themselves from the hedges into which they fluttered out of your way as you tramped past.

The plovers make for the lowlands, where they wait for better times. Starlings betake themselves to any uncovered grounds they can find near the edge of tidal rivers, excepting a few that remain and come with the sparrows to feed near our doors. Keats's beautiful lines come into one's mind, suggesting so much in so few words: —

St. Agnes' Eve — ah, bitter chill it was!  
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.  
The hare limped trembling through the frozen  
grass;  
And silent was the flock in woolly fold.

Hard, black frosts, if continued for any time, take the voices and the lives of wild things. Little by little their food supply gets shorter, and other creatures, driven from their accustomed haunts, come to share what little there is.

After a time the wind changes suddenly dead south, and heavy rain falls instead of snow. Bare spots show in the meadows; the blessed sight of green grass is visible once more. Birds, poor things, show their joy and thankfulness by soft chattering, chirpings, and whistling. Rooks, wagtails, and larks must be in dire straits when they come to feed in the streets of a populous town, as they have done. Now they are in the fields, hunting by the half-thawed rills and in the meadow-splashes for anything eatable, either living or dead. The change does not last long, however. As I come home, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a significant sight attracts my attention. A small herd of Bewick's swans — the small, wild swan — six in number, pass overhead, low down over the woodlands. My glass has been on them from the time the rush! rush! rush! of their strong wings gave notice of their approach, and it follows them until they are lost in the distance. They came from the south, and at full migrating speed are making for the north-east. On the darkest night you can tell if a swan or swans are passing overhead, if low enough to be heard. No other bird that I am acquainted with in England gives out that strong, measured rush! rush! rush! that the swans do, whether wild or domesticated. Our own tame swan, the most graceful bird of the whole family, exists in a wild state in Russia, Poland, Italy, Persia, Siberia, and elsewhere, in exactly the same condition

as he does domesticated here. Many of our tame swans visit the tide when frozen out from their inland waters, either of their own accord or decoyed away by the trumpet-calls of wild swans—the mighty hooper or elk swan, the Polish swan, or the small Bewick swan—passing overhead.

Our tame swans reach the tide, the open sea. So far good; they see other fowl feeding on the succulent sea-grass—feed and fly with them, just as they would with the geese and ducks on some of their own inland mill-ponds. Now not one shore-shooter in twenty carries a field-glass, and though his local knowledge is in the main accurate, yet he is often a little hazy where swans are concerned. "It's a swan; but if that bird was not a wild bird it would not be there on salt water," said one man I knew. "Get the punt out; I am going behind the sea-wall to fire off my charge of duck-shot—it's too cold to draw it." Presently, as the punt crept up, some fowl rose and flew close by the swan, which began to make preparations for following them. His wings flapped on the water. "Keep her steady when I fire," says the shooter. The report rings over the water, and the swan floats dead on it, the bullet having passed through his body, just below the joints of the wings. "This one is different from the one I shot last week," remarked the man to his companion, when the bird was pulled on board; "the other was larger, and it had not got a nob on its bill like this one; it is like what our common swans have." It was, in point of fact, just a domesticated swan that had visited the tide, whilst the first he had shot was a real wild hooper.

To return to the herd of Bewick swans I saw pass over, there is nothing uncommon in sea-birds flying over woodland districts; and they will frequently settle to rest there, if an open bit of water catches their keen eyes. The force of circumstances sometimes compels them to take routes that they would scrupulously avoid if they had any choice in the matter. The razor-bill auk, to my own knowledge, has been picked up in a ploughed field thirty miles from salt water, where he was sitting up like a rabbit in one of the furrows, no doubt lost in wonder as to where he had got to. Close to the woods this was. One of the plough-boys went to see what curious creature was there. The auk returned his look freely. Then the boy made a grab at the razor-bill, which by no means belied its name, for it bit its would-be captor not once but twice, severely. For

this the poor auk got such a kick from the toe of a very heavy boot as killed him.

I had remarked to my wife that the sight of swans moving was not reassuring; and the next morning my fears were justified, the country being ice-bound, and the roads like glass. Many of the birds that had been feeding in the damp meadows lay dead beneath the trees in which they had roosted for the night, frozen to death. There was a week of this, and then a partial thaw came, followed by snow. A desperate time it was for all wild things. I saw the weasel hunt the long-tailed wood-mouse, colored like himself fawn and white, and nearly as large as himself, from the snow-covered brambles to not a yard from my feet. That was a fine opportunity for observing the tactics of the hunter and the hunted. The mouse flattened itself out like a bit of light leather; not even a particle of snow was disturbed from the bramble-stems over which he crawled to get beneath the loose flints. On one side of the low, trailing branches was the mouse; on the other the weasel, ferociously searching for his prey. He did not get the mouse—the small creature baffled him. Had it been a rabbit, he would have had it most certainly. Mice are not frightened when hunted by the weasel as rabbits are.

Strange news of creatures being about that have not been seen for years has been brought to me this season. Farmyards, hen-roosts, duck-ponds, and sheepfolds have been visited by "something" that has left curious footprints in the snow, in coming and going, resembling a long hand with a dent like that of a long nail in front of it. These were the marks of the badger; but so much did this strange track disturb one old dame who keeps a large quantity of poultry in a lonely district, that she talked to those who passed by about the Witch of Endor and "Satan walking the airth agin." It was in vain to try to explain the matter to her, telling how the badger, being unusually hard pressed, had come to her fowl-house, had tried to get in all round, and, finding himself foiled, had prospected in a general way all round the farmyard. I pointed out to her where his belly had touched the snow, making a smooth trail; and again where he had ploughed it up with his snout like a pig; then farther on I showed her his tracks to the cover under the hill,—but all to no purpose. The old dame refused both comfort and explanation. "Massy, oh alive!" she cried; "things like thet ere waunt about when I was a

gal, an' I wishes they waunt now — thet I do."

Of the depredations committed by the fox under sore stress we shall say little; yet they have been beyond all credit, save by the sufferers from his audacious plundering. It says much for the sporting sympathies innate in the true Briton that, in spite of the heavy losses foxes and their families have entailed on the farmer, it has only been in certain instances, where it has become a direct necessity, that one or two have been killed; they have been allowed to plunder as a rule. Extraordinary devices have been employed, however, in secluded woodland districts, to keep foxes away from poultry-farms, by day and by night. Not one case of fox-poisoning have I heard of; when it was necessary to kill one, it was done openly, and by those who had the right to do it.

I know of some pheasant-aviaries that are not far away from fox-earths, where there are rare pheasants from the mountains of India and China, — the gorgeous monals and the curious horned pheasants. These are far too costly to serve as food for the fox; but if he does not get into the aviary he rushes round and round, in his cat-like fashion, and frightens the birds horribly. The golden pheasants cry and dash in their swift flight, more like scarlet macaws gone mad than pheasants. A most exasperating sight it is for their owner to see bruised and broken tail-feathers on the ground — magnificent ones, too, four and five feet in length, from the tail of Reeves's pheasant — the birds looking like a lot of frightened scarecrows, compared with their wonted brave appearance, one or two in a dead or dying state from battering themselves against the wire-netting. The aviaries are necessarily large, both long and broad and high, so as to give room for the magnificent plumes. I have seen one of these glorious birds dashing itself with a thud against the bars of its perches, frightened by a sneaking fox in the daytime. At night it will be far worse.

This villainous conduct on the part of the fox is forced on him by the shifts to which he is reduced. Rabbits are supposed to be a legitimate food for him; but as they fetch in this neighborhood, in the heart of the country, from sixteen to eighteen pence without their skins, foxes are not able to get all that they require at times. One must look at things from many sides. I have seen wild creatures in smooth and in hard times, but it has only

been after spring has come in, and we have found their bleached skeletons in all kinds of places where they had crawled to die, that we can fully realize how desperate their winter shifts have been.

#### A SON OF THE MARSHES.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

#### SIR HENRY WOTTON: GENTLEMAN AND SCHOOLMASTER.

It would be easy to cull together a representative gallery of gentlemen from English history; a gentleman-soldier in the person of Sir Philip Sidney, a gentleman-sailor in Lord Howard of Effingham, literature would choose to be represented

by that gentle Bard,  
Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State —  
Sweet Spenser, —

gentlemen all. Schoolmasters looking into the past will not fail to acknowledge Sir Henry Wotton as a gentleman-schoolmaster.

Miss Beale, in an address given to the Association of Assistant Mistresses, relates that she once heard of a schoolmaster who told another, "I am a gentleman after four o'clock." The other asked "What were you before?" Sir Henry Wotton's many friends would eagerly have replied for him: "A gentleman always."

It might, indeed, be said that in Sir Henry Wotton there was a good deal more of the gentleman than of the schoolmaster. This famous man was the provost of Eton College. We who are accustomed to the thought of the varied and trying duties in the life of those who preside over the destinies of schools can understand that Sir Henry Wotton is of another age of schoolmasters when we read: "The College was, to his mind, as a quiet harbour to a sea-faring man after a tempestuous voyage . . . where he was freed from corroding cares, and seated on such a Rock as the Waves of want could not probably shake; where he might sit in a calme, and looking down, behold the busie multitude tost in a tempestuous Sea of dangers."

After such a passage as this, teachers of the modern school will shake their heads and lose their interest in Wotton. To do so is short-sighted wisdom. There is so much that is exhilarating in his character, so much that is instructive in his ideas of teaching, so much that is beautiful in his life "of toil unsevered from tranquillity," that every one may rejoice to know him. Moreover, his life was

written by Izaak Walton. Here, then, is a feast for those who can read — the life of a gentleman, written by a gentleman!

What a full heart and a ready wit has the "honest Izaak" (as Dr. King hath it) when he sets himself to the genial task of showing how the Wotton family of old "both in England and in foreign parts, have adorned themselves and this nation." How familiarly he brings up the names (and hangs a sweetly sounding sentence round each) of Sir Robert Wotton, Sir Edward Wotton, Thomas Wotton, and his four sons, Sir Edward, Sir James, Sir Henry, and Nicholas. Then, half-reluctantly, the friendly writer leaves the ancestors, content to have shown the nobility of Wotton's family, and the inherent probability that his hero, Sir Henry, would be fired with the ambition to preserve the noble traditions of his race.

What a charming determination the author then shows throughout his book to prove that Sir Henry Wotton was worthy of his ancestors! How he takes the reader into his confidence, and every now and again, as it were, whispers into his ear his cherished conviction that his poor pen is unable to do justice to such a noble character as that of his hero! Yet his humble language may be accepted, for at any rate it is a "commixture of truth and Sir Henry Wotton's merits."

We must not leave Sir Henry Wotton to linger over Izaak Walton. They were close friends, and there is something appropriate in finding them inseparable. The linked sweetness of the style, the very words, sentences, and paragraphs almost running into affectionate sound, shows that Sir Henry Wotton was a man to be loved. Izaak Walton's friends somehow always were.

Let us return to Sir Henry Wotton. His father had been twice married, and Henry was the son of the second wife. His father had decided, on the death of his first wife, he would not marry a woman who had children, law-suits, or who was of his own kindred. Yet, so much for the consistency of man, Sir Henry Wotton's mother had all those disqualifications! Sir Henry's relations to his father are worth notice. Walton tells us how Sir Henry Wotton never mentioned his father's name without this or some like reverential expression, as "That good man, my father," or "My father, the best of men."

Henry Wotton was educated at Winchester School and New College, Oxford. About 1588, in the twentieth year of his

age, he proceeded Master of Arts, and wrote three lectures "De Oculo." The learned Albericus Gentilis then took an interest in Wotton, and (we are quaintly informed) "would have breathed all his excellent knowledge into the breast of his dear Harry" if it had been possible. As it was not possible (we are left to conjecture the reason why), he contented himself with teaching him Italian, and leaving him to pick up the crumbs of science as best he might.

For the next six years he travelled, principally in Italy, making friends of Theodore Beza and Isaac Casaubon. On his return to England he was noted of many, for he was "of a choice shape, tall of stature, and of a most persuasive behaviour." He soon attracted the notice of the Earl of Essex, who took him as a secretary, together with Henry Cuffe. Wotton attended Essex in two voyages at sea against the Spaniards, and also on the ill-fated journey to Ireland. Essex and his secretary Cuffe were beheaded; Sir Henry, however, made good his escape. He then returned to Italy, where he stayed some years. Hearing of a conspiracy against James VI. of Scotland (I. of England), he, in the disguise of an Italian, went to Scotland, where by his skilful address he made himself known and liked by James, who afterwards, as king of England, made him ambassador to Venice. He was at Venice during the critical time of the quarrel with Rome, and was a firm friend of Father Paul. It was while on his way to Italy he wrote his "pleasant" definition of an ambassador: "*Legatus est vir bonus peregrè missus ad mentiendum causa Reipublicæ*," which he translated: "An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country."\* This pleasantry was eight years afterwards the subject of a serious representation to King James against Sir Henry, but by skilful and learned apologies Sir Henry was declared to "have commuted sufficiently."

When Wotton returned to England, his salary for foreign employment was in arrears. The king not being inclined to make these good, at any rate not all at once, put Sir Henry into the provostship of Eton, then vacant. "And Sir Henry, who had for many years (like Sisyphus) rolled the restless stone of state-employment, knowing experimentally that the great blessing of sweet content was not to

\* The humor of the English was clear to Sir Henry, but to his "enemies" not so clear as the meaning of the Latin.

be found in multitudes of men or business; and that a Colledge was the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts and to afford rest both to his body and mind, which his age (being now almost three score years) seemed to require," was made very happy by his election as provost. He had felt, like a halter round his neck, the remembrance of his debts, many contracted abroad, and his will is triumphantly cited as a proof of his anxiety to discharge them. He died in 1639, aged seventy-one, after being provost of Eton fifteen years.

Such are the events of the life of Sir Henry Wotton. That Izaak Walton's eulogy of him is not undeserved, will appear still more clearly on a closer study of his life.

What I have to say of Wotton will arrange itself readily under the following heads:—

I. His Friends; II. His Poetry; III. His Projected Books; IV. His Life as Schoolmaster.

I. He had friends in positions high and low. A man who numbered among his friends the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Bacon, Archbishop Laud, Bishop Juxon, the lord keeper, not to mention the chief authorities of Florence and Venice, the queen of Bohemia, King James I., and King Charles I. of England, might have fluttered in the regions of the court, and eventually have made a comfortable nest there. Amongst his friends also were some of the leading scholars, literary and scientific, both in England and abroad. Yet, modest and contented in heart, his affections, and with them his attentions, went forth to humbler individuals. But for him such names as Morton, Bedel, and Pey might have sunk into undeserved oblivion, or at any rate have lost something of the pleasant odor which they have. But for him, and I should add, for Izaak Walton. Wotton wrote letters to the three just named, Walton collected them. I have before me a copy of a book edited by Izaak Walton, a book as remarkable for its contents as for its title:

Reliquiæ Wottonianæ. { Lives  
Or, A Collection of { Letters with  
Poems

characters of Sundry Personages and other Incomparable Pieces of Language and Art. By the curious pensil of the Ever Memorable Sir Henry Wotton, Kt., Late Provost of Eton Colledge. London, Printed by Thomas Maxey, for R. Marriot, G. Bedel, and T. Garthwait. 1651.

Notice, no word, not even a modest one,

does the hero-worshipper Walton add as to the admirable memoir which he had himself supplied!

From this delightful book we gather our knowledge of Sir Henry Wotton's friends. Bishop Bedel, it is true, has had a somewhat long and grand biography written of him by Bishop Gilbert Burnet; but we would not on that account dispense with the glimpses of him which Sir Henry Wotton gives. Bedel was a clergyman of Suffolk, and was chosen as chaplain by Sir Henry Wotton. Curiously enough, a fellow clergyman in Suffolk, by name Wadsworth, was chosen at the same time as tutor to the infanta of Spain, who would, it was expected, become the bride of King James's son, Charles. Wadsworth was converted to Catholicism. This led to a sharp controversy between the Venetian ambassador's chaplain and the infanta's tutor, but one which has made itself peculiarly famous by the emphatically gentlemanly manner in which the combatants treated one another. After Bedel returned to England he applied for the governorship of Trinity College, Dublin. This is Sir Henry Wotton's testimonial: "Myself being required to render unto your Majesty some testimonial of the said Wm. Bedel (who was long my chaplain at Venice in the time of my first Imployment), I am bound, in all conscience and truth (as far as your Majesty will vouchsafe to accept my poor judgment), to affirm of him, that I think hardly a fitter man for that charge could have been propounded unto your Majesty in your whole kingdom, for singular erudition and piety, conformitie to the Rites of your Church, and zeal to advance the cause of God, wherein his travels abroad were not obscure in the time of the excommunication of the Venetians." What magnificence combined with modesty! William Bedel easily won the post.

Sir Albertus Morton was Sir Henry Wotton's secretary. He afterwards became secretary of state. Wotton's grief at the death of Morton was inexpressibly great, Walton tells us. Sir Henry writes to his friend, Nicholas Pey: "I received notice of Sir Albertus Morton's departure out of this world, who was dearer to me than mine own being in it." It was to Morton's memory Wotton wrote the poem beginning:—

Silence, in truth, would speak my sorrow best,  
For deepest wounds can least their feelings tell:

Yet let me borrow from my own unrest  
A time to bid him, whom I loved, farewell.

Later on, at the death of Sir Albertus Morton's wife, Wotton wrote the simple but touching couplet:—

He first deceas'd: She for a little tried  
To live without Him: lik'd it not, and di'd.

Mr. Nicholas Pey had been a servant of Sir Henry's brother, and through him had been advanced to be a great officer in the king's house. He is remarkable as displaying the "constant service of the antique world." A man he was, we are told by Izaak Walton, of a "radical honesty." To him Sir Henry Wotton thus refers in his will: "To Mr. Nicholas Pey I leave my chest or cabinet of instruments and engines of all kinds of uses; in the lower box whereof are some fit to be bequeathed to none but so entire an honest man as he is." Zouch, in his useful edition of "Walton's Lives," states that in this box were Italian locks, pick-locks, screws to force open doors, and many things of worth and rarity that Sir Henry Wotton had gathered in his foreign travel.

Lastly, we must not omit to speak of his "worthy Friend," Izaak Walton himself. In the "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*" are two letters written to Walton; one to encourage him in writing a life of Dr. Davis. This is how the magnificent Wotton gets over his omission of an early reply. "I am not able to yield any reason, no, not so much as may satisfy myself, why a most ingenuous letter of yours hath lyen so long by me (as it were in lavender) without an answer, save this only. The pleasure I have taken in your Stile and Conceptions, together with a Meditation of the Subject you propound, may seem to have cast me into a profound slumber. But, being now awaked, I do herein returne you most heartie thanks for the kinde prosecution of your first motion, touching a just office, due to the memory of our ever memorable Friend." The second letter I give in full:

My worthy Friend.

Since I last saw you I have been confin'd to my Chamber by a quotidian Fever, I thank God, of more contumacie than malignitie. It had once left me, as I thought; but it was only to fetch more company, returning with a surcrew of those splenetick vapors that are call'd Hypochondriacal: of which most say, the cure is good company; and I desire no better Physician then yourself. I have in one of those fits endeavour'd to make it more easie by composing a short Hymn; and since I have apparell'd my best thoughts so lightly as in Verse, I hope I shall be pardon'd a second vanitie, if I communicate it with such a friend as yourself; to whom I wish a chearfull spirit and a thankfull heart to value it as one of the

greatest blessings of our good God; in whose dear love I leave you, remaining

Your poor Friend to serve you,

H. WOTTON.

Thus writes Sir Henry Wotton to Izaak Walton. Let us for a moment leave the "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*," where, perhaps, Izaak Walton cannot but speak in unbounded praise, for "the life" of a man in the seventeenth century is what we might call an elegy in prose. In the "*Complete Angler*" Walton is naming honored names which stand sponsor for the justifiability of angling. He then (*Complete Angler*, 1st edition, pp. 32, 33) says: "My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late Provost of Eaton Colledge, Sir Henry Wotton (a man with whom I have often fish'd and convers'd), a man whose foreign employments in the service of this Nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind; this man, whose very approbation of Angling were sufficient to convince any modest Censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practicer of the Art of Angling."

Thus, then, in turns, write the two to one another and of one another. What has already been said of Wotton's friendship to Bedel, Morton, Pey, and Walton might be added to, though in a minor degree, perhaps, with regard to others. Jeremy Taylor says: "When we speak of friendship, which is the best thing in the world (for it is love and beneficence, it is charity that is fitted for society), we cannot suppose a brave pile should be built up with nothing." Great friendships, in other words, imply large souls.

Sir Henry Wotton's large-heartedness is displayed in every aspect of his life, but perhaps nowhere is it quite so remarkable, considering the age in which he lived, as in his religious toleration. Let me quote some of the anecdotes told by Walton. In conversation with a priest, Wotton pounced upon him with this question: "Do you believe that those many thousands of poor Christians were damned that were excommunicated because the pope and the Duke of Venice could not agree about their temporal power? even those poor Christians that knew not why they quarrelled. Speak your conscience." To which the astounded priest could only find breath to reply, "Excusez-moi." Again, to one who asked him, "Whether a Papist may be saved?" he replied, "You may be saved without knowing that.

Look to yourself." To another whose earnestness exceeded his knowledge, and was still railing against the Papists, he gave this advice: "Pray, sir, forbear, till you have studied the points better. . . . Take heed of thinking the farther you go from the Church of Rome, the nearer you are to God."

May we not, on reading these and such-like sayings, justly apply to him the words in which Chaucer describes his knight, "he was a verray parfight, gentil knight"?

## II. Sir Henry Wotton's Poetry.

I have already mentioned the lines written on the death of Morton, the couplet on the death of Morton's wife, and the hymn written on his sick-bed. Sir Henry Wotton's poems are not numerous. They may be divided into loyal poems, such as "On his Mestris, the Queen of Bohemia;" a hymn upon the birth of Prince Charles; religious poems, including a translation of the 104th Psalm; and "Poems on Nature." The last-named include "A Description of the Spring on a Banck as I sate a-Fishing," which Izaak Walton has quoted entire in the "Complete Angler." Another is "A Description of the Countrey's Recreations," which deserves to be read through whole.

Quivering feares, Heart-tearing cares,  
Anxious sighes, Untimely tears,  
Fly, fly to Courts;  
Fly to fond wordling's sports,  
Where stain'd Sardonical smiles are glossing still,

And grieve is forc'd to laugh against her wil;  
Where mirth's but mummery;  
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our Country pastimes! fly,  
Sad troop of humane misery;  
Come serene lookes,  
Cleare as the Christal brookes,  
Or the pure azur'd heaven, that smiles to see  
The rich attendance of our poverty.  
Peace and a secure mind,  
(Which all men seeke) we only find.

Abused Mortalls! did you know  
Where Joy, Hearts ease, and Comforts grow;  
You'd scorne proud towers,  
And seeke them in these bowers,  
Where winds sometimes, our woods perhaps may shake,  
But blustering care could never tempest make,  
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,  
Saving of fountaines that glide by us.

Here's no fantastick Mask, nor dance,  
But of our Kids, that frisk and prance:  
Nor warres are seen,  
Unless upon the greene

Two harmeless Lambs are butting one the other;  
Which done, both bleating run, each to his Mother.

And wounds are never found,  
Save what the Plow-share gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baites,  
To hasten too, too hasty fates;  
Unless it be

The fond Credulity  
Of silly fish, which, worldling-like, still look  
Upon the bait, but never on the hook:  
Nor envy, unless among  
The Birds for prize of their sweet song.

Go! let the diving Negro seek  
For Gemmes hid in some forlorne creek:  
We all Pearles scorne,  
Save what the dewy morne  
Congeals upon each little spire of grass;  
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;  
And gold ne'er here appears,  
Save what the yellow Ceres beares.

Blest silent Groves! ô may ye be  
For ever Mirth's best Nursery!  
May pure contents  
For ever pitch their tents  
Upon these Downs, these Meads, these Rocks,  
these Mountains,  
And Peace still slüber, by these purling fountaines!  
Which we may every yeare  
Find when we come a fishing here.

Two other poems in the small collections must be mentioned. The first is his best-known poem, "The Character of a Happy Life:"—

How happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not an other's will?  
Whose Armour is his honest thought,  
And simple Truth his utmost Skill?

Whose Passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepar'd for Death;  
Untied unto the world, by care  
Of publick fame, or private breath.

Who envies none that Chance doth raise,  
Nor Vice hath ever understood;  
How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
Nor rules of State, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,  
Whose Conscience is his strong retreat:  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruine make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of his grace than gifts to lend:  
And entertaines the harmless day  
With a Religious Book, or Friend.

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall:  
Lord of himselfe, though not of Lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

There is in Walton's "Life of Wotton" an entire absence of any reference to his hero's relations with women. We should have expected that his ideal knight would have sworn

To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds,  
Until he won her.

Yet what we actually find in this early poem is removed *toto cælo* from this.

O Faithless World, and thy more faithless  
part,

A woman's heart!

The true shop of variety, where sits  
Nothing but fits

And feavers of desire, and pangs of love,  
Which toys remove.

He winds up by saying:—

Know, that love lodg'd in a woman's breast  
Is but a guest.

One remark only I wish to make on this apparently self-revealing poem. Izaak Walton delighted to record the love of his friends and their married experiences (*e.g.*, the curious and unfortunate married life of Richard Hooker), and yet not a word on this subject about Henry Wotton. For anything we read, this might be a world without women in it. Remark the omission from the life of a man, handsome, brave, clever, generous, attractive, with all the qualities which win a woman! Evidently friendship in Izaak Walton's view of it did not include the telling to the world of that with which the world has nothing to do, or even accounting for the absence of that which might be expected. Would that modern biographers would learn of him!

When, in his fifty-seventh year, Sir Henry Wotton was so fortunate as to light upon restful Eton, he set himself to quiet work. We have to consider him in this aspect as the writer of books.

III. His printed works are contained, as mentioned before, in the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ." Let me quote from Izaak Walton an account of the contents: "Now of the work itself. Thou shalt find in it many curious things about Architecture, Picture, Sculpture, Landskip, Magnetical experiments, Gardens, Fountains, Groves, Aviaries, Conservatories of rare beasts, Fish-ponds. And also many observations of the mysteries and Labyrinths in Courts and States, delivered in Lives, Letters to Characters of sundry Personages, as Observations and Characters (which he took in his employment abroad) of these Dukes

of Venice, Giovanni Bembo and four others; an account of Foscarini, the Archduke Leopold, and Count Tampier; Artists and famous men mentioned. Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and ten others; Observations (at home) of the Courts of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles, with Lives and Characters of the Earl of Essex, Duke of Buckingham, and of King Charles; Characters and observations of Queen Elizabeth and twenty-five other leading historical characters of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James I., and King Charles I.; the author's character; Censure of Felton, Eggesham, Stamford, Scioppius."

One of the most important of these subjects treated is "The Elements of Architecture," following and improving upon Vitruvius.

Besides these actually written subjects, it had been Sir Henry Wotton's cherished intention to write a life of Martin Luther. For this Walton points out that Wotton was eminently qualified on account of his experience in embassies abroad, and his favor with various princes, which would have secured for him access to various records and "to the knowledge of many secret passages that fell not under common view. . . . But in the midst of this design, his late Majesty, King Charles I., that knew the value of Sir Henry Wotton's pen, did, by a persuasive loving violence, to which may be added a promise of £500 a year, force him to lay Luther aside, and betake himself to write the history of England." This at the time of his death he had to some slight extent attempted. He had written "Characters" of a few kings, and had laid the plan of writing at greater length an account of the life of Henry VI., the founder of Eton College, when death seized him from his restful and grateful work.

#### IV. Sir Henry Wotton as Schoolmaster.

Mr. Thomas Murray, provost of Eton College, the successor of the famous Sir Henry Savile, died in 1623. Sir Henry Wotton, by sheer dint of influence, amongst a number of competitors, secured the post. Indeed, it was lucky for him that he succeeded in obtaining it, for, to all account, his finances were in a most unsatisfactory state. We are told that he had to borrow money from his good friend, Mr. Nicholas Pey, to pay his expenses of removal. It is quite clear that Wotton took the provostship as a means of livelihood, and not from any love of the pedagogic profession.

Teachers nowadays recognize the advisability, most, indeed, the necessity of adequate training for the work of, at any rate, a head master. It would be interesting to consider how far a large, wide, varied experience of human affairs by a large-minded and large-hearted man may practically more than compensate for the lack of special training. To suggest this I am afraid may seem rank heresy. But the fact is, we must admit, that we have had so seldom the opportunity of observing a thoroughly able man, with an active varied experience, set himself to the work of teaching, that we can hardly judge *a priori* what the result would be.

Moreover, in the case we are now considering, teaching, in the specialized sense in which we employ the term, scarcely can be said to have been stuff of the intellectual conscience. In the words of the good Jeremy Taylor, himself a schoolmaster, education leads a man to build and adorn his house "with advantages and ornaments of learning, upon the foundation of piety."

We may judge from such words that the ideal of a schoolmaster in those days was not that of the most methodic instiller of knowledge, but, as it is surely in all times, the most efficient man in influencing the whole character of pupils, of which the intellect forms an important part. Now in this work of influence on character, undoubtedly, Sir Henry Wotton was not inexperienced. It may be objected that his experience had reference to men only, and that men and boys are so widely different that experience in the one cannot be read off into terms of the other. Perhaps so, generally speaking, but the case of Sir Henry Wotton tends to show that this is not an impossibility. Wotton, in short, gives the impression of being a man whose resources (except, indeed, his financial resources) were never exhausted. He shows power in action, and what is quite as necessary, power in repose. He can act vigorously, and he can sit still, smoke his pipe, and forget there is a schoolroom only the other side of his study door. *Voilà*, a model for some latter-day masters.

Now for his methods of teaching. Do not laugh at them. Remember he flourished two hundred and fifty years ago. I give Izaak Walton's words, thankful such (must I call them unscientific?) methods can be spoken of so pleasantly:—

He was a constant cherisher of all those youths in that school in whom he found either a constant diligence or a genius that prompted them to learning.

To-day the youngest pupil-teacher could tell him that he was only thinking of the "interesting" cases, and that he was neglecting the dull boys. Next, however, to our joy, we hear of something that looks uncommonly like an object-lesson.

He was (besides many other things of necessity and beauty) at the charge of setting up in it (the school) two rows of pillars, on which he caused to be choicely drawn the pictures of divers of the most famous Greek and Latin historians, poets, and orators; persuading them not to neglect rhetoric, because "Almighty God has left mankind affections to be wrought upon." And he would often say, "that none despised eloquence but such dull souls as were not capable of it." He would also often make choice of some observations out of those historians and poets, and would never leave the school without dropping some choice Greek or Latin apothegm or sentence that might be worthy of a room in the memory of a growing scholar.

Surely a pleasing picture! One too that should make us feel that essential as is the study of methods for us to-day, yet such study only goes a short way to make the teacher; beyond and above that is the personal influence which attracts, and which by its own graciousness unconsciously refines and draws those around into imitation. Wotton had, we allow, no knowledge of method, but he had the *otium cum dignitate*, and, above all, he had a passionate love of goodness and a restful content, which when joined with great powers of mind, fascinates young and old alike. In the life of the Hon. Robert Boyle, the well-known philosopher, we are told that he (Boyle) was "bred up at Eton College, whose provost at that time was Sir Henry Wotton, a person that was not only a fine gentleman himself, but very well skilled in the art of making others so."

To return to Izaak Walton.

Sir Henry "was pleased constantly to breed up one or more hopeful youths, which he picked out of the school and took into his own domestic care, and to attend him at his meals; out of whose discourse and behaviour he gathered observations for the *better completing of his intended book of education: of which, by his still striving to make the whole better, he lived to leave but part to posterity.*"

Now I have dwelt, it may be thought, with unnecessary emphasis on Sir Henry Wotton's ignorance of the study of methods. I was obliged to do so, because the idea of a man between fifty and sixty, ignorant of the science of education, holding a prominent educational post, to us is ludicrous. But I must, therefore, the more

earnestly call attention to the passage I have just quoted. It is an instance of a man, over two hundred and fifty years ago, without scientific training, deliberately setting about to consider for himself the psychological basis of education. Nor is that all. We have seen that to our notions Wotton was in some respects behindhand. Now I fear we have to see that he is in advance of some of us. How many of us practically observe and note down for useful purposes of reference and general direction that which goes on day by day in our contact with boys? How many head masters take hopeful boys and, at their own expense, "breed them up," so as to more closely see the conditions and possibilities of sound education? How many of us, with our vaunted interest in the science of education, study and make observations, and are able to quote our "cases," as do our professional fellows, the lawyer and the doctor?

Yet this is precisely what we find Sir Henry Wotton doing. The energetic and successful diplomatist, the graceful and refined courtier, the astute man of the world, if you will, the tasteful, tuneful poet, and the contented lover of the angle, is not only the most enterprising schoolmaster of his time (and that without training), but he is also an investigator of the principles of psychology on inductive lines, in exactly the way that our leaders would have us, in the nineteenth century, to go. Mark, too, his desire of thoroughness and his reluctance to rush into print. "Of which, by his still striving to make the whole better, he lived to leave but part to posterity."

His educational work, therefore, is unfortunately only a fragment. It is entitled "A Philosophical Survey of Education: or Moral Architecture." There is, as is usual with the age of Elizabeth and the early Stuarts, an epistle dedicatory to the sovereign. Wotton early explains that education, though conversant with children, is not merely a domestic affair, but has a direct relation to the commonwealth, and quotes the instances of the ancients to prove that it belongs to the domain of politics.

The heads under which he divides his work are:—

I. There must proceed a way how to discern the natural capacities and inclinations of children.

II. Next, the culture and furnishment of the mind.

III. The moulding of behavior and decent forms.

IV. The tempering of affections.

V. The quickening and exciting of observations and practical judgments.

VI. Timely instilling of conscientious principles and seeds of religion.

Sir Henry Wotton only completed his treatment of the first head, touching the study of natural capabilities and inclinations.

He urges that the teacher must search for "signatures of hopefulness" or "characters," whereby may timely be descried what the child will prove in probability.

"Characters" are either (1) impressed on the outward person, like stamps of nature, or (2) taken from some emergent art of his mind.

As examples of "characters" impressed on the outer person he takes (a) the child's color or complexion; (b) the structure and conformation of limbs; (c) "spirituous resultant" from the other two, which makes the countenance.

All these are matters of observation, and can be noted and reduced to empirical principles. For instance, it is easy to distinguish two classes of complexions—(a) a palish clearness (the sign of an even, phlegmatic humor); (b) a pure sanguine melancholic tincture.

As to the outward frame and fabric, Wotton draws attention to the importance of observing carefully the shape and size of the head and the quickness of the eye. As to the former he says: "It must needs be a silent character of hope, when there is good store of roomage and receipt where the powers (of mind) are stowed; as commonly we may think husbanding men to foresee their own plenty who prepare beforehand large barns and granaries." Yet Wotton candidly acknowledges that Thucydides is reported to have been "taper-headed," "as many of the Genoese are at this day in common observation, who yet are a people of singular sagacity." Further, he cites as an instance against his own view, Il Donato Testolina, yet on the whole, he argues, in spite of instances to the contrary, the head he wishes in a child should be "great and round."

The eye, he considers, betrays in a manner the whole state of the mind, and "let-teth out all our fancies and passions as it were by a window." He would therefore have in the eye of the child that is to excel a "settled vivacity." Once more, however, he candidly avows, "I have known a number of dull-sighted, very sharp-witted men."

With marked sagacity, however, Wotton insists that our judgments of children

must be taken from what he well terms "the total resultance."

He then gives examples of "the more solid and conclusive characters," which start out of children when they are themselves least aware of them. He quotes Seneca and Angelus Politianus as saying:

1. *Tantum ingenii, quantum iræ.* (The child will have as much wit as he has waywardness.) Wotton is disposed to think this a sometimes fallacious "signature."

2. Quintilian says: - *Tantum ingenii quantum memoriæ.* This maxim has a stronger consequence of hope, not only because it is important as showing a good retention, but also, as Wotton acutely points out, it is an infallible argument of *good attention!*

3. Parents should mark whether their children be naturally *apt to imitate.*

Besides these points, Sir Henry Wotton invites the attention of those who have the care of children to the following matters:—

1. Note the witty excuses of children.

2. The kind of jests or pleasant incidents with which he is most taken in others.

3. Note especially the child at his play, or, as Wotton calls it, his "pretty pastime."

4. Note, not only articulate speech, but also the child's smiles and frowns, especially when they lighten or cloud the whole form in a moment.

5. Note his dreams.

So far of capacities.

As to inclinations, Sir Henry Wotton names two as examples of what should be noted:—

1. Does the child love solitude and silence? He likes him not to do so.

2. When alone, does he sit still and do nothing? "If so, I like him worse. There is commonly but a little distance in time between doing of nothing and doing of ill."

In all this there is a downright, thorough-going attempt to an empirical child psychology. We know, of course, that the merest tyro in psychology would pronounce that much of Sir Henry Wotton's psychology is poor stuff; and much of it is simply empirical observation in physiognomy. But we could with equal cogency point out that many a boy in a fifth form could now do mathematics which Sir Isaac Newton never, in his palmiest days, attempted. Yet all our boys have not yet learned how to become Sir Isaac Newtons. So with Sir Henry Wotton. His ideas of studying complexions, and thence discovering "humors," are somewhat curious to

the modern mind. His judgment of character and ability by the appearance is apt to be met by Shakespeare's

There is no art to read the mind's construction in the face.

Admitting all these and other limitations to the acceptance of Sir Henry Wotton's pedagogy, it has to be remembered that the essential value of Sir Henry's work is not in what he observed merely, so much as in the fact that he thought children worthy of observation. To an age which has received the impress of the genius of Froebel and his missionaries, this is part of our common sense. It is in the air; moreover, it is not far above our heads. Hence, if we ever open our educational eyes at all, we see it writ large wherever we go. But to Wotton's age it was a paradox. We must never forget that *learning* was looked upon as the be-all and the end-all of education. Now *learning* never could be a possession of the young child; hence, educationally speaking, the child was uninteresting. It was the Scaligers, the Casaubons, the scholars, who invited the attention and aroused the envy of the schoolmasters. The little children were not scholars; experience showed that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they never became learned. Hence there was no satisfaction to be got out of them.

I hope, however, I have made clear the fact that Sir Henry Wotton was interested in those boys who personally came under his care, and that he was profoundly convinced of the importance of a careful study of the temperaments and dispositions of children with a view to training and developing them.

There is one aspect I cannot refrain from alluding to and even emphasizing. In Sir Henry's observations there are included natural capacities and inclinations, the culture and furnishing of the mind, behavior and carriage, affections, observing powers, and practical judgments, and the culture of religion. It is not too much to say that our boasted "liberal education" breaks down before such an analysis. To-day we lay stress on intellectual acquirements, and on those almost entirely. I am not now raising the question as to our wisdom or otherwise in so doing, I only point out that Sir Henry Wotton is wider and in some respects higher in his general outlook. The width and height of his observations are at least suggestive for us even to-day.

The truth is, that a man like Wotton,

who knew the highways of life in so many directions, saw, with the clearness borne in upon him from experiences accumulating on every side, that life is more than learning, and that education is in its narrow sense preparation for life, and in its broad sense it is life itself. Such a man, deeply rooted in all the activities of the time, in the court, in the country, at home and abroad; well-read as to the past, a part of the present, hopeful of the future; unfettered by tradition, and without any knowledge of rules-of-the-thumb maxims of teaching, could not but throw light on the specialistic profession which he took up. He is the type of the successful all-around man, trying his hand at the education of boys. That one of the most distinguished diplomatists in his latter days should undertake the control of a school and the study of pedagogics, is an experiment little likely in our days or in the future to be repeated. If, therefore, the attempt, from the side of the accomplished gentleman, to become a schoolmaster has become impossible from the specialization which now characterizes or is destined apparently to characterize teaching, it only remains for the schoolmasters to know their own work thoroughly, and to endeavor to approach Sir Henry Wotton by their grace of bearing, their culture, not only of learning, but of arts, of actions, of conversation, and of piety. He is accurately described as Sir Henry Wotton, gentleman and schoolmaster. Schoolmasters have before them still the desirability of the same combination. The circumstances of the age may demand the reversal of the order. Now it is schoolmaster and gentleman. The combination is essential for high work, and no example would more pointedly illustrate this than that of Sir Henry Wotton.

FOSTER WATSON.

From Temple Bar.

#### HUMOR.

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it." — *Love's Labor Lost*.

"WELL, good-bye. You will fall a victim, I have not the slightest doubt, to Emmeline's charms."

"Yes; but will she allow *herself* to be charmed?"

"Not if she's wise. But here is your train. Good-bye; and if you break your heart the great remedy for such com-

plaints is change of scene, you know. If I hear of you in Africa next week, I shall understand what has happened."

The speakers shook hands. He found a place in the train, and she made her way again to the pony carriage in which she had driven him to the station, his farewell words not having been perhaps exactly what they would have been if spoken in the hearing of a less limited audience.

"What an idiot he is," she said to herself, and then she laughed. The epithet would not have wounded the feelings of the most sensitive of mortals had he read aright the laugh that followed it. "Poor George," was with a sigh her next comment, and a grave look clouded her bright face.

George was the husband for whom her mourning had now reached the lavender and white stage. Poor George, he had never liked her cousin. But there was no harm in Dan, absolutely none. The pony took its time through the hedge-shaded lanes — hedges garlanded with wild roses and honeysuckle.

Three days afterwards, the post brought a letter among others that was read over more than once by the recipient. It ran after this wise:—

"DEAR LYDIA, — Words spoken in jest, as you and the Greeks say, come true. I am engaged to Miss Winterton. Emmeline — for so I have a right now to call her — made me the happiest of men by accepting me this morning. I feel I cannot let a post go without telling you my news. When I think of how we made a subject for ridicule and merriment of an object to me now so precious, I indeed come to the conclusion that my fate is better than I deserve. Yours always affectionately,

"D. FORBES.

"P.S. — Emmeline sends her best love, and counts upon your presence at the wedding."

Lydia's red and white grew very vivid as she read this communication the first time. On the second perusal, white predominated; on the third, her color suddenly returned, and she laughed.

"He is a silly creature," she told herself; "I will give him a good time in revenge. He deserves it. How could I be so foolish as to be taken in? Emmeline! Absurd. Poor old Emmeline, with her dust cloak and bag of keys."

Lydia sat down to her writing-table, and, looking very much pleased with herself all the while, wrote as follows:—

"MY DEAR DAN,—I do not deny that your note took me a little by surprise, but I am very, very glad [three underlines to each very] of what you tell me. Of course, our foolish little jokes meant nothing. In fact, as a blind, people often joke about those they like best. I think Emmeline is most admirably calculated to make you happy, and I send my sincerest good wishes for your future life. Always, dear Dan, with love to Emmeline,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"LYDIA BRACKENBURY.

"P.S.—Please give the enclosed note to Mrs. Winterton. I cannot forbear writing just a line to her to say how much your engagement, of which I have heard from you, pleases me. She will be so glad about it herself, I know."

Captain Forbes was at breakfast when Lydia's letter was brought to him. The Winterton family were ranged round the table, and without reading his own document he handed at once to Mrs. Winterton the note enclosed and addressed to her in his cousin's handwriting. Then he read what she had written to him, and his usually lively color turned to a positive grey. This was awful. He had given to Mrs. Winterton a letter to say how much pleased Lydia was to have heard from him of his engagement to her daughter. What a frightful predicament to be in! He looked to the head of the table where Mrs. Winterton, a most grim, stiff, and propriety-loving specimen of the British mother, sat behind the teapot. He looked across to Emmeline in her prim, unattractive, old-maidish, latter youth. How should he ever get out of this? Of course the letter was all nonsense. There hadn't been a word of truth in it. How could there have been? Really, Lydia might have known. He had certainly taken a long time to compose the effusion and to make it seem as real as possible; but to whom would it have occurred, even if she had believed such a monstrous impossibility, that she would have gone and written off on the spur of the moment to the old woman? And she didn't seem to care one straw. She believed such an outrageously impossible thing, without the least hesitation or distress! It was nothing to her; evidently nothing at all. Good heavens! what a position! what in the world was he to do? He scarcely dared look again towards Mrs. Winterton as she read the most unfortunate and ill-conceived epistle. How furious the woman would be. He would have to apologize. He

would have to explain that it was only a joke. Only a joke! that was a pleasant explanation to have to make. Well, he had been in some nasty predicaments before in his life, but this outvied them all.

As soon as the women had left the room, the door of which he had held open for them with the most hang-dog air that human being ever wore, Captain Forbes sought refuge in the shrubbery, and racked his brains to determine upon the best course of conduct to be pursued under the present terrific condition of affairs. He had best, he speedily concluded, go and have it out with the old woman and get it over. There was nothing really to be gained by waiting. It was, indeed, past praying for. Thereupon he retraced his steps, and met Mrs. Winterton, as luck would have it, immediately in the hall.

"May I speak to you for a moment, Mrs. Winterton?" he asked, in the most nervous of nervous voices.

Mrs. Winterton acceded to the request. She was always stiff and formal, and whether there was much stiffness and formality added to what was usual, the unhappy man was too much embarrassed to rightly determine.

"I am sure I am exceedingly sorry that it should have happened," he began, as soon as he found himself in the drawing-room. "Had I had the faintest idea that my cousin would take it in that way, and that this would have occurred, I don't know what I wouldn't sooner have done than write that letter." Mrs. Winterton made no reply. Her pale, cold blue eyes were fixed upon Captain Forbes's agitated countenance. She gives no help, he thought, and certainly I don't deserve it. Ass that I was. "Delirious ass," as Macgregor would say. "You see," he went hesitating and stammering on, "my cousin, Mrs. Brackenbury, did not understand that it was a joke, or of course she wouldn't have written to you treating the matter seriously. No one can more regret than I do that I took Miss Winterton's name in such a way. You must think it quite unpardonable."

"I do not quite understand you, Captain Forbes," Mrs. Winterton replied, in her rigid, frozen voice. "I do not quite understand to what you are alluding."

"I am alluding to my cousin's letter to you that she enclosed in one to me. I gave it to you, not for an instant supposing that she had taken seriously what I said about my engagement to your daughter," Captain Forbes answered with the it's-no-

use-beating-about-the-bush feeling now uppermost in his distracted mind.

Mrs. Winterton regarded him with a most withering expression.

"Am I to understand from you, Captain Forbes," she inquired, "that you have been amusing yourself, writing to Mrs. Brackenbury to inform her as a joke that you were about to become the husband of my daughter?"

"I know it was abominable of me," Captain Forbes said. "I see perfectly that it was wholly unjustifiable, and I regret my most atrociously idiotic letter more than words can say."

"Yours, certainly, seems an ill-timed pleasantry," Mrs. Winterton answered, her blue eyes colder and her icy manner icier than ever, "and I should have known nothing of the nature of your humor had you not kindly explained it to me. There was no word referring to your *joke* in Mrs. Brackenbury's letter."

Poor Captain Forbes, "delirious ass" twice over he told himself. If he'd held his tongue, the old woman would have known nothing. He might, he thought, have trusted Lydia not to have been deceived in the way that, during the shock of his sudden dismay, he had supposed. But it was too bad of her. In the sanctuary of his own room, he drew writing materials to him again and sent her a briefer letter this time, than the first had been.

"You have got me into a horrible hole," he wrote, "and I never felt such a fool in my life. I am going back to London at once."

The next morning he found a telegram waiting for him at his club. "When do you start for Africa?"

"She is really a little wretch," he thought, smiling. But he could forgive anything better than that she should have received calmly, even gladly, the announcement of his engagement to — well, to anybody, not only to poor Emmeline, in fact.

"I start for Africa next week," he telegraphed. "Shall I come and see you first?"

"If you like," the answer came.

There was no going to Africa for him.

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From The Argosy.

DIS ALITER VISUM.

July 30, 1700 — January 14, 1892.

TILL the lamented death of the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale, English

history has furnished, at least since the Conquest, but one instance of the decease of the heir apparent *of* the heir apparent to the crown.

That instance was supplied by the death, July 30, 1700, of the Duke of Gloucester, the only surviving child of princess, afterwards queen, Anne.

It may also be mentioned as a remarkable incident that King William the Third, who then filled the throne, was the only example of an English sovereign who would not necessarily have been succeeded by his own posterity. For by act of Parliament, Princess Anne was next in the succession and after her her children.

There was every human probability that the young Duke of Gloucester, who was but eleven at the time of his death, would survive both William and Anne and rule the British Empire as King William the Fourth. But it was ordered otherwise. The life of this poor, young duke was of immense political importance, for, as the adherents of the exiled monarch at St. Germain's fully believed, his life was the chief, if not the only real, obstacle that existed to prevent the restoration of the Prince of Wales. Therefore every one who hated popery and loved the Protestant religion and liberty earnestly prayed for the long life of the Duke of Gloucester. But their prayers were not answered.

How greatly changed are times!

When nearly two centuries ago the young royal duke lay dying at Windsor, there were thousands of English men and English women of all ranks and degrees eagerly hoping that the next tidings would be of his decease.

What a contrast to yesterday when there was probably throughout the globe not one British heart that did not throb with sympathy for the royal household at Sandringham, and rise in prayer to the Almighty that he would avert the impending blow.

Another contrast that is worthy to be noted:—

The prince, whose loss the nation now so justly deplores, had in his short but fatal illness the best medical treatment that advanced science could give. It was far otherwise with the hapless Duke of Gloucester, who appears to have been simply sacrificed to the ignorance of his physicians. The boy's malady was scarlet fever, but he was treated first for quinsy and then for small-pox. To this treatment he succumbed in three days.

His tutor, the celebrated Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, was present throughout the duke's illness, and by the

command of the Princess Anne, wrote an account of its brief and terrible progress to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tenison at that time, as first of the lords justices representing the king, then absent in Holland.

As we read the bishop's letters, the sad and melancholy scene rises before us as an actuality. They are taken from the originals, and both the grammar and the spelling are exactly reproduced. It may be premised that the Duke of Gloucester was born July 24, 1689.

Windsor Castle, 27 July, 1700, 2 o'clock.

May it please your Grace, —

This is by the Princesses orders to prevent all stories or misrepresentations. The Duke was a little ill the day after his birthday, which we imputed to the fatigue of that day. It went off, and he was pretty well, till last night that he was feverish, his head ached, and he had a sore throat; so the Princesse sent for Dr. Hans, who fearing a Quinzy, has let him blood three hours agoe five or six ounces. Since that time his fever is abated, no ill symptome of no sort appears, but the Doctor desires assistance, in case of accidents. Upon this Dr. Gibbons is sent for, only out of the caution that an affair of this consequence requires. This is the true state of this matter, which I am commanded to signify to your Grace that you may communicate it to any of their Excellencies.

I am, &c.,

GI. SARUM.

When Dr. Hans stuck his lancet into the poor boy, he let out his very life blood; and when presently afterwards Dr. Gibbons and his brethren made their appearance, and applied blisters to the royal patient, his doom was assured. Bishop Burnet thus reported the result.

Windsor Castle, 29 July, 1700,  
10 in the morning.

May it please your Grace, —

The Doctors have been now with the Duke; they opened one of the blisters which rise very well. They are still of a mind in their prescriptions, but Dr. Ratcliffe is not yet satisfied whether it may not prove to be the small pox, at night he believes it will be plainer. They do all agree it is a malignant fever, and that there is much danger in it. This is what I am ordered to lay before your Grace. God of his mercy hear our prayers, and give me cause by my next to send you a more comfortable account.

I am &c.,

GI. SARUM.

The end was now not far off, though the doctors did not think so. Nine hours after his last letter, the bishop wrote another.

Windsor Castle, 29 July, 1700,  
near seven at night.

May it please your Grace, —

Things are no worse, but rather better. The Duke's head is more consistent, his breathing freer, and he sleeps a little more. Dr. Ratcliffe begins now to give over the apprehensions he had of the small pox. The Doctors do still agree in their Prescriptions. Upon opening the blisters for which I have staid the sending this—I had begun this period thinking as was intended that the blisters were to have been opened before this time, but his Highness is in a breathing sweat and sleeps so this is delayed. It is plainly a rash and there is no ill Symptome only as the Fever is Malignant so the Patient is weak. This is what the Phisitions say who seem to own more hopes now than they did in the morning.

I am, with all Respect, My Lord, Your Grace's most humble and most obedient Servant,

GI. SARUM.

As may be supposed the end was not far distant, and a few hours terminated the boy's sufferings. The sad event was thus announced.

Windsor Castle, 30th July, 1700,  
2 in the morning.

My Lord, —

God has now thought fit to put an end to this Prince's daies, and to all our hopes from him. At nine last night the Doctors applied two new blistering plaisters; the blisters of the former were fair and full, and everything seemed very promising, but before eleven there was a terrible change. The inflammation in his throat grew to that degree that it choked him. The Doctors ordered him to be cupped, and some ounces of blood were taken from him, but with no success, for he panted on till one o'clock this morning, and then, just as we ended the commendatory praier, he died. I can say nothing, and indeed think nothing, after this dismall sight. God be mercifull to a sinfull nation. I need not tell your Grace how much the Prince and Princesse are sunk with this. God of His mercy support them and Preserve the King.

I am, &c.,

GI. SARUM.

It was the opinion of many that the death of the Duke of Gloucester was almost a direct providential interposition. Young as he was, he had already manifested an extraordinarily military turn of mind. His toys, his amusements, his thoughts, all took this singular bias. He formed a troop of his young friends, placed himself at their head, and was never tired of exercising his boyish manœuvres with them. This tendency in after life might possibly have plunged the country into all the evils of constant warfare.

The same tendency was observable in the case of Prince Henry, the heir appar-

ent of James I., who died at the age of twenty. But in him it was allied to great intellectual attainments, and, in so young a man, singular wisdom and good judgment. Here again we have a contrast with the lamented Duke of Clarence, whose proclivities seem all to have been of an essentially peaceful and amiable nature, endearing him most to those who knew him best.

The Duke of Gloucester was sacrificed to the ignorance of his physicians, but the death of the Duke of Clarence can be ascribed to no such cause. Here we have to remain silent and submissive before the wisdom that ordereth all things well, assured that even the chastening hand of the Almighty must be fraught with blessing. We shall not always see through a glass darkly, and all that seems incomprehensible to us now we "shall know hereafter."

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From Temple Bar.

"THERMIDOR" AND LABUSSIÈRE.

M. SARDOU, in his play "Thermidor," which was recently produced at the Comédie Française, and caused such a fuss among Parisian politicians, has unearthed a highly interesting but, so far as history goes, obscure figure of the French Revolution.

Charles Hippolyte Labussière was born in Paris in 1768, and was the son of a poor naval officer. At the age of sixteen he enlisted as a cadet in a regiment quartered at Dunkirk, but does not appear to have cared much for a military career—possibly, with his independent spirit, of which there are ample signs, he kicked against discipline—for he was soon back in Paris, where he dashed madly into a turmoil of dissipation. He appears to have been a sort of well-attired Bohemian, and having no private means and no profession it is not surprising that he should have drifted on to the stage, first performing as an amateur at the Théâtre Mareux, which Fabien Pillet tells us was a society theatre, and afterwards, as a professional, at the Théâtre des Variétés Ambulantes, where he was engaged from 1787 to 1789. He took pleasure in playing such parts as ridiculed public men of the day, particularly the minor demagogues who blossomed into notoriety at the commencement of the Revolution, and by doing so incurred the ill-will of many; and it was quite a piece of good luck for him when he secured a post in the offices of the

Comité de Salut Public—that is to say, at the very stronghold of the Terror—where several of his friends had already found a harbor of refuge against persecution. Armed with a card signed by a delegate of the Comité, he from that moment commanded the respect of all, even of those whose resentment he had provoked, and was as safe as any one could be in Paris in those unsettled times.

Labussière entered upon his duties as a copying clerk in the offices of the Comité de Salut Public three months and a half before the 9th Thermidor, and was appointed to the department where all the information in the shape of documentary evidence obtained by the Comité respecting prisoners of the Republic was classed and kept, with a view to its being handed to the revolutionary tribunal at the proper time. Labussière was the last person to have these documents in hand. It was his duty to number and register them, and daily, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to deliver such of them as were asked for to a member of the popular commission, but without being required to take a receipt for them. Forty-eight hours later the prisoners whom these papers concerned appeared at the bar of the revolutionary tribunal, and were despatched to the guillotine.

Labussière had not been seated many hours in the offices of the terrible Comité before he had made up his mind to save the lives, or at all events to delay the trial, of certain prisoners in whom he took an interest, by destroying the written evidence against them which he had under his control, and commenced his daring exploits by snatching the Sénéchal family and Madame Leprestre de Château-Giron and her two daughters from the scaffold. Each day it was his duty to hand twenty or twenty-five documents to the delegate of the commission, and each day he suppressed a few of them. During the first week he concealed the papers he had abstracted on the premises, but the bundle gradually became large; and as he was afraid to keep it hidden in the office any longer, and equally afraid to run the risk of taking anything away with him in the daytime, he decided to operate at night.

The members of the Comité de Salut Public were in the habit of holding a meeting at their offices in the Pavillon de Flore at one o'clock in the morning, and Labussière took advantage of this to pay a visit to his office at the same hour. Once there, he removed the papers from his hiding-place, and soaked them in a pail

of water which he took care to have in readiness, until they were reduced to pulp; this pulp he divided into five or six balls, which he put into his pockets and took home with him to his lodgings. At six o'clock in the morning he went out to one of the floating swimming-baths on the Seine, where he again soaked the balls of pulp, which had become hardened by the heat of the weather, and, dividing them into very small bullets, threw them one by one into the river, out of the window of his cabin.

These excursions in the small hours of the morning were generally made without incident, but on the night of the 9th Messidor (28th June) Labussière ran a very narrow risk of being caught. He had gone to his office at the usual hour, to remove the papers he had secreted on the three previous days, and this visit had for object the saving of the lives of some forty persons, among whom were the principal actors and actresses of the *Comédie Française*, who had been arrested and thrown into prison on September 3rd, 1793, upon a warrant emanating from the *Comité de Salut Public*, approved by the Convention, after the stormy performance of "*Paméla*," by François de Neufchâteau, who was arrested and sent to gaol at the same time. Labussière was passing along one of the corridors in the *Pavillon de Flore* on his way out, with his balls of paper pulp in his pocket, when he suddenly heard advancing towards him a number of persons engaged in a noisy discussion. It was an improper hour to be found in the building, and he fell within the provisions of the law relating to suspects. Perceiving a large chest, he raised the lid and quietly slid inside. The ferocious Collot d'Herbois and his companions passed by; and as soon as they were out of sight, Labussière made off. On reaching the *Boulevard des Italiens*, on his way to his lodgings, he was stopped by a member of the revolutionary committee of the *Lepelletier* section, who, calling him a conspirator, counter-revolutionist, and so forth, attempted to search him. A struggle ensued, out of which Labussière came victorious; and as, fortunately for him, there was no one else about in the street at the time, he was able to reach his lodgings without further trouble. On the 9th Thermidor—which put an end to the Terror—Labussière became secretary to Legendre, and was then able to free a large number of people.\* It is reported

that he saved five hundred in all from the time he entered the service of the *Comité de Salut Public*; another version places the figures at exactly nine hundred and twenty-four; but Liénart, who was Labussière's contemporaneous historian, raises it to eleven hundred and fifty-three and gives the names.

There seems no doubt that Labussière ran the greatest risk when he saved the heads of the performers of the *Comédie Française*; and if Robespierre and his friends had lasted much longer, he and the comedians would probably have ended their days on the scaffold. Collot d'Herbois had not forgotten the actors and actresses of the French Theatre, for on the 8th Messidor, An II. (26th June, 1794), in sending papers concerning them to the public accuser, Fouquier Tinville, to whom he gave only five days to prepare the case against them, he wrote to him as follows:

The Committee sends thee, citizen, the documents relating to the former French comedians. Thou knowest, as do all patriots, what thorough counter-revolutionists these people are; thou shalt place them on their trial on the 12th Messidor.

In regard to the others, there are some among them who only deserve deportation; but we will see what is to be done with them after these have been tried.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Labussière had no time to lose, and, in his feverish haste to save his old friends, he jeopardized the life of Larive, the tragedian; for instead of destroying the papers unfavorable to that gentleman, he by mistake did away with those that had been produced to procure his acquittal. The *Comité de Salut Public* became so exasperated at the delay in sending Larive's documents forward, that they ordered them to be despatched to Fouquier Tinville "as they were," and it was only by Labussière's chief, Fabien Pillet, making excuses upon excuses, that it was possible to delay complying with the order until the 9th Thermidor arrived and the Committee was upset. Fabien Pillet, who was a friend of Labussière, seems all along to have been aware of his proceedings, to have winked at them at first and towards the end to have played a part in them. He wrote a notice on Labussière in the "*Biographie Michaud*;" and although he

lished in the *Journal des Débats* of 5th Messidor, An X. (23rd June, 1802), signed J. C. T., which probably stood for Joseph Charles Trouvé, who was a writer of importance on the *Moniteur Universel* at the commencement of the Revolution, was afterwards ambassador in Italy, and finally became prefect and baron under the First Empire.

\* The foregoing facts are taken from an article pub-

mentions the above occurrence, he omits to say that he was Labussière's chief.

Labussière had made such confusion among the papers necessary for the prosecution of the comedians, that their trial, which had already been delayed for a long time, had still to be postponed for want of evidence against them. The Convention had begun to take notice of the affair, and Fouquier Tinville found himself obliged to write the following letter to the Comité de Salut Public:—

Paris, 5 Thermidor, An II, of the  
Republ. Franç. one and indiv.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, OR DEATH.

The public accuser at the Revolutionary Tribunal.

To the citizen members representatives of the people, entrusted with the general police.  
CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES,—

The denunciation made a few days ago at the Tribune of the Convention is only too true; the staff of your prisoners' office is composed of nothing but royalists and counter-revolutionists, who impede the progress of business.

For the last two months there has been absolute disorder among the documents of the Committee; of thirty persons pointed out to me to be tried, half or two-thirds are almost always wanting, and sometimes more: only lately all Paris was awaiting the trial of the French comedians, and I have not yet received any papers respecting this affair; the representatives Couthon and Collot had, however, spoken to me about it, but I am still awaiting orders on the subject.

It is impossible for me to bring a prisoner to trial without documents mentioning at least his name and prison; owing to this disorder, the names of persons executed on the previous day have been called out in the prisons: this may produce a very bad effect on the public mind. I hope to hand you, at the end of this decade, a new arrangement respecting the prisoners, which I think will meet your views, and contribute, not a little, to consolidate the foundations of the Republic.

Greeting and fraternity,

FOUQUIER TINVILLE.

Before the end of the decade Robespierre had been hurled from power, and the French comedians were about to be delivered from gaol. The precise date of their discharge does not appear, but as the author of "Paméla," who was imprisoned at the same time as they were, was set free on August 4th or 5th, 1794, after three hundred and thirty-six days' captivity, as he mentions in some very bad verse published in the *Journal de Paris* of August 8th, 1794, it is probable they obtained their liberty about the same time. Anyhow, the *Journal des Théâtres* announces that Larive and Mlle. Thénard

appeared in "Guillaume Tell" on 24th Thermidor (11th August) at the Théâtre Egalité, which was the old playhouse of the Comédie Française, and that Dazincourt and Mlle. Contat played in the "Métromanie" and "Fausses Confidences" on 29th Thermidor (16th August).

Fabien Pillet relates that Labussière, after the 9th Thermidor, became private secretary to the butcher Legendre, who was member of the Comité de Sûreté Générale and a deserter from the Jacobin Club, and that from him he obtained the release of a large number of prisoners; but on the 13th Vendémiaire (5th October, 1795) he was himself arrested and imprisoned—why, we are not told—and on his release, a week afterwards, he retired into private life.

It was not until nine years after the 9th Thermidor that the members of the Comédie Française could make up their minds to give Labussière a benefit at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre—then the largest in Paris—in recognition of what he had done for them; and even then the performance, after being promised and announced, was delayed for six months. It at last took place on 5th April, 1803, and produced fourteen thousand francs (£560), a large sum of money in those days. The playbill was made up of "Les deux Pages" and "Hamlet." The first consul was present at the performance, and at its conclusion Talma, who played the principal part in the tragedy, was called before the curtain. Probably the benefit would not have been given at all had it not been for Messieurs Étienne and Martainville, who called attention to Labussière's heroic action in their history of the French Theatre during the Revolution.

Labussière, in a very worthy and interesting letter published in the *Courrier des Spectacles*, after the performance in his honor, thanks the comedians and others for what they had done for him, and touches lightly, and without the least show of ill-humor, upon the services which he had had "the pleasure" of rendering "at the peril of his life."

Labussière's end was a sad one. None of the theatrical literature of the day gives the date of his death, and Liénart's account of him, which is not of much value, only extends to 1803. He appears to have been an incorrigible spendthrift, incapable of economy, and the fourteen thousand francs obtained from the theatrical benefit were soon dissipated. Fabien Pillet says that he received secret assistance from the Empress Joséphine, through

Madame de la Rochefoucauld, but that he ultimately fell into abject poverty, and that, after a violent attack of paralysis, he lost his mental faculties, and was locked up by the police in a madhouse where he soon died, entirely forgotten, even by those for whom he had run the greatest danger. It is a pity Pillet gives neither the name of the asylum where he was confined nor the date of his death.

---

From The Queen.

#### AGRA.

THE city of Akbar, that is what it really means, is situated on the right bank of the Jumna, and the interest of visitors chiefly centres in the antiquities of the place, of which the principal are the fort, the Taj, the mausoleum of Etrud-ud-dowlah, the tomb of Akbar at Secundra, and lastly, Futtehpore-Sikri, which is about three-and-twenty miles from Agra. To begin with the fort, which is surrounded by a red sandstone wall sixty feet high, with machicolated battlements. The outer ditch and rampart have disappeared, but the inner moat, paved with stone, still exists. The north gateway is an imposing structure, flanked by two enormous towers, "continued inwards in a range of buildings, showing a beautiful succession of alternate niches and small arched openings" covered with carving and mosaic. From the gate a long paved stone ascent leads to a noble courtyard, surrounded by arcades; on one side is the Dewan-i-am, or Judgment Seat of Akbar, a splendid hall, now used as an arsenal, but made to do the duties of a ballroom during the visit of the Prince of Wales to India in 1876. Beyond the arsenal, in that part of the fort overlooking the Jumna, is the Monarch's Palace, still in a tolerable state of preservation. No part has been utterly destroyed, and marks of injury by time and battle are comparatively slight. Here a cannon ball has burst its way through the marble screen of the sultan's pavilion; there an inlaid blossom of cornelian, with leaves of bloodstone, has been wantonly dug out of its marble bed; the fountains are dry, the polished tank in the "bath of mirrors" is empty; the halls are untenanted — but that is all. No chamber, no window, no staircase is wanting, and it is easy to repeople the palace with the household of the great emperor, and to trace out in fancy the daily routine of his duties and pleasures. All the subtruc-

tures of the palace are of red sandstone, but nearly the whole of the corridors, chambers, and pavilions are of white marble, wrought with the most exquisite inlaying of gems and precious stones. The pavilions seem precious caskets of marble, glittering all over with jasper, cornelian, agate, and lapis-lazuli, and crowned with golden domes. Balustrades of marble, carved in open patterns of such rich design that they seem like fringes of lace when seen from below, extend along the edge of the battlements. The Jumna washes the wall seventy feet below, and from the balconies attached to the zenana, or women's apartments, there are beautiful views of the gardens and palm groves on the opposite bank, and that wonder of India, the Taj, shining like a palace of ivory and crystal about a mile down the stream.

The most curious part of the palace is the Shish Mehal, or Palace of Glass; it is an Oriental bath, the chambers and passages of which are adorned with thousands of small mirrors disposed in the most intricate designs. Though the building is an incrustation of gold, marble, and precious stones, water is still its most beautiful ornament, and within these fairy precincts lies the garden, still overrun with roses and jasmine vines, in the midst of which fountains are playing. It was here, in a charming bower of gorgeous creepers, we partook of afternoon tea, which we had brought with us; indeed, tea-parties to the fort are becoming quite an institution in Agra now. This performance delayed us so long that we nearly forgot the time, and left ourselves scant space wherein to see the Motee Musjid, the most perfect and absolutely beautiful of all Oriental mosques. It is lifted on a lofty sandstone platform, and from without nothing can be seen but its three domes of white marble, with their gilded spires. In all distant views of the fort, these domes are seen like silvery bubbles which have rested a moment on its walls, which the next breeze may sweep away. Ascending a long and winding flight of stone steps, we stood in the courtyard of the mosque on its western side, the pure blue of the sky overhead, in which the brilliant stars had already arisen, twinkling one by one, and the gorgeous sunset afterglow behind the pure and perfect domes in front of us. It is a sanctuary so pure and stainless, that one feels humbled, as a Christian, to think that our noble religion has never inspired its architects to surpass this temple to God and Mohammed.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## POETRY.

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"HE COMETH NOT," SHE SAID.

JOHN is not come home!  
The kine lie midst the sedges on the shore,  
Or moan and wander to the dairy door,  
Or restless o'er the dewy moorlands roam.

Not come home!  
Such simple words, to mean so much to me,  
To keep me weeping, watching by the sea —  
The cruel sea, whose waves forever foam.

So long ago, ah, me!  
The length'ning shadows fell upon the beck  
And on the moorlands to the rocky neck  
Of Ulla, lying broken in the sea.

So long ago, that morn!  
The sunrise made our home a golden home,  
The foam upon the sea-waves golden foam,  
The thorn-tree on the hill a golden thorn.

So long ago, those hours!  
"Methinks," said John, "the world a golden  
world,  
And yon a golden ship with flags unfurl'd;  
The flow'rs upon the moorlands golden  
flowers."

So long ago, my love!  
He took a leaf, and laid it in his breast,  
"Oh, golden leaf!" said he, and pointed to  
the west.  
Thence upward to the golden light above.

So long ago, the shock!  
The sun had set, and o'er the shadowed lea,  
The wind with fury drove the foaming sea,  
And wrecked the vessels on the sunken rock.

John is not come home!  
Yet often in the sunrise' golden shrine,  
Upon the purple moorlands lie the kine,  
Or towards the golden sea impatient roam.

Not come home? you jest!  
Oh, sea! Give up thy dead! Deep calls to  
deep;  
Awake from slumber those who lie asleep!  
Whose smiling lips thy song has lulled to rest.

All shall sleep!  
The tired and heavy-laden ones shall lie  
At rest; and peace shall close the weary eye  
In sleep; and spread her wings upon the deep.

Oh, John, I grow so old!  
And shadows linger long upon the beck,  
And heavy gloom lies brooding o'er the wreck,  
And, phantom like, creeps farther o'er the  
wold.

John is not come home!  
Then lay me gently on the shadow'd lea,  
That as I die mine eyes may watch the sea —  
The wind-tossed sea, whose spray breaks into  
foam.

He doeth all things well!  
Have patience, tender heart! The scourg-  
ing's past,

The suff'rings cease, and joy will come at last.  
Oh, life and death, whose mysteries no tongue  
can tell!

Argosy.

ADA M. TROTTER.

#### FELICITY.

A SQUALID, hideous town, where streams run  
black

With vomit of a hundred roaring mills, —  
Hither occasion calls me; and ev'n here,  
All in the sable reek that wantonly  
Defames the sunlight and deflowers the morn,  
One may at least surmise the sky still blue.  
Ev'n here, the myriad slaves of the machine  
Deem life a boon; and here, in days far sped,  
I overheard a kind-eyed girl relate  
To her companions, how a favoring chance  
By some few shillings weekly had increased  
The earnings of her household, and she said:  
"So now we are happy, having all we  
wished," —

Felicity indeed! though more it lay  
In wanting little than in winning all.

Felicity indeed! Across the years  
To me her tones come back, rebuking; me,  
Spreader of toils to snare the wandering Joy  
No guile may capture and no force surprise —  
Only by them that never wooed her, won.

O curst with wide desires and spacious dreams,  
Too cunningly do ye accumulate  
Appliances and means of happiness,  
E'er to be happy! Lavish hosts, ye make  
Elaborate preparation to receive  
A shy and simple guest, who, warned of all  
The ceremony and circumstance wherewith  
Ye mean to entertain her, will not come.

Spectator.

WILLIAM WATSON.

#### THE LAST OF ENGLAND.

THE white cliffs fade into the twilight grey;  
A mist now hides them from my tear-dimmed  
eyes;

For swiftly onward, as a bird that flies,  
The good ship sails — and England's far away;  
And far behind, my childhood's happy day,  
And sweet-girl-comrades, whose dream-faces  
rise

To haunt and cheer me under alien skies.  
O friends and country, fare ye well for aye!

But while love leads me o'er the stormy sea,  
Though English homesteads I see never-  
more,

Long years of blessing fate may hold in  
store:

For hands can work when hearts from care  
are free.

Hope's heaven-sent sunshine gilds with mem-  
ory

The new life waiting on the distant shore.  
Chambers' Journal. C. G.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ITALIAN POETS OF TO-DAY.

"FROM our Living Poets" is the unpretending title of a prettily bound and printed anthology selected from the works of recent Italian poets by Signorina Eugenia Levi of Florence. Being a collection intended as a gift-book for the "young person," the specimens are necessarily limited in scope and subject; but, notwithstanding this drawback — and it is one of some importance in a literature so outspoken as is the Italian — the book is valuable and interesting, especially to non-Italians, as calculated to give a just and wide bird's-eye view over the whole field of current modern Italian verse, and so initiate them into its tendencies, its dominant characteristics, of which too little is known outside the peninsula. With the revival of national life in Italy, with the accomplishment of political unity, a change inevitably fell over the written utterances of the people. Until then their literature had embodied their national aspirations and strivings, — embodied them, that is to say, as best it might and dared, being often forced to use, now cryptological methods of stating its real desires and aspirations, now the weapons of satire and sarcasm, to cover the deep emotions and bitter passions that surged beneath. There was, for example, Giusti, the poet who helped to rouse the people to a sense of self-respect, making them feel the full ignominy of calmly submitting to the stranger's yoke. "Ours," he says, speaking of his own day, "is the humble task of weeding the highways; yours" (addressing the younger men) "is to plant them with laurels and oaks, under whose shadows the generations which are springing up will march onwards." Berchet, who had slightly preceded him, had also taught in his poems to the youth of his day, that contemporary lyricism required not harp but bugles. The Italian political resurrection was certainly brought about as much, if not more, by verse as by arms. Garibaldi, a few years before his death, acknowledged this; and so did another great Italian patriot, a very different-natured man — the cold, profound, careful thinker, Camillo Cavour. He even nominated poets among his min-

isters, and was not averse to seeing them elected deputies, even when their political convictions were opposed to his own; for he knew that your true poet is often a high-minded soul, and holds his opinions for truth's sake, and with such men it is better far to deal than with mere time-servers.

Some of the poets of that militant era which preceded the crowning of the glorious edifice of Italian unity with the breach of Porta Pia, when Italy took back to herself her own city, her historical capital — "Inalienable Rome" — have already been forgotten, overlooked, pressed out of every-day existence by the crowd of younger men hurrying upon their heels; others, again, have abandoned poetry for different, and we fear we must add more lucrative, careers, and among these must be placed Enrico Nencioni, the eminent critic, the profound Browning scholar, the writer who first made known the great Victorian poet to his Italian countrymen. Among those who did good yeoman's service in their day, the foremost place belongs to Vittorio Bettoloni, whose work is of importance, if for no other reason than that it proved a strong stimulant to the poetic art, which had fallen into the slough of romanticism, that "literary scrofula," as Proudhon calls it, imported from France, which in Italy, apt ever to exaggerate any exterior manifestations, be it in art, fashion, or thought, had literally invaded the whole intellectual domain, and was luxuriating rampant and unchecked. Side by side, it is true, flourished another form of art, no less unreal however, no less bloodless, and this was that artificial school of pseudo-classicism, whose pictures and poems we of the younger generation have happily consigned to the limbo whence they should never have issued. Bettoloni entered on literature as the translator of Byron's "Don Juan," thus evincing that he had not yet utterly burnt his romantic ships behind him. He followed this with another translation, this time from the German of Robert Hamerling, "Ashaverus in Rome," that epic narrative revolt in which the modern spirit beats and pulses. Finally, he came forth as poet on his own account. His muse is, perhaps, a trifle commonplace and every-

day in its expressions and inspirations; but this was inevitable, seeing it was intended as the expression of a reaction. But if it was not great in itself, and has been too much forgotten, it at least gave the impetus to those greater than himself to follow in the path of revolt he had indicated, and especially did it propel therein incomparably the greatest of all modern Italian poets, the giant among men, Giosuè Carducci, who himself wrote a preface to the last edition of Bettoloni's poems, issued in 1870, which forms a very digest of the poetry of the years preceding that date, so notable to the whole of Europe.

Arrigo Boito is yet another of those who began with song and then drifted into other paths. The gifted composer of "Mefistofele," of which he wrote both music and words, the writer of the libretto of Verdi's "Othello" and Ponchielli's "Gioconda," began life as a writer of verse. The intimate friend of Emilio Praga, a species of Italian Baudelaire, he formed together with him and others a sort of Lombard Bohemia, men who had not wholly cast off the garb of romanticism, and believed that fantastic and vague expressions must necessarily hide deep and recondite thoughts. Boito, as his music has since proved, had above all pronounced Teutonic leanings, which would alone account for the fact that his poetry never became popular in its native land, which has no sympathy with nor liking for the introspective crepuscular phantasms of the north.

And here we touch a subject that cannot be enough insisted upon — that is to say, that geographical distinctions must never be lost sight of in speaking of modern Italians; their unity is too new, their atavistic sense of particularism too marked, to have become even partially obliterated within the space of the few years that have intervened since their liberation from the Austrian yoke. Some of these distinctions are very marked; thus among the Venetians, at whose head must be placed Praga, there dominates an expansive and brilliant note. Descendants of a people who made half the world their own, they do not dwell much upon the nature that

surrounds them, with that tenacious exclusive love which is seen in the Sicilian poets, who repeat at every moment the name of their adored and lovely isle. The Lombards are more reflective than the Venetians, and inclined to give ear to the eternal plaint of humanity; they have pity and sympathy for the tears of others. The Piedmontese and the Ligurians, from whose soil, already united by common interests, there sprang all the four chief creators of *Italia risorta*, are more apt in their songs to give rein to a poetic fire that breathes of liberty, while also fondly attached to their native soil. The former never omit to sing the praises of their mountains, nor the latter of the lovely Tyrrhenian that laps their shores, and on whose bosom they found their grandeur and their liberty. Tuscans, Emilians, and Romans can be grouped together, because in all these three provinces there still survives, with much of its old vigor, the majestic Latin tradition, a tradition which we feel not only in their thoughts, but also in their mode of expression. In Neapolitans there burns an extemporaneous fire and a tendency to emphasize the soft cadence of their dialect speech, both of which recall respectively the fierce dangers which lurk in the volcano that overshadows their city, and the exquisite dream-like beauty of its luxuriant coasts. The Sicilians, who in ancient times were distinguished for originating bucolic poetry, and who were never specially strong as philosophers, in their modern literary manifestations, and particularly in their verse, incline to philosophize concerning nature, and having continually under their eyes the sad spectacle of workmen condemned to labor hard in mine and field in return for wretched pay, upraise cries that are almost anarchical in the force of their revolt and indignation.

It is this diversity of mode of thought, of manner of regarding the universe, that makes Italian poetry so attractive and so varied; for poetry more than prose is the expression of a person's or a nation's inmost individuality.

A pioneer, too, like Bettoloni was Enrico Nencioni, this time a man of central Italy, a native of Tuscany, while his above-

named rivals were both born in northern provinces. Nencioni early became a member of that Tuscan circle who were known as *gli Amici Pedanti*, of which the poet Chiarini was also a member. Both speedily proved that they too were among the ranks of those whom Bettoloni designs as going

Fra baldanzosi e trepidi  
La nova presentita arte cercando.

Nencioni recognized speedily that his pedantic friends were in error in confining themselves to classic models, and it was he who first made them and the Italian reading world familiar with the writings of Tennyson, Swinburne, Shelley, and Walt Whitman, as singers of a more modern day, and worthy of study and imitation. Only one small volume of verse has Nencioni given to the world; his energies have since been swallowed up in teaching literature to the younger women of Tuscany, and in writing eloquent able critical articles for the reviews; for even poets must live, and, as we all know, it is rarely lucrative to mount the back of Pegasus. Nencioni's poetry is transfused with a poetic realism, an imaginative and human element, giving it a savor of its own. Very marked, especially in the descriptive passages, is the influence of the English poets he has so assiduously, so lovingly studied. His "Abandoned Garden" is very distinctly a reminiscence of Hood's "Haunted House." Some faint idea of his rich power of words, his mastery of expressions, may be gained from a perusal of his poem entitled "A Symphony of Beethoven." Alas that poetry, of all forms of literary art, is that which suffers most when passed through the alembic of another language! "The right word," as a writer in the *Saturday Review* has justly observed, "is so much the essence of poetry, that all translations of poetry are more or less failures." Remembering this, we hesitate to lay before our readers a few translations from the writer of whom we speak. As equivalents for the poems they represent, failures they must inevitably be; but, on the other hand, as representations, through which those unacquainted with the language in which the verses were originally written may form

some idea of them, they will perchance be of use. Obviously, too, in a language so melodious as Italian, much of the charm must necessarily be lost with the sound; this point should especially not be lost sight of. After which preliminary deprecations, let us endeavor to give some faint conception of the character of Nencioni's muse, and see how he was inspired when listening to the majestic strains of Beethoven's genius.

#### A SYMPHONY OF BEETHOVEN.

What have I seen and heard? Mourning and laughter,

Loud cries of joy, of terror, desperate yells  
Of furious fight. The slow continual lap  
Of lakes against the shore, the solemn sound  
Of forests where the autumn tempests blow.  
The cattle-bells of Tyrolean mountains;  
The chanted prayer in sacred aisles of Spain.  
Hark! now the silvery notes go ringing, blend-  
ing

Into the measure of the mazy dance  
Of white-robed girls along the flowery sward.  
Then comes the silence that precedes the  
storm,

The vast wild whirlwind and the lashing sweep  
Of pouring rain; the thunder's awful voice,  
The rattle of the hail on roofs and windows.  
The silence sinks again; the storm is over,  
The sun shines out once more, the rainbow  
spans

The face of heaven. But hark! a note of  
woe—

Mournful, persistent. Who art thou that  
weepest?

Art thou Desdemona? It was a dream.

The world is full of roses, and Anacreon  
Sang but the truth. Fill up the goblet!  
Hail!

The sky is full of light, and Iseult smiles.

Capuana and Fogazzaro are two poets who have since drifted into prose. A writer of some successful plays and some highly naturalistic novels, Capuana in his verse thoroughly justifies the characteristic that distinguishes the poetry of his native Sicilian isle. He is, moreover, a spiritualist, and that in a land where the positive character of the people little inclines them to consider such vaporous speculations. Desirous to be an innovator, he wrote his poetry in a species of rhythmic prose. "Semiritmi" was the title he himself gave to his volume, in which he expounds the ideas of the ex-

perimental philosophy with a patience worthy a German, meditating concerning the mysteries of that nature which surrounds us. Beyond question his curious art form is derived from Walt Whitman, and, like Walt Whitman, he is often caught napping, and becomes heavy and tiresome; but when at his best, like his American prototype, he can be singularly happy. Here is a specimen of one of his rhymeless poems, which shows to perfection the dreamy *dolce far niente* sentiment which is considered to be so peculiarly the attribute of his countrymen. It must be always borne in mind, however, that much is lost in the sound. In the original, both the metre, such as it is, and the disposition of the words, corresponds most perfectly to the idea of the vague vacillating of the waves of unchecked thought.

## A WISH.

To dwell in an eternal  
Half-waking dream, to watch forever,  
Through sleepy drooping lashes,  
A crowd of visions.

Landscapes, with soft mild sunshine,  
Light silent figures passing slowly by,  
With sound of songs and music  
Softened by distance.

To feel the smooth caresses  
Of fresh cool hands, to feel soft kisses  
From gentle, loving lips,  
Suavely tender.

And in the gentle sunshine,  
With those light figures passing silently  
To sound of softened music  
Veiled by the distance,

To dream of poems  
More lovely than the Iliad, more noble  
Than tales of chivalry; to see in visions  
New Parsifals, new Normas,

Seraphs, Madonnas  
Such as Angelico beheld not, ladies  
Smiling in pensive loveliness unknown  
To Leonardo.

Then in idea to fashion  
Prodigious bridges that would span the ocean,  
Or mighty towers to build, whose very bases  
Are kissed by cloudlets;

Or frame adventures  
Unknown to human minds, and enterprises  
Wherein the arm should prove invincible  
As thought unfettered.

And in the gentle sunshine,  
With those light figures passing silently  
To that soft sound of music  
Veiled by the distance,

To ask myself forever,  
Indolently, Is it indeed a vision?  
Is it reality? Behold the life  
I fain would live to all eternity.

Antonio Fogazzaro, idealist, poet, and romance-writer, is a literary pupil of the priest Zanella, an elder priest of the old type of *abbé*—that is to say, men who were not merely priests, but men in the best sense of the word; men who fought for the liberty of their land, who were patriots as well as good Catholics, who believed that progress could go hand in hand with dogma, liberty with faith, and Italy with the Church, neo-Guelphs who had inherited the ideas prevalent in the days of Dante—a type now rapidly growing extinct in the peninsula. That Fogazzaro has inherited much of his master's spirit and belief he has shown in his novels, notably in "Daniele Cortis," which strives to adumbrate the possibility of reconciliation between Church and State. His first novel in verse was perhaps a trifle sickly, a trifle lacking in force and virility; but in his shorter poems he evinces a delicacy of sentiment, a refinement of word, a purity of thought, that makes him *sui generis* among his contemporaries, all more or less touched by the current French realistic movement, while Fogazzaro would seem rather to have inspired himself by the German *Lieder* and ballad-writers of the early years of this century—men like the Swabians, Rückert and Uhland, with both of whom he has much mental affinity. This Venetian writer excels in what may be called imitative poetry. What charms in his short poems is the mysterious fascination, which he knows how to communicate to his readers, that all the world of phantoms exerts upon him, and that mystic sense of communion with nature and God, that desire that every feeling and hope should be irradiated by a light from above. Of all this, a poem called "Evening" is an example. It gives to those familiar with Italy an excellent simulation of the sound of those bells that ring at sunset, calling the worshipper to recite his "Ave Maria."

## EVENING.

## (Bells of Oria.)

The waning light glows in the west,  
The shadows of night come down;  
O Lord, from evil powers  
Keep mortals through these hours.  
Let us pray.

## (Bells of Osteno, on the shore.)

We from the lake  
Our silence break,  
Deep voices wake;  
O Lord, from evil powers  
Keep mortals through these hours.  
Let us pray.

(*Bells of Furia.*)

We too — remote  
Amid the mountains lone,  
Call Thee, O Lord,  
From evil powers  
Keep mortals through dark hours.  
Let us pray.

(*Echoes of the valley.*)

Let us pray.

(*All the bells together.*)

Light lives and dies again,  
Of dawn and sunset what remain?  
All things, O Lord,  
Save the Eternal in this lower world  
Are vain.

(*Echoes of the valley.*)

Are vain.

(*Bells all together.*)

Let us pray, let us pray with tears  
From vale and marge and mountain,  
For the dead and for the living —  
For hidden crimes and griefs and tears.

All the sorrow  
That draws not nigh Thee;  
All the error  
That would deny Thee;  
All the love  
That swears not by Thee.  
Pity, Most Holy!

(*Echoes of the valley.*)

Most Holy!

(*All the bells.*)

Pray for those that are sleeping  
In holy ground,  
If their slumber profound  
Guilt or innocence be keeping,  
Mystery most holy,  
Thou knowest only.

(*Echoes of the valley.*)

Thou knowest only.

(*All the bells.*)

Pray for the sorrow  
Of all the wide world,  
All the living, the loving,  
The feeling, the mourning;  
Pray the Omnipotent  
That peace be sent  
To mountain and shore.  
And to the clanging bronze once more  
Let then be peace.

(*Echoes of the valley.*)

Peace.

In a collection of short tales called "Fedele," very masterpieces of their kind, there are interspersed a series of poems designated "Intermezzi," each inspired by some well-known piece of music, of which the tale is supposed to be the prose expression. One of these corresponds in measure and in meaning, so far as one person can interpret music for another, to

the beautiful minuet in *la* of Boccherini. It is impossible, in reading the poem, not to remember another such masterly attempt to render music into words — that toccata of the Venetian Galuppi, which evoked Browning's fantastic little vision of a bygone time. Whether Foggazzaro knew this poem or no, we cannot say; but as an instance of sense created by sound it stands worthily beside it.

#### MINUET.

The date is the eighteenth century.

SCENE. — *A small, elegantly furnished cabinet on the ground-floor, between a crowded ball-room and an illuminated garden. A LADY with her CAVALIER are dancing the minuet.*

*Lady (dancing).* Although I smile, my heart within is sighing.

*Cavalier (dancing).* Although I smile, I know too well the last sweet hour is flying.

(*Bows.*) *Lady, to thee I bow.*

*Lady (curtseying).* My lord, to thee I'm bending.

*Cav.* How sweetly with the sounds of joy the music's strains are blending!

[*They approach each other.*]

*Cav.* To-morrow's sun must see us part: I hold thee in my dreaming

Close to my heart, yield thee my soul, kiss thy sweet lips in seeming;

Yet we must coldly smile, our eyes must meet with pleasure beaming.

*Lady (retiring).* Yes, we are happy. Look! the lights, how brightly they are gleaming!

*Cav. (bows).* *Lady, to thee I bow.*

*Lady (curtseying).* My lord, to thee I'm bending.

What icy malice in the trill the violins are sending!

[*They approach each other once more.*]

*Cav.* Fly with me — I adore you; fly with me if you love me!

*Lady.* Ah! speak not thus, provoke me not to brave the heav'n above me.

*Lady (retiring).* Gay is the music, yet at times it has a sound of weeping.

*Cav.* Gay is the music, yet my heart-strings crack as o'er them it goes sweeping.

(*Bows.*) *Lady, to thee I bow.*

*Lady (curtseying).* My lord, to thee I'm bending.

Oh, look! a winged crowd of masks comes gaily hither wending.

*Enter from the garden a MASQUE OF ZEPHYRS. Zephyrs (singing).*

We are swift winds that fly through the day and the night,

Through the dark and the light,

Through tedium and bliss,

And wake in our flight

Loving hearts with a kiss,

Faithful servant of Love and his Mother each sprite.

If on lips full of love should a tremulous sigh  
 Grow timid and die;  
 Should silence fall chill  
 When the loved one is nigh  
 On the voice that should thrill,  
 We wake passion to words and give Love  
 liberty.

The treasures and charms of our kingdom so  
 fair,  
 No dark veil should wear.  
 Nor should Prudence unkind  
 Ever dare

Our sweet spells to bind.  
 We are innocent children of sky and of air.

[Exit MASQUE.]

*Lady.* I heard my husband and my rival  
 singing.

*Cav.* Strange chance. (*Aside.*) Who knows  
 if help to my cause it be bringing.

(*Bows.*) *Lady,* to thee I bow.

*Lady* (*curtseying*). My lord, to thee I'm  
 bending.

Smile, for the Zephyrs now their aid are surely  
 lending.

(*As they approach each other she whispers.*) Oh  
 yes, I'll fly with thee. I swear to leave  
 thee never.

My love! I'm thine, I'm thine alone; I love  
 thee now and ever.

(*Draws back curtseying*). My lord, to thee I  
 bow.

*Cav.* (*bows*). *Lady,* to thee I'm bending.

Hark! what a trill of joy the violin gives in  
 ending!

Giuseppe Chiarini, a Tuscan, a critic and a journalist, has written poems that reflect too much a *parti pris*, a desire to introduce into the Italian Parnassus the note of domesticity which it lacks, and which De Amicis, another poet rather by reflection than by the grace of God, has also striven to render. In his volume, "Lacrime," there are, however, some poems that have been deeply felt, where strong touches prevail.

The mention of his name leads us to that of his youthful comrade, Giosuè Carducci, unquestionably the greatest poet Italy now boasts—a poet who would be held great in any land, towering, as he does, a head and shoulders above his fellows. In the limits of space at our command, it is not possible to do even pale justice to this great thinker and great artist, the most perfect expression of that Latin character which has never died out in Italy. In him there lives again the old national soul, which is pagan in its fundamental substance, and which has never been but lightly fettered by romantic and Christian traditions. The feelings which the foreign invaders of Italy have tried for centuries to crush out, Carducci, as his nation's true poet and prophet, makes

it his mission to restore to them. The issue of a family that had given a *gonfaloniere* to Florence, Carducci represents in himself and in his work an epitome of Italian history and Italian thought. Like our own Browning, he is not a popular poet; like Browning, he has had to form his public, to teach them how to read his art; like Browning, he is often obscure and learned; and, like Browning, his thoughts are not comprehensible to those who like to run as they read. Inspired by Horace, Shelley, and Victor Hugo, he is the poet, in the truest sense of the word, of his native land—its *vates*, who sees further and more clearly than those who surround him. To him poetry is a mission, a thing essentially sacred and holy. How proudly he rejoices to think that he escaped becoming the poet-laureate of public opinion. That he has also his moments of depression is shown by the following extract, in which he gauges the temper in which Italy of the present day looks on poetry. The passage occurs in the preface to a volume called "Levia Gravia:"—

I firmly believe that in the Italy of to-day it is not fitting that any one who wishes to keep the reputation he has obtained as a studious man and serious person should ever write. If he cannot abstain from blackening his fingers with ink, on pretext of illuminating or diverting the world, let him write, if he will, bad romances and worse dramas, but verses—no. If the unhappy man is obstinately given to that tiresome game of patience which consists in confining a given number of words within the space of a given number of lines; if by reason of a certain form of intellectual St. Vitus's dance he is condemned to think in those leaps and springs which go by the name of strophes, let him not make himself a spectacle to the public, let him write for his friends and his servant-woman, or for the purpose of scaring away his creditors; because—let educated young men carefully observe—to make verse in Italy is an abject vocation and a base and cowardly trade. . . . The Italian people may be said to have genius for the plastic arts, perhaps also a passion for music; but before poetry, before the disinterested art of delineating superior or interior phantasms symmetrically in pure and harmonious words, the Italian people, practical, positive, Machiavelian, aiming, even in their moments of warmest expansion, with cold determination at the immediately and materially enjoyable and useful, remain icy, immovable.

We may note that the great professor has had the best opportunities of judging of the tendency of his country and his time. So speaks he in the strong, terse, harmonious prose he wields as perfectly as he does the metrical speech. Now let

us hear him in his verse — verse, however, even more untranslatable, because of its very concision, than poetry must always be. The following is the leave-taking with which he concludes a recent volume of verse, simply entitled "Rime Nuove:"

## L'ENVOI.

Know, O thou vulgar fool,  
The poet is no tool  
Who in low guise doth use  
At alien boards to eat,  
And, where rude lackeys meet,  
Sing lewd and careless songs, and carry news.

No dreamer is he, haunting  
The moonlit grove; and chanting  
With wide eyes on the sky —  
Gazing where angels and where swallows  
fly,  
Unheeding of the snares around his feet that  
lie.

No gardener is he, sowing  
Beside life's path, and hoeing,  
Digging, and training flowers  
In wreaths for ladies' bowers,  
Or cabbages, for sale in winter, growing.

The poet is a worker bold and free,  
Who to his mystery  
Brings muscles steely, strong,  
Broad breast and brawny arm,  
Bright eye with feeling warm.

He, when the waking song  
Of the swift joyous bird  
At earliest dawn is heard  
Along the hills,  
Wakes, with the bellows' sweep,  
Fire from its mighty sleep.

And the flame fills,  
With rushing spark and glow,  
The furnace. To and fro  
It flashes, rosy-red,  
Sinking and soaring,  
Hissing and roaring.

He from its bed  
Draws to the light  
The metal hot and white —  
What shall it be?  
God knows — not he.

Into the fire he flings  
Earth's precious things:  
Love, thought, and fantasy,  
Passion and glory,  
Memories of ancient story,  
The Future with the Past:

All these are cast  
Into the seething fire.  
Then with an iron grip  
Clasping his strong steel clip,  
Out of the flame so dire  
He draws them all;

Sings, clear as wild bird's call,  
And welds them into one.  
Up comes the rising sun  
Gilding his brow.  
He beats the metal now:

Strikes, and for liberty  
Sharp swords we see,  
And shields of strength for power,  
And crowns of victory  
For glory's brightest hour,  
Bright diadems,

Precious as purest gems,  
For loveliness to wear.  
Shrines for the hearths of home,  
Altar for sacred dome,  
And goblet rare  
For banquet and for feast.

And for himself? One ray  
Of purest gold he frames.  
And toward the glowing east  
Where the sun flames,  
Flings it away.

Looks where it went,  
And sees it rise and shine, and is content.\*

\* We append yet another version of this magnificent poem made by Miss Arabella Shore. Between the two it is possible to gather some notion of the force and beauty of the original.

## L'ENVOI.

Foolish crowd! Apollo's son  
Is not one  
Who to other tables led  
By his base and greedy wishes  
Carries dishes,  
From the cupboard steals the bread.

Nor an idle loiterer, he  
Pryingly  
Into every corner follows  
Whom he sees, and, nose in air  
Turns his stare  
From the angels to the swallows.

Nor, a petty gardener, spreads  
On life's beds  
Refuse stuff; and cauliflowers  
From it for the gentry grows,  
In due rows  
Violets for the ladies' bowers.

No; he is a craftsman strong  
In his song.  
Thews of steel he has, and high  
Bears his head, with neck robust  
And bared bust,  
Sinewy arm and blithesome eye.

Scarce the pious, joyous bird  
Hath been heard  
Laughing where the morning breaks,  
He his furnace seeks, and fast  
Bellows' blast  
Flame and glee and toil awakes.

For the flame then creeps and glows,  
Sparkles throws,  
Reddens as it boldly plays;  
Then it hisses, then it roars,  
Then it soars,  
Crackling in a mighty blaze.

Unto what shall all this grow?  
God may know,  
Who on the great craftsman smiles —  
Elements of love and thought  
He has brought,  
And upon the furnace piles.

Yet one more specimen of his poet's art, one of his rhymeless "Odi Barbare," and we must perforce turn away from this great poet to reconsider once more his minor brethren.

#### THE SNOWSTORM.

Slow falls the snow from the grey heaven, no  
cry

Or sound of life arises from the city.

No cries of vendors and no sound of wagons,  
No song hilarious of youth or love.

From the tall tower sound the passing hours,  
Singing and groaning from their upper  
world.

The wandering birds peck at the window-  
pane,  
Spirits they are of friends who call to me.

Soon, dear ones, soon. Thou calmed, un-  
quiet heart,  
Shalt go down into silence and shalt rest.

With Carducci there has begun for Italy a new bent in poetry, and this not because all those who follow him have directly or indirectly imitated him, but because all of them owe something, consciously or unconsciously, to his influence. After Carducci, the most poetic poet of modern Italy, is Gabriele d'Annunzio, the hot-headed, passionate son of the Abruzzi, who at fifteen, inspired to fever-heat by the odes of the Bolognese poet, set himself to rhyme and write, and produced prose and poetry which excited on their first appearance both interest and scandal — interest for their originality, and scandal

for their unveiled outspokenness. Both in prose and verse D'Annunzio is an elaborate artist, polishing his style to the highest extreme of perfection. He is, in brief, an Italian Flaubert. His novels and tales unfortunately, however, though written like Flaubert's, are inspired by a spirit even more objectionable than that of Zola, a temper delighting in elaborate descriptions of the most hideous and distressing objects and actions. No Bowdlerizing could make them even possible in English; that downright and outspoken language in which *sus-entendus* are not possible. But as time passes and the young poet matures, there is a marked tendency to be less sensual and more truly lyric and refined. Every new publication shows an increase of strength and deepening of thought. For sheer power of musical disposition of words, as well as in mental bias, D'Annunzio has many points of analogy with Swinburne. Like Swinburne, he evokes melody from rhythmically placed words; and of the sea he is no less enamored than Swinburne and Richepin. His "Madrigali" are chiselled with exquisite ability; his "Vecchi Pastelli" truly wonderful in their plastic power, their richness of color, recalling now the melancholy landscapes and marines of Ruysdael, now the rich, voluptuous southern scene-pictures of Michetti, the great Abruzzi artist, to whom he is cousin, and with whom artistically he has great affinity. Here is a poem characteristic of his minute observation of nature: —

#### THE WANING MOON.

O sickle of the waning moon  
Shining upon the watery desert,  
O silver sickle, what a countless harvest  
Of dreams is waving for thee here below!

Quick fluttering breath of leaves,  
Of flowers, of streamlets, from the forest  
Exhales towards the sea; no cry, no singing,  
No sound of life breaks into the vast silence.

Oppressed with love, with pleasure,  
The living world is sinking into slumber.  
O waning sickle, what a countless harvest  
Of dreams is waving for thee here below!

Exquisite, too, is a sonnet to the olives,  
"the faint, grey olive-trees," as Browning  
calls them: —

#### TO THE OLIVE.

Olives! ye sacred trees, ye that intent,  
Standing in the broad noon's terrific glare,  
Hear the sea's voice, who hear the message  
sent  
By the deep glow of the far firmament.

And his fathers' deeds and glories

In old stories,  
And the strokes by heroes dealt,  
All the Future and the Past

He hath cast  
In the glowing mass to melt.

Grasps it, then, with hammer blows

And great throes,  
Works it on the anvil; now  
Smites and sings, while sunbeams high  
In the sky

Gild the rugged toil and brow.

Smites, and lo! for Freedom's uses

Swords produces;  
Mighty massive shields are there,  
For heroic names and fames  
Wreathes he frames,  
Diadems for beauty's hair.

Still he smites, and sculptured shrines

He designs  
For the household god and priest —  
Tripods shapes and altars fair,  
And most rare

Gems and vases for the feast.

I, poor struggler in the craft,

A gold shaft  
Make, and bid it sunward soar;  
Watch it glittering in the ether,  
Watch, am glad, and seek no more.

Ye sacred olives! listen to our prayer,  
The prayer of man! O listen, trees most fair,  
Palladia Munera! ye than the vine  
More sacred; than the harvest more divine.  
O noble trees! give me the peace ye know,  
Into my heart your wondrous peace inspire.

Sacred trees, olives! garland of the hills  
Rising into the azure ever higher;  
Gazing on you, I think of long ago,  
Pallas Athene all my memory thrills.

While Carducci and his school, if school it may be called, were carrying all before them, an attempt was made on the part of a small faction to resist and combat what they were pleased to designate as the "Bologna school of poetry," and to place upon a pedestal another school and another leader. Mario Rapisardi, a Sicilian, was the man chosen for this post, for he had made himself heard by a series of long narrative and philosophical poems, of which "Lucifero" and "Giobbe" created much talk,—the former because of the mordant personal allusions that were scattered through its pages, and for its mocking and anti-religious character; the latter because of the parodies of it that rained from the press even before its publication. Commencing life as a believer, a monarchist, and a writer of religious verse, Rapisardi developed into a pugnacious rationalist and socialist. His later writings are Lucretian in their bias, and for this cause alone are antiquated, even were not their style and character of a class for which the taste has long gone by. The ideas, too, of "De Rerum Natura" are not those of our Darwinian nineteenth century. Still, notwithstanding his tedious lengthiness, his frequent lapses into verbose and hollow declamation, Rapisardi is not without merits, and is capable at times of real lyrical expansions and delicate expressions. He is perchance too much despised and neglected; but who has time in this century of hurry to read a long octavo volume of verse full of ideas of revolt against the supreme tyranny, in an epoch where we all recognize the reign of law?

One of the most pungent of Rapisardi's satirists was Olindo Guerrini, the Bolognese professor—better known under his pseudonym of Lorenzo Stecchetti—gifted with a singular power of melodious speech, a pure artistic sense of form, a bitter Heineian humor. Indeed, some of his poems appear almost direct imitations of the German poet, whose influence on the younger Italian poets has been strongly marked, while others recall "Les Fleurs de Mal." Two volumes, published as the

posthumous works of a dead author, Lorenzo Stecchetti, excited instant favor and interest, and ran through a great number of editions. Their eminently melodious character caused them to be greedily seized on by musical composers, and Paolo Tosti in particular has wedded them as indelibly to his music as Heine's words are wedded to those of Schumann. An amusing anecdote is told with regard to the following verses:—

Flower of the hedgerow, in the shadow growing,  
Poor little unknown flower.

Like my love, spent on one that's all unknown,  
Like my love, in an hour

Flung to the winds, oh vain and hopeless sowing!

Dying where shadows ever droop and lower,  
Where no hope smiles and no sun shines above,

So my love dies unknown. O my lost love!

Like many another writer, the poet who indited these lines was tormented by entreaties for autographs. One day he received from different quarters no less than six albums, with requests for "some little thing of your own, you know." He calmly copied the above little thing in each, and sent them back. Let us hope that he has been less tormented since, though perhaps it is too much to expect, considering the ways of autograph-hunters. In any case each applicant received a little gem of verse. The following song is among those set to music by Tosti:—

In autumn when the dead leaves fall in showers,  
And thou beside my cross shalt come to weep,

Covered all over with innumerable flowers  
Thou'lt find the corner where I lie asleep.

Gather those blossoms for thy sunny hair,  
They grew from out my heart, for thee to wear;

They are the songs I dreamed all silently—  
The words of love I never said to thee.

Graceful is this inscription for a stone:  
You who together climb this verdant hill

Toward the shade moving,  
Where in the thicket springs the fountain chill—

Ye loved and loving,  
Have pity on me! By the path alone

I stay, forever.  
Sad was my fate. No sadder e'er was known,

For I loved never.

The magic of form is no doubt lost in translating the following, but not so its

pathos, no less pathetic that this is of a more every-day character:—

I hear an organ in the street below,  
My window's open, and the evening breeze  
With gentle message from the Spring doth blow  
Into my little chamber, through the trees.

I know now why my eyes are filled with tears;  
I know now why my knees shake as with fears;

But I bow down my head upon my hand,  
And think of thee, in that far-distant land.

Very delicate in feeling is the following snatch of song:—

Along the slope of yonder hill we went  
Through the still air of evening, damp and soft.  
From new-ploughed earth arose the sharp sweet scent;  
The cricket shrilled below in the dark croft.

Thy dovelike eyes, as if in silent prayer,  
Were lifted to the stars so still and fair,  
And I, who read thine inmost thought unspoken,  
Loved thee for that sweet silence left unbroken.

Influenced beyond question by Stecchetti's Heineism, yet thoroughly Italian in feeling and stamp, are these pretty verses by Ersilio Bicci of Florence, called "Spite:"—

If I go by her window singing,  
'Tis not for her I sing;  
If jealousy her heart be wringing,  
I care not for anything.  
If she should hear in any song of mine  
A note of woe,  
'Tis not for her: I to sad songs incline  
Because they please me so.

If they should tell her I am thin and pale,  
It is the weather makes me weak and frail.

If they should tell her that I long to die,  
What's that to her? I'm not her lover—I.

And yet with Gigi should I meet her, know,  
She to the grave, I to the galleys go.

Pasquale Papa, yet another Florentine, is also of this school, which has taken great hold of Italian imagination. He sings:—

I've made a little coffer, all of gold,  
To hide my love away;  
And chiselled on its sides a tale is told,  
How a knight loved a fay.  
He, through dark forests for a hundred years  
Sought her in vain,  
And one sad night, worn out with sighs and tears,

Died of that pain.

Then she whose sternness reft his life away,  
Came full of pity, when too late to save,  
And laid him in his grave.

Somewhat in the same style, too, is this by Marianna Giarrè Billi of Florence:—

BETTER ALONE THAN IN BAD COMPANY.

Go! never, never let me see thee more,  
In thine eyes falsehood's self is written plain;

Look for another lady to adore,  
I shall not tremble, though thou love again.  
Thy treachery will never leave me poor,  
Fairer than thou I'll find a hundred men;

And if I find them not, I shall not go  
As others do, to seek them; for I know  
That when Love comes, from out the loving heart  
Pleasure and Peace do evermore depart.

If in this world I needs must wretched be,  
"Better alone than in bad company."

Go, get thee gone! into the distance fly  
As far as e'en my wandering thoughts could go;

Between us put wide plains and mountains high,  
To sunder us let the great ocean flow.

Think not a throne could now my pardon buy;  
When I was thine, thou shouldst have kept me so.

When I was thine, God knows I loved thee well,

How well I loved thee let my misery tell:  
I shall not change nor ever love again,  
I loved thee, and thou gav'st me only pain.  
Alas that I should so deserted be!  
"Better alone than in bad company."

A great success in the same Heine strain was achieved last year by the young poetess Annie Vivanti, whom the English have half a right to claim—although in one of her poems she almost virulently attacks this country, and fails to recognize even the world-famous beauty of its women—for she was born in London, though, it is true, of Milanese parents. Ushered into the world under the ægis of a preface by Carducci, her verse at once attracted much notice. Her poems certainly reveal both feeling and melody; but at times the note is false and strained, and pervaded by a prurient tone which offends, particularly as coming from a woman, and a young woman. The following poem shows strength, though its rapid transitions, of course, suggest the inspiration of Heine:

ON THE ATLANTIC.

Rages the sea in tempest; and the wind  
Lifts up the furious waves into the sky;  
Before it all the clouds of heaven fly,  
Fly as they were with terror deaf and blind  
In heavy troops, black, swift, and infinite.

In vain the eye would seek relief to find  
 Some calm retreat 'mid all the furious  
 sweep  
 Wherein the wild waves spring, and break,  
 and leap,  
 And roll, as they the helpless bark would  
 grind  
 To ruin in their depths immeasurable.

To right, to left, around us, all around  
 The water swells, then sinks into the gloom,  
 Towering before us like a boundless tomb,  
 What cries! what roaring round us! All  
 around  
 The waters whirl in endless vortices.

Upright upon the prow I gazing stand,  
 I think of my far home, I think of thee  
 Silent and moveless in mine agony.  
 With stirless eye, and clenched and burning  
 hand,  
 I look into the deep love in my heart.

O sea! O raging sea, how small thou art!  
 Truly feminine in nature, tender, melodi-  
 ous, are these lines to a dead girl:—

'Mid oaths and blows and pain she grew to  
 girlhood,  
 This child so timid and so slender;  
 She died at twenty, innocent and gentle,  
 A martyr weak and tender.

Now the white flowers of heaven the small  
 hands gather,  
 The hands that were on earth so weak and  
 weary,  
 And o'er the star-strewn plains the white feet  
 wander,  
 That trod on earth a road so rough and  
 dreary.

The angels bow before the gentle vision,  
 The golden light her humble forehead  
 blesses,  
 Shining upon the mild and pallid sweetness  
 Of those calm lips that here knew no  
 caresses.

The poets we have quoted above are obviously among the minor lights; but we have selected purposely also from these, in order to give a wide and just view over the modern Italian Parnassus. Of the same class, but stronger and greater, is Enrico Panzacchi of Bologna, often compared to François Coppée, with whom for harmony and graceful execution he has affinity. Panzacchi confesses frankly that he often only seeks to give his readers a musical sensation, and for this cause his works, as might be expected, have been despoiled by composers. His verses flow on smoothly and elegantly, like the music of Mendelssohn. Graceful and touching, we scarcely know why, is this fable.—

King Robert, wounded in old days of war,  
 Passed sleepless nights, ah, cruel misery!  
 The wise men came to him from near and far,  
 They tried all means, but sleepless still was  
 he.

One day his lady-love her visions told—  
 Her radiant dreams of love. She told them  
 all;  
 The telling left her young heart sad and cold,  
 But the king, dreaming, felt his eyelids fall.

He sank to rest, his ears with music ringing;  
 Lulled by that sacrifice, the old king slept.  
 Without the little birds were softly singing,  
 The king slept on—the lady waked and  
 wept.

The following sonnet is addressed to Giovanni Marradi. The poet remonstrates with his friend for his tendency towards the prevailing melancholy of the present day:—

What does it profit us to seek, O friend,  
 The secret of man's doubtful fate? to mourn  
 The years that pass, the days that have no  
 end,  
 Hiding the fruitful earth with veil forlorn?

Remember Guenevere and Iseult, wend  
 Thy way where 'mid the pines the streams  
 are born.  
 Think of old fights, when knights and kings  
 did spend  
 Their blood for glory, and such musing  
 scorn.

Drink all thy fill of singing. Gather flowers,  
 Eat of the fruit that by thy path doth grow,  
 Live thine own life, nor count the leaves that  
 fall.

Poet! the word is worth thy highest powers,  
 The word divine. And bliss must ever flow  
 From Beauty perfected—and Verse is All.

To this sonnet the other, speaking the language of his generation, replies:—

Verse is not all, O poet! unless she fly  
 Upon the wings of noble thought, and bear  
 The perfume of the soul into the air  
 Drawn from the spirit's depths, eternally.

In vain the singer drinks Song's river dry  
 Unless the sound of this world's life he hear,  
 Ascetic worshipper of Beauty, where  
 She dwells alone in faultless purity.

Gautier has chiselled miracles of art,  
 Immortal rhymes upon eternal stone,  
 Perfect they are, as stainless Alpine snow.

But oh, how calm, how distant, how apart!  
 Serene as moonlight on the mountains lone,  
 Cold as the glacier's arrested flow.

Marradi has a distinct physiognomy.  
 His dominant note may be said to be of a  
 landscape character, a sentiment for na-

ture in its relations to the human soul. This is new, for hitherto Italians, like their Roman forebears, have rather neglected nature. They have in it no keen delight, like northern minds; both in their painted and their written art this feature is lacking or relegated to the background. After Dante there was no one who sang nature until Leopardi arose. He recalled his people to look at the beauties that surround them. After him nature has been more sung, but by none as much as by Marradi, who gives it a foremost place. Yet even so, his descriptions are more musical than picturesque; he has an acuter sense of rhyme and melody than of color and form. This landscape-poet, if we may so speak in defiance of Lessing's canon, is at times exceedingly happy in his use of epithets which combine sentiment with sense. It is clear that he loves nature, and observes it and penetrates it with filial admiration; but his method is entirely modern; it is not that antique serene eurythmy in its happy equilibrium of feeling and sentiment. We moderns are too saddened with the suffering of ages; when we study our fellow-man we can no longer do so objectively, we cannot disassociate him from the presence and influence of the natural objects that surround him, and to which he is bound by innumerable ties. Happily Marradi never abuses in this direction. Though he has distinctly marked this touch of modernity, his landscapes do not suffocate his personages, as is the case in certain recent examples of French literature. He is an optimist, as every true lover of nature has been in all ages, all climes, and all times, from ancient Homer to our own Wordsworth and Mrs. Browning. The Obermanns, the Amiels, are sick, and it is themselves they see reflected in nature, not nature herself. There is something of Lamartine about Marradi, and with D'Annunzio he shares a love for the sea, so often neglected in Italian verse, though the element is so bound up with the peninsula. The following poem by this poet shows that he does not shrink from setting to music the "sounds of this world's life:" —

THE PIERCING OF THE APENNINE.

The sky darkens over the waves of the Rhine,  
And the train, from the last of the light,  
Deep under the Tuscan Apennine  
Plunges into the gloom of the night.

Aroused by the sound of its devilish scream,  
Awake all the forests around;

It breaks through their slumber, it shatters  
their dream,  
Where they stand, spectral, awful, profound.

What new creature is this, with its voice and  
its glare,  
That threatens the wide forest old?  
How the numberless branches toss into the  
air  
Against the invader so bold!

That flies night and day, by the light, in the  
dark,  
Through the depths of the primeval stone,  
And flouts the vast silence, with hiss and with  
spark,  
Where the mountain once reigned all alone.

The old trees in vain from their roots under-  
ground  
The monstrous intruder defy,  
To whose mighty war-song the echoes pro-  
found  
With wild exultation reply.

Then he sweeps out below; from the dark-  
ness appearing,  
Like a serpent glides over the plain,  
And leaving behind him the freight he was  
bearing,  
Rushes into the distance again.

For the trees, when the breezes of morning  
awake  
On the slopes of the mountain so free,  
Do they wonder, perhaps, with a pitying sur-  
prise,  
What this pale race of mortals can be;

These unquiet beings, that pierce through the  
hills,  
With breathless impatience desiring  
Some less troubled dawn, that the far distance  
fills,  
Involving, tormenting, inspiring?

Of a wholly different stamp is Arturo Graf, a pessimist of the deepest dye. His muse is a sad stone sphinx, desolate and dread. He suffers from the malady *fin de siècle*, that modern nihilism whose accents of despair and chill terror pervade too much of our younger literature — a pessimism that has not the strength, the virility, the power to bear of that of Schopenhauer, that does not turn itself to ridicule like that of Heine; rather a *welt-schmerz* of the defunct Werther type, informed with scientific knowledge and scientific vision, — science, that is, ill understood, and accepted in its superficial sense as the destroyer of illusion, not science as seen in its deeper and truer aspects as the foundation, the inspiration, of all true hope, all true knowledge, all true incentive. Graf is the son of a German father and an

Italian mother, and was born at Athens. It is held that his poetry shows evidence of these contradictory elements ; northern sadness and an attraction to twilight effects, with southern intensity, with the plastic precision of Greece and the sense of color of sunny Italy, are the characteristics of his verse. This is how his sad lips sing his native Athens, in lines that in the tranquil simplicity of the original are as perfect as Shelley's invocation to the same cradle of our culture, when he sings :—

Greece and her foundations are  
Fixed below the tide of war,  
Based on the crystalline sea  
Of thought and its eternity.

Graf writes :—

A city toward the dawn gave birth to me,  
Beside a mount of marble doth she stand,  
She looks out where the blue Ægean Sea  
Lies vast and splendid, stretching from the  
land.

Of sun and air she weaveth silently  
A dream divine of days of glory fled,  
And where the elm-trees and the roses be  
Feels her great ruin thrill, that is not dead.

Graf's main motive is the mystery and pain of the universe ; his landscapes are dark and sombre, like Rembrandt's etchings ; reading too much of him, his thought lies like an incubus on the soul, and makes one long for light. He dwells too exclusively on the sad side of things, not even a bitter smile breaks the monotony of his grief ; yet in his way he is a fine and a true poet. But is this the greatest, the best way to help mankind ? Surely Browning would answer, " Verily, no."

The names of other poets recur to my memory ; but space is running to an end, and I must be brief — especially as I want to deal a little with the singers in dialect verse, an important branch of the Italian Parnassus. Among those poets whom we must leave unstudied, Guido Mazzoni takes a foremost place for his perfection of form, his sanity of inspiration. An artist also is Severino Ferrari, as he has proved in his volume " Bordatini," short poems whose title, that of a coarse Tuscan woven stuff made by the peasants, is meant to indicate that the issue of this loom is a mingling of ancient and modern elements, a revival of antique measures that are made to hold modern thoughts — thoughts of common daily life, be it understood, not high-soaring, poetic raptures. Ferdinando Martini, Cavallotti, Giacosa, all deserve more than a brief mention.

The two latter, however, are known rather as playwrights than poets, though their plays are written in verse ; the latter being as refined and dainty as the former is often rough, outspoken, and wanting in subtle psychological perception.

Among the youngest of the younger men there is certainly making itself manifest that tendency we also see among our English younger minor poets — to be too conscious, too preoccupied with questions of artistic and stylistic effects. They think too much of what the public, the papers, will say ; they live in too artificial an atmosphere ; their impressions are too literary, not received direct ; their descriptions of nature too like instantaneous photographs of which the originals have never been seen. And this is the more to be regretted, as almost without exception these Italians have an innate and exquisite sense of form which they never neglect — a circumstance that causes even their most trivial *vers d'occasion* to possess a charm. And this charm makes itself most intimately felt in the dialect poems ; for since Italian — that is to say, Tuscan — is only the real spoken language of a small portion of the peninsula, while the larger part still utters its spoken thoughts in the various dialects of its provinces, in these poems we get nearest the heart, the spontaneous, unstudied utterances of the people. But if any translation is difficult, translation from poetry in dialect is simply impossible. The peculiarity of a dialect resides entirely in its relation to the language to which it is affiliated, and vanishes altogether from any version in another tongue ; nor for the same reason can any dialect be rendered into another. Longfellow, one of the greatest of translators, in his rhymed preface to the " Blind Girl of Castél-Cuillé," says :—

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might  
Rehearse this little tragedy aright.

Nevertheless, he makes no attempt to give it in Lowland Scotch. All that a translation can give of a poem in dialect is its usually homely and familiar character. Here, for example, is the easy-going, good-tempered, kindly, wholly pagan, anthropomorphic Christianity of Naples, reflected in a short ballad by Ferdinando Russo of that city :—

#### THE MADONNA OF THE MANDARINI.

When in heaven a little angel  
Does what he ought not to do,  
To a little cell God leads him,  
Shuts the door, and leaves him so.

Then he turns and calls, "St. Peter!  
Tell St. Peter to come near!"  
When he comes, he says, "What is it,  
Gracious Lord, that brings me here?"

"In that dark cell lies an angel  
Shut behind the heavy door,  
Feed him there with bread and water  
Till he learns to err no more."

Bows his hoary head St. Peter,  
And he answers humbly, "Yea."  
Then the Lord, "Now mind, remember  
He must lie there all the day."

But the angel, shut within there,  
Groans and cries with loud lament,  
"Pardon, Lord;" then cries St. Peter,  
"'Twas not done with ill intent."

"Nay, now," saith the Lord, "be silent,  
None commands in heaven but Me;  
They would all grow wild and naughty  
If this one should be set free."

Then St. Peter turns and leaves him;  
But the angel where he lies,  
Says he's in the dark, is frightened,  
Beats the door, and moans, and cries.

Then, when evening comes, Madonna,  
Seen of the small prisoner only,  
Goes and takes him mandarin,\*  
In his cell so dark and lonely.

Such the contents, but where are the funny  
diminutives, the queer turns of expression,  
the Neapolitan, sibilant prolongation of  
the words?

A wild set of sonnets about the "Buona  
Morte," whose mission it is to give Christian  
burial to the numerous corpses found  
in the Roman Campagna, the victims of  
accident or crime, are written in the Roman  
dialect by Cesare Pascarella, but  
these defy translation.

Some poems by Renato Fucini (Neri  
Tanfucio) in Pisan dialect render most  
felicitously the sharp, commercial character  
of the Tuscan, ever on the lookout for  
his own advantage—the Italian Jew, as  
he has been not unjustly termed.

#### THE SHOP.

Now, my boy, you're eighteen, and you must  
learn—

That is to say, if you're worth anything—  
With your own tongue and brains your bread  
to earn.

Now to your saint your best prayers you  
must sing.

This shop, and that across the street, are ours,  
And not a sou of debt on either lies.  
You shall have that one, call up all your  
powers

If you would live, nor smaller gains despise.

\* A small kind of orange.

Mind now and then to wet the salt. Take  
care

That no one gets the better of you. Snatch  
And squeeze upon the weight whene'er  
you can.

Then with the help of heaven, now here, now  
there,

Believe me that 'tis easy, if you watch,  
To get you bread well as another man.

The Venetian dialect poems, that soft  
dialect that slurs all consonant sounds, are  
quite particularly sweet and pretty to the  
ear. As might be expected, barcarolles  
take a large place among these. There is  
the one addressed to George Sand written  
by Pietro Pagello, the original of the  
young Italian doctor in "Lui et Elle," the  
man who remained ever faithful to the  
memory of the great genius who played  
with him for a while and then let him go,  
for he could never be brought to see that  
she was unjust to him in any way. It is  
worth mentioning that George Sand published  
this little song in her "Lettres d'un  
Voyageur" without stating by whom it  
was written, or to whom it was addressed.

We will conclude this all too perfunctory  
survey with an attempt at reproducing  
a poem written in the Paduan dialect  
by Arrigo Boito. It is addressed to the  
spatula, the wooden spoon used for stirring  
the national dish of polenta:—

#### THE SONG OF THE SPATULA.

The spatula,  
Or rather

The art of rightly stirring the polenta  
And putting in

The butter to it. 'Tis an Allegory  
Written by Harlequin\*

Batacio, who comes, not from the Brenta,  
But from Bergamo straight  
(So did his father).

And he this poem means to dedicate  
To men political, and rulers of the State.

First, there's a kettle, then a fire blazing,  
Blazing like a bonfire, wonderful, amazing;  
Then a heap of meal as yellow as fine gold,  
And, last of all, the stirring-stick I hold.  
Once it belonged to the great Trufaldin.

Watch! and you'll see the miracle begin.  
First there comes a bubble, silvery and shining,  
Then there comes another with the first  
entwining.

And the water at the bottom soon begins to  
sing.

To sing, to smoke, to fume, to rustle,  
Foaming up, all in a mighty bustle,

\* Harlequin wears a spatula or stirring-stick instead  
of a sword. Florindo is the *premier amoureux* of  
Goldoni's comedy; Rosaura is the "first young lady;"  
and Columbine, as everybody knows, is Harlequin's  
lady-love.

Soon 'twill boil, look out! look out!  
 Pray don't let the fire go out!  
 Oh how jolly! Oh what fun!  
 Now to boil it has begun.  
 How it dances, how it leaps!  
 Now the meal, the meal in heaps,  
 Bring it here and pour it in.

Now, Batacio, take care!  
 Catch hold of the pot, don't let go of the chain.  
 Mix, turn, stir, again, again!  
 And the butter don't spare!  
 Sweep the stick with a powerful rush,  
 Smooth and spread the boiling mush.  
 Here, give me the stirring-stick.  
 Now stand by! be quick! be quick!  
 Take it off the fire — steady —  
 Now, Sor Florindo, the polenta's ready.

But if we're to eat it, salt there must be,  
 The salt of the fable, the moral you see.  
 Well, the stirring-stick is my brilliant mind,  
 Always to masterly words inclined.  
 The yellow meal? That means the girls,  
 Columbine and Rosaura, with golden curls.  
 The boiling water? Our hearts that glow.  
 And the polenta? That's love, you know.

And with this word "love" — the inspiring source, the aim and purpose of "the master art" — we must perforce close this too scanty survey over the domain of living Italian poets, this bird's eye view of the singers of a land in which poetry has ever found her home, which has ever inspired her own and foreign bards — the land in which, according to the words of one of her own singers, —

Non langue mai la fronda dell' allor.  
 HELEN ZIMMERN.

All the translations scattered throughout this article have been specially made for it, and are due to the pen of Mrs. Mary A. Craig of Florence, the admirable translator of De Amicis' "Romanzo d'un Maestro," and of Giovanni Vorgia's "I Malavoglia," published in English under the title "By the Medlar-tree."

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
 THE SCARLET HUNTER.

#### A LEGEND OF THE FAR NORTH.

"NEWS out of Egypt!" said the Honorable Just Trafford. "If this is true, it gives a pretty finish to the season. You think it possible, Pierre? It is every man's talk that there isn't a herd of buffaloes in the whole country; but this — eh?"

Pretty Pierre, the half-breed, did not answer. He had been watching a man's  
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face for some time; but his eyes were now idly following the smoke of his cigarette as it floated away to the ceiling in fading circles. He seemed to take no interest in Trafford's remarks, nor in the tale that Shangi, the Indian, had told them; though Shangi and his tale were both sufficiently uncommon to justify attention.

Shon McGann was more impressionable. His eyes swam; his feet shifted nervously with enjoyment; he glanced frequently at his gun in the corner of the hut; he had watched Trafford's face with some anxiety, and accepted the result of the tale with delight. Now his look was occupied with Pierre.

Pierre was a pretty good authority in all matters concerning the prairies and the North. He also had an instinct for detecting veracity, having practised on both sides of the equation. Trafford became impatient, and at last the half-breed, conscious that he had tried the temper of his chief so far as was safe, lifted his eyes and, resting them casually on the Indian, replied: "Yes, I know the place. No, I have not been there, but I was told — ah, it was long ago. There is a great valley between hills, the Kimash Hills, the Hills of the Mighty Men. The woods are deep and dark; there is but one trail through them and it is old. On the highest hill is a vast mound. In that mound are the forefathers of a nation that is gone. Yes, as you say, they are dead, and there is none of them alive in the valley — which is called the White Valley — where the buffalo are. The valley is green in summer, and the snow is not deep in winter; the noses of the buffalo can find the tender grass. The Indian speaks the truth, perhaps. But of the number of buffaloes, one must see. The eye of the red man multiplies."

Trafford looked at Pierre closely. "You seem to know the place very well. It is a long way north where, — ah yes, you said you had never been there; you were told. Who told you?"

The half-breed raised his eyebrows slightly as he replied: "I can remember a long time, and my mother, she spoke much and sang many songs at the camp-fires." Then he puffed his cigarette so that the smoke clouded his face for a moment, and went on: "I think there may be buffaloes."

"It's along the barrel of me gun I wish I was lookin' at thim now," said McGann.

"Eh, you will go?" inquired Pierre of Trafford.

"To have a shot at the only herd of

wild buffaloes on the continent ! Of course I'll go. I'd go to the North Pole for that. Sport and novelty I came here to see; buffalo-hunting I did not expect ! I'm in luck, that's all. We'll start to-morrow morning, if we can get ready, and Shangi here will lead us ; eh, Pierre ? ”

The half-breed again was not polite. Instead of replying he sang almost below his breath the words of a song unfamiliar to his companions, though the Indian's eyes showed a flash of understanding. These were the words :—

They ride away with a waking wind, — away,  
away !  
With laughing lip and with jocund mind at  
break of day.  
A rattle of hoofs and a snatch of song, — they  
ride, they ride !  
The plains are wide and the path is long, —  
so long, so wide !

Just Trafford appeared ready to deal with this insolence, for the half-breed was after all a servant of his, a paid retainer. He waited, however. Shon saw the difficulty, and at once volunteered a reply. “It's aisy enough to get away in the mornin', but it's a question how far we'll be able to go with the horses. The year is late ; but there's dogs beyand, I suppose, and, bedad, there y' are ! ”

The Indian spoke slowly : “It is far off. There is no color yet in the leaf of the larch. The river-hen still swims northward. It is good that we go. There is much buffalo in the White Valley.”

Again Trafford looked towards his follower, and again the half-breed, as if he were making an effort to remember, sang abstractedly :—

They follow, they follow a lonely trail, by day,  
by night,  
By distant sun, and by firefly pale, and north-  
ern light.  
The ride to the Hills of the Mighty Men, so  
swift they go !  
Where buffalo feed in the wilding glen in sun  
and snow.

“Pierre ! ” said Trafford sharply, “I want an answer to my question.”

“*Mais, pardon*, I was thinking — well, we can ride until the deep snows come, then we can walk ; and Shangi, he can get the dogs, maybe, one team of dogs.”

“But,” was the reply, “one team of dogs will not be enough. We'll bring meat and hides, you know, as well as pemmican. We won't *cache* any carcasses up there. What would be the use ? We shall have to be back in the Pipi Valley by the springtime.”

“Well,” said the half-breed with a cold decision, “one team of dogs will be enough ; and we will not *cache*, and we shall be back in the Pipi Valley before the spring, perhaps,” — but this last word was spoken under his breath.

And now the Indian spoke, with his deep voice and dignified manner : “Brothers, it is as I have said, — the trail is lonely and the woods are deep and dark. Since the time when the world was young no white man hath been there save one, and behold sickness fell on him ; the grave was his end. It is a pleasant land, for the gods have blessed it to the Indian forever. No heathen shall possess it. But you shall see the White Valley and the buffalo. Shangi will lead, because you have been merciful to him, and have given him to sleep in your wigwam, and to eat of your wild meat. There are dogs in the forest. I have spoken.”

Trafford was impressed, and annoyed too. He thought too much sentiment was being squandered on a very practical and sportive thing. He disliked functions ; speech-making was to him a matter for prayer and fasting. The Indian's address was, therefore, more or less gratuitous, and he hastened to remark : “Thank you, Shangi ; that's very good, and you've put it poetically. You've turned a shooting-excursion into a mediæval romance. But we'll get down to business now, if you please, and make the romance a fact, beautiful enough to send to the *Times* or the *New York Sun*. Let's see, how would they put it in the *Sun* ? — ‘Extraordinary Discovery — Herd of buffaloes found in the far North by an Englishman and his Franco-Irish Party — Sport for the gods — Exodus of *brules* to White Valley ! ’ — and so on, screeching to the end.”

Shon laughed heartily. “The fun of the world is in the thing,” he said ; “and a day it would be for a notch on a stick and a rasp of gin in the throat. And if I get the sight of me eye on a buffalo-ruck, it's down on me knees I'll go, and not for prayin' aither ! And here's both hands up for a start in the mornin' ! ”

Long before noon next day they were well on their way. Trafford could not understand why Pierre was so reserved, and when speaking so ironical. It was noticeable that the half-breed watched the Indian closely, that he always rode behind him, that he never drank out of the same cup. The leader set this down to the natural uncertainty of Pierre's disposition. He had grown to like Pierre, as the latter had come in course to respect him. Each

was a man of value after his kind. Each also had recognized in the other qualities of force and knowledge having their generation in experiences which had become individuality, subterranean and acute, under a cold surface. It was the mutual recognition of these equivalents that led the two men to mutual trust, only occasionally disturbed as has been shown; though one was regarded as the most fastidious man of his set in London, the fairest-minded of friends, the most comfortable of companions; while the other was an outlaw, a half-heathen, a lover of but one thing in this world,—the joyous god of chance. Pierre was essentially a gamester. He would have extracted satisfaction out of a death-sentence which was contingent on the trumping of an ace. His only honor was the honor of the game.

Now, with all the swelling prairie sloping to the clear horizon, and the breath of a large life in their nostrils, these two men were caught up suddenly, as it were, by the throbbing soul of the North, so that the subterranean life in them awoke and startled them. Trafford conceived that tobacco was the charm with which to exorcise the spirits of the past. Pierre let the game of sensations go on, knowing that they pay themselves out in time. His scheme was the wiser. The other found that fast riding and smoking were not sufficient. He became surrounded by the ghosts of yesterdays; and at length he gave up striving with them, and let them storm upon him, until a line of pain cut deeply across his forehead, and bitterly and unconsciously he cried aloud, "Hester, ah, Hester!"

But having spoken the spell was broken, and he was aware of the beat of hoofs beside him, and Shangi the Indian looking at him with a half smile. Something in the look thrilled him; it was fantastic, masterful. He wondered that he had not noticed this singular influence before. After all, he was only a savage with cleaner buckskin than his race usually wore. Yet that glow, that power in the face!—was he Pigeon, Blackfoot, Cree blood? Whatever he was, this man had heard the words that broke so painfully from him.

He saw the Indian frame *her* name upon his lips, and then came the words, "Hester, Hester Orval!"

He turned sternly and said: "Who are you? What do you know of Hester Orval?"

The Indian shook his head gravely and replied: "You spoke her name, my brother."

"I spoke one word of her name. You have spoken two."

"One does not know what one speaks. There are words which are as sounds, and words which are as feelings. Those come to the brain through the ear; these to the soul through sign which is more than sound. The Indian hath knowledge, even as the white man; and because his heart is open the trees whisper to him; he reads the language of the grass and the wind, and is taught by the song of the bird, the screech of the hawk, the bark of the fox. And so he comes to know the heart of the man who hath sickness, and calls upon some one, even though it be a weak woman, to cure his sickness; who is bowed low as beside a grave, and would stand upright. Are not my words wise? As the thoughts of a child that dreams, as the face of the blind, the eye of the beast, or the anxious hand of the poor—are they not simple and to be understood?"

Just Trafford made no reply. But behind Pierre was singing in the plaintive measure of a chant:—

A hunter rideth the herd abreast,  
The Scarlet Hunter from out of the West,  
Whose arrows with points of flame are drest,  
Who loveth the beast of the field the best,  
The child and the young bird out of the nest,—  
They ride to the hunt no more,—no more!

They travelled beyond all bounds of civilization; beyond the northernmost Indian villages, until the features of the landscape became more rugged and solemn, and at last they paused at a place which the Indian called Misty Mountain, and where, disappearing for an hour, he returned with a team of Eskimo dogs, keen, quick-tempered, and enduring. They had all now recovered from the disturbing sentiments of the first portion of the journey; life was at full tide; the spirit of the hunter was on them.

At length one night they camped in a vast pine grove wrapped in coverlets of snow, and silent as death. Here again Pierre became moody and alert and took no part in the careless chat at the camp-fire led by Shon McGann. The man brooded and looked mysterious. Mystery was not pleasing to Trafford. He had his own secrets, but in the ordinary affairs of life he preferred simplicity. In one of the silences that fell between Shon's attempts to give hilarity to the occasion, there came a rumbling, far-off sound, a sound that increased in volume till the earth beneath them responded gently to the vibration. Trafford looked up inquir-

ingly at Pierre, and then at the Indian, who after a moment said slowly: "Above us are the Hills of the Mighty Men, beneath us is the White Valley. It is the tramp of buffalo that we hear. A storm is coming, and they go to shelter in the mountains."

The information had come somewhat suddenly, and McGann was the first to recover from the pleasant shock: "It's devil a wink of sleep I'll get this night, with the thought of them below there ripe for slaughter, and the tumble of fight in their beards."

Pierre, with a meaning glance from his half-closed eyes, added: "But it is the old saying of the prairies that you do not shout *dinner* till you have your knife in the loaf. Your knife is not yet in the loaf, Shon McGann."

The boom of the tramping ceased, and now there was a stirring in the snow-clad tree-tops, and a sound as if all the birds of the North were flying overhead. The weather began to moan and the boles of the pines to quake. And then there came war—a trouble out of the North—a wave of the breath of God to show inconsequent man that he who seeks to live by slaughter hath slaughter for his master.

They hung over the fire while the forest cracked round them, and the flame smarted with the flying snow. And now the trees, as if the elements were closing in on them, began to break close by, and one plunged forward towards them. Trafford, to avoid its stroke, stepped quickly aside right into the line of another which he did not see. Pierre sprang forward and swung him clear, but was himself struck senseless by an outreaching branch.

As if satisfied with this achievement, the storm began to subside. When Pierre recovered consciousness Trafford clasped his hand and said: "You've a sharp eye, a quick thought, and a deft arm, comrade."

"Ah, it was in the game. It is good play to assist your partner," the half-breed replied sententiously.

Through all the Indian had remained stoical. But McGann, who swore by Trafford—as he had once sworn by another of the Trafford race—had his heart on his lips, and said:—

There's a swate little cherub that sits up aloft, Who cares for the soul of poor Jack!

It was long after midnight ere they settled down again, with the wreck of the forest round them. Only the Indian slept; the others were alert and restless. They

were up at daybreak, and on their way before sunrise, filled with desire for prey. They had not travelled far before they emerged upon a plateau. Around them were the Hills of the Mighty Men—solemn, majestic; at their feet was a vast valley on which the light, newly fallen snow had not hidden all the grass. Lonely and lofty, it was a world waiting chastely to be peopled! And now it was peopled, for there came from a cleft of the hills an army of buffaloes lounging slowly down the waste, with tossing manes and hoofs stirring the snow into a feathery scud.

The eyes of Trafford and McGann swam; Pierre's face was troubled, and strangely enough he made the sign of the cross.

At that instant Trafford saw smoke issuing from a spot on the mountain opposite. He turned to the Indian: "Some one lives there?" he said.

"It is the home of the dead, but life is also there."

"White man, or Indian?"

But no reply came. The Indian pointed instead to the buffalo rumbling down the valley. Trafford forgot the smoke, forgot everything except that splendid quarry. McGann was excited. "Sarpints alive!" he said, "look at the troops of them! Is it standin' here we are with our tongues in our cheeks, whin there's beasts to be killed, and mate to be got, and the call to war on the ground below! Clap spurs with your heels, say I, and down the side of the turf together and give 'em the teeth of our guns!" And the Irishman dashed down the slope. In an instant, all followed, or at least Trafford thought all followed, swinging their guns across their saddles to be ready for this excellent foray. But while Pierre rode hard, it was at first without the fret of battle in him, and he smiled strangely, for he knew that the Indian had disappeared as they rode down the slope, though how and why he could not tell. There ran through his head tales chanted at camp-fires when he was not yet in stature so high as the loins that bore him. They rode hard, and yet they came no nearer to that flying herd straining on with white streaming breath and the surf of snow rising to their quarters. Mile upon mile, and yet they could not ride these monsters down!

And now Pierre was leading. There was a kind of fury in his face, and he seemed at last to gain on them. But as the herd veered close to a wall of stalwart pines, a horseman issued from the trees and joined the cattle. The horseman was

in scarlet from head to foot; and with his coming the herd went faster, and ever faster, until they vanished into the mountain-side; and they who pursued drew in their trembling horses and stared at each other with wonder in their faces.

"In God's name what does it mean?" Trafford cried.

"Is it a trick of the eye or the hand of the devil?" added McGann.

"In the name of God we shall know perhaps. If it is the hand of the devil it is not good for us," remarked Pierre.

Who was the man in scarlet who came from the woods?" asked Trafford of the half-breed.

"Eh, it is strange! There is an old tale among the Indians! My mother told many tales of the place and sang of it, as I sang to you. The legend was this: In the hills of the North which no white man, nor no Indian of this time hath seen, the forefathers of the red men sleep; but some day they will wake again and go forth and possess all the land; and the buffalo are for them when that time shall come, that they may have the fruits of the chase, and that it be as it was of old, when the cattle were as clouds on the horizon. And it was ordained that one of these mighty men who had never been vanquished in fight, nor done an evil thing, and was the greatest of all the chiefs, should live and not die, but be as a sentinel, as a lion watching, and preserve the White Valley in peace until his brethren waked and came into their own again. And him they called the Scarlet Hunter; and to this hour the red men pray to him when they lose their way upon the plains, or Death draws aside the curtains of the wigwam to call them forth."

"Repeat the verses you sang, Pierre," said Trafford.

The half-breed did so. When he came to the words "Who loveth the beast of the field the best," the Englishman looked round. "Where is Shangi?" he said.

McGann shook his head in astonishment and negation. Pierre explained: "On the mountain-side where we ride down he is not seen—he vanished—*mon Dieu*, see!"

On the slope of the mountain stood the Scarlet Hunter with drawn bow. From it an arrow flew over their heads with a sorrowful *twang* and fell where the smoke rose among the pines; then the mystic figure disappeared.

McGann shuddered and drew himself together. "It is the place of spirits," he said; "and it's little I like it, God knows;

but I'll follow that Scarlet Hunter, or red devil, or whatever he is, till I drop, if the Honorable gives the word. For flesh and blood I'm not afraid of; and the other we come to, whether we will or not, some day."

But Trafford said: "No, we'll let it stand where it is for the present. Something has played our eyes false, or we're brought here to do work different from buffalo hunting. Where that arrow fell among the smoke we must go first. Then, as I read the riddle, we travel back the way we came. There are points in connection with the Pipi Valley that are superior to the Hills of the Mighty Men."

They rode away across the glade, and through a grove of pines upon a hill, till they stood before a log hut with parchment windows.

Trafford knocked, but there was no response. He opened the door and entered. He saw a figure rise painfully from a couch in a corner—the figure of a woman young and beautiful, but wan and worn. She seemed dazed and inert with suffering, and spoke mournfully: "It is too late. Not you, nor any of your race, nor anything on earth can save him. He is dead, dead now."

At the first sound of her voice Trafford started. He drew near to her, as pale as she was, and wonder and pity were in his face. "Hester," he said, "Hester Orval!"

She stared at him like one that had been awakened from an evil dream, then tottered towards him with the cry: "Just, Just, have you come to save me? O, Just!" His distress was sad to see, for it was held in deep repression, but he said calmly and with protecting gentleness: "Yes, I have come to save you. Hester, how is it you are here in this strange place?—you!"

She sobbed so that at first she could not answer; but at last she cried: "O, Just, he is dead—in there, in there!—Last night, it was last night; and he prayed that I might go with him. But I could not die unforgiven—and I was right, for you have come out of the world to help me, and to save me."

"Yes, to help you and to save you—if I can," he added in a whisper to himself, for he was full of foreboding. He was of the earth, earthy, and things that had chanced to him this day were beyond the natural and healthy movements of his mind. He had gone forth to slay, and had been foiled by shadows; he had come with a tragic, if beautiful, memory haunting him, and that memory had clothed itself in flesh and stood before him, pitiful, soli-

tary,—a woman. He had scorned all legend and superstition, and here both were made manifest to him. He had thought of this woman as one who was of this world no more, and here she mourned before him and bade him go and look upon her dead, upon the man who had wronged him, into whom, as he once declared, the soul of a cur had entered—and now what could he say? He had once carried in his heart the infinite something that is to men the utmost fulness of life, which losing they must carry lead upon their shoulders where they thought the gods had given pinions.

McGann and Pierre were nervous. This conjunction of unusual things was easier to the intelligences of the dead than the quick. The outer air was perhaps less charged with the unnatural, and with a glance towards the room where Death was quartered they left the hut.

Trafford was alone with the woman through whom his life had been turned away. He looked at her searchingly; and as he looked the mere man in him asserted itself for a moment. She was dressed in coarse garments; it struck him that her grief had a touch of commonness about it; there was something imperfect in the dramatic setting. His recent experiences had had a kind of grandeur about them; it was not thus that he had remembered her in the hour when he had called upon her in the plains, and the Indian had heard his cry. He felt, and was ashamed in feeling, that there was a grim humor in the situation. The fantastic, the melodramatic, the emotional were huddled here in too marked a prominence; it all seemed, for an instant, like the tale of a woman's first novel. But immediately again there was roused in him the latent force of loyalty to himself and therefore to her; the story of her past, so far as he knew it, flashed before him, and his eyes smarted.

He remembered the time he had last seen her in an English country-house among a gay party in which royalty smiled, and the subject was content beneath the smile. But there was one rebellious subject, and her name was Hester Orval. She was a wilful girl who had lived life selfishly within the lines of that decorous yet pleasant convention to which she was born. She was beautiful,—she knew that, and royalty had graciously admitted it. She was warm-thoughted, and possessed the fatal strain of the artistic temperament. She was not sure that she had a heart; and many others, not of her sex, after varying and enthusiastic study

of the matter, were not more confident than she. But it had come at last that she had listened with pensive pleasure to Trafford's tale of love; and because to be worshipped by a man high in all men's, and in most women's, esteem, ministered delicately to her sweet egotism, and because she was proud of him, she gave him her hand in promise, and her cheek in privilege, but denied him—though he knew this not—her heart and the service of her life. But he was content to wait patiently for that service, and he wholly trusted her, for there was in him some fine spirit of the antique world.

There had come to Falkenstowe, this country house and her father's home, a man who bore a knightly name, but who had no knightly heart; and he told Ulysses' tales and covered a hazardous and cloudy past with that fascinating color which makes evil appear to be good; so that he roused in her the pulse of art which she believed was soul and life, and her allegiance swerved. And when her mother pleaded with her, and when her father said stern things, and even royalty with uncommon use rebuked her gently, her heart grew hard; and almost on the eve of her wedding day she fled with her lover, and married him, and together they sailed away over the seas.

The world was shocked and clamorous for a matter of nine days, and then it forgot this foolish and awkward circumstance; but Just Trafford never forgot it. He remembered all vividly until the hour, a year later, when the London journals announced that Hester Orval and her husband had gone down with a vessel wrecked upon the Alaskan and Canadian coast. And there new regret began and his knowledge of her ended.

But she and her husband had not been drowned; with a sailor they had reached the shore in safety. They had travelled inland from the coast through the great mountains by unknown paths, and as they travelled the sailor died; and they came at last through innumerable hardships to the Kimash Hills, the Hills of the Mighty Men, and there they stayed. It was not an evil land; it had neither deadly cold in winter nor wanton heat in summer. But they never saw a human face, and everything was lonely and spectral. For a time they strove to go eastwards or southwards but the mountains were impassable, and in the north and west there was no hope. Though the buffalo swept by them in the valley they could not slay them, and they lived on forest fruits until in time the man

sickened. The woman nursed him faithfully but still he failed; and when she could go forth no more for food, some unseen dweller of the woods brought buffalo meat, and prairie fowl, and water from the spring, and laid them beside her door.

She had seen the mounds upon the hill, the wide couches of the sleepers, and she remembered the things done in the days when God seemed nearer to the sons of men than now; and she said that a spirit had done this thing, and trembled and was thankful. But the man weakened and knew that he should die; and one night when the pain was sharp upon him he prayed bitterly that he might pass, or that help might come to snatch him from the grave. And as they sobbed together a form entered at the door—a form clothed in scarlet—and he bade them tell the tale of their lives as they would some time tell it unto Heaven. And when the tale was told he said that succor should come to them from the south by the hand of the Scarlet Hunter, that the nation sleeping there should no more be disturbed by their moaning. And then he had gone forth, and with his going there was a storm such as that in which the man had died—the storm that had assailed the hunters in the forest yesterday.

This was the second part of Hester Orval's life as she told it to Just Trafford. And he, looking into her eyes, knew that she had suffered, and that she had sounded her husband's unworthiness. Then he turned from her and went into the room where the dead man lay. And there all hardness passed from him and he understood that in the great going-forth man reckons to the full with the deeds done in that brief pilgrimage called life; and that in the bitter journey which this one took across the dread spaces between Here and There he had repented of his sins, because they, and they only, went with him in mocking company; the Good having gone first to plead where Evil is a debtor and hath a prison. And the woman came and stood beside Trafford, and whispered, "At first—and at the last—he was kind."

But he urged her gently from the room. "Go away," he said; "go away. We cannot judge him. Leave me alone with him."

They buried him upon the hillside, far from the mounds where the Mighty Men waited for their summons to go forth and be the lords of the North again. At night they buried him when the moon was at

its full; and he had the fragrant pines for his bed, and the warm darkness to cover him; and though he is to those others resting there a heathen and an alien, it may be that he sleeps peacefully.

When Trafford questioned Hester Orval more deeply of her life there, the unearthly look quickened in her eyes and she said: "Oh, nothing, nothing is real here, but suffering; perhaps it is all a dream, but it has changed me, changed me. To hear the tread of the flying herds—to see no being save him—the Scarlet Hunter—to hear the voices calling in the night! Hush! There, do you not hear them? It is midnight—listen!"

He listened, and Pierre and Shon McGann looked at each other apprehensively, while Shon's fingers felt hurriedly along the beads of a rosary which he did not hold. Yes, they heard it, a deep, sonorous sound: "Is the daybreak come?" "It is still the night," rose the reply as of one clear voice. And then there floated through the hills more softly: "We sleep—we sleep!" And the sounds echoed through the valley—"sleep—sleep!"

Yet though these things were full of awe, the spirit of the place held them there, and the fever of the hunter descended on them hotly. In the morning they went forth, and rode into the White Valley where the buffalo were feeding, and sought to steal upon them; but the shots from their guns only awoke the hills, and none were slain. And though they rode swiftly, the wide surf of snow was ever between them and the chase, and their striving availed nothing. Day after day they followed that flying column, and night after night they heard the sleepers call from the hills. And the desire of the thing wasted them, and they forgot to eat, and ceased to talk among themselves. But one day Shon McGann, muttering *aves* as he rode, gained on the cattle, until once again the Scarlet Hunter came forth from a cleft of the mountains, and drove the herd forward with swifter feet. But the Irishman had learned the power in this thing, and had taught Trafford, who knew not those availing prayers, and with these sacred conjurations on their lips they gained on the cattle length by length, though the Scarlet Hunter rode abreast of the thundering horde. Within easy range, Trafford swung his gun shoulderwards to fire, but at that instant a cloud of snow rose up between him and his quarry so that they all were blinded. And when they came into the clear sun again the buffalo were gone; but flaming arrows from some

unseen hunter's bow came singing over their heads towards the south; and they obeyed the sign, and went back to where Hester wore her life out with anxiety for them, because she knew the hopelessness of their quest. Women are nearer to the heart of things. And now she begged Trafford to go southwards before winter froze the plains impassably, and the snow made tombs of the valleys. And he gave the word to go, and said that he had done wrong—for now the spell was falling from him.

But she seeing his regret said: "Ah, Just, it could not have been different. The passion of it was on you as it was on us! As if to teach us that hunger for happiness is robbery, and that the covetous desire of man is not the will of the gods. The herds are for the Mighty Men when they awake, not for the stranger and the Philistine."

"You have grown wise, Hester," he replied.

"No, I am sick in brain and body; but it may be that in such sickness there is wisdom."

"Ah," he said, "it has turned my head, I think. Once I laughed at all such fanciful things as these. This Scarlet Hunter—how many times have you seen him?"

"But once."

"What were his looks?"

"A face pale and strong, with noble eyes; and in his voice there was something strange."

Trafford thought of Shanghi, the Indian—where had he gone? He had disappeared as suddenly as he had come to their camp in the South.

As they sat silent in the growing night, the door opened and the Scarlet Hunter stood before them.

"There is food," he said, "on the threshold—food for those who go upon a far journey to the South in the morning. Unhappy are they who seek for gold at the rainbow's foot, who chase the fire-fly in the night, who follow the herds in the White Valley. Wise are they who anger not the gods, and who fly before the rising storm. There is a path from the valley for the strangers, the path by which they came; and when the sun stares forth again upon the world, the way shall be open, and there shall be safety for you until your travel ends in the quick world whither you go. You were foolish; now you are wise. It is time to depart; seek not to return, that we may have peace and you safety. When the world cometh to her spring again we shall meet." Then

he turned and was gone, with Trafford's voice ringing after him,—"Shangi! Shanghi!"

They ran out swiftly but he had vanished. In the valley where the moonlight fell in icy coldness a herd of cattle was moving, and their breath rose like the spray from the sea-beaten rocks, and the sound of their breathing was borne upwards to the watchers.

At daybreak they rode down into the valley. All was still. Not a trace of life remained; not a hoof-mark in the snow, nor a bruised blade of grass. And when they climbed to the plateau and looked back, it seemed to Trafford and his companions, as it seemed in after years, that this thing had been all a fantasy. But Hester's face was beside them, and it told of strange and unsubstantial things. The shadows of the middle world were upon her. And yet again, when they turned at the last, there was no token. It was a northern valley with sun and snow, and cold blue shadows, and the high hills—that was all.

Then Hester said: "O Just, I do not know if this is life or death—and yet it must be death, for after death there is forgiveness to those who repent, and your face is forgiving and kind."

And he—for he saw that she needed much human help and comfort—gently laid his hand on hers and replied: "Hester, this is life, a new life for both of us. Whatever has been was a dream; whatever is now,"—and he folded her hand in his—"is real; and there is no such thing as forgiveness to be spoken of between us. There shall be happiness for us yet, please God!"

"I want to go to Falkenstowe. Will,—will mother forgive me?"

"Mothers always forgive, Hester, else half the world had slain itself in shame."

And then she smiled for the first time since he had seen her. This was in the shadows of the scented pines; and a new life breathed upon her, as it breathed upon them all, and they knew that the fever of the White Valley had passed away from them forever.

After many hardships they came in safety to the regions of the south country again; and the tale they told, though doubted by the race of pale faces, was believed by the heathen; because there was none among them, but, as he swung at his mother's breasts, and from his youth up, had heard the legend of the Scarlet Hunter.

For the romance of that journey, it con-

cerned only the man and woman to whom it was as wine and meat to the starving. Is not love more than legend, and a human heart than all the beasts of the field or any joy of slaughter?

GILBERT PARKER.

From *The Revue des Deux Mondes*.  
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

#### PART I.

A TRAVELLER, as he descends towards Rome on his way from Florence, through wooded vales and gorges, sees cities perched high in the air upon tall mountain peaks whose irregularities are sharply outlined by the white walls of the city. Many of these old walls retain their battlements, so that there is no change in their appearance since the Middle Ages. The ascent to these gates is steep and difficult; and when the traveller has at last got into the city it will seem to him to have been built without a plan. The houses stand irregularly along steep and winding streets, easy to barricade and to defend against an enemy. The grim old palaces still wear the look of strongholds. Everything reminds the stranger of past times of insecurity and foreign invasion, and of civil conflict. Everything fills him with a sense of the antiquity of these half-aerial cities, whose fortifications, built during the feudal ages, have been built out of Roman ruins, whose foundations in their turn rest upon the mighty masonry of old Etruscan times.

These hill-cities of Umbria were once brilliant and powerful. Their cathedrals, their town halls, and the ruins of their palaces all show what they must have been from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, when Cortona, Perugia, Assisi, Foligno, Spoleto, and Oviato raised armies both for conquest and defence, and formed alliances with neighboring cities. Their liberties had been enlarged, like those of the towns of northern Italy, during the long feud between the Guelphs and Ghibellines—the pope and emperor—for each party during the struggle had endeavored to gain supremacy in these hill-side cities which commanded the headwaters of the Tiber and its tributaries. The result was that power passed into the hands of the burghers, and this led to political development which was checked

because the new sovereigns set to work to quarrel with each other.

This kind of civic strife soon led to the decadence of these free cities, a decadence that has found nothing to arrest it from that time to our own day. They are now dead cities. Their desolate streets are only brightened by the market stalls of villagers, the stone walls of their ancient houses have that leprous look which marks decaying masonry. But at every town the traveller may catch sight of incomparable scenery—the Apennines and their deep gorges. It would be hard to find a locality better fitted to foster the mysticism of the Middle Ages.

In Assisi, one of these mountain cities, a babe was born in 1182, who was destined to exert a mighty influence over the Christianity of that period. His father, Pietro Bernadone, was a prosperous cloth merchant, who journeyed with his goods to great distances, according to the fashion of those times, when commerce was in its heroic days, and the expeditions of great merchants, with retainers who escorted their bales to the great fairs of western Europe, were of an adventurous and military character, such as we no longer associate with traffic in more peaceful times. By the close of the eleventh century, Italian merchants had begun to cross the Alps, to sell their wares in southern France, and we know from contemporary writers that in the thirteenth century they were to be met with at all the famous fairs in Champagne, Provence, and Languedoc. They dealt in cotton fabrics and in India muslins, in silks, brocades, and velvets, in the manufacture of which Italian workmen were then unrivalled.

Bernadone travelled frequently to France, and tradition says that on one of his journeys he there married a young girl of noble origin in Provence, which accounts for his son's early enthusiasm for Provençal tales and poetry.

Of this lady, whose name was Pica, we have only a faint outline in her son's biographies. Old writers familiar with the city of St. Francis and with his family have hardly mentioned her. We only know that she was patient, gentle, and indulgent. She appears once only on the scene in her son's life, and after that she is overlooked or forgotten. Pietro Bernadone also disappears after the conversion of St. Francis, but we have been previously made well acquainted with his character, and find him to have been a very singular person. We see in him what manner of men were the citizens of

such places as Assisi. Men wealthy and generous, but rude and uneducated; men whose advent to power was to change all Italy for a time.

Pietro Bernadone had engrafted on the rough faults of a plebeian, the smoother defects of a *parvenu*. The husband of the retiring but well-born Pica adored pomp and pretension. He was eager for gain, not much given to courtesy, and at times he could give way to fits of brutal anger. Such a man was hardly lovable, but Pietro Bernadone was active, energetic, not slothful in business, and he did his duty as it was understood by his class in his community.

In the disputes he had with his oldest son (who by no means turned out as he had hoped) we see that he never objected to the lad's schemes for going to the wars or for social advancement, but he did his best to hinder him from following out his tendency to mysticism, from developing, in short, into what in the eyes of a burgher of those days was a "ne'er do well." He suffered him to jeopardize his life, even when it was not hazarded in defence of Assisi. No one has ever accused him of parental selfishness. He seems to have been quite willing that his son, his best assistant in his business, should leave his customers and do military service, provided only that he was inspired by a love of war, and by the hope of glory.

In some respects Pietro Bernadone's famous son was ill-trained and ill-educated. But according to his old biographers such was the custom of his times. It was not then thought unreasonable that young men should comport themselves like unbroken colts, and Francisco Bernadone's conduct was of that description. He was ardent, eager, and active, and had plenty of money. He became the leader of the *jeunesse dorée* of Assisi, the instigator of their pranks, and their follies were often far from being refined. One of their amusements was to create disturbances in the streets after an orgie. Assisi, we are told, was made noisy day and night by the shouts and songs of these young lunatics, whose leader was the son of the rich merchant, Bernadone, a youth who gave himself the airs of a personage of importance, and fancied he was playing a part that commanded general admiration. His excuse is that this was in fact the opinion of his city, where everybody admired him, for he was elegant and gentlemanly even in his excesses. He was never rough, he never used coarse language, — "he never seemed as if he belonged to his family"

says a contemporary writer. "He did not appear to belong to his own class. There was a natural nobility about him."

His schooling did not amount to anything. He was a bad scholar, nor did he remain long at school. His father took him home to measure cloth, and cared little for his studies. Indeed, nobody in the twelfth century imagined that a future merchant could need much book learning. A few of the panegyrists of St. Francis have been at pains to prove that he was better educated than was commonly imagined, or than he claimed to be. But to have been or not to have been a good Latin scholar is a matter of small account in the history of a man whose mission was to give to others a new conception of their life-work. Besides, St. Francis repeatedly spoke of himself as a man simple and ignorant. But simplicity and ignorance in him were strength, because they led him to act rather than to teach or learn.

We should also remember that there are more ways than one of being ignorant. The ignorance of Francisco Bernadone was that of a poet, by which I mean that he knew much that was wholly unknown to the priests of San Giorgio who had superintended his education. The songs of the Provençal troubadours rang with sonorous murmur in his ears. He had heard them from *jongleurs* in the marketplace and at tourneys and *carrousels*; nay, he probably had copies of them in his own possession. His mind had received an impress from Provençal poetry that nothing in after life ever effaced. Love-sick ditties formed only a part of the songs of knightly poets. The lays of the troubadours are instinct with the warrior life of the Middle Ages. Their war songs are full of martial enthusiasm. "Food, drink, and sleep" cries Bertrand de Born, "are nothing to us compared with the joy of hearing the noise of battle." Their strains not only breathe heroism, but they express contempt for the laggard and faint-hearted. A Marquis of Monferrat had taken the cross but had not set forth for Palestine. "Marquis!" cries a troubadour, "would that the monks of Cluny would make you their commander, or that you were chosen Abbot of Citeaux, since you grovel so low as to prefer your ploughs and oxen at Monferrat to the chance of one day becoming an emperor. They say that a leopard whelp runs never to earth like a fox. . . . Your ancestors, I have heard, were men of valor, but you have forgotten their renown."

The troubadours exerted on St. Francis

an influence similar to that which the romances of Spanish chivalry did on the imagination of St. Theresa. They instilled into both saints heroic thoughts and feelings.

The son of the merchant of Assisi had also nature for his teacher. He loved her all his life with unvarying affection. People who had eyes for natural beauty were less rare in those days than some writers would lead us to imagine. It is related of Joachim of Flores, a predecessor of St. Francis, that he stopped suddenly one day in the midst of his sermon, and invited his congregation to go forth with him into the country, that they might see how beautiful was the fresh grass after a heavy rain, with the radiance of sunshine resting on it.

This example, with some others of the same kind, must not, however, impair the fact that St. Francis in the Middle Ages was pre-eminent in his sensibility to the beauties of nature. He loved her with an intensity of feeling that has never been surpassed. It rose partly from his enjoyment of what was beautiful, partly from his inborn tenderness for every living creature, a feeling that extended itself to the vegetable kingdom. He would stand in earnest contemplation before a flower, or would watch intently the graceful waving of the branches of a grape-vine, or the movements of an insect or a bird; and his gaze was not that of a mere pleasure-loving dilettante; he took a keen interest in the welfare of the plant, he wanted it to have its share of sunlight, he wanted to see the bird happy on its nest, he desired that the very humblest of God's creatures should enjoy its share of earthly happiness, so far as it was capable of doing so.

He had been born in a city where by a rare combination of advantages every outlook was either grand or radiantly beautiful. He was familiar from his boyhood with the beauteous scenery of Umbria, with the glow upon its landscapes, the exquisite outlines of its mighty hills. Being a good pedestrian he climbed her mountains, he roamed through her valleys, traversed her cultivated fields and forests, as appreciative of the beauty of a mountain stream as of the grander features of the landscape. From Assisi he could behold at any moment a stretch of unrivalled scenery. The town hangs, as it were, suspended in dazzling sunlight on a flank of Monte Subasio. Beneath it is a wide valley, green with olive groves, through which flows the river Chioggio. Opposite

to it stands a mountain, bold and dark, flecked here and there with patches of vivid verdure. To east and west the valley winds between blue hills, which grow purple in the distance till their tint becomes so soft that the eye can hardly distinguish it. In Assisi, through gaps between the lofty houses, the beholder is continually catching glimpses of this landscape. He may see it as he turns the corner of a street, or as he looks out from his window. The family of Bernadone lived in the upper part of the town; they could not step from their own door without beholding an enchanting landscape, and when the Italian springtime clothed plain and mountain in royal purples, it must have been to young Francisco's eyes a glorious scene.

Thus nature and Provençal poetry were his two great teachers, while lessons that he learned from public events completed his education. In early youth he assisted in an attempt made by the citizens of Assisi to get rid of a certain German duke imposed upon them by the emperor. Francisco was in his seventeenth year when the people, taking advantage of the absence of this personage, Conrad von Lutzen, rose *en masse* and assaulted the citadel, the ruins of whose square towers and enormously thick walls may still be seen. This citadel, the Rocca Rossa, the secular abode of the oppressor, was stormed and dismantled. The insurgents then began to repair the walls of their city. It only remained for them to sweep out of Assisi the old stern, rapacious nobles who held out for the emperor in their own fortified palaces, and bore themselves as if they garrisoned a conquered city. Some of them accepted the new state of things, and were assured of public employments under the new government. Assault and incendiarism settled the rest, and Umbria had one more free city.

Francisco Bernadone was on the side of the citizens, and was a bold fighter. It is not probable he stood with folded hands, a spectator of this struggle. It would be very unlike all we know of his character. The spirit had not yet descended upon him, though he was bubbling over with energy little suspected by himself or those around him. The future Gospel Paladin — he who was to become the hero of so many bloodless victories — was for the moment a warlike stripling, impatient for adventures, for conquest, for glory, and for knighthood, and eager to seize sword and buckler upon every occasion.

Meantime, in his gaiety of heart he was

not a little given to frivolity. He loved song and he loved laughter; the ordering of a feast or the fashioning of a doublet were serious affairs to him; and he dealt recklessly with his father's hard-earned ducats, unless, indeed, from time to time he found himself absorbed in contemplation, or in dreams of vague romantic projects, as he stood behind his father's bales.

His pious followers in after years seem to have been discontented and bewildered by what they considered perplexing inconsistencies in his nature. He was fond of dress—he was indeed a *dude*, to use the slang of our own day. He was a dandy to his finger-tips, and he changed into a hero; yet all the time he was pervaded by the thought of some high destiny, though he was far from seeing from what direction it would come. Those who knew him felt such a presentiment, though appearances were not in its favor. Meantime he was noted for his extreme fastidiousness. He invented extravagant costumes, he was extremely particular about his viands, and held his nose as he walked through the streets for fear of inhaling an evil odor. Yet, nevertheless, his fellow-townsmen never failed to expect from him great things.

Certain frugal citizens, indeed, friends of old Bernadone, shook their heads at all this luxury, which, as they said, was only becoming in a nobleman, but the lower classes of society judged Francisco more kindly, and when he passed along the streets with the air of a prince, glittering in rich raiment, indulgent glances followed him, and the populace forgave him all his misdeeds, having a vague prescience of the future.

It is not easy to understand, and still less easy to explain, the power of personal fascination which was one of his great sources of success. All his contemporaries tell us of it, using for the most part the same words. Whether they knew him in his youth or in his age—as master of the revels, or as a monk and an ascetic—they always say of him: “He was so lovable!” He was never considered handsome, for he lived in an age when strength of body counted for much. He was small and frail. His complexion was pale and delicate. He had rather a long face, marked features, a long neck, little ears, and very small feet and hands. There was nothing remarkable about him in any way, unless we except the frank look in his dark eyes, and the smiling grace which all his life marked all his acts, whether gracious, noble, or austere. The soft

tones of his voice were also attractive. People were always ready to take his yoke upon them, even without waiting to know what that yoke might in the end entail.

His father took him early into his business, and rejoiced to leave an assistant so skilful in affairs. St. Francis was by nature an excellent tradesman (another trait we never should have looked for in such a character). He was very attentive to business. He served in the shop, and was popular with all his father's customers, who liked him because they found him always polite.

The first sign in him of a change of heart manifested itself when he was approaching his twentieth year. The spoilt boy, to whom life had been all joyousness, began to be conscious that there were other things besides pleasures in the world. He heard a sound of sighing throughout Italy. It startled him. He began to look about him, and soon saw to his bewilderment how many cheeks were stained with tears. The sorrows that came from poverty first attracted his attention.

An incident, very commonplace in itself, caused him for the first time in his life to realize the lack of sympathy between the rich and poor. He was dismayed by the discovery. A beggar came one day into his father's shop to ask for charity. At that moment the place was full of customers and Francisco was very busy. He ordered the man off roughly. The mendicant was used to such treatment. But when the customers had left the place the face of the poor man as he turned away returned to Francisco's memory. He pictured to himself how differently he would have behaved to one who had come on a quest from some great count or baron. “And,” says his biographer, “he saw plainly that in that case he would have given him all he asked; but because he was only a common beggar he—Francisco, renowned for courtesy in Assisi—had been rude to him (*magna rusticitatus*). He, a Christian! He, professing a religion that teaches us to consider the poor as envoys sent to us from the King of Heaven, that so there may be peace and good-will prevailing among men!”

Francisco vowed within himself never again to be guilty of such treason to his Saviour, and he kept his word.

From that day dates the eagerness, embellished always with a tender graciousness, with which he ever hastened to the relief of the lowly, and the lower they had sunk into the slough of poverty the greater was his courtesy.

Nor was that all. The incident of the beggar had more important results. Francis Bernadone had received from it an impression which ere long gave rise to anguish of heart. Vaguely he began to apprehend the causes of the mass of grief he saw around him. The groans of those who seemed without hope began to trouble him. He saw that they sorrowed because the words of the merciful Jesus had been falsified for ages by those whose interest it was to misinterpret the Gospel, rather than submit to its restraints. The tender friend of sinners, the man poor but divine, who had not where to lay his head, had in the popular faith given place to a being pompous and severe, whose crown was not of thorns but gold, whose hand was raised to curse but not to bless, who spoke to his people only by the mouths of high ecclesiastics who ranked with counts and barons. Primitive Christianity had fallen into discredit, as it has (from other causes) in our own day, and the proud system that had taken its place was powerless to offer consolation to the miserable. The moment when St. Francis perceived this became the turning point of his life.

He was not the first man who had suspected the origin of the evil. For more than two hundred years protesting voices had been heard from obscure haunts of the indigent, and from humble monasteries, nay, remonstrances had sounded occasionally from the pulpit, when some bold preacher fearlessly denounced the official religion as an insolent travesty of the pure Gospel, or arraigned the mitred counts and barons of the Church who reigned in episcopal palaces surrounded by their underlings.

The people had taken no part in the official connection of the Church of the Middle Ages with the feudal system, nor had they any affection for the shepherds who transformed themselves into wolves, and harried their own flocks.

There had been always, even in evil times, poor priests and monks full of charity and kindness, whose souls stirred within them when they saw an abbot who comported himself like a robber baron, or a bishop engaged in factious strife, and their indignation increased when they turned their eyes upon the Roman hierarchy, and saw how the popes (with some noble exceptions) set the lower clergy an example of violence and iniquity. The popular conscience rebelled against such things, and it needed no great effort for St. Francis to hear all round him murmurs of malediction, which only wanted an occasion to

break into revolt, which occurred later in the Reformation.

The evils of the times which shocked good men were great and lamentable, yet one does not well see in those days how they could have been avoided,—how the popes could have remained faithful to the traditions of primitive Christianity and have preserved intact their evangelistic virtue, in the centuries which followed the irruption of the barbarians, when the head of the Church was exposed like any other man to the danger of being carried off by ruffians or murdered by a rival. In the Western world in those days no place was more infested by robbers than Rome itself, no population was more brutal than the Roman people. The Holy City, whether with or without a pope, would have been the lair of greedy cut-throats and of evil-doers; but the presence of the pontiff increased the disorder. The city became the rendezvous of foreign conquerors and successful soldiers of fortune, some of whom, like Charlemagne, wanted to be crowned in the Basilica of Saint Peter's; while others wanted to gain possession of the tiara, and to bestow it on a follower. The Holy Father lived in the midst of plots and disturbances, and could not even say a mass in security.

The student of history must look more closely than is his wont into those times, before he can discern what was then possible or impossible. From A.D. 897 to 985 (less than a century) one pope had been poisoned, two had been strangled, and four had died under suspicious circumstances in prison. Towards the close of the eleventh century Gregory the Great, having ventured to attack certain great men guilty of simony, was carried off one Christmas night from the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. In 1118 Gelasius II. was assailed by stones and arrows while saying mass in another church in Rome. A state of things like this was unendurable, and therefore it came to pass that the Papacy shut up the Gospel, and learned to prize before all things wealth, which would buy power and men-at-arms.

The doors of the Temple were reopened to traffic. The pope trafficked himself, and sold everything that men would buy: ecclesiastical dignities, spiritual immunities, temporal sovereignty, things sacred and things profane, things in heaven and things on earth without much concern as to who would be the buyer, provided only he would pay for what was sold him.

What was to be expected then took place. Nobles bought bishoprics for their

bastards, others dowered their daughters by the sale of abbeys. Great families combined to place a man selected from one of their own houses on the pontifical throne, hoping thus to secure for themselves the hen who would lay them eggs of gold. This is why the episcopate was crowded with evil-doers, men whose vices provoked the invectives of Peter Damien and other enthusiasts of his class whose names history has now forgotten. "Far better for such a man had he been keeper of a herd of swine, or even a poor leper, rather than to act the farcé of being a bishop," wrote Fra Salimbene of one of these personages.

The worst was that such unworthy prelates preached a religion to suit themselves; a religion of fear, in which hell-fire was asserted to be the portion of all who did not punctually pay their tithes. By a daring blasphemy, the idea presented of Jesus was that of one who loved cursing rather than blessing. This idea of severity became incorporated into men's thoughts and feelings, and it would not be too much to say that never was there so little loving-kindness displayed upon God's earth as during the centuries which preceded the birth of St. Francis of Assisi. The weak could expect no pity, the suffering found no sympathy. Some in their misery made their appeal from the Church direct to God; and this was the origin of the tidal wave of heresy which made its first appearance in the eleventh century among the Slavs, and swept over western Christendom at the Reformation. Sects were numerous, but their main idea was held in common. Whatever name they took, whatever dogmas they might preach, whatever rites they adopted, all of them without exception were permeated by a wish to return to the primitive teaching of the Gospel; all were convinced that this would never be, unless the feudal Church, which had become so worldly, were destroyed, and the Church of the Gospel was rebuilt upon its ruins. They thought the Church of Rome could not possibly emerge from the slough in which she found herself, that she would never voluntarily become poor, would never preach forgiveness of sins and love to all men, would never become the poor man's advocate, or concern herself about the social aspirations of the lower classes, which were becoming impatient to throw their own weight into the scale of society, and to feel assured of their own value.

What was original in St. Francis was that he thought just the contrary. He

was impressed as much as any heretic could be, by the greatness of the evil and its urgent need of remedy, but it never occurred to him to suggest a reformation *outside* of the Church, more especially a reformation that should be the Church-enemy. He never doubted the power of the Church to work out her own reformation, and in this he showed his comprehension of that wondrous organization which adapts itself to the times, even those of our nineteenth century, and can recognize the advance of public opinion. Its power of self-adaptation never but once failed, and that was on the day when Leo X. caused the writings of Luther to be committed to the flames.

The Church, thought St. Francis, has lingered amongst the ruins of an age that has passed away. He wished to set before her, but with due discretion and respect, the Christianity of the Sermon on the Mount—and to suggest to her that it was time she should arise and travel onward. The Church accepted his suggestion, and was grateful for the manner in which it was offered to her.

We have thought it well to mark distinctly the origin of the object of the mission of St. Francis, but it is not probable that they presented themselves thus clearly to his own mind at the beginning of his career. The great spiritual crisis in his own life, of which the anecdote of the beggar is an indication, had been brought about by impressions, not by logical reasoning. Therefore its first results were tinged by eccentricity. Tossed to and fro by doubts, he was unable to see his way. He so dimly apprehended what was working within him that he attributed his restlessness to a yearning for adventure.

War having broken out between Assisi and Perugia, Francisco joined the forces of his city, and was captured after the men of Assisi had suffered a rout. On his way to his dungeon he showed such good spirits, and indulged in so much pleasant discourse that his comrades were scandalized by his behavior.

Peace having been made in 1203 between the rival cities, Francisco returned home and resumed his former occupations, but he longed again to draw his sword. To be made a knight was the object of his ambition in spite of his lowly origin.

An illness put an end to this dream; but as he grew better and gazed from his casement on the surrounding landscape, he found himself to be an altered man. The scene that he had looked upon from boyhood now spoke to him of matters more

serious than before. At first he marvelled at this change within himself, but he grew familiar with it before long, and his imagination went back to poetry and romance, to the fairy-land where "Roland brave" and giant Loquifer did deeds of valor. He yearned to emulate them.

About this time one of the nobles of Assisi gave out that he was about to set out on an expedition of adventure, in which, according to the piratical ideas of that day, he proposed to win either wealth or glory. Young Bernadone obtained his father's permission to join the company, and hastened to make his preparations. The first thing to be considered was his toilet, for he was too well acquainted with stories of romance to think that heroic deeds could be performed in an unsuitable costume. He therefore caused a magnificent suit to be made for him, apparel more splendid than that worn by his captain, and having settled this important matter to his satisfaction he was eager for departure. He could not sleep, or if he slumbered for a moment he beheld himself in dreams surrounded by trophies of his prowess, never by his merchant father's bales. He told his fellow-citizens that his aim in life was to become a prince, and he believed that he should soon become one.

The day of departure came at last; it was also a day of unexpected things. The first that happened was that the future prince, as he rode proudly through the streets in all his bravery, met a poor knight, most meanly clad. He pulled off his rich coat and gave it to him, so that he departed from Assisi far less magnificently than he had planned to do. The second unexpected thing was that at Spoleto, their first stopping place, he was attacked with malarial fever. As he lay in his bed, he fancied, between waking and sleeping, that he heard a voice telling him to go back to Assisi. He obeyed with his habitual prompt decision, and soon found himself selling rich wares to his father's astonished customers, who had fancied him on his way to win a principedom. The third surprising event that grew out of his departure was, that having given a magnificent banquet to his comrades in honor of his return, he seemed to take no part in the general gaiety. They sang, but he was silent; they talked, he did not seem to hear them; they set out for a walk, but he remained behind. His guests laughed, but he did not heed their laughter. He had never been so happy. The anxieties and doubts that had oppressed him had been changed into hopes.

A bright light dawned upon the future; he saw far off a new life that he could not clearly define, but he knew that it promised him an existence more beautiful than any he had ever seen around him. As he sat surrounded by the pleasures of the table his mission was suddenly made known to him.

The months that followed were marked by a struggle such as often may be noted in the lives of religious enthusiasts at the beginning of their vocation. They resist the fascination which is withdrawing them from the world without into the unknown regions of the supernatural. Their delight in their first ecstasies is mingled with apprehension, and they do not fully enjoy the new life on which they have entered until they have grown familiar with the intangible and unreal.

Assisi was much concerned at seeing young Bernadone the subject of heavenly visions, weeping as he strolled along its streets or wandered out into the country, sighing because something invisible to others had been revealed to him by voices that addressed him in solitary places. As he made long prayers the divine figure from the crucifix appeared to answer him, while all around him floated heavenly visions. After such moments of spiritual excitement, he would be found trembling and overwhelmed with anguish because it had not been clearly revealed to him what it was the Lord's pleasure he should do.

All he understood of his mission was that it was a mission to the poor, and that he was called to restore poverty to a place of honor, that is so far as to make her cease to be a shame, though she might never cease to be considered a misfortune.

His life thus far had little fitted him to be the apostle of poverty. With the practical common sense which never forsook him he tested his ability to endure all it might entail by his own experience. He wanted to know how a man felt when reduced to rags and hunger, before he should stand up before his fellows and preach that poverty can set us free from all our cares, provided only that we love her.

He journeyed to Rome where no one knew him. He borrowed the rags of a mendicant and asked alms at the doors of churches. He ate coarse food with his new comrades. The trial was satisfactory. He felt himself now able to ask charity even from the hand of Pietro Bernadone, his own father, the hardest trial to which he could be called.

Some time after this as he was riding

near Assisi he met a leper. Leprosy had always been to him particularly loathsome. He forced himself to go up to the sufferer, to give him alms, and to kiss his hand; but his repugnance was so great that he felt he had hardly gained a victory. He who had been renowned in his city for fastidiousness now went to a leper house, waited on the inmates, and kissed them on the mouth. From that time forth he felt ready for his mission. Without more delay he rushed into the fight. He had espoused the cause of the God of the indigent—that God who seemed to him to be the God of peace on earth, and of good-will to men in a world where inequality of all sorts is the general rule.

The first thing to be done was to separate himself from his family. The difficulty he found in doing this has occasioned his biographers to lay much blame unjustly on his father. We may imagine the feelings of a respectable citizen on finding that his son had decided to become a professional beggar. Up to this time Pietro Bernadone had treated his Francisco with over-indulgence. He had shut his eyes to his extravagance; he had let him take as much money as he pleased for his tailors, his embroideries, and his tavern bills, for *jongleurs*, for beggars, for churches or for lepers, according as the weather-cock of his son's whims turned to revelry or to religion.

One evening young Francisco did not return home. He had gone to sell goods at Foligno. His parents grew alarmed; they made enquiries, and learned at length that he had taken up his abode with the pastor of a church dedicated to San Damiano, in the mountains that towered above Assisi. At once old Bernadone set off with a party of friends to bring him back. But Francisco fled up the mountain on perceiving their approach, concealed himself in a grotto, and besought God with many tears to give him strength to follow his commands.

A month later, as Pietro Bernadone was sitting in his shop, he heard a strange tumult in the streets of Assisi. He caught the sound of his own name. He rose in haste, went into the street, and uttered a cry of anguish. A crowd was pressing on the heels of what seemed to be a madman, flinging stones at him and mud. And this outcast with red eyes, pale face, and ragged raiment was his own son, his hope, his pride, who, inspired by the spirit as with new wine, had come to herald the victory of Christ over all earthly ties.

Pietro sprang upon the madman. He dragged him into his house, he bound him; he beat him; he reproached him, and all he could get out of him was the reiterated answer that he must obey God rather than man.

His wife took it upon herself to unbind the prisoner and to let him go. For this Pietro roughly maltreated her, and rushed after his son to San Damiano, but all he could do was in vain. His son was not a madman, he was a man of God. In his fury he instituted a suit against him, accusing him of having appropriated the money he had received for goods sold in Foligno. The case was tried before the Bishop of Assisi. The scene has been a favorite one with painters. The bishop paternally exhorted Francisco to render back to his father everything that belonged to him. His exhortation met with a prompt response. In a moment St. Francis stood naked before him, laying his clothes down in a heap with the money on the top of them.

"Listen all present!" he cried aloud. "I have called Pietro Bernadone my father. I render back to him his money and all the clothes that I now have of him. Henceforth I shall call no man father. I have no father but my father in heaven!"

The suddenness and the strangeness of this scene had a great effect on the spectators. Men wept. The bishop embraced the young enthusiast and covered him with his mantle. Old Bernadone felt that his son was lost to him, and remained divided between grief and rage. He ended the scene by picking up the pence and garments. He returned hooted by the crowd who were indignant at his doing so.

Some hours later a band of robbers lying in wait on the outskirts of Assisi heard a pure young voice singing something in a tongue unknown to them. They drew near and beheld a man half-naked, who responded to their questions, "I am a hermit, servant of the great king." Thereupon they flung the lunatic as they supposed him, into a gorge where snow lay deep, and then departed. The man, as soon as he could, climbed out of the drift, and proceeded to sing a song of thanksgiving with the full force of his lungs.

It was the son of the rich merchant Bernadone, clad in a cast-off garment given him by the bishop, and chanting in Provençal his joy at having enlisted in God's service, and at being delivered from the slavery of the world.

All this took place in the spring of

1207, when flowers were beginning to show their heads after a long winter, when all the earth had been sterile and bare.

#### PART II.

As Assisi failed to recognize the hand of God in the change that had come over Francisco Bernadone, she thought at first that she had only added to her population an additional vagrant. Her best-loved son came back to her in the garb of an anchorite, after serving as a scullion in a monastery and as a nurse in a leper hospital. Her fellow citizens saw him begging bread from door to door, they heard him cursed by his father whenever he encountered him, and beheld him set at naught by his brethren and by the crowd. Sometimes he was found singing in public places, surrounded by a mob of curious spectators. All he asked in return for his songs were stones with which to repair San Damiano, and he carried those that were given him away on his back.

Soon, however, he began to preach, and his preaching seemed even more singular than his singing. He asked no pulpit, he preached under no roof, he did not divide his discourses according to the rules of oratory, nor did he cultivate the graces of a public speaker. As for preaching in Latin, which was the custom in that day, the new apostle was not qualified to do it for lack of learning. He addressed his hearers in their mother tongue, and never were sermons more impassioned. His words were unpremeditated, but so tender that tears rushed to the eyes of his hearers, so ardent that their hearts throbbed with emotion. His ideas flowed from his lips straight from his soul. He made often more use of gesture than of words. He preached Christ body and soul, his person being ever in movement as he spoke. "His discourse was accompanied," says an early writer, "with gestures of fire and with movements of the head, laughing and weeping, and making his thoughts known by signs when he failed in other ways to express them. His countenance was mobile, and lighted up by the thoughts and feelings within him. Sometimes it looked transfigured under the influence of strong emotion." "He seemed," says another biographer, "not himself sometimes, but another man."

The extraordinary spectacle of such a preacher and such hearers was daily seen by those who walked the streets of Assisi. St. Francis gathered his hearers on the highways, or indeed anywhere where he

could find a group of people willing to listen to him.

Men shrugged their shoulders and pitied his family, but they flocked to see and hear him, and insensibly there came a change. War was always ready to break out at any moment. Umbria was still hard pressed between the pope and the emperor, vassalage was still onerous, the Church still feudal. Yet hearts seemed less bowed down since the pale young hermit, with his flashing eyes, began his preaching. A sense of comfort seemed to pervade the neighboring country, and before long men began to perceive whence the new peace came. Then from all parts of the province they flocked to hear one who spoke words that uplifted the sad hearts of his countrymen. Tomaso Celano, who had listened repeatedly to the exhortations of St. Francis, thus describes the impression that they made upon his hearers: "Men flocked to hear him; women hastened to surround him; men of learning came, and monks, all eager to hear and to behold the saint of God, who seemed to them a man of another age. . . . It seemed indeed to those who had once been brought into personal contact with St. Francis, or who spoke of him, that heaven had shed new light upon the world. . . . He shone like a star in the night; he seemed like dawn dispersing the darkness."

St. Francis was indeed a man of another century. No sermon of his has come down to us, but we know the ideas that pervaded all his preaching, and it is certain that Christian souls had been refreshed with no words such as his since the days of the Apostles. Translated into modern language his teaching seems to have amounted to this: "The sadness and the hopelessness of Christendom proceed from two causes. Life has been misunderstood, and so has heaven. Men's mistake as to this life has been the desire to possess things that are worthless, riches, honors, vanities, and superfluities, instead of eagerly desiring that treasure beyond all price, which can be found by all who seek for it—that treasure is true liberty!"

Those who listened to St. Francis were assured that they could at once fling off forever the cares which bound them like chains to a life of slavery, and might be as blithe and happy as song birds in the trees. The remedy was at hand; they had but to will, and their emancipation from the cares of life was won. They had only to espouse poverty. Then what a change in all things would take place!

What deliverance from the anxiety of those who possess and dread to lose, or are planning uncertain acquisitions in the future! The man who owns nothing and is willing to dispense with everything, enjoys a peace that can never be taken from him — the holy joy of living becomes his, the fresh air of the fields, the sweet perfume of the grass, all are first fruits of the kingdom of God. Such a man, far from having made sacrifices, has made an unspeakable gain. The love of poverty is the great lesson of the Gospel, but men think they know themselves better than Jesus did, and thence comes their second misunderstanding with heaven.

At this point the teaching of St. Francis diverged from the teaching of the heretics, who threw all the blame upon the Church, and insisted that she had imposed on Christendom a God after her own likeness; a vengeful and imperious being, not the God of loving-kindness and of tender mercy presented to us in the Gospel. St. Francis never spoke a word in disparagement of the Church or of her ministers, whatever they might be. He taught that the evils against which he preached had been the work of the Christian masses, who had set aside the Gospel in favor of a religion more conformable to worldly prudence. "The wisdom of this world is foolishness," he cried. And his hearers knew he spoke the truth. The God of the poor, he who had shown himself in sympathy with human suffering, had been forgotten and overlooked for eleven hundred years.

It was in the hope of recalling to human souls a sense of the divine mercy, and arousing love and energy, that the young enthusiast of Assisi preached to his hearers. He wept as he addressed them; well knowing that only a God of love could meet the needs of a world made bitter by suffering. It was necessary men should understand in the first place that the foolishness of the Gospel is the true wisdom.

The first converts of St. Francis were two citizens of Assisi, Bernado da Quantavalle, who was rich and influential, and a canon named Pietro. When Bernado declared his intention of giving all his wealth to the poor, and going to live with St. Francis, the saint was disturbed by scruples. He was not a man of learning, possibly he had misunderstood the words of Jesus with regard to riches.

He had a conference with Bernado and Pietro in a church in Assisi, and all three set to work to consult and to understand the teaching of the Gospel. They read:

"If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come and follow me." Nothing could be clearer. The two disciples went forthwith and sold all that they had. After which Bernado appeared in the market-place of Assisi holding all his wealth in coin carried in his shirt, and began to distribute it to those who flocked around him. Young Bernadone standing by him, seemed to look upon the scene as nothing uncommon or unnatural. The old priest of San Damiano was in the crowd and put in his claim for money to pay a debt due for repairs to his chapel. St. Francis thrust his hand into Bernado's lap, drew forth a handful of silver which he gave to the good man, and would have given him more with an air that showed how much he despised such dross, had not the priest drawn back declaring, half ashamed, that he had already received more than was wanted.

A week later a third convert joined the fraternity; then a fourth, then a fifth, until at last there were twelve of them.

Neither master nor disciples had dreamed of founding a religious order. No one who understands St. Francis will imagine that he acted on a long-formed plan. In 1209, the year of his first preaching, his only idea was to live according to what he taught and believed. So it was with his followers. None of them had any idea that they were about to invent an order of mendicant friars. The Franciscan brotherhood, one of the most powerful orders of religious that has ever existed, came into being without premeditation.

The little band installed itself in a hut which it built in a valley on the outskirts of Assisi near the ruins of a chapel called Santa Maria della Portioncule. They wore the grey frock and rope girdle adopted by their master, who had given up the dress of a hermit because he thought shoes and a leathern belt superfluous luxuries. They prayed much, they worked with their hands, and begged from door to door, St. Francis setting the example; for in this matter he had to overcome opposition both from within and from without. The idea that the dignity and honor of a good man are not influenced by his circumstances, is one that human pride has always found it hard to accept. It was a message of great importance to an age of violence, when the weak were habitually oppressed by the strong. St. Francis was, therefore, very anxious to set it forth by his example. "The Son of God," he said to his followers, "was more

noble than we can be, but for our sakes he became poor. We have chosen poverty for his sake. We must not be ashamed to ask for alms." It seemed hard, however, to some of his followers, especially as their fellow-citizens blamed them, and their families complained bitterly of the disgrace. The Bishop of Assisi, too, who had favored the little society at Portioncule, did not hesitate to say that begging seemed to him an exaggerated idea of duty. He said as much to St. Francis, whose answer was: "My lord, if we possessed anything we should need arms to defend it. From possession spring law-suits, and disputes, both of which are opposed to the love of God and man. Therefore we wish to possess nothing in this world." "This argument satisfied the bishop," adds the chronicler. Mendicancy became the rule of the fraternity, but the brothers never accepted coin. There was no money whatever at Portioncule.

Work was another rule of the fraternity. No moment was to be unemployed. Cooking, gardening, wood-cutting were carried on. Those who knew any handicraft worked at it, and exchanged what they made for things needed by the community. The public soon began to perceive that it was no spirit of idleness which made mendicancy the fashion at Portioncule. Dante expressed the popular sentiment on this subject when he spoke in his "Paradiso" of St. Francis of Assisi. "Poverty, widowed of her first spouse, Poverty, to whom, like Death, no man opens willingly his doors, had remained eleven hundred years shunned and despised, and without suitors, when this man espoused her openly before the Father and his spiritual court, and loved her better day by day."

Sometimes the inmates of Portioncule went forth to preach good tidings. They travelled two and two preaching repentance and remission of sins. They were looked upon with astonishment, "for they were dressed and lived like nobodies, and they seemed almost like wild men out of the woods." Insults and missiles were cast at them in abundance. Boys seized them by their hoods, women ran away from them. But they went on with incredible patience repeating that they brought a message of peace and good-will to all mankind. They entered houses and obliged the inmates to listen to them. They stopped wayfarers in the streets and on the highroad. By degrees people became accustomed to the sight of them, and began to give heed to what they had to say.

Happy was the brother who had St. Francis himself for his comrade on a journey. St. Francis was not a poet in vain. As they walked he was continually discovering interesting and beautiful things along the road, and he talked of them so eagerly, that his fellow-traveller would be at last persuaded that to dine on a crust under a tree was great enjoyment. The gaiety of St. Francis made these journeys charming. It was one of his sayings that the devil has small chance with a man who is in good spirits, whilst the man who bemoans himself, who is sour and sad, runs great risk from the arch-enemy. The saint's expressive face beamed with his inward happiness. All faces grew brighter when he spoke, for St. Francis had inherited the charm that had distinguished him in earlier life as Francisco Bernadone. He might be dusty, ragged, sunburned, but he was always "lovable." His preaching completed his conquests. He pleaded as earnestly before three or four rustics as before an audience of nobles the value of his treasures of faith and love. His earnestness opened men's souls to their own tenderness, which seemed to have been dried up by a continuity of misfortune. He had the secret how to speak words that made men better.

Some months were thus passed in peaceful obscurity, then the evident necessity of some common rule forced St. Francis to take a step which brought him to the notice of the world.

He had drawn up some very simple rules, which really meant little but: ye must possess nothing. He decided to submit them to the pope. He left Assisi for Rome with his eleven disciples, and was at first astonished by the ease with which his wishes were accomplished. His party met on its way the Bishop of Assisi, who took them under his protection, and they obtained an audience with the sovereign pontiff, to whom St. Francis explained his project with his habitual earnestness and humility. The pope was the politic Innocent III. He replied that he must think about it, and he would consult his cardinals.

Innocent III. was too clever a man not to see at a glance what important service to religion and the Church might be rendered by an order of mendicant friars. They would carry the Church to the people—that primitive Church which Arnold of Brescia, other heretics, and the pious few, were clamoring for in a tone of menace. An order of mendicant friars might become a valuable militia force for the

Church if it were willing to be subordinate and obedient to the Holy See. The pope soon learned that the community of Portioncule was heartily devoted to the interests of the Church, and ever respectful to the clergy—that it judged no man, and made no disturbances. At once he drafted these hermits into his service. He publicly embraced St. Francis. A cardinal undertook to organize the novices, and they returned tonsured to their Valley of Assisi, mendicant monks for life, and convinced that the world was theirs to conquer according to their master's dream. Their joy and confidence brought new accessions to their ranks—men attracted by the increasing fervor of St. Francis, and the little community enjoyed its golden age before encountering the difficulties attendant on success. The idyll of Portioncule is one of the loveliest episodes on the pages of Church history. Poverty was fulfilling all the promises St. Francis had made in her name.

The saint was an admirable head of a community. He thoroughly understood his beloved disciples. He knew beforehand where they were likely to hesitate in their obedience, and when he found among them any shadow of regret he would disperse it by some timely word of wisdom, or by some of that charming badinage under whose influence a man might descend into a den of lions. One day he noticed in a young monk's eyes a longing to eat grapes. He led him into a vineyard, sat down with him beneath a vine, and set him the example of enjoying the fruit. One night he heard a monk complaining of hunger. He rose, awoke the whole community, and invited them all to sup with him. If any were sick St. Francis himself begged for them dainties or nourishing food.

He was never willing to see anybody sad. No one at Portioncule would have dared for shame's sake to complain of its austerities, but some among them thought proper to weep in public over their own sins. The master when he heard of it said: "Think over your faults in your own cells in secret. Weep for them before God; but before men be gay, and look as if everything went well with you."

The one thing that provoked him to anger was idleness. To a certain lazy monk he said: "Thou art like the drone, which labors not but eats the honey. Begone, brother drone!" And he departed, knowing that on the subject of indolence St. Francis was inexorable. He was equally determined to enforce poverty.

The house inhabited by the fraternity was never bare enough to please him. When the others really believed that they had nothing, he would find out some superfluity—some little pot—some not absolutely necessary table. When there was really nothing left and a poor man asked for charity, some brother would give him his mantle, or another his own undergarment, or if they had nothing else, one would send a sleeve from his frock to give him. One day a poor man came for whom they could find nothing. "Give him something from the altar in the chapel," said St. Francis; "God would rather see his altar bare than one of his children naked." A brother once said to him: "We have given everything away. All we have left is the New Testament in which we read at matins. Our breviaries are gone." "Give him the New Testament then," said St. Francis; "God had rather have his wants supplied than hear our readings."

Some compensation was due to those who lived at Portioncule for all these sacrifices. The talk of St. Francis was like a stream of poetry. He taught his monks to love and admire nature, and to search out its marvels. Each had his own garden. By night he led them forth to view the stars. He showed them the splendors of creation and the bliss of all things that have life. He taught them to praise God in his works, and to respect nature's powers of reproduction. His monks were instructed when they cut wood to spare the life of the tree. He wrested nature, in short, from Satan and gave her back to the Almighty. This was no small innovation upon popular teaching in that day.

The age had also placed a great gulf between man and the brutes. St. Francis did not admit its existence. All creatures were to him "his sisters or his brothers." Man, of course, was the head of the family, but what right had he to despise those more humble than himself? Man had set the creatures against him by his cruelty and his indifference. St. Francis hoped to recover the link between ourselves and God's other living creatures. He had been surprised one day when passing through a field in which was a flock of birds, to find that, instead of flying off at his approach, they came so near that he could touch them with his tunic, and they seemed to him to lend ear to the sermon he at once preached to them. After that he often addressed his discourse to animals, "even including the snakes," says one of his disciples.

Of course he was too sober-minded to

believe that a swallow or a lamb could understand the words he spoke to them, but in some way of their own he thought they derived good from them; they might, he thought, be able to learn something from the tones of his voice, from his face, from his gestures. And it is certain that the brute creation never feared St. Francis. Birds and animals would come to him and let him handle them. Their tameness and docility gave great pleasure to the inhabitants of Portioncule in the first days of the order, before the friars went forth to preach in towns and villages and on the highways.

The faith and enthusiasm of St. Francis was a whirlwind that swept others with it in its course. He loved God with a child-like adoration which had its influence even on commonplace people, and whether they would or no inspired them with heroism. His dreams and his prophetic visions seemed to lift his disciples above the earth, and already they seemed to themselves half way to heaven.

But St. Francis did not intend that his order should abide in peace and contemplation, cultivating gardens and feeding birds. He meant it to form part of the militia force of the Church militant. He intended it should go forth through Europe and into heathen countries, and he gave his followers a name that denoted their intention to take an humbler place than the monks of any other order. He called them Minorites, by which he meant to designate their mission and their affiliation with the poor.

About three years after their organization he said to his disciples: "Let us go forth in the Lord's name and preach the Gospel." He ordered those whom he sent forth to sit in judgment upon no man, to be invariably respectful to the clergy, — "rich or poor, good or bad;" never to utter one word against the rich or against luxury; to preach everywhere peace and good-will, love to God and to each other. They were tolerably observant of these rules at first, but to every one it was apparent that their mission was to the poor and the oppressed, to the people, to the lower orders.

New convents rapidly sprang up in all directions. There were soon thousands of Minorite Friars who had never seen St. Francis and had never learned from him how to be gentle and generous without impairing their authority.

St. Francis, as his friars swarmed over Italy, became alarmed at their numbers. He said to those about him: "There are

too many Minorites. One meets too many." And in truth they were everywhere, preaching to all men in their mother tongue, of peace and justice, brotherhood and liberty. They were listened to with eagerness, and men who had been hopeless began to recover trust in the goodness and mercy of God.

The friars were less readily welcomed in castles and palaces than among the lower classes, by whom their mission was best understood. But St. Francis enforced his orders. They were to honor all men according to their rank, and to pay respect "to all prelates, priests, nobles, and rich men."

Nevertheless, a powerful party might have been organized against them in the Church had it not been for the protection of Cardinal Ugolino, afterwards Pope Gregory IX. From the year 1216 to his death he took a prominent part in the affairs of the order.

The first missionary labors of the brethren in foreign countries were not attended with success. Their preachers were insulted, beaten, and misused in every way by the clergy as well as by the people. But Cardinal Ugolino gave them a few lessons in worldly wisdom. He also wrote letters to the higher clergy in foreign countries, under whose protection preachers of the new order did their work. Convents rose wherever their steps had passed, the net of St. Francis was soon spread over all Europe. Even women had their order as Minorites under Santa Clara of Assisi, who, under the direction of St. Francis, founded the sisterhood of Saint Claire.

The organization of the brotherhood was completed by the addition of what was called the third order. To this order Dante sixty years later belonged. Great was the excitement throughout Italy wherever St. Francis, that man of God, preached to the people. Whole villages went forth to hear him. He preached reconciliation, and hostile towns made peace. Old enemies embraced each other, stern nobles as they listened were brought to repentance.

So many persons of all ranks desired to enter into the brotherhood, that the third or lay order was instituted to receive them. The faithful of both sexes were admitted to this order, making promises that they would lead righteous lives, but taking no vows of celibacy or poverty. Cardinal Ugolino, however, suggested some additions to these simple rules, the only ones, at first proposed by St. Francis. Mem-

bers of the third order were not to bear arms except in defence of the Church, of the faith of Jesus Christ, or of their country, unless with the permission of their superiors. This struck a vital blow at the power of the feudal system. The yearly subscription of a penny was also required to a common fund. The artisan who paid this, could, in his hour of need, draw money to buy land, or to establish himself in business.

Poor men and laboring men hastened to enter the third order. In it they seemed to secure the first fruits of that kingdom of God, preached to them by the mendicant friars.

St. Francis conceived the idea of this third order in 1221, and six years after its struggle against the feudal system had become general in Italy. The bishops, who hoped for no sympathy from Rome (Cardinal Ugolino being then pope), wrote to the emperor, complaining that "the Minorite friars set themselves against us. . . . They have publicly condemned our way of life and our principles. They have invaded our rights and reduced us to nothing. And now, in order to impair our influence and to divert from us the devotion of our people, they have created new communities which include men and women. All people flock to them. Hardly can there be found a man whose name is not inscribed upon their lists.

Italian democratic feeling owes its origin to the rules that St. Francis, under the direction of a great statesman, drew up for the discipline of an humble society established, as he thought, for fasting and prayer. Modestly he accepted the suggestions of Cardinal Ugolino, who labored earnestly and successfully to put into practical shape the dream of the most poetic of saints. But when inferior Minorites sought to impose their views upon him they found him much less docile. Success had turned some of the brothers' heads. They thought that their chief ought to make more of his victory. If he would, their order might rival the Benedictines. It might possess universities, learned doctors, delegations which should journey with almost royal escorts — but their founder had condemned them to permanent ignorance and poverty. Elias of Cortona, the vicar-general of the order, headed the dissatisfied party, and it began to be whispered that St. Francis, though undoubtedly a great saint, was a rash-brained enthusiast, and that it had become the duty of his followers to bring him back to the ways of the world. They

tried this, — but they found him, to their surprise, stern, clear-headed, and resolute, uncompromisingly unwilling to allow a finger to be laid on what he had ordained in conformity to what he believed to have been celestial visions.

They never could shake his devotion to his spouse, poverty. On this point he exacted obedience rigorously. Poverty was the keynote of his order. He contended for it with his latest breath. Every infringement of his rules, however good the pretext, became matter of importance to St. Francis, who dreaded the danger of relaxation.

One day as he was entering Bologna he was told that a community of Minorites had erected a handsome building. He refused to enter it, and laid his commands upon the monks to quit it at once. "He who told me this story," says Thomas de Celano, "was one of them. He was sick at the time, but was ejected with the rest; and would have slept in the street but for the intervention of Cardinal Ugolino, who chanced at that time to be at Bologna. He obtained the pardon of the monks, though not without difficulty."

It was worse when the citizens of Assisi undertook, during the saint's absence, to pull down the wooden cabin at Portiuncule, and to replace it by a substantial building roofed with red tiles.

St. Francis felt that his spouse poverty had suffered insult, and that it was for him to avenge her. He would have torn down the new building had it not been represented to him by some soldiers who were present that it belonged to the commune. St. Francis always showed respect for law and property. He revoked his orders, but his feelings had suffered a great shock. The destruction of the primitive abode of his order seemed to involve that of a dear illusion. He perceived that his brethren, at the bottom of their hearts, were delighted with their new building, and that he had asked too much of human nature.

The brethren were forbidden even to lay a finger upon money, and instances are recorded in which St. Francis exacted extreme penances from those who had even inadvertently touched a coin.

On one point, however, Elias of Cortona and his party triumphed over their founder. The first Franciscan friars received no education. Like the Apostles, they had to trust the promise: "It shall be given you in the same hour what ye ought to speak;" and the effect of their preaching was very great. But the more ambitious spirits in the order were mortified by the superior

learning of their rivals, the Benedictines. Elias and his followers desired to found schools and universities.

St. Francis was no enemy to letters. He showed sometimes great respect for written books, and one of his biographers thinks that he even encouraged some of his monks to read the writings of those friends of his early youth, the troubadours. In his heart he considered it the right and even the duty of every monk who could to be a poet; but he did not wish him to be learned. He must preach from his heart and enforce his preaching by the example of his life. The Holy Spirit descending upon him would do the rest. If a man had acquired the learning of the schoolmen before entering the order, St. Francis exhorted him to forget it. He allowed no useless books in his convents, and almost all books were useless in his eyes. A convent complained to him that it had no books to conduct the services. He said the brothers could spend the time as usefully in pious conversation.

The first mention made to him of schools was ill-received. But those who had taken the matter in hand persisted, until at last St. Francis yielded without being convinced. His order soon had orators like the Dominicans, men capable of theological controversy, but for his part he always preferred those who were illiterate and yet poetical, such as Brother Leo, with the heart of a little child, or Brother Pacifico, who, before his conversion, had been a poet by profession. He believed that the world would be converted, not by the learned, but by the simple. And in an abridged code of rules which he drew up three years before his death, we find this admonition: "Let not brothers who are unlearned trouble themselves to acquire knowledge."

It was not his fault if his order degenerated even during his lifetime. He knew exactly what he wanted, and he planned his rules accordingly.

St. Francis was the same man at the close of his career that he had been at the beginning, ardent, chivalrous, young at heart, and full of enthusiasm. He loved life in the open air. Austerities had reduced his body to skin and bone, but his eyes and his smile were as bright as ever, and the grace of his manner was always the same. The saint of God was as "lovable" as he had been in his gay manhood. Do what he might, no man could find it in his heart to make him a martyr. This was strikingly manifest

when in 1219 he went to Egypt to convert the sultan, while the army of the Crusaders was besieging Damietta. The Crusaders fell first under the spell of his personality. "He is so lovable," wrote one of them; and "so lovable" the sultan found him, when he appeared before that potentate, accompanied by one of his followers. They saluted the ferocious prince, who had set a price on the head of every Christian. "He saluted them also," says the old chronicler, William of Tyre, "and asked if they brought him any message, or if they wished to become Saracens? They replied that Saracens they would never be, but they had come with a message from God. . . . The sultan said that he had archbishops and bishops of his own creed, learned men, and that unless they were present he could not hear them. . . . Then the sultan sent to seek his Mussulman doctors, who to begin with said to him 'We command thee in the name of Mahomet to cut off these men's heads.'"

Instead of this, however, the sultan conversed with St. Francis, and was so delighted with him that he offered him great possessions if he would remain at his court. The simple-hearted apostle, absorbed in his mission, said only: "Cause a great fire to be kindled. I will enter it, and your priests too, and then you will see whose is the true religion." On hearing this, one of the learned Mussulmans slunk away. The sultan, who observed it, replied, smiling: "I doubt if any of my priests would like to enter a fire for the sake of his religion."

But the two monks found that their mission was in vain. They returned to the Christian camp, and went back to Italy. The sultan wished to load them with magnificent presents, and in vain persecuted them to accept them. This was the only form of persecution they met with on their journey.

Not only was St. Francis courageous; he was simple-hearted, when the devotion of his followers and the admiration of all Italy might well have roused his pride.

Even before he died miraculous cures were attributed to him. Health and healing followed on his steps, and everywhere great crowds surrounded him. He escaped from them as much as possible, as unmoved by popularity as when the boys threw stones at him in the streets of Assisi.

His chief thought was how to alleviate the sufferings of living creatures. He

would pause to remove a poor worm from his path. He gave his cloak to redeem a lamb from a butcher, and begged honey for some bees whose hive had been despoiled. He deemed a day well spent in which he had saved some living creature from suffering or persecution, and had restored it to happiness or liberty. His familiarity with animals enabled him to enter into their little ideas. They repaid him by their confidence. He was rarely without one of them in his arms or at his heels.

The fertile imagination of the populace has embroidered all manner of legends on the history of St. Francis, especially regarding his known love for animals. He would often retire from the press of business into the fields and woods to be alone with nature. "Trees and flowers have the same principle of life that we have," he would say. "They are born and they die, like ourselves, plant or animal, flower or insect." His favorite retreat was a grotto beneath a convent on Mount Alverno. The place is still shown there. The view from it is magnificent, and extends far over the surrounding country. An inhabitant of that cell might live in unbroken communion with celestial beauty. It was during a prolonged residence in this grotto that he wrote his "Hymn of the Creation," vulgarly called his "Hymn of the Sun." It is one of the most noble outbursts of the heart of man in praise of the grandeur of the universe. Here is a faint translation of a few of the verses of this Benedicite:—

Blessed be God, the father  
Of everything that lives,  
Most blessed for our Lord the Sun  
Who warmth and daylight gives.  
The sun is bright and radiant,  
He sheds his beams abroad,  
But all his glory witnesseth  
To what thou art, my God.

Then, for our sister Moon, O Lord,  
Our hearts bless thee again;  
And for the brilliant, beauteous stars  
That glitter in her train.  
We thank thee also for the Winds,  
Our brothers too are they;  
For air, and clouds, and pleasant days,  
When all the earth seems gay.

But no less would we praise thy name  
For any kind of weather,  
Knowing that rain, and frost, and snow  
All work for good together.  
Thanks for our sister Water, too,  
Pure Water, cool and chaste,  
Precious to everything that lives,  
With powers of cleansing graced.

And for thine other mighty gift  
Our brother Fire, whose flame  
By thy command is sent to light,  
With beams unquenchable and bright,  
The solemn darkness of the night,  
We bless thy holy name.

And lastly for our Mother Earth,  
That goodness we adore,  
She feeds us; she brings precious fruits  
Out of her bounteous store;  
And lovely flowers through the grass  
She scatters full and free.  
For all these things we bless thee, Lord,  
For all proceed from thee.

To Alverno St. Francis retired when he felt death was at hand. He wanted "to draw near to God," he said, "and to shake off the dust that might have clung to him in his intercourse with men." And in 1224, whilst he was living at Alverno, Catholic writers have supposed that the famous miracle of the *stigmata* took place; that is, the marks of the nails and the Roman spear point appeared upon his person.

This has been called the greatest miracle of the Middle Ages, many of the clergy of the time refused, however, to accept it, but yielded their convictions to the orders of Popes Gregory IX. and Alexander IV.

The account received by the Church is that after a fast of forty days the stigmata appeared upon the body of the saint, but that he in his humility concealed the fact, so that few persons saw them whilst he was living, but after his death they were exposed to his followers.

Those who oppose the idea of a miracle point to inconsistencies in the testimony that supports it. The fact rests upon the testimony of Elias of Cortona, an unscrupulous man, capable of doing anything to increase the renown of the saint or of his order. St. Francis died in his arms, and he had every opportunity to perpetrate a fraud if disposed to do so.

Others point out that modern science can produce many instances of such stigmata, that have appeared upon the bodies of religious enthusiasts, both men and women, when exhausted by want of sleep and nourishment, and subject to trance and ecstasy.

The history of St. Francis has no longer the same religious importance it had in the thirteenth century. He has become simply the founder of a religious order, instead of remaining as he seemed to be in life the favorite of Heaven, chosen to give on earth a spectacle of primitive Christianity.

After his long fast on Mount Alverno, he came down from his retreat, thenceforward to fade away, and to endure. His bodily strength had left him; there was a heavy burden on his spirit. He, whom the world looked upon as a triumphant conqueror, felt himself vanquished. What did he care for popularity, or the applause of the multitude? He had not labored for such things. His aim in life had been to reopen, as it were, the closed book of the Gospel, and to proclaim the words of life to those thirsting for justice and for mercy. His teaching was: "You have been misled. Listen to the truth, and become joyful, happy Christians. Do not fancy this is difficult. Look at our own example." The multitude responded to his call, but his friars failed him. They had found the task imposed on them too hard for human nature. As long as he could believe their rebellion against poverty was exceptional, was confined to a few who loved creature comforts, or were filled with ambition, he did not lose heart, but when he saw convent after convent relax its discipline, he fancied that what he had considered conformity to Gospel teaching was possible only to a few choice souls.

Twice had the same experiment been made; twice it had failed. Francis Bernadone had not been more successful than the primitive preachers of Christianity. A few of his disciples implored him to continue the struggle, and to force upon his order his conception of Christianity. "No," he said sadly, "let them live as they think best." He ceased to take an active interest in the affairs of the order, and mourned in silence the non-fulfilment of his dream. The monks who attended him in his last moments alone knew of his anguish.

No man since his death has revived his experiment. Christians have expended their Christianity in the defence of dogmas, and have drifted away from the example of Christ.

St. Francis had been taken to Sienna for medical treatment; but in the spring of 1226 he desired to return to Assisi. A great contest at once arose among the cities of Umbria; each wished that he should die within its walls, that it might possess the precious relics of such a saint. Assisi had to send soldiers to escort the litter which contained the dying man.

He expired at Portioncule. He suffered terribly towards the last, but bore his pain, as he had borne his disappointments, with his habitual gentleness and patience. He took leave of his friars, recommending to

them with his latest breath devotion to poverty. Finding his death approaching, he requested them to sing his "Hymn of the Creation," and expired at sunset. A flock of birds as he was dying were chirping and singing above his head on the roof of the convent.

The news of his death was flashed by beacon fires from Assisi, and that night was passed by his city in rejoicing. "His relics belong to us!" was the selfish exclamation of his fellow-citizens. His body was temporarily deposited in the Church of San Giorgio, and four years later it was to have been removed to a splendid tomb prepared for it. But the funeral procession on its way was assaulted by archers, and in the tumult the coffin disappeared.

Some persons had carried it off to the Church of San Francisco, where it was buried in haste and secrecy. It was afterwards known that all this had been planned by Elias of Cortona. His motives have never ceased to be a mystery. We know not the exact spot where the corpse was laid. In 1818 a search was made for it, and a skeleton was discovered, supposed to be that of the saint, but many of the rustic population believe still that he is living, and exhibiting the mysterious marks of God in his flesh in a subterranean chapel beneath the Church of San Francisco in Assisi.

Wherever his remains may rest on earth the work was great which he accomplished. It was not the work which he expected to achieve, but one better adapted to his nationality. He has left the impress of himself on all forms of intellectual life in Italy. His "Hymn of the Creation" was the first poem in the language of the country. His friars by his direction preached in the vulgar tongue. Dante was inspired by his example to write his great poem in Italian after he had composed many cantos in Latin. And thus Italian literature received its first impulse from him.

He also influenced her painters. He taught them the study of nature. He demonstrated that a love for the beautiful was compatible with fervent piety, and his ideas found expression in the works of Giotto and Ciambue, who might have been called his pupils, so inspired were they by the spirit that was in him.

Science even profited by thoughts that were very dear to one who boasted himself to be an ignorant man. He pointed out the universal harmony that pervades God's creation, and this idea inspired Duns Scotius of the University of Paris to com-

mence a revolution in metaphysics, which subsequently extended to all sciences.

But the highest glory of St. Francis lies in this: that he found the world unhappy, and that he left it less sad. There is at least poetic truth in the legend that one night at Portioncule, having desired to know more of the sufferings of his Divine Master, he went forth, and removing his raiment, rolled himself upon a bed of thorns. The thorns turned into thornless roses.

He changed into roses, at least for a time, some of the thorns that afflict humanity.

ARVEDE BARINE.

(Madame Vincent.)

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE NITRATE-FIELDS OF CHILE.

No State in South America has occupied a larger share of public attention of recent years than the little republic of Chile. Not more than eleven years have elapsed since she was engaged in a fierce internecine struggle with the neighboring State of Peru; and scarcely have the episodes of the war of 1879-80 been forgotten when she has once more become the object of public attention, as the victim of an equally deadly domestic revolution, which has only just terminated in the defeat and tragic death of President Balmaceda.

In view, therefore, of the large amount of public interest which has been so recently centred in this distant State, and more particularly in view of the recent publication of a work on the subject by the veteran war correspondent of the *Times*,\* the present occasion may be considered not inappropriate for bringing before the readers of this magazine a short account of what is, undoubtedly, one of the most striking features of a country which abounds in striking features—viz., the famous nitrate-fields.

It may be well to explain, for the benefit of non-agricultural or non-chemical readers, that nitrate—short for nitrate of soda—or Chile saltpetre, is a whitish, crystalline salt, largely used, both in Europe and America,† as an artificial fertilizer or manure for agricultural crops, and also, although to a less extent, for certain chemical

manufactures, such as that of nitric and sulphuric acids, and saltpetre or nitrate of potash, the most important constituent of gunpowder. Some conception of the importance of this salt as an article of commerce may be obtained from the fact that its present annual export from Chile falls little short of *one million tons*, representing a monetary value of *six to seven millions sterling*.

The exact date of the discovery of the nitrate deposits seems to be a point of considerable dubiety. The earliest published description of them was written by Bollaert about the year 1820, in which year, it is stated, the first shipment was made to England. It was not, however, till some ten or twelve years later that the Peruvian government, to whom they then belonged,\* seems to have recognized their value.

The most important deposits are found in the vicinity of the town of Iquique, which is the chief nitrate port of South America. It is a somewhat striking fact that this substance, which has conclusively proved itself to be the most potent of all known artificial agents in the promotion of vegetable growth, should be found in a district utterly lacking the slightest traces of vegetation of any kind. Lest such a statement should seem to savor of irony, we hasten to explain that the singular barrenness of this part of the country is largely due to the character of its climate, the deposits occurring in the midst of sandy deserts,† on which rain never falls.

The origin of these nitrate-fields is a geological problem of very considerable interest, the difficulty of which is greatly enhanced by their altitude—three thousand to four thousand feet above the sea-level—and their distance inland, which amounts in some cases to eighty or ninety miles from the seacoast.

The nitrate deposits are not the only saline deposits found in Chile. According to the late David Forbes,‡ they are not to be confused with other saline formations, which appear at intervals scattered over the whole of that portion of the west-

\* We may remind our readers that these nitrate deposits were largely the cause of the late war between Chile and Peru, which resulted in the cession to Chile by Peru of the province of Tarapaca, where the most important deposits are situated.

† The other nitrate deposits are found in the provinces of Antofagasta and Atacama, and a certain amount of the refined article is exported from these places. The amount, however, is inconsiderable as compared with that which comes from the province of Tarapaca.

‡ See his elaborate article on the geology of Bolivia and Peru, published in the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society for November, 1860.

\* A Visit to Chile and the Nitrate-Fields of Tarapaca. By William Howard Russell, LL.D. London: J. S. Virtue & Co.

† In America, as yet, it is little used for manurial purposes; its chief use in that country being in the manufacture of blasting-powder and of acids.

ern coast on which no rain falls. These latter stretch from north to south for a distance of more than five hundred and fifty miles — their greatest development being between latitudes  $19^{\circ}$  and  $25^{\circ}$  south. The depth to which they extend downwards varies considerably. Most of them, however, are of a very superficial character, and "they always show signs of their existence by the saline efflorescence seen on the surface of the ground, which often covers vast plains, as a white crystalline incrustation, the dust from which, entering the nostrils and mouth of the traveller, causes much annoyance, whilst at the same time the eyes are equally suffering from the intensely brilliant reflection of the rays of a tropical sun."

These saline incrustations, or *salinas*, as they are generally called, are chiefly composed of salts of lime, soda, magnesia, alumina, and of boracic acid. Their composition would lead one to attribute their origin to the evaporation of salt water; for, with the single exception of boracic acid,\* all the mineral substances are such as would be obtained by the evaporation of sea-water or by the mutual reaction of its salts with the constituents of the adjacent rocks. As there is "indisputable evidence of the recent elevation of the whole of this coast," volcanic upheaval might be reasonably held to explain their altitude. Their comparative proximity to the coast would seem further to favor this theory. On these grounds, therefore, Forbes is inclined to think that they owe their origin to the evaporation, under the influence of a tropical sun, of lagoons of salt water, the communication of which with the sea had been cut off by the rising of the land.

The obvious difficulty of accounting for the formation of the larger deposits by such a theory he meets by saying that it is only necessary to suppose that, even after the partial isolation of the lagoons by the elevation of the coast, they might still have maintained tidal or occasional communication with the sea by means of lateral openings in the chain of hills separating them from the ocean. In such cases there would be a gradual accumulation of salts, very much greater in amount than that due simply to the evaporation of the water originally contained in the lagoons.

The above theory of the origin of the lower saline deposits may go to explain the mode of formation of the nitrate-fields;

but in this case several difficulties present themselves. One is the much greater altitude of the latter, as well as their greater distance inland. This difficulty, however, may be met by assuming that they are of older origin than the lower deposits, and have been subjected to a correspondingly greater amount of volcanic upheaval. There is abundance of proof that this part of the continent has been the scene, in the past, of such volcanic upheaval. Forbes is of opinion that there is the fullest evidence to prove that, even since the arrival of the Spaniards, a very considerable elevation of the land has taken place over the greater part, if not the whole extent, of the line of coast; while Darwin states that he has convincing proof that this part of the continent has been elevated from four hundred to twelve hundred feet since the epoch of existing shells. Furthermore, elevations of the coast-line, amounting in many cases to several feet, are known to have happened within recent times; while earthquakes and volcanic disturbances, of a less striking nature, are still of common occurrence. Successive lines, indicative of old sea-beaches, can be distinctly traced stretching inland one behind the other; and patches of sea-sand and water-worn stone found at a great distance from the coast, both in valleys and at altitudes much greater than even four thousand feet, point to the same conclusion.\*

The difficulty, therefore, of altitude and distance from the coast cannot be regarded as insuperable.

A difficulty, however, which is not so easily met, is afforded by the presence of the nitric acid, which in combination with the soda forms the nitrate of soda. It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers that nitrogen — except, of course, in small quantities in the free state — is not a normal constituent of salt water. The question, therefore, of greatest interest in connection with the formation of these nitrate-beds is, Whence has the nitric acid been derived?

Several theories have been put forward to account for it. One is to the effect that it owes its origin to huge guano-deposits, originally covering the shores of the large salt lakes, which, by the subsequent overflowing of their shores, effected the mix-

\* A friend of the present writer, who has visited this part of the west coast of South America, informs him that at one point of the coast at Mejillones (in Bolivia) he could trace the remains of no less than twelve distinct sea-beaches, situated at different distances from the sea, and rising to an altitude of twenty-five hundred feet.

\* The source of the boracic acid is probably volcanic.

ture of the guano with the salts. In this way, by a slow process of decomposition, nitrate of soda would be ultimately formed.\*

This theory, apart from other considerations, seems at first sight extremely plausible, more especially when we remember that it is on this very coast that the greatest guano-deposits have been found, and that the famous Chincha Islands, which alone have yielded over ten million tons of this valuable fertilizer, are comparatively near the scene of the nitrate deposits. What seems further to support this theory is the actual occurrence, in the nitrate-fields themselves, of small quantities of guano.

But however plausible it may appear at first sight, it does not bear closer criticism. One very serious objection is the absence in these deposits of phosphate of lime, which is the largest constituent of guano. If they were really due to guano, how does it happen that the insoluble phosphates of lime should have disappeared, while the easily soluble nitrate of soda should alone be preserved? Again, assuming this theory to be correct, we should naturally expect to be still able to find evidence of the chemical changes which would under such circumstances have taken place, in the shape of portions of the guano in the transition stage. Such evidence, however, the most careful investigations have failed to detect.

Apart, however, from the above objections, there seems to be little doubt, from evidence afforded by traces of birds'-nests, etc., that the guano found in the nitrate-beds was deposited *subsequent* to the formation of the nitrate of soda.

The most probable theory seems to be that put forward by Nöllner. The origin of the nitric acid is, according to him, to be ascribed to the decay of great masses of seaweed, which, by means of hurricanes, such as are still prevalent in these districts, were driven into the lagoons. The chief difficulty in the way of accepting this theory is the enormous quantity of seaweed required to produce the millions of tons of nitric acid these deposits contain.†

\* In this change lime, derived from the sea-shells, would play an important part. Modern researches show that in the conversion of organic nitrogen into nitrates—a change which is known as *nitrification*, and which is effected by micro-organic life—the presence of lime is a necessary condition.

† The quantity of seaweed required to yield even a small quantity of nitric acid is very great, as seaweed is chiefly composed of water. The following story, which used to be told by a popular scientific lecturer well known in the west of Scotland, illustrates this in

It must be remembered, however, as bearing upon this point, that the occurrence of gigantic masses of seaweed in the Pacific Ocean\* is by no means uncommon even at the present time. If, to understand the formation of coal, we must suppose the Carboniferous period to be one during which exceptionally luxuriant growth of vegetation took place, we may be permitted to suppose a similar luxuriant growth of seaweed during the formation of the nitrate deposits. Very strong confirmation of the truth of this theory is further afforded by the presence, in large quantities, in the raw nitrate of soda, of iodine, a substance characteristic of seaweed; while pieces of seaweed, still undecomposed, are met with here and there.

On the whole, therefore, this theory, while not free from difficulties, seems to be the most worthy of acceptance as regards the origin of the nitrate deposits.†

Having thus discussed the origin of the nitrate-fields, we may now give a more detailed description of their appearance. The chief deposits at present being worked are those lying in the Pampa of Tamarugal, in the province of Tarapaca. They stretch at a distance of thirty or forty miles inland, from Pisagua southwards to somewhat beyond the town of Iquique. This huge desert, as has been already indicated, seems to be entirely destitute of all vegetation and animal life. Even in the immediately adjoining country the only kind of vegetation that seems to grow is a species of acacia. The few streams that are found in this neighborhood are entirely fed by the melting snow from the Cordilleras. Darwin describes

an amusing manner. A small farmer living in the neighborhood of the sea had been telling him, with great enthusiasm, what an admirable manure he had found in seaweed, and how he was in the habit of carting it, in a fresh condition, from the shore on to his fields some miles distant. The scientific man, while agreeing with this opinion, strongly recommended him to dry the material before transporting it; asking him, at the same time, if he knew how much fertilizing matter a cart of the fresh seaweed contained. On receiving no answer to his question, he astounded the worthy farmer by informing him that there was probably not much more than could be put into his *waistcoat-pocket*.

\* The gulf-weed is an instance in point. Huge masses of floating seaweed are sometimes found five to six hundred miles in length, forming the so-called Sargasso Sea.

† A difficulty which has not been referred to is the belief entertained by geologists that "there has been a change of climate in northern Chile, and that there must have been more rain there formerly than there is at present. Traces of human habitations are found high up in the Cordilleras to-day. Cobs of Indian-corn, axes, and knives of copper tempered to exceeding sharpness, arrow-heads of agate, even pieces of cloth, are dug up, in arid plains, now without any trace of water for many leagues in or around them." (Russell, p. 290.)

the appearance presented by these pampas as resembling "a country after snow, before the last dirty patches are thawed."

Scattered over the pampas, at various distances from one another, are situated the *oficinas*, or nitrate manufactories, where the raw material is refined. Seen from a distance, their most conspicuous features are their tall, black chimneys. According to Dr. Russell, they present a general resemblance to gas-works, with the adjuncts of a coal-mine. Nearer approach shows them to consist of a cluster of buildings, with open boiling-pans, liquorvats, and machinery of different kinds. There is something very striking in the presence of these oficinas, so indicative of life and enterprise, in the midst of sandy deserts, and dependent for everything on external supplies brought from a great distance. Of these manufactories there are a considerable number in different parts of the pampas. Many of them are old, and not in work. Most of those in active work at present are the property of foreigners; and two-thirds of the nitrate exported from Chile is said to come from oficinas owned by English companies. Beside the oficina are the houses of the manager and his staff, and the huts of the native workmen. Every oficina possesses a public store, or *pulperia*, where the employees obtain their provisions. The whole group of buildings constitutes what is called a *maquina*. The extent of the property of each manufactory naturally varies, but some of the largest estates extend over twelve square miles.

The *caliche*, or raw nitrate of soda, is not equally distributed over the pampas. The most abundant deposits are situated on the slopes of the hills which probably formed the shores of the old lagoons. An expert can tell from the external appearance of the ground where the richest deposits are likely to be found. The caliche itself is not found on the surface of the plain, but is covered up by two layers. The uppermost, known technically as *chuca*, is of a friable nature, and consists of sand and gypsum; while the lower—the *costra*—is a rocky conglomerate of clay, gravel, and fragments of felspar. The caliche varies in thickness from a few inches to ten or twelve feet, and rests on a soft stratum of earth called *cova*. The mode in which the caliche is excavated is as follows: A hole is bored through the *chuca*, *costra*, and caliche layers till the *cova* or soft earth is reached below. It is then enlarged until it is wide enough to admit of a small boy being let

down, who scrapes away the earth below the caliche so as to form a little hollow cup. Into this a charge of gunpowder is introduced, and subsequently exploded. The caliche is then separated by means of picks from the overlying *costra*, and carried to the refinery. Both in appearance and composition it varies very much. In color it may be snow-white, sulphur, lemon, orange, violet, blue, and sometimes brown, like raw sugar. The caliche found in the Pampa de Tamarugal contains generally about thirty to fifty per cent. pure nitrate of soda; that in the province of Atacama contains from twenty-five to forty per cent. The subsequent refining processes, which consist in crushing it by means of rollers, and then dissolving it, need not here be described. It may be sufficient to mention that the process used is that known as systematic lixiviation, and is analogous to the method introduced by Shanks in the manufacture of soda. The chief impurity in the raw material is common salt; gypsum, sulphates of potassium, sodium, and magnesium, along with insoluble matters, are the other impurities. The manufacture of iodine, which, as has been already noticed, is found in the nitrate-beds, is also carried on at these oficinas.

Formerly the refined article had to be carried to the coast on mules; now, however, there is railway communication, which maintains a constant and ever-increasing traffic with Iquique, Pisagua, and the other nitrate ports. Of these, Iquique is by far the most important. In respect of its situation and surroundings, this little town is one of the most striking in the world. The following is Darwin's description of it when the *Beagle* visited it in 1835:—

The town contains about one thousand inhabitants, and stands in a little plain of sand at the foot of a great wall of rock two thousand feet high, here forming coast. The whole is utterly a desert. A light shower of rain falls only once in very many years; the ravines are consequently covered with detritus, and the mountain-sides covered with piles of white sand, even to a height of one thousand feet. During July a heavy bank of cloud stretches over the ocean; it seldom rises above these walls of rocks on the coast. The aspect of the coast is most gloomy. The little port, with its few houses, seemed overwhelmed and out of all proportion with the rest of the scene. The inhabitants live like persons on board of ship. Every necessary is brought from a distance; water is brought in boats from Pisagua, about forty miles by water, and is sold at the rate of 4s. 6d. an

eighteen-gallon cask. Very few animals can be maintained in such a place. I hired with difficulty, at the high price of £4, two mules and a guide to take me to the nitrate-of-soda works.

Since 1835, however, the appearance of the town has changed very much for the better. The enormous development of the nitrate trade has effected a corresponding development in Iquique. Its population is now between sixteen thousand and twenty thousand, very largely consisting of foreigners; and the town can boast of a fairly imposing appearance. Much of its food-supplies has still to be brought from a distance, but the town now possesses a water-supply of its own. The example of a town of this size so dependent on external sources is indeed unique.

The question of the extent of the nitrate-of-soda deposits is naturally one of very great interest, especially from the agricultural point of view.

M. Charles Legrange, a French writer, estimated a few years ago that they still contained about one hundred million tons of pure nitrate of soda. Opinions on this point differ very considerably, and it seems well-nigh impossible to arrive at any very accurate estimate. The number of years they will last will depend, of course, on the amount of annual exportation. This, at present, falls little short of one million tons. If this amount is maintained, they should last, according to experts, some twenty or thirty years at least. A consideration, of course, which has an important influence on this question, is the price obtained for the article. If this should be increased, it may be possible to treat the large quantities of the inferior raw material (which at present prices are allowed to accumulate) at a profit. Undoubtedly this is what will ultimately take place, when the richer quality of the caliche has been exhausted.

Hitherto the government of Chile has been content to allow foreign enterprise to open up the nitrate-fields, imposing a heavy tax on all nitrate manufactured.\* Whether this policy will be continued in the future, it is impossible to say. The foreign interests were supposed to be endangered by the policy of the late President Balmaceda, so that his defeat was a source of no small satisfaction to the foreign merchants in Chile. It is possible, however,

that his policy — “Chile for the Chilians” — may be revived.

In conclusion, we may point out that the importance of the nitrate-fields, in an economic sense, is probably much greater than is realized by the general reader. The question of their extent and duration is a problem which ought to possess an interest for many more than those only whose commercial interests may be thereby affected. We may say, without any exaggeration, that this is a question which intimately affects the welfare of our most important industry — viz., agriculture. The world's supply of nitrogen, available for agricultural purposes, may, ere long, become too small to meet the demands made upon it. In order to understand this, we must draw our readers' attention to the following elementary facts of agricultural science.

The fertility of a soil may be said to be practically determined by the amount it contains, in a condition available for the crops' needs, of certain substances, of which nitrogen is the most important from several points of view. In countries like our own, where an exhaustive system of husbandry has long been practised, it has been found necessary, in order to maintain a heavy yield of crops, to restore, in the form of artificial manures, these fertilizing ingredients. In the past the chief artificial manures which have been used for this purpose have been guano, bones, mineral phosphates, and nitrate of soda. Of these, guano has been nearly entirely used up, and unless new deposits are discovered — which seems extremely unlikely — it will ere long cease to be procurable. The supply of bones has also been largely diminished, although there is always a certain amount being annually rendered available for this purpose. It is many years ago since Baron Liebig wrote: —

England is robbing all other countries of the condition of their fertility. Already, in her eagerness for bones, she has turned up the battle-fields of Leipzig, of Waterloo, and of the Crimea; already from the catacombs of Sicily she has carried away the skeletons of many successive generations. Annually she removes from the shores of other countries to her own the manurial equivalent of three millions and a half of men, whom she takes from us the means of supporting, and squanders down her sewers to the sea. Like a vampire, she hangs upon the neck of Europe — nay, of the entire world! and sucks the heart-blood from nations without a thought of justice towards them, without a shadow of lasting advantage to herself.

\* The enormous source of revenue which nitrate of soda is to the Chilean government may be inferred from the fact that one *oficina* alone pays about £750 per diem, or in round numbers £250,000 per annum, of export duty on the nitrate there manufactured.

This indictment, it is scarcely necessary to remark, is somewhat exaggerated; but there is a certain amount of truth in it. There can be no doubt that we are using up our artificial fertilizers at an alarming rate, and that their loss is irreparable. So long as we have the prospects of new sources, whence to make good the loss, the case is not so serious. With regard to phosphoric acid, which, next to nitrogen, is the most important fertilizer, this seems to be the case. For although guano and bones, formerly the chief sources of this ingredient, have become, as already noticed, very much diminished in supply, fresh sources have been rendered available by the discovery of new deposits, and by the recognition of the manurial value of "basic slag,"\* a bye-product in the manufacture of steel.

Unfortunately the same cannot be said to be the case with nitrogen, which, although abundantly occurring in nature in certain forms, is by no means abundant in those forms in which only it is available as a plant-food.

The loss of nitrogen in agriculture occurs in various ways. Much is removed by our cereal crops. A year ago the present writer computed the amount removed in this way in Great Britain alone to be over one hundred thousand tons of nitrogen annually; in order to replace which, more than seven hundred thousand tons of nitrate of soda would be required. A considerable amount is lost in the drainage of our fields; for it is a striking fact that this substance, in its most valuable form, is the only valuable fertilizing ingredient that the soil is unable to retain. Other losses take place in a variety of ways, which space does not permit of mentioning here. To make up for these losses, on the other hand, there are certain natural sources of gain, the most important being the nitrogen compounds which come down dissolved in rain. These sources of gain, however, are utterly inadequate to make up for the losses. To do so, we have to rely almost entirely on our artificial nitrogenous fertilizers; and it is an open question whether, even at the rate we are using these at present, there is not still a large margin of loss. Of our nitrogenous fertilizers, in addition to nitrate of soda, the

chief are sulphate of ammonia and bones. The supply of the latter, up to a certain amount, at any rate, may be relied upon as assured. The former source, however, is not so certain, as it depends on industries whose continued existence cannot be guaranteed. Sulphate of ammonia is obtained principally from gas, shale, and iron works, and its annual production in this country amounts to about one hundred and thirty thousand tons. Much of this, however, is not used at home for agricultural purposes, but is exported to foreign countries.\*

The importance, therefore, of nitrate of soda as the chief nitrogenous fertilizer will thus be seen to be great; and when the nitrate-fields of Chile are exhausted, the question of where we are to obtain fresh supplies will become a most serious one. Perhaps, however, by that time the interesting researches which have already shown that certain of our crops have the means of indirectly utilizing the boundless stores of nitrogen in our atmosphere will be sufficiently far advanced to furnish the agriculturist with a new system of husbandry, in which the necessity for artificial manuring will be entirely dispensed with; or perhaps the dream of the agricultural chemist may at last be realized by the discovery of a process for "fixing" the free atmospheric nitrogen by chemical means.

C. M. AIKMAN.

\* The amount of nitrogen present in coal, and lost by our present methods of burning coal, is enormous. Mr. Ludwig Morse, F.R.S., has carried out some most valuable experiments on the best methods of recovering much of this nitrogen in the form of sulphate of ammonia. He estimates the consumption of fuel in this country at one hundred and fifty million tons per annum, which would be capable of yielding six million tons of sulphate of ammonia.

From The Fortnightly Review.

MR. MEREDITH IN HIS POEMS.

ONE of Mr. Meredith's disciples has expressed a hope that at least his master's verse may be saved from the intrusion of the literary excursionist and holiday tripper. Vain hope! To name any Parnasian *aiguille* as inaccessible is to invite some hardy mountaineer to essay its conquest. By and by a pair of climbers follow in the solitary explorer's track; next, an adventurous lady, roped and accompanied by guides; then a lady more adventurous, who discovers a second way of ascent, and whose achievement is duly blazoned abroad. Presently, the needle-point is

\* Basic slag is a rich phosphatic material obtained in the new Thomas Gilchrist basic process for the manufacture of steel. The "converter" is lined with limestone, which unites with the phosphorus present in the iron, and forms phosphate of lime. It is the presence of this phosphate of lime—present in a chemical form not hitherto known—in the basic slag that gives it its manurial value.

declared to be no barren peak, but a pleasant table-land; a company, with limited liability and unlimited power of talk, exploits the discovery; hotels crown the summit; from base to brow runs the railway scientifically engineered; personally conducted parties troop and bustle; and picnics remain in evidence by scattered fragments of the beer-bottle, greasy papers, broken corks, and morsels of bitten sandwiches, that moulder in the sun. After all, why not? Let not our literary daintiness be over-nice. The great writers are hospitable, and afford ample space for comers of all kinds. A poet, if there be a little granite in him, will survive his worst and best admirers. His sunshine and air are better antiseptics than our daintiness.

One who has no part in that "cult within a cult," of which the fervent disciple speaks, may yet be of the opinion that it is worth while to make acquaintance with the poetry of Mr. George Meredith, and all the more so because that poetry really sets up no petty æsthetic temple of its own, but belongs, in its degree, to the National Church of English Letters. Mr. Meredith composes hymns in honor of Mother Earth, whose rain and dew drop upon the evil and the good; such hymns, if they are worthy of their theme, can be meant for no clan or coterie or conventicle. And, in fact, their maker has said as much in his poem of "The Thrush in February."

So mine are these new fruitings rich  
The simple to the common brings;  
I keep the youth of souls who pitch  
Their joy in this old heart of things.

Mr. Meredith's joy is indeed in the old heart of things — the wheat-field and the upland lawn and the firwood, the sun and the wind and the rain, the ways of bird and beast, the gladness of earth in man's and maiden's blood, and this refining itself to the swift play of intelligence, and the rapture of the spirit. It is none the less true that, in celebrating the simple, he is often highly elaborate and ingenious, and that he presents the common in curiously uncommon ways. But when we have learnt how to straighten out his twisted phrases, to leap his airy chasms of remote associations, to catch a prospect through his eyelet holes of intelligence, to practise a certain legerdemain and keep five balls of meaning a dance together in the brain — when we have learnt these various things and several others, then the total significance of Mr. Meredith as a poet is found to be good; is found to be sound

and sweet and sane, seed for a hopeful sowing and clean wheat for our quern.

Of course, it may be said that the demands which Mr. Meredith makes of his readers are exorbitant, and that a difficult style is necessarily a bad style. A student of the history of literature, however, knows that the charge of obscurity, which is one of the charges most confidently brought by contemporaries, can be finally adjudicated on only by time. It may be sustained, or it may be refuted. To many of his contemporaries Gray was a tangle of difficulties; for critics of authority in a later period Wordsworth and Shelley and Coleridge wrote unintelligible nonsense; and in our own day we have seen the poetry of Robert Browning slowly but surely expounding itself to a generation. Even caviare, it seems, may become a little fly-blown. Perhaps Mr. Meredith's style is difficult; but difficulty is a relative term, and experience should have taught us that this is a point on which it is wise to reserve an absolute judgment. Sword-practice is difficult to those who have not exercised the muscles of the wrist; and some dancers who foot it merrily in the waltz stand grim against the wall looking condemnation at the lifted leg and pointed toe of the *pas de quatre*. If Mr. Meredith can teach young folk to dance to his music, the most reluctant of us will be forced to admit by and by that he has achieved what is the essential thing. Meanwhile it is lawful for any one who pleases to raise a sceptical eyebrow and put the question, "But will he?"

In guessing at the answer to that question we may find some help from considering another: What has Mr. Meredith to say, be his manner of saying it good or ill? In a dozen volumes of prose the eager student of human nature has told us of his discoveries. Prose is proved by the achievement of his forty years of authorship to be the main stream; verse is no more than a slender affluent. But both are *Dichtung*, and both, it may be added, are *Wahrheit*. Or, to vary our metaphor, the *Dichtung* written in prose is the lake, broad-bosomed, with countless coves and creeks; the *Dichtung* written in verse is a lakelet higher among the hills, less easy of access, but open to the skies and to the passage of the stars, though at times involved in wreathing mists; and a stream runs down from lakelet to lake, connecting the two — for Mr. Meredith's prose is at times such prose as a poet writes, and the thought and feeling expressed in his novels are fed from the contemplations of a

poet. His subtlety and his analytic power have in the novels a wider range for play; his faith and hope are more directly expressed in his verse. In both prose and verse his felicities are found in infelicity — or what for the present seems such; his infelicities are found amid felicity; he is at once a most alluring and a most provoking writer.

In a generous letter of protest against one of Mr. Meredith's reviewers of thirty years ago — a reviewer who had complained of "Modern Love" as dealing with "a deep and painful subject on which the writer has no conviction to express" — Mr. Swinburne denied to poets the right to mount a pulpit: "there are pulpits enough for all preachers in prose; the business of verse-writing is hardly to express convictions." Yet certain poets at all times have chosen to assume the attitude of teachers or preachers. Spenser defined his purpose in the "Faerie Queene" as that of "fashioning a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." Milton, in "Paradise Lost," would

assert Eternal Providence  
And justify the ways of God to men.

We can hardly believe that when Milton wrote those words he was full of his fun. Pope alleged as the peculiar merit of his "Essay on Man," that it steers between the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, and forms a temperate yet not inconsistent system of ethics. Fortunately or unfortunately for his art, Shelley was a persistent preacher on texts chosen from "Political Justice." "I wish either to be considered as a teacher or as nothing," said Wordsworth. Philosophy, declared Browning, is at the base of poetry. The doctrine of Stoicism modified by a doctrine of culture is nobly preached in Matthew Arnold's verse. The poet who proclaimed himself the idle singer of an empty day, one who had no power to sing of heaven or hell, now declaims with poetic rage against the hell of capitalism and competition, and prophesies of the terrestrial heaven of the Communist. Some one has even been found to set forth in a review — and the task was no unworthy one — the theology of Mr. Swinburne. No reader of the poems of Mr. Meredith, now when his orbit as poet may be more nearly determined than was possible in 1862, can doubt that he has convictions and that he desires to express them. He, too, like all the larger spirits of this age of inward trouble and perplexity, whether

with or against his will, must needs be a preacher.

In a recently published "Lives of the Saints" — motley saints of the Positivist Calendar — it is mentioned among the grounds of Shelley's canonization that he quickened in a high degree our sense of reverence and awe for the great fetish, the earth. To Mr. Meredith's imagination and affections the great fetish is the mother at whose breasts we hang, from whose life we draw the milk that feeds us, and before all else he would inspire his disciple with filial loyalty and filial love. His feeling for nature is not — at least in its root, however it may be with the flower — the Wordsworthian sense

Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.

He prefers the word earth to the more abstract word nature, and hugs reality. "I remember Mr. Wordsworth saying," writes a friend of the poet, "that, at a particular stage of his mental progress, he used to be frequently so rapt into an unreal transcendental world of ideas that the external world seemed no longer to exist in relation to him, and he had to reconvince himself of its existence by clasping a tree, or something that happened to be near him." Mr. Meredith never loses his hold upon things actual and positive; he clasps the tree, observes its intricacy of branches, studies the wrinkles of its rind, can almost hear the murmur of the sap, catches sight of the squirrel scurrying aloft, sees every tit and flick that peeps or perches; and then through the real he discovers — as real also — the spiritual. He is the physician Melampus of his own admirable poem: —

With love exceeding a simple love of the  
things  
That glide in grasses and rubble of woody  
wreck;  
Or change their perch on a beat of quivering  
wings  
From branch to branch, only restful to pipe  
and peck;  
Or, bristled, burl at a touch their snouts in a  
ball;  
Or cast their web between bramble and  
thorny hook;  
The good physician Melampus loving them  
all,  
Among them walked, as a scholar who  
reads a book.

For him the woods were a home and gave him  
the key  
Of knowledge, thirst for their treasures in  
herbs and flowers.

The secrets held by the creatures nearer than  
we

To earth he sought, and the link of their  
life with ours :

And where alike we are, unlike where, and  
the veined

Division, veined parallel, of a blood that  
flows

In them, in us, from the source by man unat-  
tained,

Save marks he well what the mystical woods  
disclose.\*

Like the physician Melampus the poet  
would not soar to the spiritual meanings  
of earth by any transcendental flight, but  
would master the text, with all its minute  
difficulties, as an exact scholar, and so at  
last attain to the innermost purport of this  
book of life.

Such a study implies faith at the outset,  
and it implies courage. Some of the  
meanings of earth lie indeed upon the sur-  
face — her summer meanings, her mes-  
sages of pleasure to the blood. If these  
are easy they are none the less precious :

Call to mind

The many meanings glistening up

When Nature to her nurselings kind

Hands them the fruitage and the cup!

There is nothing of the ascetic in Mr.  
Meredith, unless we use "ascetic" in the  
nobler sense, meaning one who values  
strength and hardihood attained through  
discipline. He finds that blood nourishes  
brain, and wholesome blood means whole-  
some animal delights : —

Life thoroughly lived is a fact in the brain,  
While eyes are left for seeing.

Very charmingly, and with a touch of the  
great geniality of nature in her hour of  
animal awakening, Mr. Meredith has told  
his tale of "The Appeasement of Deme-  
ter." The beloved Proserpine has been  
snatched below; it is the season of dearth  
and almost despair : —

Lean grass-blades, losing green on their  
bent flags,

Sang chilly to themselves; lone honey-  
bees

Pursued the flowers that were not, with dry  
bags;

Sole sound aloud the snap of sapless  
trees,

More sharp than slingstones on hard breast-  
plates hurled,

Back to first chaos tumbled the stopped world,  
Careless to lure or please.

A nature of gaunt ribs, an Earth of crags.

The description is hardly less admirable  
than Keats's night of frost. Man and

woman, youth and age, are shrunken,  
cheerless, lost in the sloth of hopeless  
hours, wagging the tongue with weak and  
birdlike voice. Demeter stands yet wrath-  
ful in the vale, nor can her once glad naiad  
of the mountain-rivulet, Iambe, at first  
awaken forgiveness in her heart. But  
Iambe has some shadow of laughter in her  
still, and a woman's brightness of craft;  
above the moan of human prayer she  
raises the cattle-call, and slowly from  
among the droves a horse and mare —  
"the wrecks of horse and mare" — defile  
into the presence of the queen : —

Howbeit the season of the dancing blood,  
Forgot was horse of mare, yea, mare of  
horse :

Reversed, each head at either's flank, they  
stood.

Whereat the goddess, in a dim remorse,  
Laid hand on them and smacked; and her  
touch pricked.

Neighing within, at either's flank they licked;  
Played on a moment's force

At courtship, withering to the crazy nod.

And, presently, the Great Mother, touched  
by this faint symbol of all the vast and  
genial joy of earth, laughs aloud — laugh-  
ter "like thunder of the song of heart;"  
the curse is rent; gladness, like a thousand  
runnels from the hills, descends upon the  
valley and the valley-folk, and beast and  
bird; the "kindly lusts" inspire them  
once again; the plough drives in the fur-  
row, and the blade springs green above  
the brown : —

O Laughter! beauty plumped, and love had  
birth.

Laughter! O thou reviver of sick earth!

Good for the spirit, good

For body; thou to both art wine and bread!

Our English people, Mr. Meredith in-  
clines to believe, have less need of their  
pious exercises, conjoined with "hog-  
gery," than of a wise "schooling in the  
Pleasures." He distrusts profoundly that  
way of piety which begins by rejecting  
God's first gift — the earth itself, its  
schooling, its toils, its joys. Shall we  
fancy that we have wings to our shoulders  
and name this earth of ours Dust and  
Ashes? or shall we run the glad furrow  
and turn the soil? Shall we view earth  
as a "damned witch," fair to the eye but  
full of foulness? And is this piety to  
him who gave us so excellent a habita-  
tion? —

We, pious humpback mountebanks, mean-  
while

Break off our antics to stand forth, white-  
eyed,

\* Save marks he well; i.e., unless he marks well.

And fondly hope for our Creator's smile,  
By telling him that his prime work is vile,  
Whom, through our noses, we've re-  
nounced, denied.

No; there is a better way of religious  
service than this—a way of faith and  
labor and joy:—

And are we the children of Heaven and Earth?  
We'll be true to the mother with whom we  
are,

So to be worthy of Him who, afar,  
Beckons us on to a brighter birth.\*

Fidelity to earth is indeed fidelity to  
that heaven in which earth lives and moves  
and has its being.

With "The Appeasement of Demeter" should be read "The Day of the Daughter of Hades," and "Phœbus with Admetus." Each poem—and to these may be added as a third, "The Lark Ascending"—is a song of the joy of earth. When Proserpina returns from the under world, she bears with her, on a morning, the shadow-born daughter of Hades, to whom one glad holiday in the sunshine is granted; and slipping from the car, the maiden has for her companion throughout this day the young singer, Callistes. In the valley among the vines, among the wheat fields, among the olive groves, by the lake margin, by the stream side, in the brakes, in the pine woods, upon the mountain heights, go by this morning of delight, this noon with its deeper bliss, this evening with its thunder-showers and racing torrents, a day of mingled joy and alarm to the human heart of young Callistes, but of fearless joy to the maiden who can interpret in her song the good meanings of the earth:—

That song  
Of the sowing and reaping, and cheer  
Of the husbandman's heart, made strong  
Through droughts and deluging rains,  
With his faith in the Great Mother's love:  
O the joy of the breath she sustains,  
And the lyre of the light above,  
And the first rapt vision of Good,  
And the fresh young sense of Sweet.

Something of Demeter's laughter—that of a god at sight of the play of pleasure in a humbler sphere than the realm of gods—may be divined in the maiden's fond regard for Pan and her innocent curiosity about his ways:—

The sacred loon  
The frolic, the Goatfoot God;  
For stories of indolent noon  
In the pine forest's odorous nod,

She questioned, not knowing: he can  
Be waspish, irascible, rude,  
He is oftener friendly to man,  
And ever to beasts and their brood.

For the which did she love him well,  
She said, and his pipes of the reed,  
His twitched lips puffing to tell  
In music his tears and his need,  
Against the sharp catch of his hurt,  
Not as shepherds of Pan did she speak,  
Nor spake as the schools, to divert,  
But fondly, perceiving him weak  
Before gods, and to shepherds a fear,  
A holiness, horn and heel.

Yes, with all his weakness, the frolic  
Goatfoot is sacred, and he should be dear  
to the lovers of earth.

But a true lover of earth must be a  
hardy lover, caring for more than her  
soothing touch and soft caress, able to  
read her heart even though she should  
frown or seem cold and indifferent. Mr.  
Meredith is bent above all to understand  
her meanings that are severe, yet kind in  
their severity; those ways of hers which  
train us for the battle-field rather than the  
bower. Is it later autumn when foliage  
flies, and the skies are of slate, or when  
the mist lies low, and

Narrows the world to my neighbor's gate;  
Paints me Life as a wheezy crone?

Let us master the blood; let us not live  
by the senses; let us read deeper into the  
life of earth, and we shall see that all is  
well. Under the surface, in this season  
of chill, there is the fire of a great hearth.  
Mother Earth is not sluggish nor cold:—

Under the surface she burns,  
Quick at her wheel, while the fuel, decay,  
Brightens the fire of renewal: and we?  
Death is the word of a bovine day,  
Know you the breast of the springing To-be.

Or, again, is the bitterest of east winds  
hissing?—is the land whipped and shorn  
by the gale; the sky hurried on and obliterated by flying cloud-rack; and are the  
mouths of men locked grimly as they  
wrestle with the blast? For the senses it  
is hard; but once more let us read deeper,  
and what shall we discern? What but  
Life sitting at her grindstone—

That she may give us edging keen,  
Sting us for battle, till as play  
The common strokes of fortune shower.  
Such meaning in a dagger-day  
Our wits may clasp to wax in power.

It is through contention and struggle  
that blood is mastered, and brain wins its  
due supremacy. Earth has always loved  
the strong; once she loved her old Titan  
brood, and now she cares for their modern

\* This and the quotation immediately preceding are  
from the "Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn."

successors who strive with mind more than with muscle; she would rouse her chosen ones out of the soft life of sensual ease, she would teach them mastery and self-command, so that brain may grow out of blood, and brain in its turn be developed into soul.

But does Earth indeed care at all for her offspring, Man? Are not the laws of nature regardless of humanity, and ruthless in their blind persistence? Mr. Meredith has no desire to cheat himself with words; above all else he seeks reality. Is there, then, in truth this opposition between man and nature? Is there this breach of continuity in the universe, or rather is not man the crowning part of nature — nature evolving itself, or being evolved, into mind and soul? And are not the laws of human nature her laws? Man's loving-kindness, his mercifulness, his passion for righteousness, are they not the flower and fruit of her long, obscure endeavor? Is not in truth their root in her? And what if the seeming cruelty of Earth to her child, Man, be no more than a wholesome severity, needed in order that he may advance through brain to soul, and from bestial up to spiritual? Her desire all along was no other than to speed the race; her fear, that man might falter and wax faint: —

She, judged of shrinking nerves, appears  
A Mother whom no cry can melt;  
But read her past desires and fears,  
The letters on her breast are spelt.

It is through strife and through suffering that such advance as the world can boast — an advance like that of a drunkard who bears a pack and reels from side to side, yet still keeps on his way — has been made. Hence, though Mr. Meredith perceives our national need of "schooling in the Pleasures," he is no sedate philosopher at ease in the garden of Epicurus. That garden was indeed —

A shining spot upon a shaggy map,  
Where mind and body, in fair junction free,  
Luted their joyful concord.

That garden was a happy nursery of gentlemen; but the higher wisdom is not attained by the "long drawing of an equal breath." There is wilderness to be reclaimed outside the ordered garden; and so for the needs of our world better than the philosophy of Epicurus is

The crucifix that came of Nazareth.

Let us not suppose, however, that even in what is highest in our religions or fairest in our ideals we can sever ourselves from the good Mother Earth. What we deem

divine, and what indeed is divine, is but the natural evolved to its perfect flower in the spirit —

Man builds the soaring spires,  
That sing his soul in stone: of Earth he  
draws,  
Though blind to her, by spelling at her laws,  
His purest fires.

"Intellect and reverence," writes Mr. Meredith in his latest novel, "must clash to the end of time if we persist in regarding the Spirit of Life as a remote externe, who plays the human figures to bring about this or that issue, instead of being beside us, within us, our breath, if we will; marking on us where at each step we sink to the animal, mount to the divine, we and ours who follow, offspring of body or mind."

Thus then, according to Mr. Meredith's teaching, external nature loses its cruel, sphinx-like aspect as soon as we read its meaning with the soul; as soon as we perceive the unity of the cosmos, and know that it constantly climbs upward from sense to spirit, and that spirit signifies for us righteousness, love, sacrifice, joy — a joy transcending the poor pleasure which comes through the satisfaction of egoistic greeds. Blood and brain and spirit — these three are co-operant powers, the "deepest gnomes of earth," and it will go ill with us if we part the friendly triad. We walk on the dark edge of earth under the midnight stars, and they seem remote and cold, shining implacably; little care they for human hungers, hungers of the heart, hungers of the intellect: —

Forever virgin to our sense,  
Remote they wane to gaze intense:  
Prolong it, and in ruthlessness they smite  
The beating heart behind the ball of sight:  
Till we conceive their heavens hoar,  
Those lights they raise but sparkles froze,  
And Earth, our warm-blood Earth, a shuddering  
prey  
To that frigidity of brainless nay.

But is not love the gift of Earth? And is not Earth the member of this stupendous cosmos best known to us? And shall we believe that Earth is the sole throne of Deity? It is the craven part of us that quails before the splendor of the stars. If Earth be known aright as one among the starry fold, faith comes to us — faith grounded in reason — by virtue of which we recognize the presence of her life in them, her law in the law to which they move; yes, and even her love in the heart of these, her sister-planets. And so when night wanes, and morning brings back the

sight of our old beloved Earth, we see her, touched through our sense of this sisterhood to strange and remote worlds, with a new glory :—

Then at new flood of customary morn,  
Look at her through her showers,  
Her mists, her streaming gold,

A wonder edges the familiar face :  
She wears no more that robe of printed hours ;  
Half strange seems Earth and sweeter than  
her flowers.

The reader need not be counselled to let that last perfect line linger in his ear and live in his heart.

The mystery of Earth and of its life, is like that of the enchanted Woods of Westermain—a terror to those of little insight and little faith, but to one who brings brain and spirit, as harmless as are the gliding waves to a swimmer. Possess in yourself a love of the light, and you shall be enabled by it to read every secret of the darkness, and to know that each secret is good. Doubt or distrust, let greeds and egoistic pride darken the light within you, and you are caught in your own trap ; all that was innocent and sweet, all that was grave and ennobling in these Woods of Westermain become dangerously hostile to you in a moment :—

Here the snake across your path  
Stretches in his golden bath :  
Mossy-footed squirrels leap  
Soft as winnowing plumes of Sleep :

Each has business of his own ;  
But should you distrust a tone,  
Then beware.  
Shudder all the haunted roods,  
All the eyeballs under hoods  
Shroud you in their glare.  
Enter these enchanted woods,  
You who dare.

Mr. Meredith has dared ; and he tells us, as his solution of the mystery, and as the truth by which he lives, this—that the Great Mother, in her joy of life, has given us blood and breath not for sensual uses or luxurious ease, but for endless warfare ; that her medicinal herb can heal all the wounds of our battle ; and that reading to this effect the spiritual meaning of Earth, he can trust her, not in life alone, but even “down to death.”

Yes, “down to death ;” for what is a faith but a reed, if it cannot stand its crucial test and extreme trial ? In the “Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn” occur some lines which express with incomparable beauty a trust in the good purport of death founded on a knowledge of the good purport of life :—

And O, green bounteous earth !  
Bacchante Mother ! stern to those  
Who live not in thy heart of mirth ;  
Death shall I shrink from, loving thee ?  
Into the breast that gives the rose  
Shall I with shuddering fall ?

But to contemplate our own death with equanimity is not after all difficult for any sane person. There is a trial more cruel to the flesh and spirit than this. No poem of Mr. Meredith's strikes deeper from the colored surface of things to the hard rock of life, out of which springs water for our needs, than that named “A Trial of Faith.” It is the morning of May day, and before the holiday children appear at the window the writer goes forth and climbs the hill that he may wrestle alone with his fate ; for the good companion of his life, she, the pulse of his heart, lies upon her death-bed. All the world is glad, expecting summer ; the lark is aloft, and a south wind blows. Memories of her brightness, her sweetness, her Norman birthplace, and the visit to it paid by husband and wife together fill his mind. With heart and brain and soul divided from each other, one thing, and one only, seems to remain with him—the disciplined habit of the observing eye ; all the sights of the May morning enter at that sense ; yet “this earth of the beautiful breasts” seems to wear the visage of a hag. Of a sudden an exquisite apparition comes into view ; up the spine of the double combe, something shining like new-born light—or as a banner victorious over death and despair—the pure wild cherry in bloom :—

I knew it : with her, my own,  
Had hailed it pure of the pure ;  
Our beacon yearly.

There are moments of life quickened by pain or by joy, when we become chords sensitive to every musical touch of nature. Suddenly, by this sight of the shining tree and the sound of the children's voices at their maying, maternal Earth gains entrance to the sufferer's spirit, and a harmony is re-established between heart and brain and soul, which enables him to think sanely and face his sorrow with manly courage. Not, indeed, that Nature sympathizes with our grief, or gives tear for tear ; we weep, bleed, writhe, and she is unmoved. Nor, when we question her of the life beyond earth does she give one sign. Her wheels roll on ; to implore them to pause is the cry of unfaith. To catch at comfort in legends is but an indulgence of our weakness.

Earth yields not for prayer at her knees;  
The woolly beast bleating will shear.  
These are our sensual dreams.

Nor will she answer those questions that neither sow nor reap. But one thing Earth gives us, and that the one thing needful — harsh wisdom, her medicinal herb. Not through pathetic fallacies about nature, not through legends — once useful for man's growth, but now an evil opiate — shall we win such strength as is attainable, but rather through reality and the true reading of the law of life. And what is this law, but the law of growth from sense to spirit through change and through pain, until a warrior's heart and a reasonable soul are formed within us —

Mirror of Earth, and guide  
To the Holies from sense withheld?

If Reason be once active and armed in us, she will wrestle with that old worm, self; she will pierce the brute in us; her light will cleanse the foul recesses of his den; and through our service to her the well of the sorrows within us may also be cleansed: —

For a common delight will drain  
The rank individual fens  
Of a wound refusing to heal  
While the old worm slavers its root.

And so the sufferer, doomed to the loss of his dearest one, can meet his trial with a human heart: —

I bowed as a leaf in vain,  
As a tree when the leaf is shed  
To winds in the season at wane:  
And when from my soul I said,  
"May the worm be trampled: smite  
Sacred Reality!" power  
Filled me to front it aright.  
I had come to my faith's ordeal.

There are indeed questions which remain unanswered. Is it not enough that we should learn the lesson of our Earth — how through strife and anguish the flesh grows up into the spirit? And as for spirit, it does not rave about a goal; it needs not anthropomorphic idols; it desires neither celestial splendors nor the sleep of annihilation; it can trust the purpose of Earth; it uses Earth's gifts and aspires; it dreams of something higher than itself, and such dreams — those of Reason "at the ultimate bound of her wit" — are serviceable as an atmosphere and widening horizon for the soul, dreams untouched by the lusts of ease and sensual comfort, dreams of the blossom of good, which are as a banner unrolled for battle, upheld by Reason as it presses onward to find the

Reason higher than itself, which also we name not Reason, but Beneficence. Mr. Meredith's conclusion of the whole matter, in "A Faith on Trial," is expressed more concisely in the closing stanza of his lyric, "The Question Whither: " —

Then let our trust be firm in good,  
Though we be of the fasting;  
Our questions are a mortal brood,  
Our work is everlasting.  
We children of Beneficence  
Are in its being sharers;  
And Whither vainer sounds than Whence,  
For word with such wayfarers.

If it be alleged that such cheerful optimism as this is a matter of temperament Mr. Meredith answers: "No; it is a truth of reason, tested by the test of experience bitter to the flesh, and not found wanting."

To discover the teaching of Mr. Meredith I have had resort chiefly to poems which deal with the interpretation of nature; but it is obvious that the true meanings of Earth, as Mr. Meredith conceives them, can be read only through humanity viewed as the chief offspring of Earth. The secret of Earth is to be found neither in the solitude of the fields nor in turbid cities; it is known only to those who pass to and fro between nature and man: —

They hearing History speak, of what men  
were,  
And have become, are wise. The gain is  
great  
In vision and solidity; it lives.  
Yet at a thought of life apart from her,\*  
Solidity and vision lose their state,  
For Earth, that gives the milk, the spirit  
gives.

Solidity and vision — these are the needs of a worthy student of life; solidity, growing from a patient mastery of facts, so that the vision may be other than that of the phantast; vision, as of a true seer, so that the student may be more than a myopic specialist and mere accumulator of details. The sentimental or pseudo-romantic feeling for nature, which flies to its glooms and grandeurs, or to its pastoral innocences, as a refuge from human society, is, with Mr. Meredith, material for scorn. This is the "bile and buskin attitude" of Byron in his "Manfred" and "Childe Harold;" and in the duel between Byron — with his dreams of indigestion, his sham misanthropy, his hinted horrors — and "the world of spinsterdom and clergy," there is excellent substance for a comedy. Standing beside the glacier-green Rosanna as it foams and tum-

\* Earth.

bles through its ravine of the Stanzer Thal, Mr. Meredith sees in its eddying rush, its passion, joy, and trouble, an image of London or—shall we say?—of life:—

Here's devil take the hindmost too;  
And an amorous wave has a beauty in view;  
And lips of others are kissing the rocks:  
Here's chasing of bubbles, and wooing of rocks.

To an Arcadian dreamer such fancies must seem a profanation of the sanctity of the spot; for is it not the naiad's haunt? "Most certainly it is," replies Mr. Meredith, "but what is the present use of your naiad? If she be useless, she stands condemned by art as no creature of true beauty. Will she fly with the old gods, or join with the new? Come; let us put the naiad to the test."

What say you, if, in this retreat,  
While she poses tiptoe on yon granite slab,  
man,  
I introduce her, shy and sweet,  
To a short-neck'd, many-caped London cabman?

Why not? A scientific professor would prove that she is a mere foam-bow; and a nymph on sufferance must not act my Lady Scornful. In other words, if sentiment cannot wed fact, sentiment must vanish as unfit for this century of ours which honors reality. The nymph lacks a soul, which possibly she may get by wedding the wheezy cabman. Bear in mind that it is a little hard on him too; before he could plunge in the stream he must needs peel off a dozen capes! Thus, with the hearty animal spirits that come of open-air adventure among Tyrolean heights, Mr. Meredith plays with his grotesque allegory. But the meaning is a serious and sober one; he would point out the way in which the delicate spirit of solitary places may live and last—by mingling its life with that of humanity. And has it not in truth done so in the impulse and cheer which the poet bears back from the glacier-torrent to his own English home?

How often will these long links of foam  
Cry to me in my English home,  
To nerve me, whenever I hear them bellow,  
Like the smack of the hand of a gallant fellow!

Were ever the gains of holiday travel  
more gaily recounted?

I give them my meaning here, and they  
Will give me theirs when far away.  
And the snowy points, and the ash-pale peaks,  
Will bring a trembling to my cheeks,

The leap of the white-fleck'd, clear light,  
green  
Sudden the length of its course be seen,  
As, swift it launches an emerald shoulder,  
And, thundering ever of the mountain,  
Slaps in sport some giant boulder  
And tops it in a silver fountain.

Here truly is the Rosanna brought into London, alive and splashing for Piccadilly, if it please.

Those who would make acquaintance with Mr. Meredith's men and women may begin with the novels; and successive editions prove that now they need no advice to act thus wisely. But the men and women of the poems form an interesting and varied group. The English figures of humble life, figures humorously treated, which are, perhaps, the best known of the group—Juggling Jerry and the Old Chart-ist—are by no means the most admirable. The humor of these inventions, or the mingled humor and pathos, is somewhat crude and somewhat self-conscious; the moral is needlessly patent through the poem. I should not greatly grieve if the patriot engineer—a modern and degenerate Philip Falconbridge—were interned in some obscure portion of the territory of Limoges, Duke of Austria, where the railway system may need extension. But there is not one maid or wedded woman of Mr Meredith's poems, from the lissome beauty of "Love in the Valley" to Archduchess Anne, grim in her struggle between pride and passion, whom we could willingly forget. Even the "Fair Ladies in Revolt"—though ladies in revolt are not always fair in aspect or in argument—show an admirable art in piercing masculine sophistries and current platitudes. Almost they persuade me to be laureate-logician of their company, though at the risk of becoming the most

Fool-flushed old noddy ever crowned with buds.

"I like Mr. Meredith best," says a critic with whom even to err would be still to remain bright and suggestive, "I like Mr. Meredith best in 'The Nuptials of Attila.'" And in making choice of this masterly piece of narrative Mr. Henley assuredly has not gone astray. The enormous life and movement of the army of the Huns is brought visibly and audibly before us; the turbulent sea of humanity surges in our sight. And our sense of its vastness and its wildness gives us a measure of the power of that short, glittering-eyed, thin-bearded, square-chested ruler, who sways to his will this mass of fiery

force and passion. And yet there is one stronger than he. Is it Death the conqueror? Or can it be the cold, white girl, his one-night bride, whose fist is no larger than a summer fig:—

Huddled in the corner dark,  
Humped and grinning like a cat,  
Teeth for lips! — 'tis she! she stares,  
Glittering through her bristled hairs.  
Rend her! Pierce her to the hilt!

For a moment longer we see her the central object of wild contention, but now in the calm fit of her insanity, combing her hair "with quiet paws;" and then in the break up of the vast army Ildico disappears from view; of her we know no more than of a leaf rolled down the Danube.

The most important document in the study of the human heart which Mr. Meredith has given us in verse is doubtless "Modern Love." "Praise or blame," wrote Mr. Swinburne, "should be thoughtful, serious, careful, when applied to a work of such subtle strength, such depth of delicate power, such passionate and various beauty" as this. Praise or blame seems equally needless now; the poem has taken its place; there it is, and there it will remain. The critic's complaint that "Modern Love" deals with a deep and painful subject on which Mr. Meredith has no conviction to express, was a natural outbreak of human infirmity; we all like to have the issues of a difficult case made clear; we all like to have a problem worked out to its solution. But in art, as in life, it is not always good policy to snatch at a near advantage:—

Oh! if we draw a circle premature,  
Heedless of far gain,  
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure,  
Bad is our bargain!

Sometimes it is more for our good that art should put a question courageously than that it should propose some petty answer to the question. In "Modern Love," if Mr. Meredith does not prescribe a remedy for the disease of marriage perverted from its true ends—unless that remedy be the general one of more brain, and so more spirit, more righteousness, more beneficence—he at least makes a careful diagnosis of the case. It is something to describe the phases of the malady, and to issue no advertisement of a quack nostrum. And in that silence which precedes one last low cry: "Now kiss me, dear! it may be now!" does not Mr. Meredith make us feel, with a sense too deep for tears, how pity pleads for sin? and is not this something as helpful to us

as if he had expressed "a conviction on a painful subject"?

One remarkable poem treats, not of a malady in the individual life, but of a crisis in the life of a nation, and here certainly Mr. Meredith does not fail to express clear and sound convictions. The calamities of France in 1870 called forth two English chaunts of extraordinary poetic beauty and virtue, Whitman's cry of cheer amid the gloom, "O Star of France," and Mr. Meredith's noble ode, first published in the *Fortnightly Review*. Both poems are inspired by love and grief and hope; but Mr. Meredith, having "convictions to express," does not refrain from words of warning and of counsel. France is honored by him as the possessor of what he values so highly—"brain;" and being "Mother of Reason" she is trebly cursed, because she not only feels and sees the cruel blow, but perceives that it is the just punishment of her misdeeds. "Inveterate of brain," let her put her insight to wise uses, and learn from whence true strength proceeds:—

For Strength she yearns,  
For Strength, her idol once, too long her toy.  
Lo, Strength is of the plain root-Virtues born:  
Strength shall ye gain by service, prove in  
scorn,  
Train by endurance, by devotion shape.  
Strength is not won by miracle or rape.  
It is the offspring of the modest years,  
The gift of sire to son, thro' those firm laws  
Which we name Gods; which are the right-  
eous cause,  
The cause of man and manhood's ministers.

There is a country nearer to his beloved England than is her neighbor France, to which it were well if like counsel were tendered by Mr. Meredith; and the lines which follow on the priestly blessing of banners flung abroad "in the game of beasts," are perhaps not grown altogether out of date.

Mr. Meredith describes his first volume, the "Poems" of 1851, as "extinct." I have now said my say; but if space permitted I should willingly add a postscript on this rare volume, a copy of which has had what to Mr. Meredith must seem the misfortune to escape from the hands of a distinguished home ruler, to whom it was presented by the author, into those of a recreant Irishman, who loves Mother England, and who also cares for the infants of a poetic spring, even "before their buttons are disclosed." The little volume has much in it that is graceful and even beautiful, and when Mr. Meredith superintends a collected edition of his verse, he

should follow Wordsworth's example, and admit, as one section, "Poems Written in Youth." Meanwhile curious readers, who have not had my own good fortune, may learn something about the poet's "Juvenilia," from Mr. Le Gallienne's study of George Meredith.

To many persons, not long since, Mr. Meredith's novels seemed to be the Woods of Westermain, dark, obscure, and unfrequented. Like Poliphilus, in the Renaissance allegory, they have now emerged out of the dark wood, and are about to refresh themselves from its waters. But in the magical woodcut of Fra Francesco Colonna's romance, at the moment when he stoops to drink, the attention of Poliphilus is arrested by a wondrously sweet song; with hand already scooped for the water, he pauses and looks up. I shall be pleased if this article touches for any reader of Mr. Meredith's novels the nerve of hearing, and awakens his sense to the song of the bird.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

From The Leisure Hour.

#### HISTORY IN A STABLE LOFT.

THE writer of romance loves to tell of the discovery of some precious document, hidden — from motives either good or bad — in an out-of-the-way corner, and brought to light just at the moment needed by his plot. The theme is an old one, and there are on record plenty of authentic instances which give it a foundation in fact. To these instances one more may now be added by a recent discovery in a stable loft at Belvoir Castle of a mass of dirt-covered writings, which, when cleaned and read, have shed a by no means unimportant side-light on English history — social and political.

Some four years ago a representative of that very useful Royal Commission\* — which gives to willing owners of manuscripts a knowledge of what their muniment rooms contain, and merits its trifling cost to the country by making public the result of its investigations — went down to Belvoir Castle to calendar the Duke of Rutland's papers, which, considering the position held by the Manners family for several centuries, were believed to be rich in historical matter. Mr. Maxwell Lyte, C.B., the gentleman to whom the work was entrusted, was not disappointed with

what he found — a collection of letters, covering the period from 1549 to the close of the last century; but, on settling down to calendar these, he discovered the Elizabethan correspondence annoyingly imperfect; he therefore began to search for further material, and, in so doing, came upon a key with a label bearing the deliciously suggestive inscription "*Key of old writings over Stable.*" Belvoir Castle is built on the top of a hill, at the bottom of which stand the stables. Down that hill Mr. Lyte went with alacrity, and made his way to the stable loft, where he discovered a vast mass of paper and parchment. Who had last ventured into this mysterious chamber no one knew, but it had certainly welcomed no recent visitor, for a curtain of cobwebs hung from the rafters, and the documents, that rose from the floor to the height of three or four feet, were covered with filth and rubbish that rendered white paper undistinguishable from brown. With the aid of a laborer, a few documents were literally *dug* out from the rubbish, and it was then plain enough that rats — the stable loft's only tenants — had swallowed a good many historical facts. Some documents had lost their dates, some their signatures, whilst others had been simply reduced to powder. A long letter, written by Elizabeth's favorite, the Earl of Leicester, had lost its centre. Still a good deal of undevoured history remained, and amongst the pile, a sprinkling of letters, written from and to men who fought and fell during the Wars of the Roses, who welcomed Henry Tudor at Milford Haven or resisted him at Bosworth, and who played leading parts in State affairs during the reigns of Henry VIII. and his children.

This correspondence had once belonged to the Vernons of Haddon Hall; it passed by marriage to the Manners family, and then got stowed away in the stable loft till found as described. Now that it is dusted, put into order of date, and calendared, let us see what it tells — what is the historical side-light that it sheds.

Henry Vernon of Haddon seems to have possessed that power of ready change of political front so indispensable to the successful courtier at the time of struggle 'twixt the houses of York and Lancaster. He consequently kept his head on his shoulders whilst many around him, and with whom he was associated, lost theirs. The first we hear of him is in March, 1471 — the spring following the sudden outburst of Lancastrian popularity which dethroned Edward IV., and drove him for a

\* The Historical Manuscripts Commission.

while across the seas. Vernon was then, of course, an active Lancastrian, and in receipt of a letter from Clarence, which tells him that "K. E." (as the writer styled his brother, Edward IV.) had been seen off the coast of Norfolk, sailing towards the Humber. Before the end of the month Clarence had learned for certain of Edward's landing in the North. He therefore bade Vernon come to him "incontinent after the sight of this our lettres . . . with as many personnes defensibly arrayed as ye can make;" avowedly to serve King Henry VI. Within two days of the date of this letter, Clarence's father-in-law, the famous "king-maker," Richard, Earl of Warwick, wrote to Vernon a letter which is certainly one of the most interesting that was found in the loft. After the fashion of the time, the body of the letter is in the handwriting of a clerk or secretary, but the signature and a postscript are written by Warwick himself, and furnish the only specimen of the handwriting of that remarkable man known to exist. The letter announces that "yonder man, Edward," King Henry VI.'s "great enemy, rebel, and traitor," having landed in the North, was marching southwards with a foreign army of less than two thousand men, composed of "Flemynges, Esterlinges, and Danes," but that he received no favor from the counties through which he passed. Vernon is therefore urged to hasten towards the writer at Coventry. The king-maker's postscript reads: "Henry, I pray you fayle not now, as ever I may do for you. — Warrewyk." In less than three weeks after Warwick had thus made so light of Edward's forces, he lay dead on the battlefield at Barnet.

Early in April we find Clarence thanking Vernon for the despatch of men to his aid, but still begging Vernon himself to join him at Banbury. Particularly interesting is this letter, as illustrating Clarence's change of front, for it can hardly have reached Haddon before Vernon learnt the news that his correspondent, "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," had himself donned the White Rose.

Tidings of the Lancastrian defeat at Tewkesbury on May 6 were conveyed to Vernon (who by that time had also changed the color of the rose he wore) by Clarence himself in a letter, written from the scene of the battle, two days after it had been fought, which tells that "Edward, late called Prince, the late Erl of Devon, with other estates, knightes, squiers, and gentilmen, were slayn in playn bataill; Edmund, late Duc of Somerset, taken and put to

execucion and other diverses estates, knightes, squiers, and gentilmen taken." Edward himself was "fully pourposed, with the grace of Our Lord" to haster northwards to establish his government, and it was his desire that Vernon should join him at Coventry within a week, with as many men, "defensibly arrayed," as he could muster. Thus, a contemporary letter sets at rest the existing doubts as to the manner in which Prince Edward, the son of Henry VI., met his death, and dispels forever the story of the boy's dauntless behavior when brought into Edward's presence — behavior which induced Clarence to butcher him in cold blood. After this we find Vernon regularly taking orders from the Yorkists, and, when Edward IV. was finally settled on the throne, appointed a squire of the body.

Edward left Tewkesbury on May 7, and reached Coventry, by way of Worcester, on the 10th. From Worcester, he wrote to Vernon, telling of his success as recounted by Clarence, and adding the additional information that: "Margarete late called Quene is in our handes." Still, for all that, he had yet cause for uneasiness, for he says: "we now understande that the commouns of divers partes of this our royaume [realm] make murmours and commocions, entending the destrucion of the chirche, of us, our lordes, and alle noble men, and to subverte the republique of our said royaume which we in our persone with Godde's helpe and [the] assistance of you and other our trewe subgettes shal mightily defend the same." Vernon was therefore begged to hasten to Edward's camp as quickly and as well equipped as possible. The charge of hostility to the Church here brought against the Lancastrians may have been trumped up; if it was not, it is noteworthy, for it comes strangely from one who has been charged with violating the rights of sanctuary after the battle of Tewkesbury.

Edward IV. died, seeing Vernon a faithful follower of the Yorkists, still holding office at court, and when Richard III. found himself threatened with invasion he personally appealed to the body-squire. The appeal is dated on August 11, 1485, and calls on Vernon to aid the king against Henry Tudor. No time was to be lost, "as our rebelles and traitours, accompanied with our annient enemyes of France and of other straunge nacions departed out of the water of Sayn the furst day of this present moneth, making their cours westwardes ben landed at Nangle beside Mylford Haven in Wales on Sone-

day last passed;" Vernon was therefore to hasten to Richard's aid with a goodly following, as he had promised. We do not learn whether Vernon went to the king's aid; perhaps he saw in the "rebell and traitour" who had just landed at Milford the future king, and so kept snugly within the walls of Haddon Hall. At any rate, before Henry VII. had been long on the throne we find this secular "Vicar of Bray" receiving a letter from the king, commanding him to furnish men and arms for an expedition against "oure auncient enemyes the Scottes," who, contrary to their "naturall duties and allegaunces," had made insurrection in the north of England under a mysterious personage described as "Robyn of Riddesdale." Later on, Vernon, who had been knighted, was appointed controller of the Prince of Wales's household, but he proved so negligent in the discharge of his duties that the king threatened to remove him from the office and make him an attendant upon his own person; Vernon was evidently too useful a man to be lost sight of altogether. Almost the last we hear about him is in his appointment, in 1503, as one of those who was to escort Henry's daughter, Margaret, to Scotland; on this journey he was to go attired in his "best array," as the king considered it unbecoming "that any mourning or sorrowful clothings should be worn or used at such noble triumphs of marriage."

We have said that letters and papers illustrative of later Tudor times lay in the stable loft at Belvoir. Amongst so much that is valuable and interesting, it is hard to know what document to select as the most suitable for introduction here. Snatching at random, let us take this, an account written in June, 1563, by the English envoy in Scotland, of the opening of the Parliament at Edinburgh. Mary Stuart herself had then to a great extent recovered her health, spirits, and good looks, and her "ladies" were, says the envoy, "lustie fayre and brave." The "sorrowfull garments and murnynge wedes" for her late husband and her two uncles had been "clene cast off." The opening of Parliament was thus a very grand and joyous sight; Mary herself was clothed "in her Parlement robes and had a very fayre rich croune upon her heade," and she was followed by, "fyrst the noble-men's wyves, as theie were in dignitie, twelve in number, after them the four virgins, maydes, maries, damoysselles of honour, or the Quen's mignons, call them as please your honour, but a fayerrer syghte

was never seen." Having taken her place in Parliament, the queen pronounced "with a singular good grace an oration shorte and verie prittie." A day or two after this Mary again attended Parliament, when the deceased Earl of Huntly was condemned for treason in the following extraordinary manner: "Hys dedde corps (keapte of purpose untill thys tyme) was broughte into the Parleme[n]te House in a coffin and sette uprighte as though he had stoode upon his feete, and upon that a peece of good black clothe with his armes faste pynned." He was then formally accused, and his procter answered for him, "as if he had been alyve." He was then found guilty and received judgment. "Immediately here upon the good clothe that honge over the coffin was taken awaye, and in place of that a worce hanged on, the armes torn in peeces in the sighte of the people, and lykewise stroken owte of the herauldes booke."

So much for the documents comprised in the first volume of this calendar. On looking into the second, we find that it relates to the century and a quarter which elapsed between the years 1642 and 1770 — very important years in the political history of England, no doubt; but then these owners of Belvoir and Haddon Hall differed from their predecessors, who were on terms of intimacy with the leading Englishmen of their day. They were scarcely known beyond the immediate circle of their relations or their neighbors, and as a consequence we do not find in the letters written to them from London a revelation of the mysteries of contemporary statesmanship. But do not let us lay aside the volume on that account.

Glimpses at the every-day life of kings and statesmen and people in general are as important in compiling and understanding history as are peeps behind the scenes in the palace, in the council chamber, or in the statesman's study — and of these we get abundance in the second volume. For instance, in almost every letter which Lady Grace Chaworth writes to her brother, Lord Roos, between 1668 and 1693, we get some notice illustrative of daily life around her; and as her daily life was passed much with those who spent their time at the court of Charles II., we get some decidedly interesting information. Now it is a picture of winter diversions that she paints — the king sleighing and the Duchess of York pelting her husband and others with snowballs; now of a summer-time recreation — a picnic at Windsor at which quite a small party con-

sume "twelve dozen of choice wine." The king's natural daughter, the Countess of Sussex, and her mistress, "Madam Mazarin," privately learnt to fence, "and," says Lady Chaworth, "went doune into St. James' Parke, the other day, with draune swords under their night gounes, which they drew out and made severall fine passes with, to the admiration of severall men that was lookers-on in the Parke." The letters from a certain Miss Bridget Noel to her sister the Countess of Rutland afford a curious insight into the life of a young lady of fashion in the latter half of the seventeenth century; she spends three days out of a week in bed owing to the late hours she kept on the other four; she laughs over a rumor that she had lost £1,000 on a horse-race; and when at last forced to quit London gaiety for a quieter life in Derbyshire, enters upon mining speculations of the most exciting kind.

History at Belvoir no longer lies dust-covered in the stable loft. The Duke of Rutland takes a lively interest in the family archives, and, thanks to his liberality, they are now safely housed in the castle library. For the modest sum of 5s. 2d. may now be purchased (as a Parliamentary paper) the result of the labors of that energetic gentleman who faced the dangers of typhoid fever—old parchments and papers do *not* smell nice when first disturbed after a century of tranquillity!—and unearthed the historical treasures here noticed, besides many unnoticed. In the first volume is an excellent autotype reproduction of the letter written by the Earl of Warwick to Henry Vernon which bears the only known example of the king-maker's signature—something like an autograph!

W. J. HARDY.

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From The Spectator.

#### WILD FOWL IN SANCTUARY.

JUST before the opening of spring, when the biting winds drive the shepherds down from the hill, and send even the gypsies to the shelter of the towns, wild birds and beasts seem almost to vanish from the open country, except the March hares; and they, we know, are mad.

Yet there is no time at which the rare and beautiful water-birds, now so scarce in England, are more tame or more easily observed than when they seek sanctuary for rest and pairing, before their long

journey to their breeding-places in the high latitudes of the North. The scene on the few inland lakes and waters of any size in the south of England, where the fowl are unmolested, is at such times full of interest even to the least observant eyes, though a few weeks later the surface will be deserted by all but the nesting swans, and the few coots, dabchicks, and water-hens which remain throughout the summer. The lake at Blenheim, always beautiful from its setting and surrounding, afforded last week a pleasing picture of the Lenten rest and quiet which the wild fowl now enjoy. This lake, formed by the waters of the Gleam—all the tributaries of the upper Thames, the Colne, the Windrush, and the Evenlode, have harmonious names—winds for some two miles between low but steep hills, and naturally attracts to its quiet surface most of the wild-fowl of the Oxford vale. At the first glance it was evident that their numbers were as yet hardly diminished by departures for the North. Much of the surface was still covered by ice and snow, and just off the edge of the ice some twenty swans were feeding; while from all parts of the open water were heard the constant musical whistle of widgeon and teal, the quacking of the mallards, the hoarse snort of the swans, and the croak of coots and moorhens,—sounds more suggestive of Poole Harbor on an August night, than of a Midland lake in March. On the further bank, sunning themselves on the sloping turf, and sheltered from the wind, were a score of mallards and their mates, which rose with much angry quacking and protest as a herd of deer came trotting down to drink at the very spot which they had chosen for their chilly siesta. It was, however, no wanton intrusion by the deer, for at that spot only was the shore free from ice, where some land-spring broke the frozen boundary. Meantime, the sun came out with a warmth which could be felt, and a second flock of wild ducks broke into sudden ecstasy at such an earnest of the coming spring. Beating its wings upon the water, each mallard rushed across the lake; then diving, they reappeared beside their mates, and went through a kind of water-tournament, with much splashing and noise. In the course of this amusement, one of the performers came up from the depths almost under an old cock-swan, which was sleeping with its head "under the blankets"—that is to say, its wing-coverts—and resented the disturbance by a vicious bite which called the whole company to

order. Most inland lakes, except those Surrey pools where the water seems to be held naturally upon an ironstone bottom, are river-fed, and shallow and sedgy at the head where the stream enters. Blenheim Lake is no exception to this rule, and some acres at its upper end are covered by yellow reeds, through which the Gleam cuts a winding channel of deep-green water. This is natural cover for the fowl, and, though frost and snow had beaten down the sedge, it was alive with coots and snipe and moorhens. There, from behind a tree, we watched for some time a snipe courting, at least so we judged, for the object of its attentions was concealed in a little tuft of sedge. The snipe ran round this bower setting up its wings, and flirting its tail in very gallant fashion, turning round and bowing with all the airs and graces of a pigeon making love. At the extreme head of the lake, in the swift, narrow current of the Gleam, a fleet of swans were feeding, one behind the other, an old cock-swan taking the post of danger — and of profit — next to the conduit from which the water enters. By hiding behind the bridge-parapet for some time, and then carefully peering over, it was possible to observe exactly the way in which a swan feeds in water just deep enough to make it necessary for it to invert its body in order to reach the bottom. The neck was partly bent, and the crown of the head touched the bottom, its head and neck being used exactly like a bent-handled *hoe* to search among the gravel and stones. Its head was deeply tinged with red, from the iron in solution in the water and mud. The result of stillness and partial concealment in watching wild animals was well illustrated during the ten minutes spent in observing the swan. Water-hens seemed to spring from the flattened sedge by magic, as if rising from the ground, and launched themselves on the stream, or tripped about feeding among the sedges, where the ground was rapidly thawing.

The head and western bank of the lake are fringed with a narrow belt of young plantation, made partly with a view to sheltering the wild fowl, partly to screen the guns when the birds are shot in the winter. The lake-keeper, whose cottage stands at the head of the water, quoted as an example of the number of fowl that collect in severe weather at Blenheim, that on one occasion three guns shot a hundred and twelve snipe, and between forty and fifty wild duck and teal. But the birds are seldom shot, and at the time of our

visit seemed quite aware that no harm was intended; and as we passed close to the water on the opposite side to that from which we had approached, partly screened by the belt of young trees, they showed little inclination to leave the water, with the exception of a solitary heron, which, after watching us uneasily for some time, rose with a croak, and after flapping some way, with its dangling toes touching the ice, rose high into the air, and flew steadily in the direction of Wytham Woods, where the hen-birds are already sitting on their eggs. Viewed from the western shore, the scene was in bright contrast to the prevailing steely monotony of an English landscape in March. The tops of the overgrown osiers which fringed the lake wore the polished scarlet bark of early spring, and shot up in a stiff line of red rods. Beyond them lay the surface of the lake, under the sun, in three zones of color, following the sweeping bays and curves of the ice. Next to the shore, the ice was dazzling white with snow, which had melted on the earth, but still lay deep on the thickest ice; and against this white background stood up the thousands of scarlet osier rods. Next to the snow was a zone of clear ice, blue-grey and snowless; and beyond the margin of the ice-fringe lay the deeper waters of the lake, of the deep translucent green of jade, on which some fifty shining swans were floating in every attitude of motion or repose. Beyond, on the hill, the long colonnades and shining cupolas of Blenheim stood solemn and severe, like some "Palace of Silence," against the sky.

A great number of duck and teal, and a flock of widgeon, were floating near an evergreen-covered island, in separate groups; and a score of coots, conspicuous by their white heads and velvety black bodies, were feeding near the shore. At the sound of a stick struck upon a paling, all but the coots rose from the water, the mallards showing to the greatest advantage as they spread the fanlike white feathers below the dark-green tail, and mounted high above the lake. The widgeon kept in a compact flock, turning and wheeling like starlings, and passing and repassing in a symmetrical and monotonous course exactly the same evolutions in the air to an accompaniment of melodious notes. The teal soon settled down in pairs, some dashing boldly into the water, others alighting with rapid backward beats of the wing upon the ice. A careful stalk brought us near enough to see that the

teal, like most of the ducks, had evidently paired for the summer, as the cock-birds were swimming round their mates in a restless, fussy fashion, and did not allow any other bird to come within the circle of water so appropriated. The view of the lower lake which we caught through the wide and beautiful arch of the stone bridge, showed that the fowl were there even more numerous than on the upper waters. From the parapet of the bridge, we counted seventy-four duck sleeping on the edge of the ice. Under and upon the steep and sloping bank near Rosamond's Well, quite three times that number were crowded together, and as a sudden snow-squall came over the hill, they all rose with a loud roar of wings, and, joined by the flock from the ice, settled on the open water, preferring, apparently, to endure the squall on their native element than on the ice or firm land. No doubt the numbers of wild fowl on the tidal harbors of the coast in winter are many times greater than those collected at Blenheim and on similar lakes in March. But such opportunities for watching them in their happiest moods cannot be obtained by the sea, or anywhere except in places where man combines with nature to protect them in the season of sanctuary.

---

From The Speaker.

SHAMEEN.\*

"AH, musha, Larry," said the man on the other side of the long car to our driver, "did you hear that James Hurley was dead? The news came to Miss Dempsey at the post-office from her brother in Cincinnati."

Our carman pulled up so suddenly that it would have twisted the mare's mouth if she had not been very leisurely ascending the sweet mountain-road. As it was, she only shook herself with a mute remonstrance and went on more leisurely.

"Ah, thin, Shameen!" said the carman, with the most wonderful tenderness, "ah, thin, is Shameen dead? God rest you, Shameen! Sure it was you could lighten the road for the mare with the lilt of a song."

Rosa and I looked at each other. It sounded the sweetest lamentation in the crooning Irish voice. The driver of the

long car was a great ruddy fellow, square-faced, dark-haired, determined-looking, as one often sees them in that country where Noll's troopers intermarried with violet-eyed daughters of the mere Irish. An excellent fellow was Larry Hayes, and we had made several trips with him; for his long car which conveyed the mails and a stray traveller or two passed through an enchanting stretch of country. He had quite a friendly interest in us and our excursions. We had got brown and cheerful in our month, that was now well-nigh ended. To-day there was a dull silver of rain in the air from morning. Last night there were gusts that carpeted the valley with scarlet and orange, and the woods that had been gloriously clothed showed only ragged banners of color like the fragments of glory one sees hanging high in the cathedral at home.

The rainy day broke up splendidly. It had been almost too dark in the early afternoon for Rosa to sketch those ruins we tramped to in the mild mist. Now the western heaven opened, and we saw the passage as it were of a myriad angels, flying on in steady, long flight, golden-headed, golden-gowned, golden-feathered; with now and then a glimpse of delicate rose, as though one caught sight of a young cheek or a naked foot in the rifts of gold.

The other passenger on the long car we had picked up as he trudged steadily along on his way home from a distant fair. He communicated all his news of "Shameen" stolidly; how he had died in hospital, and how Miss Dempsey's brother had heard of it from a priest, and how his death had been the result of an accident on the railway where he was employed, and in which it seemed he had given his life to rescue some worthless one.

We listened for a while, and at last one of us said: "Who was Shameen, Larry?"

"Is it Shameen Hurley, miss? Well, thin, I'll tell you," was the reply; "an' it's not to every one I'd talk about Shameen this day. You know Knockmeelderry over there? It's the handsome hill, an' it's the first to see the sun in the mornin' an' the last to bid him good-bye at night. Well, Shameen's little house an' farm was under the big flank of Knockmeelderry, an' indeed there was a time he was like what I'm after tellin' you of that same hill, for he was always lookin' at the sun—an' such a voice—he'd coax the birds off the trees with it. Eh, ladies, it's the quare world it is intirely. He was the manliest fellow in the three parishes. He was big

\* *Anglicé*, "little James." The diminutive "een" is constantly applied in Ireland as a term of affection.

an' gentle an' good. Good! he was as good as a pot of goold. He lived all alone, did Shameen, with just an old woman to come in an' clear up for him. The girls used to be sayin' it was a quare way for him to be, an' how much more he'd get out o' the farm if he'd a wife to see after the butter an' the calves an' the pigs for him. They wor all leppin' to get him, but, indeed, though he'd always the soft word for a woman or a child, aye, and for a dumb baste, he gev no girl raison to suppose he was thinkin' of her. The boy was too innocent to know how they wor all round him like flies around honey. His father was handsome an' bad. There wasn't a bit of badness in all Shameen's body. He was his mother's son, and she was the best an' sweetest girl in the barony, an' when she found out the man she was married to, the crathure, she died of it. They said it was consumption she died of, me brown little girl; but it wasn't, it was *silent contempt*. When she found out what he was, an' she had adored him, the love went back on her heart an' killed her."

Larry's thoughts were evidently far back in the past, and we had a clue to them, for we had heard how "an ould, ancient love-affair" had made him the determined bachelor he was.

"Shameen was like his mother," he went on dreamily; "he took things hard. I was terrible fond of him from a boy. He was always bright an' glad to gladden my heart, till he fell in love; an' as misfortunes never come alone, no sooner was he in it over head an' ears than th' ould captain that was kind went an' died on us, an' the naygur that's there now," shaking his whip at a distant turret, "fell in for the place. Eh, but she was purty, little Susy O'Brien; an' her father, ould Kendal, the richest and closest-fisted farmer in the county. I often wonder if Shameen had known the misfortunes that was comin' to him, whether he wouldn't have kep' out of her way, but I don't know. It was like as if it was to happen, an' he was like his mother — love was hell or heaven to him; he was like her in another way, too, for he was terrible proud.

"They said Susy came home from the convent wantin' to be a nun, an' that ould Kendal was mad about it. I misdoubted that story from the first day I seen her in the chapel; for though she was as demure-lookin' as a statue, she had a pair of funny little dimples that crep' about in her cheeks, an' as we were comin' out I saw

her givin' a long look at some one from under her eyelashes, an' whin I looked it was Shameen, an' faith he was starin' at her as if he'd ate her. Purty she was; she was like a little wisp of thistledown, so light an' airy she was, an' her face was as innocent as a daisy, and soft an' pale, an' set in hair like fine goold. She was delicate-lookin', an' yet wholesome-lookin'.

"Ladies, did yez ever hear of a love that sprung up an' took root an' got strong in two hearts without ever a word of love bein' spoken? Well, that was the way with Susy an' me poor Shameen. They met at neighbors' houses, at weddin's and dances, at the chapel on Sunday, and Shameen seemed drawn wherever she was an' yet determined to keep away from her. But he couldn't help *lookin'*, an' as time went on, though nobody suspected but me, yet I saw their looks once or twice, and wondered the world didn't know. The colleen would look at him appealin' as if she thought he was angry, an' he'd look back at her with his face cold an' pale, but his eyes full of fire. I've heard of the love-light; but poor Shameen's love-light was more like a consumin' fire. He got haggard an' quare, an' even his sweet songs he changed for ould lamentations an' the like; that is whenever you'd get him to sing, for it was seldom. On his little place things was goin' from bad to worse with him. I consoled myself thinkin' that ould Kendal for all his nearness wouldn't deny his one little girl the wish of her heart, seein' that Shameen was so likely a lad, an' his misfortunes not of his own makin'.

"Eh, I'd reckoned without Shameen's pride. Shameen beggared would never ask for a rich man's daughter. It was seven years ago last May, Clonmel fair day. For a wonder I'd no passengers, an' I was just lettin' the mare take her time. I was heavy in heart, for I knew things wor in a bad way with Shameen. He'd gone to Dublin to see the agent an' ask for time. Well, quite suddenly a man jumped up out o' the ditch where he'd been lyin' on his face. Glory be to God, it was Shameen, yet none need have blamed me if I hadn't known him at first. His dress was tossed an' disordered as if he'd been lyin' out all night. He looked as wake an' quare as if food hadn't seen the inside of him for a fortnight; his hair was tossed an' wild, but it was none of them things made the terrible change in Shameen; it was the dead, sick look of misery in his eyes. Before I could spake

to him he spoke to me, in a quare, cracked voice. 'Don't talk to me, Larry,' he said. 'I'm goin' to take a sate with you as far as the Junction; I'm off to America.' 'Off to America,' says he, as aisy as if he was talkin' of Emly or Golden. Well, the poor lad, I troubled him but little, but as we went on he told me he was out of his farm — that visit to the agent had only quickened things for him.

"We went along an' along, and the sweet May evenin' it was, an' the black-bird — that used always to stop whin Shameen began — singin' fit to crack his throat, and all the pleasant country so quiet, by raison of the people bein' in the chapel attendin' to their May devotions. I was sick to say somethin' to him of Susy, but faith I didn't like to; he was leanin' down like an ould bent man, an' more betoken, fond as he was of me, I'd found out that Shameen could be very proud an' cold over his saycrets.

"How did she find out at all, at all? Or what instinct brought her there? Och sure, women are wonders whin they're in love. It was in the loneliest part o' the road that she suddenly stepped out of a boreen where she was standin'. She ran up like a child with her hands out, and I could see all her pretty face pinched like a snow-drop that's caught in the frost. Me poor Shameen gev a big cry, and then jumped off — and the mare an' meself had the sense just to move on a bit and let the crathures have their say to themselves. An' I, the big fool I was, was all in a pucker of delight, thinkin' I needn't drive Shameen to the Junction after all. Och, wirra wirrasthrue, it's a quare world, an' it's only when you're ould an' lonely and the pain over that you begin to see what value love was, and how little the gabbin' tongues o' people mathered, so long as you had the love.

"It was only a minit anyhow. He hadn't more nor time to kiss her purty lips once or twice when he was back. 'Drive on,' he says, in a terrible, hard, dry voice that gives me an ache to think of even now. I said no more till the train was steamin' an' him in it. I was ould enough to be his father, an' might have been that same, but I couldn't question him; I hadn't courage. Lookin' at his face, though, I tried, wettin' me lips with me tongue, for they were both dry with

anxiety. He squeezed up in the corner of the carriage, an' looked straight before him in a dead sort of way. I stood with me hand on the window, but I'm misdoubting he knew a friend was there at all, at all. 'Did you spake to the little girl, Shameen?' I said at last; 'she's the thrue little girl that'd wait for you.' 'No,' said he, lookin' at me straight, 'why should I spake to a rich man's daughter?' 'Well thin, God forgive you, Shameen,' said I; but sure in the middle of it the whistle came, and that was me last word with Shameen.

. . . . .  
 "An' little Susy, Miss? Well, she drooped, an' then she took up a bit, like as if she was hopeful. The father tried to make her match half-a-dozen times, but she gev them all the go-by. But sure, you can't live on hope forever, an' as the months went an' no tale or tidings of Shameen, she grew slindherer an' quieter. Miss Dempsey told me afterwards that she gev up by degrees callin' for the post, an' the little screeds from the nuns an' the school friends were called for by Thady Murphy, the boy from the forge. I seen her once lookin' like a little red rose; that was a few months after Shameen left, an' I'm thinkin' it was the thought of his kiss an' his arms about her brought the pretty color in her cheeks. Ochone, the blight came on as it might on the same little red rose. Less than two years after Shameen went, they buried her. I wonder whether he ever heard. Anyhow, from that day to this no word of mouth or letter came from him. But, sure, he's spoken the word now. God is good; an' I'll go bail the love that never was spoken between them on earth was told out full an' free when she ran to meet him, the darlin', over the pavemints of Heaven."

We were creeping up the hill to the town by this time. We were all silent, in sympathy with Larry's emotion; he only spoke once afterwards, and then it was to the mare:—

"Sheila, me honey, do you remember Shameen? Ah! poor Shameen's dead! An', sure, it was many a long an' hard road he lightened for you with the lilt of a song. He made your heart bate so light you never felt the load. But he's done singin' on earth long ago, Sheila!"

KATHARINE TYNAN.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## CONFIDENCES.

MAIDEN.

OH, you merry, idle fellow, high upon a beech-  
bough swaying,  
Have you really no employment all the long  
bright forenoon through  
But to watch the golden sunbeams 'mid the  
green leaves flitting, playing,  
And the glist'ning pilewort gleaming in the  
meadows under you?

BLACKBIRD.

Pretty maiden, pretty maiden, in the branches  
green and shady  
There's a nest with five eggs resting on a  
smooth and cosy bed,  
And since the dawn of morning I am singing  
to a lady  
Who above her cosy dwelling lifts, to hear  
me, her brown head.

But now tell me, pretty maiden, do you linger  
here each morning  
Just to see the daisies flutter as the south  
wind rushes by,  
Or to view the Lenten lilies all the breezy  
slopes adorning,  
Or the tassels swinging gaily on the scented  
larch-trees nigh?

MAIDEN.

Whisper, blackbird, for a moment: much,  
indeed, I love the meadows,  
Gorsy fells, and fragrant larch woods, where  
the south winds murmur low  
To the wind-flowers flushed and trembling,  
and the shifting lights and shadows —  
But I'm watching for my lover, and you must  
let no one know.

Chambers' Journal.

M. ROCK.

## EVENSONG.

IN the heart of a Saxon forest I followed the  
winding ways,  
Deep-cushioned in moss and barred with the  
sunset's slanting rays,

When out of the distance dim, where no end  
to the path was seen,  
Where the breath of the springtime hung like  
a motionless mist of green,

I heard a sound of singing, majestic, sad, and  
clear,  
Rise from the forest deeps and float on the  
evening air.

I stopped and wondered and waited, as it  
nearer and nearer grew,  
Solemn and strange and sad, till at last came  
into view

No vision of spirits dreamt of in weird old  
forest lore,  
Who roam the greenwood singing forever and  
evermore,

But six Teutonic maidens, tanned with the  
rain and sun,  
A burthen of billeted wood on the shoulders  
of every one.

How sturdily by they marched! and the chant-  
ing passed away  
In the fragrant depths of the forest, and died  
with the dying day.

No spirits indeed! Yet I thought, as awhile  
I mused and stood,  
That a music more than earthly had passed  
through the darkening wood.

And I thought that the day to the morrow  
bequeathed in that solemn strain  
The whole world's hope and labor, its love,  
and its ancient pain.

Spectator.

T. W. ROLLESTON.

## THE GOLDEN HOUR.

STEEPED in a mellow, orange-golden glow,  
Dark, clustered elms touch hands across  
the lane,  
Strange glories crown the gabled stacks arow,  
And gild each lumbering amber-laden wain.

In jewelled bravery of gold and green  
The pallid stubble glistens to the sky,  
'Neath limpid seas of luminous air serene,  
Where homing rooks float drowsily on high.

Infinite pleasure takes the sense — and yet  
Fades in a moment, smitten into pain;  
Changed for a fruitless passion of regret,  
As elfin treasure turns to earth again.

And gladness falters like a silenced song —  
Sinks with the flame of sunset's colored  
fire;  
So short th' illumined hour! Alas, so long  
The undistinguishable vain desire!

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

Longman's Magazine.

## "DE PROFUNDIS."

YOUTH will pass and hope will perish,  
We complain;  
Is there nothing that we cherish  
Not in vain?

Ah, the future will be golden!  
We surmise,  
But with glory unbeholden  
Of our eyes.

Strengthen us in our affliction,  
We implore;  
But the old serene conviction  
Comes no more.

C. J. WHITBY.

From The Contemporary Review.  
WILLIAM.

"Du bist noch nicht der Mann den Teufel fest zu halten!" — *Faust*.

THE emperor's now notorious speech at the annual dinner of the Brandenburg Diet, on the 24th of February last, and the notification of the press prosecutions that are to follow it, have intensified the curiosity of public opinion in Europe, which for the last three years he has already largely monopolized. And yet neither speech nor threat of prosecution can lay claim to an originality which would justify so sudden an increase of interest. At most they combine with what has gone before to form a dramatic climax; they may fitly be styled: "le couronnement d'un étrange édifice psychologique." For previous speeches of the emperor, rightly understood, harbored similar ill-considered ideas; and prosecutions for *lèse-majesté* have for years past belonged to the order of the day in Germany.\* It is the high standing of the persons who have this time spoken out (though if all were known, they are as nothing beside those who agree with them and remain silent), which lends exceptional importance to this latest ebullition, and seems to render an impartial glance at the events connected with it opportune. When thorough-going patriotic and monarchical papers, such as the *Cologne Gazette* and the *Münchener Allgemeine Zeitung* adopt the tone they have now taken up; when such men as Professor Helmholtz, Professor Delbruck,† and Dr. Pachnicke‡ speak out as they have done, and scores — yes, hundreds of others no longer shrink from speaking in unison with them, it is time to ask, "What does it all mean?" "Where

are things drifting to in Berlin, and in Germany?" "Who is or who are responsible for the present state of affairs?" And finally: "What are *au fond* the personal characteristics of a ruler, who, on the morrow of Bismarck's dismissal, was heralded by nearly all as a man of exceptional ability, and by many as at least a man of a strong character, possibly with a touch of true genius?"

What it all means is easily suggested — namely, that the back of Germany's character and intellect is ominously up, and most ominously so where it is as yet unseen. Men are heartily sick of this everlasting flow of phrases, which becomes more copious and more mischievous, instead of "drying up," as had been fondly hoped. For, if there is a country where on practical matters windy phraseology is viewed with detestation and contempt, it is Germany. There is a German saying, *Bange machen gilt nicht*, which translated means, "It is against the rules of the game to frighten your adversary." Thus, when the modern Hotspur calls out: "Albrecht Achilles once said, I know of no more reputable spot on which to die than in the midst of my enemies,"\* they simply smile and think of Harry of Monmouth; or, worse still, they whisper *Es ist nicht so gefährlich* (there is nothing to be afraid of); "men who are in the habit of dying in the midst of their enemies are never known to proclaim it beforehand."

It means farther, that the class of men of to-day, whose ancestors led Germany in her many struggles for priceless spiritual possessions in the past, and who form the cream of the intellectual culture of the country, are determined to oppose the threatened educational *Krebsgang* (crab movement) with might and main. The full meaning of this, if things were to come to extremes, only those can conjure up who know Germany fairly well. But things will not come to extremes, at least not at present; it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell as much as that. And this for two reasons: the emperor has nothing like the necessary resources at his command to fight such a battle as that would

\* According to the *Münchener Allgemeine Zeitung*, 488 persons were punished for *lèse-majesté* in the year 1889; 554 in 1888; and 540 in 1887.

† Professor Delbruck, in the March number of *Preussische Jahrbücher*: "The passionate feeling which has been excited by the speech will not pass away. The speech itself may be forgotten, but the traditional sentiment that has been drowned by it is lost forever."

‡ Dr. Pachnicke, member of the Reichstag, at Magdeburg on the 7th of March: "The emperor cannot believe that his views alone possess decisive importance. That would be impossible, for judicial as well as for actual reasons. . . . The time for all-controlling genius is past."

\* Albrecht Achilles was a notable elector of Brandenburg: "Public Speech of the Emperor," 1891.

portend; and secondly, neither is he made of the stuff of those men who have fought similar battles before. Thus things for the present will drift back to about where they were a month ago — that is to say, to that stage of apparently interesting but rudderless experiment, which has for some time bewildered all those who have no other means of judging the present than by endeavoring to fit it on as a logical outcome of the past.

What next and most powerfully impresses us is the immense responsibility incurred by the advisers — seemingly non-advisers — who have succeeded Bismarck in the counsels of the emperor. It is significant that Herr von Bennigsen, one of the ablest men in Germany, is not among them. But Count von Caprivi bears a responsibility the load of which few will envy him. The ready gift of tongue and suave amiability of manner are his, and both qualities have, to our thinking, been unduly extolled — particularly the latter, which is part of the flesh and blood of all Prussian officers of high rank. But what has met with scant notice is, the full significance of his being a soldier. He has bluntly said as much himself. He has said that he looks upon the duties of his position in the light of a soldier called upon to obey the order of his superior officer. No reproach can be pointed at a man who is simply incapable of having a will of his own, or an opinion contrary to that of his supreme war-lord. It would in his eyes be a breach of discipline. In this Count Caprivi is consistent. But is such a man, despite all his versatility, the right man to put the brake on the exuberant fancies of his sovereign? We know that to do so is the necessary function of a responsible minister, even in Germany, and we also know that Prussia's greatest monarch since Frederick the Great was grateful to him to whom he had confided the task of doing so. Now, either Count von Caprivi has endeavored to check the emperor, in which case he has been unsuccessful and ought to retire, or he has not tried, and consequently has not proved his fitness for the tremendous responsibility of which, so long as he holds his present position, he cannot rid himself. Had

he put his foot down when William II started issuing manifestoes without ministerial counter-signature, the emperor would have dropped the habit. Of this we are convinced, for though the emperor has dismissed a Bismarck we do not for a moment believe that he possesses one-tenth of the tenacity of purpose of his grandfather.

And if Count von Caprivi is unequal to his task in this matter, one cannot expect more of lesser lights. Unfortunately, Herr von Bötticher, although a man of great working capacity, and of unblemished integrity and heart, is, through no fault of his own, not quite in such a position of independence *vis-à-vis* his sovereign, as to follow out what his keen understanding might doubtless tell him would be the only right course to pursue. None of the other ministerial luminaries of Prussia possess sufficient weight for any successful attempt to control the exuberant verbosity of the sovereign.

Now with regard to the emperor himself. His intentions are as well known as his feverish energy has been widely extolled. But what has hitherto attracted less attention is the question, whence his good intentions, his restless energy, draw their motive force? What kind of energy is this? What is it for? Goethe's words might well recur to us: "Die Botschaft hör' ich wohl, allein mir fehlt der Glaube."\* We want to know a little more about the soil on which these qualities have grown, so that if we cannot yet judge the seed by its mature product, we may at least be able to guess whether it is within the range of possibility that such soil should produce valuable fruit, and not only noisome weeds.

Long before he had come to the throne the character of Prince Wilhelm had excited exceptional curiosity, and in many hearts an amount of sympathy which was accounted for by pity for his well-known physical defect, and the efforts he made to overcome its consequences. Great things were prophesied for him in sundry places, though it is difficult to recall to-day any oracle of undoubted weight on

\* I hear the message but lack faith in it.

the matter. On the other hand, he had not long left the University of Bonn, when it was whispered that he was a man of little heart, of inordinate vanity, and capable of great want of consideration for others; though all these qualities were dwarfed by an ever-present restlessness. He could not bear to be alone, or to have one hour not filled up with some plan or other. It was further hinted, that when his conduct in any way belied this estimate, it was simply a case of acting, in which all are agreed he is an adept. On one memorable occasion in Bonn he had no time given him to disguise himself and throw himself into an attitude. It was at an evening party which Prince William honored by his presence. The late General Herwarth von Bittenfeld presided with his niece, who may not have been either young or beautiful. In going in to supper the old general, according to social custom, requested Prince William to give his arm to his niece. Instead of the conventional thanks and bow, Prince William hardly concealed his ill-humor. So old Herwarth von Bittenfeld—one of those true-gritted Prussian fighting men to whom his sovereign is still a divinity, but nobody else besides of much account—burst out before the whole company, "Gut, dann nicht!" (All right, leave it alone!) and turning his back on Prince William, he led his niece in himself.

In after years, among other things he was supposed to learn statecraft, and was placed for a time under a high administrative official, to familiarize himself with the technical routine of provincial administration. It is on record that this functionary, in answer to the query, what he thought of Prince William, replied: "I can give you that in two words: Prince William is a modern being" (*ein moderner Mensch*). To those who are familiar with the meaning of words from such a man, this is far from being a flattering estimate. It implies superficiality, the love of noisy notoriety—something akin to what Carlyle must have had in his mind's eye, when fifty years ago he wrote:—

Examine the man who lives in misery, because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently

anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under the sun. A *great* man? A poor prurient empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you should find something in him. In good truth I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

In the first burst of enthusiasm from the credulous after the emperor's accession to the throne, any indication of eccentricity of manner was put down to the effervescence of youth, and excited the less attention as his personality was still dwarfed by the shadow of his great chancellor. Thus the dismissal of Prince Bismarck may be said to have first put him on his own legs in more senses than one. Every Bismarck-hater in poor, envious Germany became in one night a man ready, under favorable conditions, to accept the young emperor at his own valuation—a task since proved to be beyond the digestive powers of all but the most robust. But for the moment there was at least *eine That*,—action. Contemplative dreamers, and even persons who have hardly the capacity for dreaming vouchsafed to them—that is, most of us—are impressed by action. The maker of Germany had been almost violently turned adrift, and public opinion applauded the doing of it! It is a sickening memory this, of the hyenas at work; even the unsightly Yankee, fired by imperial favor, daring to contribute his discordant howl at the fallen lion to Transatlantic magazines. There was nobody there to tell the intoxicated people: "The dismissal of a Bismarck might have been a supreme act of self-denial in a strong, deep-feeling nature, but in one of abnormal self-consciousness and vanity it could be no proof of strength of character at all;

only another instance of those who lightly 'rush in where angels fear to tread.'"

Still it would be manifestly unfair to argue that there were not two sides even to this question. Without trespassing beyond the limits set to ourselves and enlarging unduly on political matter, it may be granted, that on the morrow of Bismarck's dismissal the young emperor stood very high in the opinion of a large majority of lookers-on in all countries. To many there was something fascinating in the idea of the young, generously impulsive, and withal "strong" young monarch, pinning his colors to the mast of sympathy for down-trodden toiling mankind, and parting, at the cost of untold anguish, from the old, aristocratic, class-interest-hardened pilot. If ever a man had an opportunity it was he. Silence was the ally he wanted in that moment more than the Deity; in reality he acted according to the spirit of neither. Ah, had he but kept silence!

But as so often appears in the records of royal romantic Liberalism, the wildest hopes flourished for a while. Some apparently judicious measures too were brought forward, and luck, if not acumen, seems to have favored him for a while. His imperial progresses through many lands had all the glamour of success — although it is whispered that in England, whilst uniforms were being changed and deputations received, and gala performances were in full swing, astute observers in high places had come to the conclusion that the busy young man was an over-rated article, and certainly not a well-balanced, still less a strong man. For all that, fortune seemed with him still; the dreaded Socialist party showed a rift in its ranks. For the emperor is filled with a dread of the Socialists, such as all histrionic natures feel for those who make on them the impression of being seriously in earnest — not in words only.

But this one positive result, the full consequences or insignificance of which time alone can show, was far from satisfying the emperor. "Time" is not the agent he relies on, or the material he works with; he must hurry things on by throwing himself daily into the breach, under the influence of the spirit of the corporal who expects orders to be executed "at sight." He transplants the methods of the barracks to the green baize table of the Cabinet. Thus he gets too much in advance of "time," is soon out of touch with it, and will be forced to recede a bit or pay the penalty, as others have done before him.

In the meanwhile the fear is spreading in Germany that the ultimate consequences of the emperor's departure from Bismarck's foreign policy will be disastrous; for a thorough reversal it is, notwithstanding the emphatic declaration of Chancellor Caprivi on the morrow of Bismarck's dismissal, that the foreign "course" remained unchanged. But little public expression of this fear is heard because the press in Germany does not fulfil the same position as that of England in giving full voice to public opinion; and patriotism instinctively silences many who fear to discuss what they feel they are powerless to change. But there is a great deal of silent opinion in Germany; and it is this silent opinion which has been growing for the last two years, and has been quietly forming its own impartial judgment on the personality of the momentary figure-head of the German Empire. The thoughtful section of the community have never taken the emperor at his own valuation, and their number has lately been increasing in geometrical progression, particularly in the south of Germany, precisely where the founders of German unity were most anxious to avoid future friction.\* But the full extent of anxiety will possibly not be known until after Bismarck's death; for, sad as it is to have to say it, a portion of the German press still harbor so petty a resentment against the man who made their country great that they would rather submit to anything than point even indirectly to his "irreplaceability." Still, it is this silent opinion which seems to us to outweigh in ultimate importance all that could possibly be expressed outside the Fatherland.

These unreported grumblers question the sincerity of the emperor's benevolent interest in the working classes, which finds its daily expression in peripatetic sermons on the virtues of patriotic self-sacrifice, thrift, frugality, and contentment. They hear that his rough treatment and persistent snubbing of the wealthy aristocratic officers have been such that many of them have thrown up their commissions and quitted the army in disgust. People do not sympathize much with these officers, but many persons ask: "How does the emperor's example fit in with this crusade against extravagance?" For, on the other hand, they hear of extravagant projects for building an imperial palace in Frankfort-on-the-Main (since abandoned),

\* According to all reliable reports there has never been such deep-rooted uneasiness and dissatisfaction throughout south Germany as at the present moment.

of expensive pleasure steamers kept up, of sailing yachts, of four million marks thrown out for a special train of carriages picked out in white and gold, and lastly of a brand-new cathedral to enshrine the tombs of the Hohenzollerns and to cost the trifle of ten million marks.

These unheard grumblers are further of opinion that the personal importance of the emperor has been largely the creation of the daily press, to the slightest expression of which he attaches abnormal importance, and with regard to which he evinces a hyper-sensitiveness quite unique in a monarch, and all the more to be wondered at in a fellow-countryman, and presumably a student, of Goethe, who had such a contemptuous opinion of hyper-sensitive people. In publicly calling the exponents of the press *press-bengeln* (press-youngsters) the emperor seems to have been both ungrateful and unwise. The press has a knack of unmaking its idols. It may unmake him, as it has unmade others before now in other countries besides Germany, and leave him stranded, neglected, diminished, only with the powers for harm his position confers upon him, the power of undoing the work of genius.

For the emperor's powers of direct action, as embodied in the Constitution of the empire, are in reality far more limited than is thoroughly realized abroad. The perennial journalistic chorus about the German emperor being the corner-stone of European peace is largely "humbug." It can only be understood in the sense of a man earning praise because he refrains from using his power of setting a light to his neighbor's house, knowing full well that if he did so it would infallibly involve the burning of his own. These peace pæan-singers mix up the past and the present. Prince Bismarck enjoyed a prestige as guardian of the peace, which Germany to-day without him has largely forfeited. For the initiative, the decision in these matters, lies to-day far more in the hands of France and Russia combined, or even in those of Austria, than in those of Germany. And we hold to this view even though we may be of opinion that Germany might still be able to face France and Russia for a time successfully. But this view brings no comfort; it rather indicates a possible temptation to vanity egged on by infatuation or the stronger will of others, and, thinking only of the success of the moment, only too likely to be drawn to risk the future. The sense that such are among the possibilities of the future, and that they might not be un-

welcome to a party in England, is one reason why the emperor's sudden friendship for everything English is viewed with mingled feelings in the Fatherland. Nor can even we ourselves lay much unction to our souls on the strength of the emperor's latest admiration for England and English things. It is only a mushroom growth of yesterday, a capricious reaction against former undisguised dislike and vilification. There is no character, no backbone in it.

Hence distrust and pessimism as to these matters. And let it be borne in mind that when the emperor speaks of "My army," as he does so often, it is only the Prussian army that can be meant. The application of the term to the German army could only imply a slight to those other kings and princes who are but his allies, and whose armies are only in time of war by treaty placed under the supreme command of the German emperor. Thus such expressions are calculated to re-awaken that spirit of particularism which it has been the one aim of the creators of Germany to extinguish.

The instances in which the emperor, with all his good intentions, has hurt men's susceptibilities right and left, without the slightest excuse of a political object, are simply untold. Some months after Bismarck's dismissal, a historical play called "Der neue Herr," was performed at Berlin. The subject was the glorification of the young elector of Brandenburg (known to history as the great elector), who, on ascending the throne of his fathers, dismissed his father's wicked minister. Of course nobody could fail to notice the singularly ill-chosen historical parallel; but it did not end there. The emperor visited the performance night after night, applauding vociferously, and even went out of his way to confer marks of distinction on author and actors. The episode was in general discreetly passed over by the press at the time; the fruit was not ripe, the cup not yet full. But for all that it wounded the feelings of many, who, whatever their party, had retained unsullied the sentiments of chivalrous gentlemen. A more recent attempt to propagate political ideas by means of a stage play, which also found demonstrative patronage from the emperor, was choked at its birth by the apathy of the public, who sat on the half empty benches in disdainful silence, amid the boisterous applause of the emperor.

But all these incidents sink into insignificance beside the disastrous record of

his Majesty's oratory. After posing for a while as a hater of class privilege and ostentatiously favoring men of burgher birth, on a memorable occasion he suddenly exclaimed, that the nobility were the *Edelsten*—the noblest of his country; a sentiment that would only cause a smile in England, but digs deep trenches of resentment in partially feudal, but largely and aggressively democratic, Germany.

There are many who say that the emperor's irrepressible habit of after-dinner speaking is an exotic, one that he has learnt at public dinners in England, and with exceptional tendency to imitation, as distinct from origination, has transplanted to Germany, where it will never take root. For whereas in England the character of society and long political habit have enabled the public to take harmless after-dinner platitudes at their true value; in Germany they arouse resentment, possibly contempt, if they contain anything offensive or effusive—but never indulgent appreciation. They are foreign to the temper of the nation; anywhere else they might go down, but not there. Also, what little taste Germans have for phrase-making has been rendered very hard to please by the superb grit of Bismarck's rare but sledge-hammer utterances. What could the emperor's phrases mean to them after the winged shafts of the man who built up one great historical empire and humbled two others?

The emperor's intellectual stock in trade is said to consist mainly of the gift of quickly grasping the outward aspect of many things—*Auffassungsgabe*. Thus, there is in him a specious, plausible affectation of acquaintanceship with literature, ranging from the works of Jules Simon to those of Mark Twain—naval matters, military matters (statecraft goes without saying)—all this notwithstanding that his life has been short, and that he has not read a book for years. Indeed, of late reading has been a physical impossibility, for all available time has been duly chronicled as filled up with hunting parties, yacht sailings, torpedo trips, railway journeys, festive banquets, christenings, weddings, funerals, manœuvres, and such like efforts, for all of which there has ever been ample time and opportunity.

But the glamour of it all sufficed for the time for endless reporters' articles. It was just of a kind to dazzle and excite the admiration of the enthusiastic American who wrote home, after being the emperor's guest at the manœuvres, that another Frederick the Great was the least the

world had to expect. Men of that stamp do not stop to think, much less to listen, even supposing that they have the faculties for doing so. Otherwise it might have dawned upon them, or been taught them, that such gifts are ever, except in such rare instances as that of Napoleon the First, the almost infallible signs of superficiality. And if listening had been cultivated, the following story might have been brought home from the manœuvres. The field day is over, and the emperor rides down the front, taking the report of each commanding officer as he passes along the line. One of them in answer to the imperial query had nothing to report.

"What, nothing?"

"No, nothing, sire."

"Nonsense; I command you to make me a report."

"Well, then, if your Majesty commands, I must obey; and all I can say is, that the whole affair was one confounded mess."

That dilettantism must be the outcome of this superficiality, allied to a morbid craving for immediate, tangible, positive results all along the line, is self-evident. Everything is to go by the word of command; opportuneness, maturity of time, the one condition of all sound work, this is at once abolished; it is not to be found in the corporal's drill book. The consequences have not been long in showing themselves in more departments than one—let us say in every department.

The record of this unfortunate dilettantism—spelling the outcome of good intentions and phenomenal energy, translated into concrete performance—is open to the inspection of him who runs. It traverses every field of the emperor's manifold activity. The disastrous attempts to win French sympathies by tentative visits, by letters to painters' widows, etc., are still fresh in the memory of the public. The ill-judged, premature dragging forth of poor Dr. Koch—the most retiring of men—under the garish lamp of publicity, to endow the world with a gratuitous boon (but see, it is *I* who have given it), is also sufficiently well known and appreciated.

Of military matters it is difficult to judge. We are invited to believe that the aged, the used up, and the unfit have been weeded out; but we hear nothing of the approved capacities which have been shunted. For these men do not air their grievances—like linen hung to dry—in the sun of publicity. Silence on these matters is the golden watchword of such men in Prussia. And besides, the emperor has a gift, almost amounting to

genius, of loading with flattery those whom he has decided to cast out. But a straw may indicate the direction of the wind, and there are several such. All the cavalry have been armed with steel lances, whereas in Austria lances have been totally abolished. Which is the right course? No one can tell for certain, it is true. But the lances themselves have been tested and are said to have failed in the manœuvres, for they break easily and cannot be as readily replaced as those made of wood. The small sword of the infantry officer with its leather scabbard has been abolished, and a heavy dragoon sword substituted. So that, whereas formerly the officer's sword was a distinct symbol of the moral authority of the officer, for all officers are armed besides with revolvers (and that equipment seems to have answered fairly well in two great wars), the heavy sword is thought by many to be an unnecessary encumbrance. The emperor in his spirit of imitation is even said not to disdain to take hints from English military arrangements, and is credited with the intention of introducing regimental canteens into Germany. It is to be hoped that he will stop short of introducing English adulterated bread.

But the educational crusade crowns the edifice. It was originally intended to broaden the character of Germany's youth. It has taken a strange road to attain that end.

No wonder that jokes at the emperor's expense, the sum of which would fill volumes, are current throughout the land. One of them, referring to his mania for travelling, will, we think, even bear rendering into English:—

All hail to thee! In special train  
Still travel on and on again.  
When soon you do run off the rail,  
You'll hurry off to Bismarck then  
And we shall welcome him again.\*

Yet his vanity is said to be such that he has no idea of the comments his eccentricities call forth. His faith in his personal irresistibility is said to be invincible. In fact so much so, that the shock of a discovery of the real feeling of a large section of the community might have serious mental consequences. Hence the superb *naïveté* of his "pose" on all occasions. Those who have watched it smile,

\* Heil Dir im Sonderzug  
Reisest noch nicht genug,  
Reis' immer mehr.  
Wenn Du dann bald entgleist  
Rasch Du zum Bismarck eilst  
Holst ihn uns her.

when they read that the emperor has consented to preside on such and such an occasion. Why of course he consents; it is a necessity of life to him to preside, or to be doing something — by predilection something to be reported. Even during these northern journeys something must always be on the *tapis*, practical jokes — *jeux de société* — or some weird eccentricity or other, to contribute to which a staff of bottle-holders and yarn-spinners is necessary.

Perhaps the most ominous joint product of the emperor's vanity and superficiality combined is the *Grössenwahn* (megalomania) which he seems to be developing at an alarming rate. This is not surprising, for megalomania — the diseased estimate of the relative properties of things — has something of a local character; it is among badly balanced creatures in Germany what is called spleen in England. Even Napoleon's was a simple nature until he became afflicted with this dreadful complaint, and yet what a Cæsar's head that man had! It is this megalomania which causes the deepest anxiety in Germany, because it is feared that it may lead to some irreparable piece of want of tact, and thence to war. For it is argued that, vanity being at the bottom of it all, and the emperor finding he is unable to gain the premature immortality he thirsts for by peaceful prodigies, his restless, nervous irritability may further increase, and degenerate into recklessness, and then his megalomania may blind him to the dangers he, and above all poor, blood-soaked Germany, must encounter on the war-path. It would seem that the danger of this is largely increased when we bear in mind that there is a party in Berlin eager for war with Russia — the sooner the better — and that the opinion of military men in Prussia in general is strongly optimistic as to its probable results.

Therefore the emperor's intended journey to Copenhagen in the coming summer is viewed with anxiety. It is even said that his sudden resolution with regard to the Guelph fund, without consulting the voice of the nation, let alone the man who was responsible for its sequestration, is only dictated by a wish to make his reception the more cordial at the golden wedding of the Danish royal couple, at which he is not wanted. Neither does it add to the popularity of this step, or lend weight to the argument of its opportuneness, when the Germans read that foreign potentates — notably the queen of England — have urged the settlement. The Germans have

the highest admiration for the queen, as queen of England, but they think they have no reason to desire her counsel in their own affairs.

The proposed journey to Roumania is also not to the liking of many; for they remember the words of their great statesman, that the affairs of the lower Danube are not worth to Germany, "the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier." The emperor evidently sees German interests on the Danube, as elsewhere, through a different glass to that of his former chancellor.

This incapacity for seeing the due proportions — the fitness of things — also shows itself in other matters besides politics; be they important or trivial, as long as they admit of personal treatment, there the idiosyncrasy is apparent. Hence endless incongruities and instances of maladroitness, of wounds that fester on long after they have slipped the memory of him who had inflicted them. Such instances are indeed so numerous as to make selection a difficult matter. Last summer all Germany was fed with accounts of the reception of the emperor in England, and of the lavish distribution of presents — the inevitable portraits included. In the autumn the emperor was a guest of the town of Erfurt during the manœuvres. £5,000 were spent on his reception there. Yet he hardly deigned to smile on the city fathers assembled to greet him, and — a most unusual thing in Germany — left the town without conferring a single token of his favor on anybody. This is but one instance of marked slights alternating with disproportionately lavish prodigality. In fact, it is said to be not easy to avoid being decorated or snubbed by the emperor.

A most pregnant example of both was his slighting conduct on the occasion of the jubilee of Professor Virchow, contrasted with his going out of his way, immediately afterwards, to distinguish Professor Helmholtz, whom, by the way, he saw the other day, in the unwelcome part identified with the words *καὶ σὺ, τέκνον* among the Berlin professors protesting against the proposed Education Bill. It is not necessary to know a man such as Professor Helmholtz personally, in order to feel sure that a compliment to him implying a slight or a reproach to his distinguished colleague must have lost a great deal of its value.

But there seems to be method in this procedure, for it was only yesterday that the emperor addressed words of flippant,

ironical banter to a deputation of professors of the University of Halle, such as these men are not likely to forgive in a hurry, even to an emperor. For the German professor is a gentleman who has a very keen sense of his personal honor and dignity, which he does not easily lose sight of, even in the presence of royalty; and the traditions of his class justify him in holding them above every attempt at slight or contumely. But this tone of undergraduate banter, which the Germans know under the term of *Burschikoses Benehmen*, and which the emperor adopts, as the humor takes him, with the highest as with the humblest, has already had worse than personal results. It is indirectly answerable for the large increase of an offensive type of German, formerly unknown. No wonder, when the emperor inculcates beer-drinking and rapier-play as the means of attaining ideals in life! And this in the grandson of a man whose urbanity towards all was proverbial; who at his death was said, with some justice, never to have conferred distinction on an unworthy person, even in fields of activity beyond his knowledge. Could anybody say as much of the grandson to-day? But William the First not only took advice; he knew whence to take it.

In nothing has his successor's indiscriminate want of tact, in combination with the love of "pose" — the artificiality of feeling of the born actor — shown to greater disadvantage than his relationship to the late Field-Marshal Moltke from the moment of Bismarck's dismissal down to the death of the former. It was of a nature to make one doubt the sincerity of what seemed to be his most genuine utterances and actions. Poor old Moltke had to accompany his sovereign by day and by night on his excursions, and everybody could see through the transparent motive. In fact it disgusted many to see the old gentleman's courtier-like devotion to his young sovereign thus taken advantage of, and some are still of opinion that these ridiculous journeys hastened Count Moltke's death. But the climax was reached when the news of his death — meeting the emperor on one of his many excursions — produced the following telegram: —

"I am amazed; I have lost an army; I am coming back!"

Was ever the first personal pronoun used with more damning effect — and that, too, by a man whose kind-hearted father on coming to the throne thrilled all hearts by his simple words? How easily, one

would think, might the son have imitated his father on this occasion! What could the shrewd Berliners think of the emperor's tears at Moltke's bier, after those pronouns? Besides, they knew that the eagle-eyed Moltke was not the sort of man people easily cry over — least of all a born actor!

And yet with the German emperor, as with all things human, there are lights as well as shades. He is insensible to the attraction of money, though unfortunately not equally so to the things that money can buy. There can be no doubt that he possesses a certain love of justice and fair play, as far as it does not interfere with the gratification of his vanity. Thus the reformed income-tax was undoubtedly due to his belief that the wealthy classes escaped their fair share of taxation. Also it draws our sympathies towards him to bear in mind that he has often been the subject of malicious libel and slander — poisonous weeds that flourish luxuriantly in Germany — and this without the slightest justification. The legend of his heartless conduct to his mother has even reached the English shores. To discuss such things in one less eager for the light of publicity himself would seem to savor of bad taste, for they are mostly beyond the ken of outsiders, and most certainly beyond their judgment. But the emperor's personality is so exceptional that we feel no diffidence in insisting on the groundlessness of these tales. The real fact of the matter is, that his strong-willed mother used grievously to outrage his vanity by ordering "Willie" about long after he had come to the conviction of his divine mission. Even now the emperor has unconsciously a feeling of profound awe — yes, of jealousy — for his mother; and if she would only frankly acknowledge the heaven-sent Evangelist — the Great Man — in her son "Willie," there is nothing she could not do with him. But his mother is a proud and obstinate woman.

More serious are the doubts that have been expressed with regard to his qualities of heart. Frederick the Great had little heart, but he was above vanity. Vanity is a mortgage on the heart, as it is on the understanding. We believe the emperor to be endowed with as much heart as his vanity leaves room for and allows him to possess — heart of an emotional, surface kind. An exaggerated boisterous *bonhomie* seems to monopolize the place in his system which German *Gemüth* held in that of his finer-strung father.

To sum up: his whole demeanor is at

variance with the one imperative quality to which Lord Macaulay refers in his essay on the Earl of Chatham: "He was an almost solitary instance of a man of real genius, and of a brave, lofty, and commanding spirit, without simplicity of character."

Do the emperor's flatterers lead him to believe that he is another such rare exception? There is yet a sphere in which he can do sound work of the highest order; and this at once — over night — in a single day. It is of the kind the German poet extolled as being far and away nobler than the slaying of dragons. It is the fight which not only the German emperor, but each of us must wage, if he would conquer the spirit of crass self-advertising egotism which more or less pervades our time.

This is the only way to attain what the emperor has himself declared to be his aim, and the distinguishing feature of his best ambitions; the being abreast of the "time," and thus being able to direct the course of events. But to do that you must conquer yourself before you aspire to the mastery of others. In his special case it would mean to conquer this restless energy in the cause of self-glorification, to subdue within reasonable limits this excessive vanity which, like the naked flesh of the beggar, peeps out beneath the rags of his Titanic energy, these publicly vaunted good intentions. This would be a fight, compared with which his diplomatic duel with Prince Bismarck would be child's play. It is sad to think that he would have to fight this battle alone, single-handed, alone in communion with the Deity he so often invokes.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE CONQUEST OF DONA JACOBA.

### I.

A FOREST of willows cut by a forking creek, and held apart here and there by fields of yellow mustard blossoms fluttering in their pale-green nests, or meadows carpeted with the tiny white and yellow flowers of early summer. Wide patches of blue where the willows ended, and immense banks of daisies bordering fields of golden grain, bending and shimmering in the wind with the long, even sweep of rising tide. Then the lake, long, irregular, half choked with tules, closed by a marsh. The valley framed by mountains of purplish grey, dull brown with patches

of vivid green and yellow; a solitary grey peak, barren and rocky, in sharp contrast to the rich California hills; on one side fawn-colored slopes, and slopes with groves of crouching oaks in their hollows; opposite and beyond the cold peak, a golden hill rising to a mount of earthy green; still lower, another peak, red and green mulberry and mould; between and afar, closing the valley, a line of pink-brown mountains splashed with blue.

Such was a fragment of Don Roberto Duncan's vast *rancho* of Los Quervos, and on a plateau above the willows stood the *adobe* house, white and red-tiled, shaped like a solid letter H. On the deep verandah, sunken between the short forearms of the H, Doña Jacoba could stand and issue commands in her harsh, imperious voice to the Indians in the *rancheria* among the willows, whilst the long *sala* behind overflowed with the gay company her famous hospitality had summoned, the bare floor and ugly velvet furniture swept out of thought by beautiful faces and flowered silken gowns. Behind the *sala* was an open court, the grass growing close to the great stone fountain. On either side was a long line of rooms, and above the *sala* was a library opening into the sleeping-room of Doña Jacoba on one side, and into that of Elena, her youngest and loveliest daughter, on the other. Behind the house were a dozen or more buildings; the kitchen; a room in which steers and bullocks, sheep and pigs, were hanging; a storehouse containing provisions enough for a hotel; and the manufactories of the Indians. Somewhat apart was a large building with a billiard-room in its upper story and sleeping-rooms below. From her window Elena could look down upon the high-walled corral with its prancing horses always in readiness for the pleasure-loving guests, and upon the broad road curving through the willows and down the valley.

The great house almost shook with life on this brilliant day of the month of June, 1852. Don Roberto Duncan, into whose shrewd Scottish hands California had poured her wealth for forty years, had long ago taken to himself a wife of Castilian blood; and to-morrow their eldest remaining daughter was to be married to a young Englishman, whose father had been a merchant in California when San Francisco was Yerba Buena. Not a room was vacant in the house. Young people had come from Monterey and San Francisco, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. Beds had been put up in the library and

billiard-room, in the storerooms and attics. The corral was full of strange horses, and the huts in the willows had their humbler guests.

Francisca sat in her room surrounded by a dozen chattering girls. The floor beneath the feet of the California heiress was bare, and the heavy furniture was of uncarved mahogany. But a rich satin quilt covered the bed, lavish Spanish needlework draped chest and tables, and through the open window came the June sunshine and the sound of the splashing of the fountain.

Francisca was putting the last stitches in her wedding gown, and the girls were helping, advising, and commenting.

"Art thou not frightened, Panchita," demanded one of the girls, "to go away and live with a strange man? Just think, thou hast seen him but ten times."

"What of that?" asked Francisca serenely, holding the rich corded silk at arm's length, and half closing her eyes as she readjusted the deep flounce of Spanish lace. "Remember, we will ride and dance and play games together for a week with all of you, dear friends, before I go away with him. I shall know him quite well by that time. And did not my father know him when he was a little boy? Sure he cannot be a cruel man, or my father would not have chosen him for my husband."

"I like the Americans and the Germans and the Russians," said the girl who had spoken, "particularly the Americans. But these English are so stern, so harsh sometimes."

"What of that?" asked Francisca again. "Am I not used to my father?"

She was a singular-looking girl, this compound of Scottish and Spanish. Her face was cast in her father's hard mould, and her frame was large and sturdy; but she had the black luxuriant hair of Spain, and much grace of gesture and expression.

"I would not marry an Englishman," said a soft voice.

Francisca raised her eyebrows and glanced coldly at the speaker, a girl of perfect loveliness, who sat behind a table, her chin resting on her clasped hands.

"Thou wouldst marry whom our father told thee to marry, Elena," said her sister severely. "What hast thou to say about it?"

"I will marry a Spaniard," said Elena rebelliously. "A Spaniard, and no other."

"Thou wilt do what?" said a cold voice

from the door. The girls gave a little scream. Elena turned pale, even Francisca's hands twitched.

Dofia Jacoba was an impressive figure as she stood in the doorway. A tall, unbowed woman with a large face and powerful, penetrating eyes. A thin mouth covering white teeth separated the prominent nose and square chin. A braid of thick black hair lay over her fine bust, and a black silk handkerchief made a turban for her lofty head. She wore a skirt of heavy black silk and a shawl of Chinese *crêpe*, one end thrown gracefully over her shoulder.

"What didst thou say?" she demanded again, a sneer on her lips.

Elena made no answer. She stared through the window at the servants laying the table in the dining-room on the other side of the court, her breath shortening as if the room had been exhausted of air.

"Let me hear no more of that nonsense," continued her mother. "A strange remark truly to come from the lips of a Californian! Thy father has said that his daughters shall marry men of his race — men who belong to that island of the North; and I have agreed, and thy sisters are well married. No women are more virtuous, more industrious, more religious, than ours; but our men — our young men — are a set of drinking, gambling vagabonds. Go to thy room and pray there until supper."

Elena ran out of an opposite door, and Dofia Jacoba sat down on a high-backed chair and held out her hand for the wedding gown. She examined it attentively, and gave a faint smile of approval.

"The lace is beautiful," she said. "There is no richer in California, and I have seen Dofia Maria Antonia de la Guerra's, and Dofia Modeste Castro's. Let me see thy mantilla once more."

Francisca opened a chest nearly as large as her bed, and shook out a long square of superb Spanish lace. It had arrived from the city of Mexico but a few days before. The girls clapped their admiring hands, as if they had not looked at it twenty times, and Dofia Jacoba smoothed it tenderly with her strong hands. Then she went over to the chest and lifted the beautiful silk and *crêpe* gowns, one by one, her sharp eyes detecting no flaw. She opened another chest and examined the piles of underclothing and bed linen, all of finest woof, and deeply bordered with the drawn work of Spain.

"All is well," she said, returning to her

chair. "I see nothing more to be done. Thy brother will bring the emeralds, and the English plate will come before the week is over."

"Is it sure that Santiago will come in time for the wedding?" asked a half English granddaughter, whose voice broke suddenly at her own temerity.

But Dofia Jacoba was in a gracious mood.

"Sure. Has not Don Roberto gone to meet him? He will be here at four to-day."

"How glad I shall be to see him!" said Francisca. "Just think, my friends, I have not seen him for seven years. Not since he was eleven years old. He has been on that cold, dreadful island in the North all this time. I wonder has he changed?"

"Why should he change?" asked Dofia Jacoba. "Is he not a Cortez and a Duncan? Is he not a Californian and a Catholic? Can a few years in an English school make him of another race? He is seven years older, that is all."

"True," assented Francisca, threading her needle; "of course he could not change."

Dofia Jacoba opened a large fan and wielded it with slow curves of her strong wrist. She had never been cold in her life, and even a June day oppressed her.

"We have another guest," she said in a moment — "a young man, Don Dario Castañares of Los Robles Rancho. He comes to buy cattle of my husband, and must remain with us until the bargain is over."

Several of the girls raised their large black eyes with interest. "Don Dario Castañares," said one; "I have heard of him. He is very rich and very handsome, they say."

"Yes," said Dofia Jacoba indifferently. "He is not ugly, but much too dark. His mother was an Indian. He is no husband, with all his leagues, for any Californian of pure Castilian blood."

## II.

ELENA had gone up to her room, and would have locked the door had she possessed a key. As it was, she indulged in a burst of tears at the prospect of marrying an Englishman, then consoled herself with the thought that her best-beloved brother would be with her in a few hours.

She bathed her face and wound the long black coils about her shapely head. The flush faded out of her white cheeks and her eyelids were less heavy. But

the sadness did not leave her eyes nor the delicate curves of her mouth. She had the face of the Madonna, stamped with the heritage of suffering—a nature so keenly capable of joy and pain that she drew both like a magnet, and would so long as life stayed in her.

She curled herself up in the window-seat, looking down the road for the grey cloud of dust that would herald her brother. But only black crowds of crows mounted screaming from the willows, to dive and rise again. Suddenly she became conscious that she was watched, and her gaze swept downward to the corral. A stranger stood by the gates giving orders to a *vaguero*, but looking hard at her from beneath his low dropped sombrero. He was tall, this stranger, and very slight. His face was nearly as dark as an Indian's, but set with features so perfect that no one but Doña Jacoba had ever found fault with his skin. Below his dreaming, ardent eyes was a straight, delicate nose; the sensuous mouth was half parted over glistening teeth, and but lightly shaded by a silken moustache. About his graceful figure hung a dark-red serape embroidered and fringed with gold, and his red velvet trousers were laced and his yellow riding-boots gartered with silver.

Elena rose quickly and pulled the curtain across the window; the blood had flown to her hair, and a smile chased the sadness from her mouth. Then she raised her hands and pressed the palms against the slope of the ceiling, her dark, upturned eyes full of terror. For many moments she stood so, hardly conscious of what she was doing, seeing only the implacable eyes of her mother; then down the road came the loud, regular hoof-falls of galloping horses, and with an eager cry she flung aside the curtain, forgetting the stranger.

Down the road, half hidden by the willows, came two men; and when they reached the rancheria Elena saw their faces. A sandy-haired, hard-faced old Scotsman, with cold blue eyes beneath shaggy red brows, and a dark, slim lad, a Californian every inch of him. Elena waved her handkerchief and the lad his hat. Then the girl rushed down the stair and over to the willows. Santiago sprang from his horse, and the brother and sister clung together kissing and crying, hugging each other until her hair fell down and his hat was in the dust.

"Thou hast come!" cried Elena at last, holding him at arm's-length that she might see him better, then clinging to him again

with all her strength. "Thou wilt never leave me again—promise me! Promise me, my Santiago! Ay, I have been so lonely!"

"Never, my little one. Have I not longed to come home that I might be with thee? O, my Elena! I know so much. I will teach thee everything."

"Ay, I am proud of thee, my Santiago! Thou knowest more than any boy in California—I know."

"Perhaps that would not be much," with fine scorn. "But, come, Elena *mia*, I must go to my mother; she is waiting. She looks as stern as ever; but how I have longed to see her!"

They ran to the house, passing the stranger, who had watched them with folded arms and scowling brows. Santiago rushed impetuously at his mother; but she put out her arm, stiff and straight, and held him back. Then she laid her hand, with its vice-like grip, on his shoulder, and led him down the sala to the chapel at the end. It was arranged for the wedding with all the pomp of velvet altar-cloth and golden candelabra, and he looked at it wonderingly. Why had she brought him to look upon this before giving him a mother's greeting?

"Kneel down," she said, "and repeat the prayers of thy Church—prayers of gratitude for thy safe return."

The boy folded his hands deprecatingly.

"But, mother, remember it is seven long years since I have said the Catholic prayers. Remember I have been educated in an English college, in a Protestant country."

Her tall form curved slowly toward him, the blood blazed in her dark cheeks.

"What!" she screamed incredulously, "thou hast forgotten the prayers of thy Church—the prayers thou learnedst at my knee?"

"Yes, mother, I have," he said desperately. "I cannot——"

"God!" she cried. "God! Mother of God! my son says this to me!" She caught him by the shoulder again and almost hurled him from the room. Then she locked her hand about his arm and dragged him down the sala to his father's room. She took a greenhide *reata* from the table and brought it down upon his back with long sweeps of her powerful arm; but not another word came from her rigid lips. The boy quivered with the shame and pain, but made no resistance—for he was a Californian, and she was his mother.

## III.

JOAQUIN, the eldest son, who had been hunting bear with a number of his guests, returned shortly after his brother's arrival, and was met at the door by his mother.

"Where is Santiago?" he asked. "I hear he has come."

"Santiago has been sent to bed, where he will remain for the present. We have an unexpected guest, Joaquin. He leans there against the tree — Don Dario Castañares. Thou knowest who he is. He comes to buy cattle of thy father, and will remain some days. Thou must share thy room with him, for there is no other place — even on the billiard-table."

Joaquin liked the privacy of his room, but he had all the hospitality of his race. He went at once to the stranger, walking a little heavily, for he was no longer young and slender, but with a cordial smile on his shrewd, warmly colored face.

"The house is at your service, Don Dario," he said, shaking the new-comer's hand. "We are honored that you come in time for my sister's wedding. It distresses me that I cannot offer you the best room in the house, but, Dios! we have a company here. I have only the half of my poor bed to offer you, but if you will deign to accept that —"

"I am miserable, wretched, to put you to such trouble —"

"Never think of such a thing, my friend. Nothing could give me greater happiness than to try to make you comfortable in my poor room. Will you come now and take a siesta before supper?"

Dario followed him to the house, protesting at every step, and Joaquin threw open the door of one of the porch rooms.

"At your service, señor — everything at your service."

He went to one corner of the room and kicked aside a pile of saddles, displaying a small hillock of gold in ten and fifty dollar slugs. "You will find about thirty thousand dollars there. We sold some cattle a few days ago. I beg that you will help yourself. It is all at your service. I will now go and send you some *aguardiente*, for you must be thirsty." And he went out and left his guest alone.

Dario threw himself face downward on the bed. He was in love, and the lady had kissed another man as if she had no love to spare. True, it was but her brother she had kissed, but would she have eyes for any one else during a stranger's brief visit? And how could he speak a word with her alone, in this crowded house?

And that terrible dragon of a mother! He sprang to his feet as an Indian servant entered with a glass of *aguardiente*; and when he had burnt his throat he felt better. "I will stay until I have won her, if I remain a month," he vowed. "It will be some time before Don Roberto will care to talk business."

But Don Roberto was never too pre-occupied to talk business. After he had taken his bath and siesta, he sent a servant to request Don Dario Castañares to come up to the library, where he spent most of his time, received all his visitors, reprimanded his children, and took his after-dinner naps. It was a luxurious room for the California of that day. A thick red English carpet covered the floor, one side of the room was covered by a crowded bookcase, and the heavy mahogany furniture was handsomely carved, although upholstered with horse-hair.

In an hour every detail of the transaction had been disposed of, and Dario had traded a small rancho for a herd of cattle. The young man's face was very long when the last detail had been arranged, but he had forgotten that his host was as Californian as himself. Don Roberto poured him a brimming glass of angelica, and gave him a hearty slap on the back.

"The cattle will keep for a few days, Don Dario," he said, "and you shall not leave this house until the festivities are over. Not until a week from to-morrow — do you hear? I knew your father. We had many a transaction together, and I take pleasure in welcoming his son under my roof. Now get off to the young people, and do not make any excuses."

Dario made none.

## IV.

THE next morning at eight Francisca stood before the altar in the chapel, looking very handsome in her rich gown and soft mantilla. The bridegroom, a sensible-looking young Englishman, was somewhat nervous, but Francisca might have been married every morning at eight o'clock. Behind them stood Don Roberto in a new suit of English broadcloth, and Doña Jacoba in heavy lilac silk, half covered with priceless lace. The six bridesmaids looked like a huge bouquet, in their wide, delicately colored skirts; and their dark eyes, mischievous, curious, thoughtful, flashed more brilliantly than the jewels they wore.

The sala and Don Roberto's room beyond were so crowded that some of the guests stood in the windows, and many

could not enter the doors; every family within a hundred leagues had come to the wedding. The verandah was crowded with girls, their sparkling faces draped in black mantillas or bright *rebosas*, their full gay gowns fluttering in the breeze. Men in jingling spurs and all the bravery of gold-laced trousers and short, embroidered jackets, respectfully elbowed their way past brown and stout old women that they might whisper a word in some pretty alert little ear. They had all ridden many leagues that morning, but there was not a trace of fatigue on any face. The court behind the sala was full of Indian servants striving to catch a glimpse of the ceremony.

Dario stood just within the front door, his eyes eagerly fixed upon Elena. She looked like a California lily in her white gown; even her head drooped a little as if a storm had passed. Her eyes were absent and heavy; they mirrored nothing of the solemn gaiety of the morning; they saw only the welts on her brother's back.

Dario had not seen her since Santiago's arrival. She had not appeared at supper, and he had slept little in consequence; in fact, he had spent most of the night playing *monté* with Joaquin and a dozen other young men in the billiard-room.

During the bridal mass the *padre* gave communion to the young couple, and to those who had made confession the night before. Elena was not of the number, and during the intense silence she drew back and stood and knelt near Dario. They were not close enough to speak, had they dared; but the Californian had other speech than words, and Dario and Elena made their confession that morning.

During breakfast they were at opposite ends of the long table in the dining-room, but neither took part in the songs and speeches, the toasts and laughter. Both had done some manœuvring to get out of sight of the old people and sit at one of the many other tables in the sala, on the corridor, in the court; but Elena had to go with the bridesmaids, and Joaquin insisted upon doing honor to the uninvited guest. The Indian servants passed the rich and delicate, the plain and peppered dishes, the wines and the beautiful cakes for which Doña Jacoba and her daughters were famous. The massive plate that had done duty for generations in Spain was on the table, the crystal had been cut in England. It was the banquet of a grandee, and no one noticed the silent lovers.

After breakfast the girls flitted to their rooms and changed their gowns, and wound

rebosas or mantillas about their heads; the men put off their jackets for lighter ones of flowered calico, and the whole party, in buggies or on horseback, started for a bull-fight which was to take place in a field about a mile behind the house. Elena went in a buggy with Santiago, who was almost as pale as she. Dario, on horseback, rode as near her as he dared; but when they reached the fence about the field careless riders crowded between, and he could only watch her from afar.

The *vaqueros* in their broad black hats shining with varnish, their black velvet jackets, their crimson sashes and short black velvet trousers laced with silver cord over spotless linen, looked very picturesque as they dashed about the field jingling their spurs and shouting at each other. When the bulls trotted in and greeted each other pleasantly, the *vaqueros* swung their hissing reatas and yelled until the maddened animals wreaked their vengeance on each other, and the serious work of the day began.

Elena leaned back with her fan before her eyes, but Santiago looked on eagerly in spite of his English training.

"*Caramba!*" he cried, "but that old bull is tough. Look, Elena! The little one is down. No, no! he has the big one. Ay! *yi, yi!* By Jove! he is gone—no, he has run off—he is on him again. He has ripped him up! *Brava! Brava!*"

A cheer as from one throat made the mountains echo, but Elena still held her fan before the field.

"How canst thou like such bloody sport?" she asked disgustedly. "The poor animals! What pleasure canst thou take to see a fine brute kicking in his death-agony, his bowels trailing on the ground?"

"Fie, Elena! Art thou not a Californian? Dost thou not love the sport of thy country? Why, look at the other girls. They are mad with excitement. By Jove! I never saw so many bright eyes. I wonder if I will be too stiff to dance to-night? Elena! but she gave me a beating! But tell me, little one, why dost thou not like the bull-fight? I feel like another man since I have seen it."

"I cannot be pleased with cruelty. I shall never get used to see beasts killed for amusement. And Don Dario Castañares does not like it either. He never smiled once, nor said '*Brava!*'"

"Aha! and how dost thou know whether he did or not? I thought thy face was behind that big black fan."

"I saw him through the sticks. What does 'by Jove' mean, my Santiago?"

He enlightened her, then stood up eagerly. Another bull had been brought in, and one of the vaqueros was to fight him. During the next two hours Santiago gave little thought to his sister, and sometimes her long black lashes swept above the top of her fan. When five or six bulls had stamped and roared and gored and died, the guests of Los Quervos went home to chocolate and siesta, and the others returned to their various ranchos.

But Dario took no nap that day. Twice he had seen an Indian girl at Elena's window, and as the house settled down to temporary calm, he saw the girl go to the rancheria among the willows. He wrote a note, and followed her as soon as he dared. She wore a calico frock, exactly like a hundred others, and her stiff black hair cut close to her neck in the style enforced by Doña Jacoba; but Dario recognized her imitation of Elena's walk and carriage. He was very nervous, but he managed to stroll about, and make his visit appear one of curiosity. As he passed the girl he told her to follow him, and in a few moments they were alone in a thicket. He had hard work persuading her to take the note to her mistress, for the girl stood in abject awe of Doña Jacoba; but love of Elena and sympathy for the handsome stranger prevailed, and the girl went off with the missive.

The staircase led from Don Roberto's room to Doña Jacoba's; but the lady's all-seeing eyes were closed, and the master was snoring in the library. Malia tiptoed by both, and Elena, who had been half asleep, sat up, trembling with excitement, and read the impassioned request for an interview. She lifted her head and listened, panting a little. Then she ran to the door and looked into the library. Her father was sound asleep; there could be no doubt of that. She dared not write an answer, but she closed the door and put her lips to the girl's ear.

"Tell him," she murmured, horrified at her own boldness — "tell him to take me out for the *contradanza* to-night. There is no other chance." And the girl went back and delivered the message.

#### V.

THE guests and family met again at supper; but yards of linen and mounds of plate, spirited, quickly turning heads, flowered muslin gowns and silken jackets, again separated Dario and Elena. He caught a glimpse now and again of her

graceful head turning on its white throat, or of her sad, pure profile shining before her mother's stern old face.

Immediately after supper the bride and groom led the way to the sala, the musicians tuned their violins and guitars, and after an hour's excited comment upon the events of the day, the dancing began. Doña Jacoba could be very gracious when she chose, and she moved among her guests like a queen to-night, begging them to be happy, and electrifying them with her rare smile. She dispelled their awe of her with magical tact; and when she laid her hand on one young beauty's shoulder, and told her that her eyes put out the poor candles of Los Quervos, the girl was ready to fling herself on the floor and kiss the tyrant's feet. Elena watched her anxiously. She adored and feared her mother. Her father petted her in his harsh, abrupt way; if she had ever received a kiss from her mother, she did not remember it; but she worshipped the blinding personality of the woman, although she shook before the relentless will. But that her mother was pleased to be gracious to-night was beyond question, and she gave Dario a glance of timid encouragement, which brought him to her side at once.

"At your feet, señorita," he said, "may I dare beg the honor of the *contradanza*?"

She bent her slender body in a pretty curtsy. "It is a small favor to grant a guest who deigns to honor us with his presence."

He led her out, and when he was not gazing enraptured at the graceful swaying and gliding of her body, he managed to make a few conventional remarks.

"You do not like bull-fighting, señorita."

"He watched me," she thought. "No, señor. I like nothing that is cruel."

"Those soft eyes could never be cruel. Ay, you are so beautiful, señorita."

"I am but a little country girl, señor. You must have seen far more beautiful women in the cities. Have you ever been in Monterey?"

"Yes, señorita, many times. I have seen all the beauties, even Doña Modeste Castro. Once, too — that was before the Americans came — I saw the Señorita Ysabel Herrera, a woman so beautiful that a man robbed a church and murdered a priest for her sake. But she was not so beautiful as you, señorita."

The blood throbbed in the girl's fair cheeks. "He must love me," she told herself, "to think me more beautiful than Ysabel Herrera. Joaquín says she was

the handsomest woman that was ever seen."

"You compliment me, señor," she answered vaguely. "She had wonderful green eyes. So has the Señora Castro. Mine are only brown, like so many other girls."

"They are the most beautiful eyes in California. They are like the Madonna's. I do not care for green eyes." His black ones flashed their language to hers, and Elena wondered if she had ever been unhappy. She barely remembered where she was, forgot that she was a helpless bird in a golden cage. Her mate had flown through the open door.

The contradanza ends with a waltz, and as Dario held her in his arms his last remnant of prudence gave way.

"Elena, Elena," he murmured passionately, "I love thee. Dost thou not know it? Dost thou not love me a little? Ay, Elena! I have not slept one hour since I saw thee."

She raised her eyes to his face. The sadness still dwelt in their depths, but above floated the soft flame of love and trust. She had no coquetry in her straightforward and simple nature.

"Yes," she whispered, "I love thee."

"And thou art happy, *querida mia*. Thou art happy here in my arms?"

She let her cheek rest for a moment against his shoulder. "Yes, I am very happy."

"And thou wilt marry me?"

The words brought her back to the present, and the light left her face.

"Ay," she said, "why did you say that? It cannot ever be."

"But it shall be! Why not? I will speak with Don Roberto in the morning."

The hand that lay on his shoulder clutched him suddenly. "No, no," she said hurriedly; "promise me that thou wilt not speak to him for two or three days at least. My father wants us all to marry Englishmen. He is kind, and he loves me, but he is mad for Englishmen. And we can be happy meanwhile."

The music stopped, and he could only murmur his promises before leading her back to her mother.

He dared not take her out again, but he danced with no one else, in spite of many inviting eyes, and spent the rest of the night on the corridor, where he could watch her unobserved. The walls were so thick at Los Quervos that each window had a deep seat within and without. Dario ensconced himself, and was comfortable, if tumultuous. Elena sang once during the

evening, — not a love-ballad, but that saddest and most beautiful of all Spanish songs, "The Last Sigh of the Moor." So passionate was her cry, "*Ay, nunca, nunca, nunca mas!*" that Dario knelt on the slopes of Granada and kissed the hand of Boadbil el Chico with adoring fealty, then shuddered with the superstition of his race as he realized that the despairing words came from the lips of Elena Duncan.

## VI.

WITH dawn the dancing ended, and quiet fell upon Los Quervos. But at twelve gay voices and laughter came through every window. The family and guests were taking their cold bath, ready for another eighteen hours of pleasure.

Shortly after the long dinner, the iron-barred gates of the corral were thrown open and a band of horses, golden bronze in color, with silvery manes and tails, silken embroidered saddles on their slender backs, trotted up to the door. The beautiful creatures shone in the sun like burnished armor; they arched their haughty necks and lifted their small feet as if they were California beauties about to dance *El Son*.

The girls had on their short riding-skirts girt with gay sashes, and little round hats were on their heads. The men wore thin jackets of brightly colored silk, gold-laced knee-breeches, and silver spurs. They tossed the girls upon their saddles, vaulted into their own, and all started on a wild gallop for the races.

Dario, with much manoeuvring, managed to ride by Elena's side. It was impossible to exchange a word with her, for keen and mischievous ears were about them; but they were close together, and a kind of ecstasy possessed them both. The sunshine was so golden, the quivering visible air so full of soft intoxication, they were filled with a reckless animal joy of living — the divine right of youth to exist and be happy. The bars of Elena's cage sank into the warm resounding earth; she wanted to cry aloud her joy to the birds, to hold and kiss the air as it passed. Her face sparkled, her mouth grew full. She looked at Dario, and he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks.

The representatives of many ranchos, their wives and daughters, awaited the party from Los Quervos. But none pushed their way between Dario and Elena that day. And they both enjoyed the races; they were in a mood to enjoy anything. They became excited, and shouted with

the rest as the vaqueros flew down the field. Dario bet and lost a ranchita, then bet and won another. He won a herd of cattle, a band of horses, a saddle-bag of golden slugs. Sure, fortune smiled on him from the eyes of Elena. When the races were over they galloped down to the ocean and over the cliffs and sands, watching the ponderous waves fling themselves on the rocks, then back and rear their crests to thunder on again.

"The fog!" cried some one — "the fog!" and with shrieks of mock terror they turned their horses' heads and raced down the valley, the fog after them like a phantom tidal-wave; but they outstripped it, and sprang from their horses at the corridor of Los Quervos with shouts of triumph and lightly blown kisses at the enemy.

After supper they found eggs piled upon silver dishes in the sala, and with cries of "*Cascaron! Cascaron!*" they flung them at each other, the cologne and flour and tinsel with which the shells were filled deluging and decorating them.

Dofia Jacoba again was in a most gracious mood, and leaned against the wall, an amused smile on her strong, serene face. Her husband stood by her, and she indicated Elena by a motion of her fan.

"Is she not beautiful to-night, our little one?" she asked proudly. "See how pink her cheeks are! her eyes shine like stars. She is the handsomest of all our children, *viejo*."

"Yes," he said, something like tenderness in his cold blue eyes, "there is no prettier girl on twenty ranchos. She shall marry the finest Englishman of them all."

Elena threw a cascaron directly into Dario's mouth, and although the cologne scalded his throat, he heroically swallowed it, and revenged himself by covering her black locks with flour. The guests, like the children they were, chased each other all over the house, up and down the stair; the men hid under tables, only to have a sly hand break a cascaron on the back of their heads, to receive a deluge down the spinal column. The bride chased her dignified groom out into the yard, and a dozen followed. Then Dario found his chance.

Elena was after him, and as they passed beneath a tree he turned like a flash and caught her in his arms and kissed her. For a second she tried to free herself, mindful that her sisters had not kissed their lovers until they stood with them in the chapel; but she was made for love, and in a moment her white arms were clinging

about his neck. People were shouting around them; there was time for but few of the words Dario wished to say.

"Thou must write me a little note every day," he commanded. "Thy brother's coat, one that he does not wear, hangs behind the door in my room. To-morrow morning thou wilt find a letter from me in the pocket. Let me find one there too. Kiss me again, *Consuelo de mi alma!*" and they separated suddenly to speak no more that night.

## VII.

THE next morning, when Elena went to Joaquin's room to make the bed, she found Dario's note in the pocket of the coat, but she had had no opportunity to write one herself. Nor did she have time to read his until after dinner, although it burned her neck and took away her appetite. When the meal was over she ran down to the willows and read it there, then went straight to the favorite lounging-place of an old vaquero who had adored her from the days when she used to trot about the rancho holding his forefinger, or perched herself upon his shoulder and commanded him to gallop.

He was smoking his pipe, and he looked up in some wonder as she stood before him, flushed and panting, her eyes glancing apprehensively about.

"Pedro," she said imperiously, "get down on thy hands and knees."

Pedro was the color of tanned leather and very hairy, but his face beamed with good-nature. He put his pipe between his teeth and did as he was bidden. Elena produced the pencil and paper she had managed to purloin from her father's table, and kneeling beside her faithful vaquero, wrote a note on his back. It took her a long time to coin that simple epistle, for she had never written a love-letter before. But Pedro knelt like a rock, although his old knees ached. When the note was finished she thrust it into her gown, and patted Pedro on the head.

"I love thee, my old man. I will make thee a new salve for thy rheumatism and a big cake."

As she approached the house her mother stood on the corridor watching the young people mount, and Elena shivered as she met a fiery and watchful eye. Yesterday had been a perfect day, but the chill of fear touched this. She sprang on her horse and went with the rest to the games. Her brother Joaquin kept persistently by her side, and Dario thought it best not to approach her. She took little interest in

the games. The young men climbed the greased pole amidst soft, derisive laughter. The greased pig was captured by his tail in a tumult of excitement, which rivalled the death of the bull; but Elena paid no attention. It was not until Dario, restive with inaction, entered the lists for the buried rooster, and by its head twisted it from the ground as his horse flew by, that she was roused to interest; and as many had failed, and as his was the signal victory of the day, he rode home somewhat consoled.

That night, as Dario and Elena danced the contradanza together, they felt the eyes of Doña Jacoba upon them, but he dared to whisper, —

"To-morrow morning I speak with thy father. Our wedding day must be set before another sun goes down."

"No, no!" gasped Elena; but for once Dario would not listen.

### VIII.

AS soon as Elena had left his room next morning, Dario returned and read the note she had put in her brother's pocket. It gave him courage, his dreamy eyes flashed, his sensitive mouth curled proudly. As soon as dinner was over he followed Don Roberto up to the library. The old man stretched himself out in the long brass and leather chair, which had been imported from England for his comfort, and did not look overjoyed when his guest begged a few moments' indulgence.

"I am half asleep," he said. "Is it about those cattle? Joaquin knows as much about them as I do."

Dario had not been asked to sit down, and he stood before Don Roberto feeling a little nervous, and pressing his hand against the mantelpiece.

"I do not wish to speak of cattle, señor."

"No? What then?" The old man's face was flushed with wine, and his shaggy eyebrows were drooping heavily.

"It is — it is about Elena."

The brows lifted a little.

"Elena?"

"Yes, señor. We love each other very much. I wish to ask your permission that we may be married."

The brows went up with a rush; the stiff hairs stood out like a roof above the cold, angry eyes. For a moment Don Roberto stared at the speaker as if he had not heard, then he sprang to his feet, his red face purple.

"Get out of my house, you damned vagabond!" he shouted. "Go as fast as God Almighty'll let you. You marry my

daughter — you damned Indian! I wouldn't give her to you if you were pure-blooded Castilian, much less a half-breed whelp. And you have dared to make love to her? Go! — do you hear? — or I'll kick you down the stairs."

Dario drew himself up, and looked back at his furious host with a pride that matched his own. The blood was smarting in his veins, but he made no sign and walked down the stair.

Don Roberto went at once in search of his wife. Failing to find her, he walked straight into the sala, and taking Elena by the arm before the assembled guests, marched her up-stairs and into her room, and locked the door with his key.

Elena fell upon the floor and sobbed with rebellious mortification and terror. Her father had not uttered a word, but she knew the meaning of his summary act, and other feelings soon gave way to despair. That she would never see Dario Castañares again was certain, and she wept and prayed with all the *abandon* of her Spanish nature. A picture of the Virgin hung over the bed, and she raised herself on her knees and lifted her clasped hands to it beseechingly. With her tumbling hair and white face, her streaming, upturned eyes and drawn mouth, she looked more like the Mater Dolorosa than the expressionless print she prayed to.

"Mary! mother!" she whispered, "have mercy on thy poor little daughter. Give him to me. I ask for nothing else in this world. I do not care for gold or ranchos, only to be his wife. I am so lonely, my mother — for even Santiago thinks of so many other things than me. I only want to be loved, and no one else will ever love me who can make me love him. Ay! give him to me! give him to me!" And she threw herself on her face once more, and sobbed until her tears were exhausted. Then she dragged herself to the window and leaned over the deep seat. Perhaps she might have one glimpse of him as he rode away.

She gave a little cry of agony and pleasure. He was standing by the gates of the corral whilst the vaqueros rounded up the cattle he had bought. His arms were folded, his head hung forward. As he heard her cry he lifted his face, and Elena saw the tears in his eyes. For the moment they gazed at each other, those lovers of California's long ago, while the very atmosphere quivering between them seemed a palpable barrier. Elena flung out her arms with a sudden passionate gesture, and he gave a hoarse cry, and paced up

and down like a race-horse curbed with a Spanish bit. How to have one last word with her? If she were behind the walls of the fort of Monterey it would be as easy. He dared not speak from where he was. Already the horses were at the door to carry the eager company to a fight between a bull and a bear. But he could write a note if he only had the materials. It was useless to return to his room, for Joaquin was there, and he hoped never to see that library again. But was there ever a lover in whom necessity did not develop the genius of invention? Dario flashed upward a glance of hope, then took from his pocket a slip of the rice-paper used for making *cigaritos*. He burnt a match, and with the charred stump scrawled a few lines.

"Elena! Mine! Star of my life! My sweet! Beautiful and idolized. Farewell! Farewell, my darling! My heart is sad. God be with thee.

"DARIO."

He wrapped the paper about a stone, and tied it with a wisp of grass. With a sudden flexible turn of a wrist that had thrown many a reata, he flung it straight through the open window. Elena read the incoherent words, then fell insensible to the floor.

#### IX.

IT was the custom of Dona Jacoba to personally oversee her entire establishment every day, and she always went at a different hour, that laziness might never feel sure of her back. To-day she visited the rancheria immediately after dinner, and looked through every hut with her piercing eyes. If the children were dirty, she peremptorily ordered their stout mammas to put them into the clean clothes which her bounty had provided. If a bed was unmade, she boxed the ears of the owner, and sent her spinning across the room to her task. But she found little to scold about; her discipline was too rigid. When she was satisfied that the huts were in order, she went down to the great stone tubs sunken in the ground, where the women were washing in the heavy shade of the willows. In their calico gowns they made bright bits of color against the drooping green of the trees.

"Maria," she cried sharply, "thou art wringing that fine linen too harshly. Dost thou wish to break in pieces the bridal clothes of thy *señorita*? Be careful, or I will lay the whip across thy shoulders."

She walked slowly through the wil-

lows, enjoying the shade. Her fine old head was held sternly back, and her shoulders were as square as her youngest son's; but she sighed a little, and pressed a willow branch to her face with a caressing motion. She looked up to the grey peak standing above its fellows, bare, ugly, gaunt. She was not an imaginative woman, but she had always felt in closer kinship with that solitary peak than with her own blood. As she left the wood and saw the gay cavalcade about to start—the burnished horses, the dashing *caballeros*, the girls with their radiant faces and jaunty habits—she sighed again. Long ago she had been the bride of a brilliant young Mexican officer for a few brief years; her youth had gone with his life.

She avoided the company and went around to the buildings at the back of the house. Approving here, reproaching there, she walked leisurely through the various rooms where the Indians were making lard, shoes, flour, candles. She was in the chocolate manufactory when her husband found her.

"Come—come at once," he said. "I have good news for thee."

She followed him to his room, knowing by his face that something had happened. But she was not prepared for the tale he poured forth with violent interjections of English and Spanish oaths. She had detected a flirtation between her daughter and the uninvited guest, and not approving of flirtations, had told Joaquin to keep his eyes upon them when hers were absent; but that the man should dare and the girl should stoop to think of marriage, wrought in her a passion to which her husband's seemed the calm flame of a sperm-candle.

"What!" she cried, her hoarse voice breaking—"what! A half-breed aspire to a Cortez!" She forgot her husband's separateness with true California pride. "My daughter and the son of an Indian! Holy God! And she has dared!—she has dared!—the little imbecile!—the little——But,"—and she gave a furious laugh,— "she will not forget again."

She caught the green-hide reata from the nail and went up the stair. Crossing the library with heavy tread, as if she would stamp her rage through the floor, she turned the key in the door of her daughter's room, stood over the girl, who still lay on the floor, although consciousness had returned. As Elena saw her mother's face she cowered pitifully; that terrible temper seldom dominated the iron will of the woman, but Santiago had

shaken it a few days ago, and Elena knew that her turn had come.

Dofia Jacoba shut the door and towered above her daughter, red spots on her face, her small eyes blazing, an icy sneer on her mouth. She did not speak one word. She caught the girl by her delicate shoulder, jerked her to her feet, and lashed her with the heavy whip until screams mingled with the gay laughter of the parting guests. When she had beaten her until her own arm ached, she flung her on the bed and went out and locked the door.

Elena was insensible again for a while, then lay dull and inert for hours. She had a passive longing for death. After the suffering and the hideous mortification of that day, there seemed no other climax. The cavalcade rode beneath her windows once more with their untired laughter, their splendid vitality. They scattered to their rooms to don their bright evening gowns, then went to the dining-room and feasted.

After supper Francisca unlocked Elena's door and entered with a little tray on her hand. Elena refused to eat, but her sister's presence roused her, and she turned her face to the wall and burst into tears.

"Nonsense!" said Francisca kindly. "Do not cry, my sister. What is a lover? — the end of a little flirtation. My father will find thee a husband — a strong fair English husband like mine. Dost thou not prefer blondes to brunettes, my sister? I am sorry my mother beat thee, but she has such a sense of her duty. She did it for thy good, my Elena. Let me dress thee in thy new gown, the white silk with the pale-blue flowers. It is high in the neck and long in the sleeves, and will hide the marks of the whip. Come down and play cascarones, and dance until dawn and forget all about it."

But Elena only wept on, and Francisca left her for more imperative duties.

The next day the girl still refused to eat, although Dofia Jacoba opened her mouth and poured a cup of chocolate down her throat. Late in the afternoon Santiago slipped into the room and bent over her.

"Elena," he whispered hurriedly. "Look! I have a note for thee."

Elena sat upright on the bed, and he thrust a piece of folded paper into her hand. "Here it is. He is in San Luis Obispo, and says he will stay there — remember it is but a few miles away, my —"

Elena sank back with a cry, and Santiago blasphemed in English. Dofia Jacoba unlocked her daughter's hand and took the note, and led Santiago from the room. When she reached her own, she opened a drawer and handed him a canvas bag full of gold.

"Go to San Francisco and enjoy thyself," she said. "Interfere no further between thy sister and thy parents, unless thou preferest that reata to gold. Thy craft cannot outwit mine, and she will read no notes. Thou art a foolish boy to set thy sense against thy mother's. I may seem harsh to my children, but I strive on my knees for their good. And when I have made up my mind that a thing is right to do, thou knowest that my nature is of iron. No child of mine shall marry a lazy vagabond who can do nothing but lie in a hammock and bet and gamble and make love. And a half-breed! Mother of God! Now go to San Francisco, and send for more money when this is gone."

Santiago obeyed. There was nothing else for him to do.

Elena lay in her bed, scarcely touching food. Poor child! her nature demanded nothing of life but love, and that denied her, she could find no reason for living. She was not sport-loving like Joaquin, nor practical like Francisca, nor learned like Santiago, nor ambitious to dance through life like her many nieces. She was but a clinging, unreasoning creature, with hot blood and a great heart. But she no longer prayed to have Dario given her. It seemed to her that after such suffering her saddened nature would cast its shadows over her happiest moments, and she longed only for death.

Her mother, becoming alarmed at her increasing weakness, called in an old woman who had been midwife and doctor of the county for half a century. She came, a bent and bony woman who must have been majestic in her youth. Her front teeth were gone, her face was stained with dark splashes like the imprint of a pre-natal hand. Over her head she wore a black shawl, and she looked enough like a witch to frighten her patients into eternity had they not been so well used to her. She prodded Elena all over as if the girl were a loaf of bread and her knotted fingers sought a lump of flour in the dough.

"The heart," she said to Dofia Jacoba with sharp emphasis, her back teeth meeting with a click, as if to proclaim their existence. "I have no herbs for that," and she went back to her cabin by the ocean.

That night Elena lifted her head suddenly. From the hill opposite her window came the sweet reverberation of a guitar; then a voice, which, though never heard by her in song before, was as unmistakable as if it had serenaded beneath her window every night since she had known Dario Castañares.

## EL ULTIMO A DIOS.

Si dos con el alma  
Se amaron en vida  
Y al fin se separan  
En vida las dos  
Sabies que es tan grande  
Le pena sentida  
Que con esa palabra  
Se dicen a Dios.  
Y en esa palabra  
Que breve murmura  
Ni verse prometen  
Ni amrase se juran  
Que en esa palabra  
Se dicen a Dios.  
No hay queja mas honda  
Suspiro mas largo  
Que aquellas palabras  
Que dicen a Dios.  
Al fin ha llegado  
La muerte en la vida  
Al fin para entrambos  
Muramos los dos  
Al fin ha llegado  
La hora cumplida  
Del ultima a Dios.  
Ya nunca en la vida  
Gentil compañera  
Yo nunca volvamos  
A vernos los dos  
Por eso es tan triste  
Mi accento pose  
Por eso es tan triste  
El ultimo a Dios.

They were dancing down-stairs; laughter floated through the open windows. Francisca sang a song of the bull-fight in her strong, high voice; the frogs chanted their midnight mass by the creek in the willows, the coyotes howled, the owls hooted. But nothing could drown that message of love. Elena lit a candle and held it at arm's-length before the window; she knew that its ray went straight through the curtains to the singer on the hill, for his voice broke suddenly, then swelled forth in passionate answer. He sat there until dawn singing to her; but the next night he did not come, and Elena knew that she had not been his only auditor.

## X.

THE week of festivity was over; the bridal pair, the relatives, the guests went away. Quiet would have taken temporary

possession of Los Quervos had it not been for the many passing guests lavishly entertained by Don Roberto.

And still Elena lay in her little iron bed, refusing to get out of it, barely eating, growing weaker and thinner every day. At the end of three weeks Doña Jacoba was thoroughly alarmed, and Don Roberto sent Joaquin to San Francisco for a physician.

The man of science came at the end of a week. He asked many questions, and had a long talk with his patient. When he left the sick-room, he found Don Roberto and Doña Jacoba awaiting him in the library. They were ready to accept his word as law, for he was an Englishman, and had won high reputation during his short stay in the new country.

He spoke with curt directness. "My dear sir, your child is dying because she does not wish to live. People who write novels call it dying of a broken heart; but it does not make much difference about the name. Your child is acutely sensitive, and has an extremely delicate constitution—predisposition to consumption. Separation from the young man she desires to marry has prostrated her to such an extent, that she is practically dying. Under the existing circumstances she will not live two months, and, to be brutally frank, you will have killed her. I understand that the young man is well born on his father's side, and possessed of great wealth. I see no reason why she should not marry him. I shall leave her a tonic, but you can throw it out of the window unless you send for the young man," and he walked down the stair and made ready for his departure.

Don Roberto translated the verdict to his wife. She turned very grey, and her thin lips pressed each other. But she bent her head. "So be it," she said; "I cannot do murder. Send for Dario Castañares."

"And tell him to take her to perdition," roared the old man. "Never let me see her again."

He went down the stair, filled a small bag with gold, and gave it to the doctor. He found Joaquin and bade him go for Dario, then shut himself in a remote room, and did not emerge until late that day.

Doña Jacoba sent for the maid, Malia.

"Bring me one of your frocks," she said, "a set of your undergarments, a pair of your shoes and stockings." She walked about the room until the girl's return, her face terrible in its repressed wrath, its grey consciousness of defeat. When

Malia came with the garments she told her to follow, and went into Elena's room and stood beside the bed.

"Get up," she said. "Dress thyself in thy bridal clothes. Thou art going to marry Dario Castañares to-day."

The girl looked up incredulously, then closed her eyes wearily.

"Get up," said her mother. "The doctor has said that we must let our daughter marry the half-breed, or answer to God for her murder." She turned to the maid. "Malia, go down-stairs and make a cup of chocolate and bring it up. Bring, too, a glass of angelica."

But Elena needed neither. She forgot her desire for death, her misgivings of the future; hope gave her strength. She slipped out of bed, and would have taken a pair of silk stockings from the chest, but her mother stopped her with an imperious gesture, and handed her the coarse shoes and stockings the maid had brought. She raised her eyes wonderingly, but drew them on her tender feet without complaint. Then her mother gave her the shapeless under-garments, the gaudy calico frock, and she put them on. When the maid returned with the chocolate and wine, she drank both. They gave her color and renewed strength; and as she stood up and faced her mother, she had never looked more beautiful or more queenly in the silken gowns that were hers no longer.

"There are horses' hoofs," said Doña Jacoba. "Leave thy father's house and go to thy lover."

Elena followed her from the room, walking steadily, although she was beginning to tremble a little. As she passed the table in the library, she picked up an old silk handkerchief of her father's and tied it about her head and face. A smile was on her lips, but no joy could ever crowd the sadness from her eyes again. Her spirit was darkened for all time, her nature had come to its own.

They walked through the silent house, and to Elena's memory came the picture of that other bridal when the very air shook with pleasure, and the rooms were jewelled with beautiful faces; but she would not have exchanged her own nuptials for her sister's calm acceptance.

When she reached the verandah she drew herself up and turned to her mother with all that strange old woman's implacable bearing.

"I demand one wedding present," she said. "The green-hide reata. I wish it as a memorial of my mother."

Doña Jacoba, without the quiver of a muscle, walked into her husband's room and returned with the reata and handed it to her. Then Elena turned her back upon her father's house and walked down the road through the willows. Dario did not notice the calico frock or the old handkerchief about her head. He bent down and caught her in his arms and kissed her, then lifting her to his saddle, galloped down the road to San Luis Obispo. But Doña Jacoba turned her hard old face to the wall and laid it there.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

From Temple Bar.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

## PART II.

HAYDON's visit to Scotland in the winter of 1820 was a series of triumphs, artistic and personal. For one brief halcyon interval there were no foes to fight nor creditors to keep at bay. On his return to London, he wrote:—

I felt as if I had been sailing with a party of fine fellows up a beautiful and placid river, now putting in and dancing on the shore, now singing, laughing, and revelling—when suddenly its course brought me again to the turbulent sea on which it was my destiny to buffet. I plunged into it with the feeling a man has when he takes a dive in a gale of wind watching each wave as it mounts, and then darting through it before it has time to smother him.

Truly the waves of trouble mounted stormily round him. The very success of his picture brought duns clamoring at his doors. He was in one of the most humiliating of social positions—that of a man who has become famous and fashionable, with absolutely no pecuniary resources save those furnished by the generosity of friends and patrons. On this point he wrote in later years, with one of the touches of simplicity and self-knowledge which relieve the arrogant self-assertion, and the demands, rather than appeals, for the help of Providence, in his journals:—

It will hardly be believed that I had brought myself to consider that I had, by my public devotion to high art, a claim on all the noble and opulent in the kingdom. This was no crime, and it was perhaps reasonable; but it was not delicate or manly.

"Jerusalem," although it had attracted fifty thousand visitors, an enormous number for those days, remained a dead weight on the artist's hands. Sir George Beau-

mont vainly urged the directors of the British Gallery to purchase it. Haydon had made an unsparing enemy of Payne Knight, whose voice was all powerful with them. A proposed public subscription to buy it for the National Gallery, or for some church, fell through. Haydon must have thought often and bitterly of the reply he made to the Grand Duke Nicholas (afterwards czar) when, on his being presented as "un peintre d'histoire distingué," the grand duke asked:—

"Où sont vos tableaux? dans quel édifice publique?"

"Altesse Impériale, dans ce pays-ci, à présent, on ne place pas des tableaux d'histoire dans les édifices publiques."

Yet, dogged and defiant, Haydon set to work vigorously on the next in his series of sacred subjects—"The Raising of Lazarus." Already he missed from his side many whose private friendship and public advocacy had helped him during former struggles. The same month brought him news of John Scott's \* mortal wound in a strange night duel at Chalk Farm, and of Keats's death in Rome. There had been a coolness for some time between Haydon and Scott, and he writes:

For a fortnight I exhibited a fine instance of wounded pride struggling to keep down affection. I held out to the hour before his funeral, and then a sudden blaze of light on my brain showed me his body stretched out dead. I hurried on my clothes and drove to his door. . . . My very nature was altered. I, who was always panting for distinction, even at a funeral (for I felt angry at Opie's that I wasn't in the first coach!), now shrunk away from observation. . . . When I got into the coach I hid my face in my cloak and cried like a child. . . . As I squeezed by the coffin that contained the body of my former friend, the long pall and black plumes waving and trembling as the wind moaned up the aisle, I shivered. . . . As the plumes nodded against the light window I thought them endowed with human features—fates that bowed as we walked in submission to their power! . . . Poor Scott, peace go with him! it is a consolation to think that in those very fields where he was shot he told me last summer (after his boy's death) that he felt life as a bridge, over which he was walking to eternity.

In the spring of the same year, Haydon was arrested for the first time. He had repaid many loans and partly satisfied many creditors. But in one case a tradesman to whom he had paid £300 found that

he had been employing a rival, and proceeded against him for the balance of his account. The sheriff's officer was shown into Haydon's painting-room, and was so appalled at finding himself alone, with the awful head of Lazarus confronting him from the canvas, that when the artist entered he cried in agitation—"Oh, my God, sir, I won't take you! Give me your word to meet me at twelve at the attorney's"—and rushed out of the room.

After making a temporary settlement of his affairs with the lawyers and the officer, Haydon attended a brilliant reception at Lord Grosvenor's—"extremely affected after the insult I had just received, on entering a room full of lovely women, splendid furniture, exquisite pictures. . . . I strolled about musing amidst sparkling eyes." And speculating, no doubt, as he was fond of doing, on how many of those around him might, like himself, be concealing private sorrows under social smiles.

When George IV. was crowned, Haydon received a ticket for Westminster Hall, and his friends dressed him, one contributing a blue velvet coat, another ruffles and a frill, a third the indispensable sword. He must have looked a gallant figure, with his fine head well held up, his bright, observant eyes, and eager expression. His account of the ceremony is full of effective touches. We see the king—"a being buried in satin, feathers, and diamonds, rolling gracefully into his seat, while the room rises with a sort of feathered silken thunder—the girls strewing flowers, their white dresses contrasted with the dark background of the archway, which was full of rich crimson dresses that gave the shadow a tone as of deep blood"—the re-opening of the Hall doors to admit the champion, when, outside in the twilight, "a man in dark shadowed armor appeared against the shining sky." Haydon's imagination "got intoxicated. . . . I thought sacred subjects insipid things. How soon should I be ruined in luxurious society!"

In October, the long conflict between love and prudence which had done much to unsettle and harass the artist, was decided by marriage with his "lovely Mary;" and on the last day of the year he wrote:

My lot, God knows, is apturous beyond imagination. . . . My pecuniary difficulties are still great, but my love is intense, my ambition intense, and my hope in God's protection cheering.

Unhappily, during the two years devoted to "The Raising of Lazarus," these pecuniary difficulties so wrought on Haydon's

\* Editor of the *London Magazine* and the *Champion*, well known for his artistic sympathies and clever though caustic writings. He had not only staunchly advocated Haydon's own merits, but fought on his side in the Elgin Marbles' controversy.

excitable brain as to prompt an expedient for which he never forgave himself, but which Mr. Frederic Haydon mentions with somewhat cynical composure : —

He asked two of his elder and former pupils, young men whom he had started in life, to put their names to bills of some £250 and £350 respectively. . . . Considering that he had almost fed and clothed these men during their pupilage, had paid the rent for one, instructed both for nothing, and set them both on their professional road, I must confess I am not so much struck at the enormity of the offence. I had very much rather Haydon had not done what he did, but having done it, I do not think he could have done it under circumstances so favorable to palliation. It was a reprehensible act, and Haydon regretted it all his life, because, by the time he was imprisoned, he had an unpaid balance still on each bill, which these lads had to pay, and they could ill afford it.

One sees in his journals of this period the rending conflict in his mind ; one moment at the height of inspired confidence before his picture, working in a frenzy of enthusiasm, a "wild tremor" of hope ; the next dragged in the mire of begging and borrowing from friends, and arguing and expostulating with creditors. His old pupil, Bewick, sat for some additional touches to the head of Lazarus : —

And as he had not sold his exquisite picture of Jacob, looked quite thin and anxious enough for such a head. "I hope you get your food regularly," said I. He did not answer. His cheeks reddened and his eyes filled, but he subdued his feelings. This is an illustration of the state of historical painting in England. A master and his pupil — the one without a pound, the other without bread!

And Bewick, on his part, wrote thirty years later : —

I think I see the painter before me, returning from the sheriff's officer in the adjoining room, pale, calm, and serious — mounting his high steps and continuing his arduous task. And as he looks round to his pallid model, whispering, "Egad, Bewick, I have just been arrested. That is the third time. If they come again I shall not be able to go on."

In spite of all difficulties, "Lazarus" was completed in March, 1823 ; "all London crowded to the exhibition," the receipts sometimes amounted to £200 a week, but Haydon, absorbed in the third picture of the series, "The Crucifixion," either would not or could not realize the critical state of his affairs, and the following month saw an execution levied on "Lazarus," Haydon in the King's Bench Prison, and his household goods advertised for sale.

His friends came forward promptly with help and sympathy, Scott especially, with the most delicate and generous kindness ; but the wreck was too huge for private hands to deal with. His great pictures were sold to creditors for prices far below their value ("Lazarus" to his upholsterer for £300, and "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," which had brought £3,000 as an exhibition, for £250!), and he passed through the Insolvent Court.

Life began again for him under bitter disadvantages ; a few relics, bought in by a few faithful friends, were all that remained of his home and his professional *matériel*. In this time of misery and destitution, even the abhorred paternal "business" was regretted.

Not only to have no property left [he writes] but to have lost all that I had ever saved! All the schoolbooks of my youth, all the accumulations of boyhood, youth, and manhood — to lose impressions of language for want of means of reference, to forget poets, to have Tasso slide from my mind, and dear Shakespeare almost fade on my memory. When I contrast my present unhappy condition, and remember myself in my father's shop devouring all the new books, surrounded with great works, and the happy, happy hours I have spent acquiring knowledge in every way, it forces tears to my eyes.

Yet his own desire was to return to his stripped home, and without a chair or table to use, or bed to rest on, to finish what he believed would be his masterpiece — "The Crucifixion." His son regrets that this course was not followed, but the more timid counsels of his wife prevailed. They took humble lodgings on Paddington Green, and Haydon "shrank into a portrait painter."\*

For some years he plodded patiently in this most uncongenial calling, for which both his character and his genius eminently unfitted him. His son admits that he would not pause to catch a pleasing expression, or select the most favorable aspect of a homely face. He was obstinately truthful ; "if it had been his lot to paint Hannibal or Nelson he would have

\* It seems not improbable that the agony of this period sowed the seeds of that "long-seated disease of the brain" which culminated so tragically in after years. His son gives the following extract from an autobiographical note written in 1829 : "Shortly after the 'Lazarus' was finished, this remarkable man, B. R. Haydon, died. He always said it would be his last great work. Another, John Haydon, painted in imitation of the former a few small works ; but he was a married man, had five children, sent his pictures to the Academy, asked a patron or two to employ him, and, in short, did all those things that men *must* do who prefer their own degradation to the starvation of their children."

shown the blind eye. To have painted only the other side of their faces would have been false, in his opinion." He used to say, "I must paint a face as *I* see it, not as you wish others to see it." And on the other hand, he could never throw off his early predilection for the grand and classic manner, no matter how inappropriate to the subject.

The heroic style of treatment [says Tom Taylor] could hardly have been adapted to a comfortable citizen family or a provincial ex-mayor. Indeed, I am assured that in the latter performance he had represented the mayor of proportions too heroic ever to have got through a doorway out of which he was supposed to have issued in his civic state.\*

This impracticableness was at the root of many of Haydon's disappointments. He never could recognize the right of rank, or position, or capital, to dictate to genius, or even to assert a little external superiority. When the Russian grand dukes talked loudly while inspecting the Elgin Marbles, Haydon piqued himself on out-shouting them. When the "lord advocate" (Jeffrey) sat to him, their conversation became a sort of buffo duet, in which the exhaustion of one performer alone gave an opportunity to the other.

We talked of O'Connell. I said I never saw such a head—cut up by deep passions. "Deep scars of thunder his cheeks entrenched," said my Lord, taking the quotation out of my mouth, and I could not get in again. He repeated the passage with fine emphasis, as finely as I ever heard it. "There are parts," said I, "in the 'Paradise Regained,' as fine as anything,"—he would not listen, but kept mumbling to himself. I said in a loud voice, for I was determined to have a touch, too, "And here and there was room for barren desert, fountainless and dry." He stopped, and said "Very fine." I tried to turn the conversation, that I might leave off with Milton, but he stuck to the first passage like a little game-cock. [For once Haydon was beaten on his own ground!] I thought I had better be quiet.†

\* Yet when Haydon had a sifter of distinction, in whom he took a real interest, he could invest even portraiture with rare and expressive dignity; witness Mrs. Browning's sonnet:—

"Wordsworth upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud  
Ebb audibly along the mountain-wind,  
Then break against the rock, and show behind  
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd  
The sense with beauty. . . .

. . . . A noble vision free,  
Our Haydon's hand has flung out from the mist:  
No portrait this with academic air,  
This is the poet and his poetry."

† When he hears that Wilkie has been honored with a sitting from the king: "What an opportunity," writes Haydon, "to pour into his ear sound views of art, and high notions of public encouragement!"

In 1826 Haydon completed "Venus and Anchises," a commission from Sir John Leycester, who asked him to send it to the Royal Academy. It was well hung and received, and the artist, his feelings softened by success, sought reconciliation with some of those Academicians with whom he had fought most fiercely. All were friendly. Flaxman, in the course of a long conversation, asked:—

"How is your friend Mr. Wilkie?" "So ill that I fear he will never again have his intellects in full vigor." "Really, Mr. Haydon? Why, it is miserable!" said the intelligent deformity. "I suppose it is his miniature painting has strained him, for between you and me, Mr. Haydon, 'tis but miniature painting, you know; hem-he-m-e-e-m!" Here he touched my knee familiarly, and leaned forward, and his old, deformed, humped shoulder protruded as he leant, and his old eye sparkled, and his apish old mouth grinned on one side, and he talked out of his old throat, husky with coughing—a jarring, inward, hesitating, humming sound, which meant that Wilkie's reputation was "all my eye" in comparison with *ours*!

Stothard was a very different man:—

He has an angelic mind . . . There he sat, making a sketch of Kemble's tomb, his beautiful pictures unbought about him—beautiful, that is, as far as sweetness of feeling went . . . He has a fine head, with silvery hair, hanging brows, and a benignant smile that expresses a perpetual feasting on sweet thoughts.\*

Calling on the elder Reinagle—"a nice old fellow"—Haydon was asked, "Where is your 'Solomon'?" "Hung up in a grocer's shop." "Where is your 'Jerusalem'?" "In a wareroom in Holborn." "Your 'Lazarus'?" "In an upholsterer's shop in Mount Street." "And your 'Macbeth'?" "In Chancery." "Your 'Pharaoh'?" "In an attic, pledged." "And your 'Crucifixion'?" "In a hayloft." Reinagle said he wondered that Haydon had not "died or gone mad."

Of another artist Haydon speaks as a disappointed man. "Now I," he adds, "am not a disappointed man, though a ruined one." Is not all the rebellious force, the self-confidence even in downfall, of Haydon's nature, expressed in this distinction?

His next commission was "Alexander and Bucephalus" for Lord Egremont, who

\* It is astonishing by how slight a touch Haydon often presents a portrait. Calling on Chantrey he found "His person corpulent, his air indolent, his tone a little pompous . . . He sat and talked easily, lazily—gazing at the sun with his legs crossed."

sent a man and horse from the Military Riding School to act as models.

The horse [says Haydon] though mettled, being drilled and obedient, walked into my house like a dog; and he and the man stood in my parlor six hours, while I made a sketch of both. The man and horse were then taken to a meadow behind my house, and the horse raced in it till exhausted.

Imagine the horse's relief and enjoyment in that race!

There was some delay in the payment for this picture, during which another execution was averted only by the generosity of Hood's friend, Sir Francis Freeling:—

I do not despond [wrote Haydon in his Diary] but I do not see *how*. I have lost my road and am floundering in bye-paths. I see no more the light that led astray. It has sunk, and left me groping—hoping, but cheerless. Still, I pray that I may not die till the Grand Style is felt and patronized. Amen, with all my soul.

Haydon was very much interested in Lough, the sculptor, whose early privations reminded him of his own,\* and whose imaginative enthusiasm was of the same order.

"Mr. Haydon," he said timidly, as if fearing ridicule, "I fancy myself in the Acropolis sometimes, and hear a roaring noise like the tide." "My dear fellow," said I, "when I was at my great works I saw with the vividness of reality the faces of Michel Angelo and Raffaele smiling about my room. Nurse these feelings, but tell them not—at least in England."

In 1827 Haydon was again in the King's Bench for debt (his liabilities amounting to over £3,600, while his only asset was the unfinished picture of "Eucles"), and again friends came forward, and, with the aid of a public subscription, obtained his release.

During his imprisonment an incident occurred, which he thus described to the Duke of Bedford:—

In the midst of this dreadful scene of affliction up sprang the masquerade election—a scene which, contrasted with sorrow and prison walls, beggars all description—Rabelais alone could do it justice. Distracted as I was, I was perpetually drawn to the windows by the boisterous merriment of the unfortunate happy beneath me. Never was such an ex-

quisite burlesque! Baronets and bankers—authors and merchants—young fellows of fashion and elegance—insanity, idiotcy, poverty and bitter affliction—all for a moment forgetting their sorrows at the humor, the wit, the absurdity of what was before them. I saw the whole from beginning to end and resolved to paint it.

The picture thus suggested was the "Mock Election," exhibited at the Egyptian Hall in the following January. The artist's eloquent description, too long to quote,\* shows how dramatic and spirited, what a strange epitome of an aspect of life happily no longer to be witnessed, the picture must have been. It was successful as an exhibition, but found no purchaser until George IV. sent for it, admired it "hugely" (Mr. Frederic Haydon rather ungratefully remarks, "anything that had a spice of vice in it the king relished"), and bought it for five hundred guineas.

As admirable in its different way as Haydon's description of his picture is his narrative of a visit to Stratford, which his sympathetic wife (never mentioned without some loving and grateful epithet) persuaded him to make when he had been working too hard during a hot summer. His enthusiasm for Shakespeare is genuine and ardent; but when he goes to Charlecote, he, with his usual candor, makes it clear that he feels as indignant with the "ill-bred, inhospitable house" of Lacy for not recognizing the name on his card, as for being descendants of the "persecutor" of Shakespeare. What would he, who accepted all traditions with the simplest faith, have said to the recently broached theory that Shakespeare could never have been a deer-stealer, because in his time there were no deer in Charlecote Park to steal?

Haydon expatiated on Shakespeare to his rustic companions in a wayside inn. They admitted that he was a man of some renown, but asserted that Stratford then contained "*another* wonderful fellow, one John Cooper." "John Cooper? Why, what has he done?" "Why, zur, I'll tell 'ee. He's lived ninety years in this here town, man and boy, and never had the toothache."

Haydon once said of himself, that he was "everything by fits"—industrious, idle, gay, gloomy, raised to the seventh heaven of hope, or plunged in the depths of despair—love for his Mary being the only feeling which was not fitful, but en-

\* During Lough's first year in London, when engaged on his "Milo," he went without meat for three months, had only one bushel and a half of coals during the whole winter, tore up his shirts to make rags in which to keep his clay figure moist, and slept beside it—when the cold would allow him to sleep—on the ground.

\* Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon. By Tom Taylor. 2nd edition, vol. ii., pp. 182-6.

during and increasing. In 1829, after Wilkie's return from Spain, when their old habits of intimacy were to some extent renewed, Haydon writes:—

I sat with Wilkie and his sister while they dined, and he had evidently sunk into an emaciated old bachelor. There sat I, rosy, plump, and full of difficulties, harass, and trouble, with a large family and a dear wife. I could not help thinking of our early conversations on marriage. "When I marry," Wilkie used to say, "it will be a matter of interest." "When I marry," I always used to reply, "it will be for love." See the result: he has no household anxieties, no pecuniary harass; but he has no sweet affections and sympathies. Would I exchange my situation for his? No, no. Not if I had ten times the torture.

A little later he draws a less cheerful contrast:—

I saw E[dwin] L [andseer] as I came home, lounging through Bond Street on a blood-horse, with a white hat and all the airs of a man of fashion. There was I, his instructor and master, trudging on with seven children at my back, and no money.

The death of Sir Thomas Lawrence in 1829 drew from Haydon a long, critical notice, one phrase in which shows the fashionable portrait painter to the life: "He had smiled so often and so long that at last his smile had the appearance of being set in enamel."\*

And so he works and criticises, and prays and groans; paints cabinet pictures and every-day subjects for bread, and "cursed portraits" (of which he writes: "I have an exquisite gratification in painting portraits wretchedly. I love to see the sitters look as if they thought, 'Can this be the great Haydon's painting?' I chuckle. I am rascal enough to take their money and chuckle more"); and sketches in "Xenophon" in the grand style, with "delicious happiness," and fervent prayers, and "all my old feelings of glory," for his heart's delight. Then we find him going from shop to shop selling prints of his "Napoleon," and giving drawing lessons to obtain the necessities of life, but finding time to lead Wellington, as he had led Canning and Peel, into a fruitless and exasperating correspondence on the desirability of State aid to historical painting.

\* Yet the fixed smile must often have concealed an aching heart. Though Lawrence could never have complained of want of patronage, his pecuniary difficulties were great; and when some time after his death Haydon visited his deserted house, the caretaker spoke compassionately of "Poor Sir Thomas—always in trouble—always something to worrit him!"

At last came a commission after Haydon's own heart—to paint his "Napoleon at St. Helena," life-size, for Sir Robert Peel. Haydon was fond of comparing himself to Napoleon, and found with much satisfaction, on "making a study of the emperor's hat," that their skulls were of the same circumference. But there was an unfortunate misunderstanding about terms, which destroyed Haydon's pleasure in his work, and, owing to political agitation and the dissolution, it failed as an exhibition.\*

In 1832 Lord Grey gave Haydon a five-hundred guinea commission to paint the Reform Banquet.

I spent the morning at Guildhall [he writes] and the evening was, as Paddy would say, the most splendid day of my life. . . . I painted all the time and got in the room and window, and by night, the instant the hall filled, I dashed away. It was a lesson in color I shall never forget. The nobility treated me with great distinction. . . . I was an object of attention, without five shillings in my pocket. And this is life!

All the principal guests (ninety-seven) sat to Haydon, and these sittings, though interesting, must have been ordeals to public men, for the painter was always determined to get their *convictions*—on religion, on art, on life. Lords Nugent and Melbourne (the "refined and handsome") were Haydon's favorites, but though the latter fascinated the artist, he divined his thoughts: "Lord Melbourne seemed to have a notion that I was a disappointed enthusiast, whom he found it amusing to listen to, however absurd it might be to adopt my plans."† Haydon found the Duke of Sussex his most patient and quiet sitter, which may be accounted for by the fact that he smoked the whole time. While Lord Plunkett was sitting, one of his daughters asked Haydon when he meant to sketch O'Connell? "If you could take his head *entirely* off," said Plunkett gently, "you would do a great good to society."

\* A cabinet picture of the same subject was bought by the Duke of Sutherland, on whom Lucien Bonaparte happened to call the moment after it was taken home! He was shown into the room in which the picture had been placed, and the duke told Haydon that he had barely time to turn its face to the wall.

† At the lord mayor's dinner that year, "Lord S—" commented sarcastically to Haydon on the "City affair" "Lord Melbourne enjoys it," replied Haydon. "There is nothing," said Lord S—, "that Lord Melbourne does *not* enjoy."

Haydon tells an amusing story of another civic function. "At the Polish ball, the lord mayor, who squinted, asked Lady Douglas whether she preferred Gog or Magog. 'Of the three,' said she, 'I prefer your lordship!'"

When Haydon called on Lord Grey to make arrangements for a sitting he found him —

Looking the essence of mildness, and disposed for a chat. In my eagerness to tell him all he wanted to know I sprang off my chair, bending my fist to enforce my argument. Lord Grey looked at me with mild peacefulness, as if regarding a bit of gunpowder he had admitted to disturb him . . . I blazed away, came in like a shot, talked like a Congreve-rocket, and was off like an arrow, leaving Lord Grey for five minutes not quite sure if it was all a dream.

"I should have sat still and chatted quietly," comments Haydon, with seeming penitence. But it is plain that he exults in his own explosive ardor.

Mr. Frederic Haydon describes his father at this time.

A handsome, fresh-colored, robust little man, with a big bald head, small ears, aquiline features, a peculiarly sharp upper lip, and a keen, restless, azure-grey eye, the pupil of which expanded and contracted, rose and fell as he talked, just as if some inner light and fire was playing on his brain. He was a very active man; he lived in a hurricane, and fattened on anxiety and care. He carried himself uprightly, and stamped his little feet upon the ground as if he revelled in the consciousness of existence, especially in an E.N.E. wind meeting him, at his own corner, in the month of February.

Externally, the trials and sorrows of their lives told more heavily on Mrs. Haydon than on her husband. "I can remember," writes her son, "the sweet old roses on her sunken cheeks fading away daily with anxiety and grief." Yet she bent beneath the storm under which Haydon broke.

Through his letters and journals runs a strong vein of humor, a perception and enjoyment of the ludicrous side of life, which undoubtedly long helped him to bear up against troubles. An instance may be quoted from one of his letters to Miss Mitford. It was very necessary to Haydon to be on good terms with his tradespeople, and on one occasion he invited his butcher to inspect his studio.

I found him in great admiration of "Alexander." "Quite alive, sir." "I am glad you think so." "Yes, sir. But as I have often said to my sister, you couldn't have painted that picture if you hadn't ate my meat, sir!" "Very true, Mr. Sowerby." "Ah, sir, I have a fancy for *genus*, sir! Mrs. Siddons, sir, ate my meat. Never was such a woman for chops, sir! She was a wonderful crayture! When she used to act that there character, you see—that there woman, sir,

that murders a king between 'em——" "Lady Macbeth." "That's it, sir. I used to get up behind her carriage with the butler when she acted, and as I used to see her looking quite wild-like, and all the people frightened, Aha my lady, says I—if it wasn't for my meat, though, you wouldn't be able to do *that*!" "Mr. Sowerby, you seem to be a man of feeling. Will you take a glass of wine?" After a bow or so, down he sat, and by degrees his heart opened. "You see, sir, I have fed Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Charles Kemble, Stephen Kemble, and Madame Catalani, sir, Morland the painter, and—I beg your pardon—and *you*, sir." "Mr. Sowerby, you do me honor." "Madame Catalani, sir, was a wonderful woman for sweet-breads. But the Kemble family, sir, the gentlemen, rump-steaks and kidneys in general was their taste. But Mrs. Siddons, sir, *she* liked chops!"

In 1836 Haydon delivered a course of lectures on art at the Mechanics' Institute, Southampton Buildings. They were very successful, Haydon's fire and energy kindling the enthusiasm of his audience, and their sympathy proving a much-needed tonic to him. He was then suffering deeply from the death of his youngest boy—the fifth child he had lost in as many years—and was in such pecuniary straits as to have to take his one black coat out of pawn to lecture in, replacing it next day.

During the following year Haydon was continually engaged in lecturing and establishing schools of design in the provinces, benefiting by change of scene, and throwing himself with his usual ardor into local associations. When he revisited Scotland he went to Holyrood, and bargained with the housekeeper to be allowed to return at night and climb by candle-light up the gloomy little staircase by which the murderers of Rizzio reached Mary Stuart's dressing-room.

When he returned to town a new reign had begun, and Haydon applied, unsuccessfully of course, for the post of historical painter to Queen Victoria. The sight of the eighteen-years-old sovereign on her way to open Parliament interested him:

Her appearance was singular. Her large eye, open nostril, closed mouth, small form, grave demeanor and intellectual look—surrounded by nobles, ministers, ambassadors, peeresses, statesmen and guards—had something awful and peculiar.

Several years before this Haydon had written:—

There are two things which press upon one's mind from their merciless and irrevocable nature—the *growing* of children and

the *passing* of time. If children would but remain for ten years smiling cherubs, what delights they would be! And when once you have got possessed of the passing of time, nothing is such a stimulus or such an eternal haunter of conscience. For my part I have got such a habit of thinking of this that resting a moment makes me start up as if I had heard Time's eternal waterfall tumbling into the gulf below.

This fierce energy increased until in 1838 he wrote: "I never rest; I talk all night in my sleep, starting up. I scarce know whether I did not even relish ruin, as a source of increased activity. 'Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!'"

In the following year Haydon attained a long-cherished and oft-solicited ambition. A committee of gentlemen in Liverpool gave him a commission to paint "Wellington musing at Waterloo," and the Iron Duke promised to sit. Amongst Haydon's earnest preparations for this great task was a sacrifice with which all who have felt the companionship of the mere presence of books will sympathize:

Moved all my books up-stairs out of my painting-room, as they seduced me to read at wrong times. I felt pain at the separation, but it is right. I can now retire, read and write after due labor, but I miss my books and felt melancholy all day. . . . I do not feel at home in my painting-room without my books. I used to look up and see them and imagine as each name met my eyes that I saw the author. Dante, Petrarch, Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, and Tasso, with Vasari, smiled vividly like phantasmagoric visions, and my brain teemed with associations of their sublimity or charm. I look now and see a blank wall.

He was obliged to bring a few friends down by degrees, reproaching himself for his weakness, and strictly limiting them to one row on his writing-desk. Then in the evening he escapes to his book-room, unable to read for very delight at being surrounded by his favorites, but "walking about in extasy."

Whilst waiting for the duke to sit, Haydon and his Mary rushed over to Waterloo that he might sketch the background of his picture on the spot. Then a summons to Walmer came at last, and Haydon met his hero face to face—"looking like an eagle of the gods who had put on human shape and had grown silvery with age and service"\*—and found him much easier to get on with than could have been

guessed from his curt, cool, sarcastic letters. One almost wishes one could part with Haydon here—happy in sharing the home life of "the greatest man on earth, and the noblest"—joining in his romping games with six merry children who were staying at the castle, and his reverent participation in the simple services of the village church, and rejoicing in the universal approval of the picture on which he was engaged. It was one of the brightest episodes in Haydon's life.\*

Another followed, when in 1840 he was invited to lecture on art in the Ashmolean Museum, and was received by the vice-chancellor and wardens with courtesy and listened to by the students with delight. A characteristic incident amongst the Oxford hospitalities of this period was Haydon's walking back from a dinner-party—three or four miles, on a strange road, in "evening shoes"—because the friends who were to have driven him did not wish to leave so early, and congratulating himself on having had *his own way*—"the greatest of all blessings!"

In 1840 Haydon was commissioned by the committee of the Anti-Slavery Society to make a picture of its "great convention," which was of course to be a group of portraits. Very amusing traits of character appeared during the sittings:—

Scobell called: I said. "I shall place you, Thompson, and the negro together." . . . He sophisticated immediately on the propriety of placing the negro in the distance, as it would have *much greater effect*. Now I, who have never troubled myself in this cause, gloried in the imagination of placing the negro close by his emancipator. The emancipator shrank. I'll do it, though!

And Haydon adds, what is seen hardly anywhere else in his diary—an emphatic affirmatory oath.

Wonderfully true to Haydon's nature in their frank mixture of regret, censure, self-reproach, and self-justification, are the entries made in his journal when the news arrived of Wilkie's death at sea in 1841:

I feel as if a part of my head had fallen from my shoulders [he writes]. I miss something intellectual that I used to consult. . . . Poor dear Wilkie! With all thy timidities of character—with thy shrinking want of resolution, looking as if thou hadst sneaked through life pursued by the ghosts of forty Academicians—thy great genius, our early

\* In his "Table Talk" Haydon says: "What a singular look the Duke of Wellington always had, with his greyhound eye, his eagle nose, and mouth like a helpless infant learning to whistle!"

\* It is a fine instance of Haydon's passion for setting the world to rights that we find him (who prided himself on always eating his dinner in "ten minutes") writing a lecture to the duke on "going too long without his food. . . . I said I observed it at Walmer."

friendship, our long attachment, thy touching death and romantic burial brought thy loss bitterly to my heart.

Yet he declined to sign the address of condolence to Wilkie's mother because it was to be sent through the president and Council of the Royal Academy, and would have been "acknowledging an authority I dispute."

In the same year Haydon had a premonition of what was destined to be the culminating disappointment of his life; the great object for which he had fought with voice and pen for so many years, had wearied patrons, alienated friends, and injured his own prospects — State recognition of art — was achieved, and he was to reap no reward for his labors. The fine arts committee for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament sat and examined witnesses, but Haydon was not summoned. Yet he began to study fresco-painting with pathetic eagerness, "hoping against hope," and trying to disregard sinister rumors which reached him, that his want of Italian training would be a fatal bar to success in the competition. "No boy of eighteen is more eager to attain excellence than I am," he writes, "or more alive to and desirous of discovering my own errors;" and he prays with feverish intensity for "life and health, and eyes to realize the wishes of the commissioners."

I think [says Tom Taylor] that even those who up to this point have felt little admiration for either the man or the painter will hardly refuse him sympathy at this moment, when the goal was appearing just as his failing strength whispered to him that the race was not to be for his winning.

During the next few years the painful interest of the journals increases with every page. The old fight for existence goes on, while the painter's mind is racked between joy at the triumph of the principle which had always been his battle-cry, and mortification at the contemptuous and complete ignoring of his claims as its strenuous advocate.

My cartoon is up [he writes in 1842] — and makes my heart beat, as all large spaces do and ever have done. Difficulties to conquer — victories to win — enemies to beat — the nation to please — the honor of England to be kept up. Huzza — huzza — huzza — and one cheer more!

Then comes the usual record of pressing need, in which the very means of living had to be parted with to support life. "Tortured by having only seven shillings

in my pocket, and four shillings of that raised on one of my two pairs of spectacles."\*

The exhibition of cartoons took place in Westminster Hall in July, 1843. In June, Haydon had heard that the two sent in by him ("The Curse of Adam and Eve" and "The Entry of King John of France into London after Poitiers") were not selected for reward.

A day of great misery. I said to my dear love, "I am not included." Her expression was a study. She said, "We shall be ruined." I looked up my lectures, papers, and journals, and sent them to my dear Æschylus Barrett [afterwards Mrs. Browning]. I burnt loads of private letters, and prepared for executions.

It was some solace to the artist's wounded feelings that on the opening day all the young students crowded round him with warm congratulations, saying, "We owe all this to you!" But the blow had struck home, though he struggled manfully against it.

Awoke physically depressed. Got up, saying: "Is this Benjamin Robert Haydon? I'll see if I'll be conquered by cartoons!" I resolved to do some violent bodily exercise; so I moved out all my plasters, cleaned the windows myself (I don't wonder servants have good appetites!), dusted and got smothered, lifted till my back creaked, rowed the servant for not cleaning my plate (2 forks, 1 table-spoon, 6 teaspoons, 1 pepper-box, and 1 salt-spoon), and by perspiration and violent effort cleared out the cobwebs, and felt my dignity revive. Now I am safe.

He resolved to withdraw from the fresco competition, and began "Alexander killing a Lion,"† as "a great work to keep him up," while he lectured (sometimes delivering "twenty-two lectures in sixteen days") and painted portraits, or "Napoleons, cheap and small, rather than borrow." He always consistently acted on his axiom — "Work under any circumstances — all circumstances. A man who defers working because he wants tranquillity of mind will have lost the habit, when tranquillity comes." Thus, when a sheriff's officer

\* "His natural sight," says his son "was of little or no use to him at any distance, and he would wear, one over the other, sometimes two or three pairs of large, round, concave spectacles, so powerful as greatly to diminish objects. . . . He was, as he said, the first blind man who ever successfully painted pictures."

† "Spent the day with a lion, and came home with a contempt for the whole human species," he writes. "Before the day was over we got intimate. He showed me his hideous teeth, suffered me to touch his paw and smooth his mane, and affectionately leaned his head aside as I patted him. The lioness was as playful as a kitten, and on my stooping down to get my port-crayon gave me a pat on the head like the blow of a sledge-hammer, but I luckily had my hat on."

came to arrest Haydon, he put a bracelet on the man's arm and made him pose as a model for a classic figure! When a cab-wheel came off as he went down Chancery Lane, "the horse in his struggles put himself in the action of Bucephalus; I studied him gloriously." When he ran a bayonet half an inch into his foot — "as I wanted blood, I painted away on the ground of my 'Saragossa' whilst the surgeon was coming. Never lose an opportunity!"

But this high-pressure work was carried on at a heavy cost to his overstrung nerves. "I have Satan's head to do,"\* he writes. "In the middle of the night I saw his large, fiery, cruel-rimmed eye, and kept staring at the dark where nothing was for an hour." Or in a happier moment: "I awoke, and felt as if a heavenly choir was leaving my slumbers. . . . I had not dreamt, but *heard*, the inspiration."

A bright and charming interlude in the growing distress and darkness of the journals is Haydon's visit to Mrs. Gwatkin, Sir Joshua Reynolds's niece. She was an animated and still beautiful woman of eighty-nine, "her figure fine and elastic, upright as a dart, with nothing of decrepitude." The ear-trumpet she was obliged to use added to the interest of her appearance in an artist's eyes, as a reminder of her famous uncle. The object of Haydon's visit was to examine Sir Joshua's papers relating to the Academy dispute which led to his resignation; and that accomplished, with the active help of Mrs. Gwatkin, she told him some interesting stories of Dr. Johnson — who seems to have been more than ordinarily surly for her benefit — Goldsmith, Garrick, and other illustrious friends of her youth.

At the end of 1845 Haydon wrote: —

Next month I am sixty years of age. . . . I hope I may yet last twenty years. If I do, I'll do greater things than I have ever done. I feel I shall. In God I trust. Amen.

Alas! in the April of the following year, at whose opening Haydon had written, "I feel as young as ever," he exhibited at the Egyptian Hall his newly finished pictures — "The Banishment of Aristides" and "The Burning of Rome," part of a proposed series "for the decoration of the old House of Lords." *Four* friends attended the private view! The public

were rushing by tens of thousands to see General Tom Thumb in the next room; and this they continued to do, until, after six weeks of torturing neglect, Haydon closed his exhibition, with a loss of more than a hundred pounds.

Two months of a failing, convulsive struggle to finish the remaining four pictures of the series followed. Creditors were pressing, threats of execution came by every post, entreaties for pecuniary help were met with silence, or with donations so small that to a man owing £3,000 they must have seemed a mockery. Sleep failed Haydon; his heart sank, his brain grew confused, he sat in his painting-room unable to work, staring at his picture "like an idiot." He returned a parcel of books for which he had not paid, lest a young bookseller should suffer in his impending ruin. On June 21st he wrote in the diary which had so long been his confidant and resource: "Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow and got up in agitation." On the 22nd: "God forgive me. Amen. Finis of B. R. Haydon. 'Stretch me no longer on this rough world.'"

About twelve o'clock that morning his only surviving daughter, a beautiful girl of whom he was very fond and proud, went to his painting-room in her mother's absence. "What she saw," writes her brother, "I never dared to speak to her about." Shortly before her own death, which occurred after a few years darkened by the dreadful memory, she told him. Her father was stretched lifeless on the floor, before an unfinished picture sprinkled with his blood; with two frightful gashes in his throat, and a bullet-wound in his skull. On a table near lay his open diary, his will — in which he spoke of his wife as "a heroine in adversity and an angel in peace" — and some farewell letters. Medical evidence showed disease of the brain, and he was buried beside his beloved children in Paddington churchyard.

No attempt can be made here to do more than indicate the extent of Haydon's struggles, toils, and sufferings, or to estimate the value of his achievements in the art he adored — only to direct some sympathetic attention to a very "human document," in its obvious and daring candor, its display of boundless ambition and self-esteem, its agony of baffled aspiration, closely resembling that other diary, in which a young pilgrim on the same thorny path much more recently laid bare her soul.

\* "C. — N —'s eyes, Lockhart's melancholy, Byron's voluptuousness, Napoleon's mouth, Hazlitt's brews, and Haydon's forehead will make a very fine devil," he says.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
THE BALEARICS.

THE Briton who designs to go from Barcelona to Palma, the capital of Majorca, must be prepared for a shipload of fellow travellers. He would do well, therefore, to offer the steward as large a bribe as his pocket will allow. Thus he may get a bed in the best ventilated part of the ship, in company with fewer sick Spaniards than elsewhere.

I did not know this, and so was nearly asphyxiated by the foulness of the cabin which I shared with five other men. Of these, four were ill quite without rhyme or reason. They made the night hideous with their groans, and in the morning, when we were in the blue Bay of Palma, came up-stairs enchantingly sorrowful.

An affable young Spaniard with whom I walked the ship's deck in the gloaming explained to me that the Balearic islanders, though dreadfully dull and unenterprising by nature, have a passion for occasional trips to Barcelona, Rome, and the Holy Land. About Madrid they are not at all inquisitive. Annually, however, they charter a special steamer for Palestine, to enable a number of them to soothe their souls at Jerusalem. The average aristocrat of Palma is not fully matured unless he can talk about the Holy Sepulchre from personal experience.

This was very interesting, and prepared me for the discovery that the islanders are a simple, respectable community, by no means likely to set the Mediterranean on fire.

As it was a mild night, many of the poorer passengers camped on deck, with the stars for a blanket. There was a family of peasants which soon took my fancy—mother and father; two pretty daughters with transparent olive skins, great black eyes, and dark tresses a yard long; a brother; and a young man who, I judge, was no relation to the rest. They squatted in a close circle, and ate bread and olives, and drank from a bottle, now and then showing fine white sets of teeth as they laughed all together over some little jest. But by and by, when papa had lit his pipe and gone to the side of the ship, when mamma had taken her younger daughter in her arms and lain herself down for repose, and the brother had considerably turned his back, the other daughter and the other young man entered upon a diverting hour or two. They took a large blanket, and wrapped themselves behind it; and thus, still seated, they caressed each other, and looked into each other's

eyes, and, in short, enjoyed all the sedate pleasures of courtship. It was too bad to watch them from above as we did.

In another quarter of the ship, a brace of Balearic trollops were at the same time bringing discredit upon their nation by singing ribald songs. They lolled on benches the while, with cigarettes between their teeth, and with a row of admiring young Spaniards in front of them. Now and again the captain drew near, and raised his forefinger at the girls. But they did not stop for his captainship, and when I withdrew to my unattractive bed they were still chanting, with the tinkle of a mandoline to add to their seductiveness in the starlight.

The Balearic group consists of four islands and sundry rocks. Every one has heard of Majorca and Minorca, the two most important of the four. Then comes Iviza, an out-of-the-way little land, and Formentera, which is barely half-a-dozen miles from Iviza. All told, the archipelago musters rather more than three hundred thousand inhabitants.

Palma is very pretty from the sea. There are blue mountains away to the left, with nice angular summits; and a little hillock of pines and olives, with a castle at the top of it, further charms the eye as one enters the bay. Chief things of all, however, are the windmills. There are windmills to the left of the town, and windmills to the right as far as the eye can carry along the curve of the sands beyond, and all the sails are going round with a sturdy resolution that makes one think Palma is one of the most industrious centres in the south.

Really it is nothing of the kind. The climate is against such an idea. Even in spring, when the breezes are constant and strong, the air here seems very relaxing. I felt unstrung on my first day when, with an effort, I had dragged my legs from the hotel to the seashore—a distance of but two hundred yards; nor did the perfume of the stagnant water in the harbor serve as a pick-me-up.

As a city it is a captivating mixture of modes past and present. A great braggart wall still pretends to play the part of a fortification, and some guns lie anyhow hard by. It has narrow streets running towards white *culs de sac*; a surprising number of old churches, so dark within that one is sure to stumble over some worshipper's leg in the attempt to explore them; a monastery turned into a prison wherein thieves and murderers saunter about the fair Gothic cloisters—when

they are not making shoes or chair-bottoms; solid palaces of the nobility, with dainty courtyards and staircases, and antiquarian treasures up-stairs; and a lively little market wherein you may see divers strange kinds of fish alive and kicking, and where old women are content to sit and doze among their capscums and onions from daybreak until the time of the Ave Maria.

No doubt the cathedral is Palma's proudest possession. From the sea it looks like a great sea-urchin, so assertive are its various little spires. But it is crumbling apace, and builders and architects have periodically botched it with scant care for the fitness of things. It is as dark as a common church inside, and the visitor must not expect to be welcomed with obeisances like those of the fee-loving sacristans of Continental cathedrals. I dare say a few Spanish ladies will be found kneeling in the gloom of the choir. For the islanders are a prayerful people; and in the local almanac they are told which saints to address for relief upon particular occasions. Thus St. Leonard is reputed a good "celestial advocate" against an apoplexy, St. Herman for a toothache, St. Juan de Facundo as a reconciler of domestic discords, and so forth.

But if there chance to be an intelligent young priest in the building, and he espies in the stranger a yearning for a "sight," there is one thing towards which he will not fail to lead him. There is a yellow marble tomb at the head of the choir, near which the ladies are kneeling. A key is thrust into a wooden painted panel of the marble tomb, and a door having been opened, the coffin of his Majesty Don James II. of Majorca is pulled forth. The thing has a glass lid. Thus the monarch is seen only too well. 'Tis a burlesque of death, this withered skeleton in crimson robes, with cheap imitation ermine as a border. His Majesty died in 1311, and with care he may last another half a millennium; but he is not a nice spectacle.

The Hotel de Mallorca of Palma is a tolerable house for a week or two. Don Juan, the master, likes Englishmen — no doubt because they do not trouble to tax his bills. But a visitor must not look for luxury here. The staircases are of white stone, with iron railings, and the bedrooms are flagged. Worse still, the dates on the dinner-table are not so fresh as they ought to be in latitude 39°. And, worst of all, there is here quite enough of that iniquitous disregard of the clock to infuriate

certain of my countryfolk. You nurse your appetite famously for the meal which some one in the hotel tells you is at eleven o'clock. At half past eleven you have got so weary of wandering to and fro between the dining-room and the passage that you go out for a little walk to pass the time. Midday finds the meal no further advanced. And only at about half past twelve does the soup make its tardy appearance. Nothing is more apt than such treatment to envenom the stranger's judgment of a place.

Some of my readers may like to hear that Don Juan keeps a special apartment for newly married couples. He opened it to us with much animation, and told of the latest occupants of it. It has a bed like a catafalque, and all its furniture is funereal. Moreover, it is on the ground-floor, and with a poor amount of natural light. Don Juan mentioned the isolation of the room as if it were a virtue. Perhaps it is; but, for myself, I should as soon think of spending a honeymoon on an Atlantic liner as here.

Opposite the Hotel de Mallorca is the Palma Club. This is a wonder of an institution. It has all the rooms that the best of Pall Mall clubs need have, and a ball-room besides of quite palatial splendor. The *Daily Telegraph* lies on its tables, neatly folded, and there is a plethora of other newspapers from different parts of the world. In the card-room, of an afternoon the gilded youth of Palma lose tenpences at a time without turning a hair; in the billiard-room they show that they have much to learn; and in all rooms alike you chance upon white-haired old gentlemen fast asleep, with their hands crossed upon their stomachs, and the mouths of their innocent old faces offering seductive fields of exploration to the more enterprising of the Palma flies.

One day there was a great demonstration in Palma. The walls were placarded; the working men of all trades were adjured to meet in the theatre to hear an address on their grievances from a Continental demagogue. It was a melting afternoon. Nevertheless, the room was packed. The working men took their pipes with them, smoked, and listened to the demagogue's eloquent words about Aristotle, and Plato, and J. S. Mill. But they were not at all excited, and many of them gave their earnest advocate no other tribute of thanks than rather equivocal smiles.

Upon the whole, life in the Balearics is so easy that it does not provoke discontent.

From a scenic point of view, Majorca is nothing less than bewitching — that is, among the mountains. The middle of the island is a broad plain, very fertile in figs and grain and vines, but frightfully hot in summer. White country towns are studied about in this verdure, and quaint little places some of them are. In Inca, for example, I found a church having an altar to the Trinity, with a life-size statue of God the Father. He was represented as an old man with a white beard, a gilded sceptre in the right hand, the globe under the left hand, and wearing a blue cloak held at the neck by a golden clasp.

I was happy in meeting with a congenial Briton in Palma, and together we spent several memorable days among the mountains. It was spring, and the country was full of asphodels and other flowers. The weather was not at all serene, but it had sparkling moods, and the storms about the heads of the high peaks kept the lower streams and waterfalls in a picturesque condition. We were seldom long without the purling of brooks in our ears, and wherever the water ran there was a brake of maiden-hair and other ferns, and the gnarled olives were most grotesque.

We slept one night in a public guest-house built by the Archduke Luis of Austria on the western coast, where he has an estate of cliffs and hanging woods. Room, and beds, and platters were provided free. There were about a dozen of us, and we all feasted on the food we brought with us in a long room dimly lit by lamps no better than night-lamps. Three of the party were dark-eyed girls with the air of patricians; and they were waited on by the servants who had accompanied them from Palma on the picnic. But when the moon was up, and there was a broad band of silver across the sea five hundred feet below the *hospederia*, and it was bedtime, then the spirit of mirth came upon these young ladies. Our room and theirs adjoined — nay, more, were connected by a door. Heavens! with what melodious laughter they let us know of their nearness to us! And anon first one pair of dark eyes and then another played hide-and-seek with us. But at length, with one more resonant peal, they turned the key upon us, and fell silent to our flatteries.

"Youth! youth!" sighed the old dame of the house in the morning, when she talked of our noise. But she did not seem to think the girls had been so very indecorous.

The monastery of Lluch, high up in the mountains, afforded us another interesting

night. I shall never forget our journey to this place. It was by an ascent like a wall from the town of Soller, with startling precipices fringed with orchids; then along a little plateau, with the cliffs of Puig Mayor (Majorca's highest peak) close to one side; afterwards, by a sudden plunge into woods of ilex and pine, through a defile so narrow that only a single person could pass at a time, with a swirling green torrent at our feet and perpendicular rocks upon either hand; and so, by sharp ascents and descents, to the upland valley in which the conventual buildings appeared.

It is a disestablished monastery, nowadays turned into a school for little boys. But the tradition of its hospitality survives, and we were told we should be bedded and adequately fed. When, however, we had walked up its stately avenue of plane-trees, and entered its white corridors in search of advice, it was as if we were in a house tenanted by ghosts only. Over the various doors in the corridors were such words as "carpenter," "cook," "serving-man," etc. But neither carpenter, cook, nor serving-man appeared in response to our resounding knocks.

So we wandered on until the distant sound of boyish voices chanting reached our ears; and, still proceeding, we came to another door inscribed "music-room." Here the little collegians in blue blouses were having a choir practice, and very sweetly they sang while we listened.

We took pot-luck in this monastery of Lluch. That is to say, we did not present visiting-cards and credentials to the principal, but fared like the three or four other pilgrims who arrived ere nightfall. These included a brace of gendarmes with the manners of a courtier, the mother of one of the little collegians, and an ancient nondescript. We all sat in the great old kitchen, and ate at the heavy wooden benches which were set up and down the room. The fireplace was gigantic, with many square yards of area under its chimney-shaft. Settles were placed round a little heap of blazing twigs, and here, in this winsome chiaroscuro, we all grouped while the servitors prepared our meal. It was like a picture out of Don Quixote.

But in the morning, just when we were about to depart after our chocolate, word was brought us that the principal desired our company. He amiably rated us for not allowing him to give us better value for the doles we had bestowed for our accommodation, and then sent for one of the little blue-bloused scholars, and bade him

escort us to the *sanctum sanctorum* of Lluch — which else we should have missed.

The little lad led us outside, up over a cumber of limestone rocks scratched by the nails of many boots, until we reached a small recess. There, with the roar of the wind about us, and black clouds over our heads, the boy said solemnly:—

“Here it was that they found the Mother of God.”

Like other monasteries, this of Lluch has its special Virgin, which now and then attracts the devout in numbers over its surrounding crags and steep mountain passes.

Some years ago Georges Sand said of the people of Palma: “The men do not read, nor do the women sew. The only indication of domestic work is the smell of garlic which tells of kitchen labors; and the only traces of special diversion are the cigar ends which bestrew the pavement.”

The Majorcans as a rule may merit this little shrug of contempt. On the other hand, they are very faithful believers in Holy Church.

Of the three islands, Majorca, Minorca, and Iviza, the last seems the most temperate. It is only about ninety miles in circumference, headlands included. Statistics prove it to be less cold in winter, and less warm in summer, than Majorca. During 1885 and 1886, it rained here on only forty-nine days annually. The death rate, moreover, is but 22·9 per thousand, compared with the 27·7 of Majorca.

So few people think it worth while to cross the fifteen leagues of waterway which separates Iviza from Majorca that a little information about this island may be welcomed.

I arrived there one Sunday afternoon, after a six hours' steam from Palma. It was a cloudless day, and the scarlet and mottled cliffs and the purple snags of the coast were surprisingly pretty as we approached the harbor. Entrance into the port is a trifle delicate; with an east wind strong upon it one might suppose it impossible. But once inside we were in a spacious lagoon, with the white town on the rocky slopes to the left still girdled by huge fortifications, and a bright green stretch of plain in front and to the right. There was something that was really quite tropical about the verdure of this plain at first sight. Here and there were tall palms soaring above the nether greenery and the white houses which nestled amid the trees.

From the water Iviza was charming. Once ashore, however, it seemed advisable to hold one's handkerchief to one's nose. Even the Ivicenes — or rather the more spirited and enlightened of them — admit that they are sadly negligent in sanitary matters. But “negligent” is really too mild a word. I marvel I kept clear of a typhus now that I recall the filthy and horrible pools and rivulets of sewage upon which my bedroom window opened here in Iviza. There is, however — I am convinced of it — a special Providence for tourists.

I have used the words “*my* bedroom.” But that is a little presumptuous of me. I had but the third part of a room. An agreeable young gentleman from Barcelona and a deaf commercial traveller were my comrades. It was not a bit of use protesting. “Is there not,” I asked, “some hospitable house in this fine place [the white old mansions of the upper town are very impressive] in which a stranger would be accommodated?”

But the innkeeper was in no doubt upon the matter. His townsfolk were not made after that pattern. The owners of the comely white houses up yonder, with their Moorish windows, their arcades, and the respectable escutcheons in marble over their portals, were of a very long lineage, and proud. It was not to be thought of seriously — this notion of mine of petitioning for a bed from such people. If I did not care to sleep three in a room, the steamer was ready for me, and I could return to Barcelona in an hour or so.

His worship the judge was holding assize in Iviza, as it happened. We dined together in the inn when his day's work was over; and a bevy of other judicial functionaries were in attendance upon him. If the judge — a leathery old gentleman, with trembling hands, a wicked small waxed moustache, and a naughty habit of swearing — if his worship was willing to share his room with a deputy judge (though to be sure he was obliged), why should I seek a chamber all to myself? This was reasonable; and so I bowed to circumstances, and found them, as usual, more tolerable than they gave promise of being.

Later, I discovered many good qualities in this innkeeper, who was widower, confectioner, and landed proprietor as well. He was a touchy fellow; but that need not stand to his discredit in the esteem of an Englishman; especially when, upon cross-examination, I learned that his fellow countrymen think — I know not

upon what experience of them — my countrymen remarkable for nothing so much as their pride. He was, further, very solicitous in aiding me to get a thorough knowledge of Iviza and the Ivicenes during the few days I spent in his island.

Upon the subject of local pride, a tale told by the Archduke Luis of Austria may here aptly be echoed. The archduke, who has studied the Balearics like no other man, was travelling in Iviza in company with a guide. In one village, where they passed the night, the guide made complaint that he had not dined anything like as well as his master. "You must excuse my troubling you by saying this," proceeded the worthy fellow, "but, although I am poor, I reckon myself as good a man as you." The archduke straightway ordered a hen to be got ready for the grumbler, as a supplement to his meal.

One's food is so important a matter in the outlying parts of Europe that I make no apology for here describing the *puchero* of the Iviza inn. The cook thought as well of it as the archduke's guide of himself. Not so the judge, whose venerable nose tilted in scorn of it when it was brought to us, with much parade, in a cloud of steam. It consisted mainly of crabs' legs, mutton scraps, and pimento; and was about as hot a mess of pottage as even an Anglo-Indian could desire. The rest of the dinner was made out with sufficient effect upon a stew of mutton and leeks and potatoes, fried eels from the lagoon, and abundance of the native wine — a liquor heady rather than generous. The landlord stood to attention during the meal, with a very combative look upon his sturdy face. He was ready to do battle with any one — even the judge of assize — on behalf of his and his cook's abilities. His Worship, though given to carping when no one contradicted him, seldom cared to take up the gage with the Iviza innkeeper.

Of old customs there is naturally greater survival in Iviza than in Majorca and Minorca, which have closer intercourse with the Continent. The Ivicenes are in bad repute as law-abiding people. They prefer, like the Corsicans, to take the law into their own hands. Bloodshed is comparatively common among them; and when a peasant has thus committed homicide, he seldom chooses to wait for the judge of assize to condemn him. He evades the island, and finds immunity in Algiers, or on the Continent.

The fair sex are of course the chief cause of the more fatal quarrels on the

island. To tell the truth, the local methods of wooing a girl seem well adapted to provoke irritation. She receives her suitors *en masse*. Sunday evenings are the conventional visiting times. The damsel then takes up her station in the paternal porch, and waits for the young men who have conceived a fancy for her. Each youth has the privilege of sitting by her, alone, for a limited number of minutes. He must make the most of this opportunity, for the other aspirants will not tolerate an extension of the time. If he does not get up after a while, and make way for a successor, his rivals show unmistakable impatience. Nor can one wonder that now and again, when the maiden is peculiarly attractive, the youths find this formal *séance* too much for their tempers. Though unseemly, it is not surprising that they should quarrel and fight with each other. But whatever happens the girl has a stereotyped part to play. She may interpose to prevent bloodshed in her very presence; otherwise it is decorous in her to welcome each suitor with the same measure of civility. Not until she has had as thorough experience of them as the Sunday entertainments afford her does she show the preference she feels for one in particular.

Of female beauty, Iviza has its fair share. The Sunday I spent in the island gave me an excellent opportunity of seeing certain of the country belles. There was a national dance in the afternoon, at one end of the dusty *alameda* under the shadow of the great walls of the capital. Here the lads and lasses mustered, and danced in couples to the tattoo of a drum, the monotonous music of a long, wooden pipe pierced with but a single hole, and the clatter of castanets. It is not difficult to trace in the movements of this dance its utilitarian origin. The youths' excited leaps and advances, and the demure recessions and turns of the damsels are even now suggestive of the courtship which doubtless they symbolize. Briefly, it seems as if the main object of the male in this posturing were to exhibit his utmost agility, strength, and endurance; and of the female to egg him on to still more strenuous exertions.

I am sorry to add that when the dancing had proceeded for an hour or two a stately police officer in his Sunday splendor and glittering sword came and dispersed the merrymakers. Iviza is not wholly in charity with its old customs. The Saturday newspaper, which here constitutes "the press," is very much down upon them.

Its articles have an absurd tendency to bracket together the national dance, the imperfect sanitary arrangements, and the very deficient education of the island, as things in equal need of reformation out of existence.

It is no joke to ascend from the Iviza hotel by the seashore to the governmental buildings and the cathedral on the summit of the enclosed rock which is the site of the capital. Once upon a time, the city must have been all but impregnable. Nowadays, however, the business part of it is all on the Marina. Here are the shops, in surprising numbers, the markets, and such factories as Iviza can boast of. But no sooner is the drawbridge passed, and the portal to the inner precincts entered, than you are in aristocratic tranquillity. Two or three defaced Roman statues are embedded in the walls, hinting at the island's history when it was Ebusus. But the zigzagging streets are so steep that you have little inclination to examine them, or to read the long Latin inscription under the arms of the king of Spain in whose time the city gate was built into its present form.

On your way you may look into the town prison if you like. I discovered it by hazard. The Cimmerian darkness of a certain house, the door of which was open, excited my curiosity. I entered with the impudence acquired by a long career of sight-seeing. To the right was a spacious room with a barred window much cobwebbed, through which I could see several men sitting on their haunches, making straw baskets, and jesting with each other. In front was an open room in which two women were making a bed. The room contained nothing at all except the bed on a trestle support. It was a prison cell. And the bedmakers were not at all loth to put their arms akimbo and talk a while with me. They told me there were three-and-twenty prisoners in the prison, and that they had not such a very bad time. So I judged when, on leaving, I saw the faces of a group of the felons massed at the cobwebbed grill, grinning like Cheshire cats.

At the summit of the city are the oldest of Iviza's buildings. They do not date from the Arragonese conquest in 1235; but the figures 1503 on the "Casa consistorial primitiva" show that some of them are of a respectable age. The thick walls and small, barred windows whisper of the uses to which these early dwellings were put in times of siege, whether the assailants were Christians at war with

Spain, or Algerians at war with any one who might be thought worth robbing.

The churches of Iviza are not entertaining. They are mostly old, but not old enough. Their paintings are nothing less than monstrous. By the way, it struck me as significant that the money-boxes by the church doors were not here, as in Majorca, commonly for the Holy Land; but in one case at least for "the Iviza foundlings" instead. This recalls a deplorable trait in the community. It seems to be more condemnatory of the Ivicenes than the most caustic judge of assize could be.

Iviza is indeed one of the most illiterate parts of the Spanish realm. Hence, perhaps, its criminality. In the country districts, less than the three per cent. of the people can read and write. Compare this with the twenty-six per cent. of Mahon, the capital of Minorca; and it will be seen that the judge of assize has good reason to lament the barbaric condition of the little island.

The most illiterate district of Iviza is that of St. Eulalia, in the east. Here there is but one school for 2,597 boys. Is it a marvel that upon such a basis the Ivicenes are very superstitious? They are methodical church-goers, to be sure, but find no difficulty in condoning the wrongs they do to their neighbors. Though constant in supplication of the Virgin and the saints, they seem to have a certain Oriental gift of resignation in misfortune. "It is the will of God," they say; and that assuages their distress.

The Archduke Luis tells us how fearfully they regarded him when they saw him sketching in their midst.

"We are very poor," they pleaded, "and very unfortunate. Our olives have not given us a drop of oil these two years, and now this new calamity is come upon us. Who knows what will happen to our island from these marks (*puntacions*)?"

This is how they cure a mule of a colic. A peasant stands on each side of the animal, and, taking a white hen, the two men pass it to and from each other over the mule, with the words: "Take it, Juan," and "Take it, Pedro."

They would not on any account disturb a swallow's nest. Cats they esteem almost as sacred as swallows. The man who hears the hoot of an owl may confidently expect some bad news. Friday is a good day for harvesting, but an inauspicious day for a burial. Tuesday is a day of evil augury. The woman who has a bit of seal skin about her person may hope to have easy "accouchements."

These are some of the "notions" of Iviza.

I talked for an hour one day with one of the Iviza doctors in a *café*. The doctor and the others were delighted to idle away the time with cigars and luscious drinks which required to be stirred with a spoon. A professor of music was further sent for to do me honor, and, having bowed beautifully, the musician diverted us in our conversation by playing as many of the European national anthems as he knew, and loud enough to be heard on the Continent fifty miles away.

With much desultory information, the doctor told me that, except in summer, he has little to do.

"But," he added, "it is even worse in Formentera, where they have no diseases at all."

Formentera is the fourth island of the Balearics—a triangular rocky mass almost connected with Iviza by a long cape mounted with a lighthouse. Its death-rate is only about thirteen per thousand, and the people live long. The inhabitants number about two thousand, many of them being of very high lineage.

I am sorry I was unable to get a closer view of this island. They told me of its richness in fruits and the beauty of its valleys. The most I can say of it is that, seen from the battlements of Iviza at sunset time, with its white cliffs red as a flame, and the intermediate sea a purple so dark that it was almost black, it was an object not easily to be forgotten.

At such a time the whole island of Iviza also is transfigured; the still lagoon harbor is then a placid mirror, in which the marvellous interlacing of the turquoise and gold and fire of the western heavens is reflected to the minutest wisp of cloud. The tinkling of the Ave Maria bells of the old churches ascends harmoniously to you on your elevated perch, which perchance you share with a nature-loving young priest from the clergy-house adjacent. You may thus sit among the asphodels and blue crocuses on the grass-grown embrasures of the fort until the sun has gone and the chill air warns you it is time to descend and get ready for the *puchero* of the inn. For the moment you hardly remember that you are in the midst of ruin and desolation—that the very families with stately histories who live on in privacy in the burly white mansions close to the Government House are almost in their dotage, and that the stupendous walls and rockworks which once made

Iviza well-nigh invulnerable are cracked and crumbling so that a single discharge of one of the city's guns would involve no small peril by collapse. With the harmonious music of the church bells in your ears, the sight of the fair green landscape of the plain beneath, and the further sound of children's voices at play hundreds of feet below, you could fancy you were in some lovely land where Arcadian simplicity and happiness had their abode.

This is your sunset humor in Iviza. But long ere you are at the bottom of the hill, on your way back to the inn, the one mood is ousted by another. The dirt and dilapidation is too much for you. Even the sight of the refined little octagonal market-hall, with orange and lemon trees bowering its stalls for meat or fish, cannot make you reckless of the abounding bad smells. Instead of the melody of church bells and infant voices you now hear the frenzied "chuck-chuck" of the green frogs in the marshes annexed to the lagoon. And so you stumble up the steep steps of the inn, and by a malodorous passage reach your bedroom. Here the first object that meets the eye is a crucifix, the plaster figure upon which has very gory knees. Probably the deaf commercial traveller has just been washing, and has used all the water in the little jug which the inn supplies for three of us.

"I do not love Iviza," observes the pleasant young gentleman from Barcelona, whose father has sent him thither to buy all the nuts and figs of the island; and for the moment you quite agree with him in his dislike of the poor little island.

In one of the churches of the town there is a sepulchral slab, with skull and bones chiselled on it, and the motto: "Sum qui sum, et non quod eram."

It would be charitable to apply these words to poor little Iviza herself.

The man who cannot enter into the spirit of the countries he visits had far better stay by his own fireside, and dream of Elysium.

About Minorca, I am sorry to say, I cannot pretend to be very enthusiastic. It is a flat island, only some two hundred and fifty miles in area, and with not a quarter as much shade on it as it ought to have. The thirty-four thousand people who live on it must have as dull a time as the dullest of them could wish for.

After perambulating the island from end to end (that is, from Port Mahon to Ciudadela), wonder possesses the soul of a Briton that his country should ever have thought

it worth the lamentation the loss of it aroused. It was a clear case of distance lending enchantment.

The ballad-mongers of the last century were very foolish when they wrote such stuff as this :—

Well may each Briton view Mahon  
With conscious shame and horror,  
And well may G——e's setting sun  
Go down in tears of sorrow.

Poor Byng may have erred or he may not; but he was worth two or three Minorcas whether he erred or whether he did not err.

The Spanish geography books for schoolboys call Minorca "a pearl of such priceless value that for its position and its safe and roomy harbor it is the envy of every nation." One needn't believe the geography books, however. I am sure we have long ago given up desiring Minorca. A century ago it was different. We were then smarting from the loss of it, after an occupation of nearly fifty years (1708-1756); indeed, a double loss, for whereas we recovered it by the treaty of Fontainebleau in 1768, we had in 1782 again to surrender it to the French. Even this was not our "very last appearance" in the island. In 1798, for the third time, the Union Jack was mounted in Mahon, and the good Minorquins (who had got to love us and our rule) gave us a welcome home again. But the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, for the third time sent us packing, and since then our interest in the island has been historic only.

It is not a little depressing to wander about the lizard-haunted ruins which still testify to British vigor in Minorca. Spain will have none of our forts and batteries. She thinks her notion of building upon the other side of the strait which leads from the sea to Port Mahon far superior. Perhaps she is right. If the works which have been there progressing for the last few years continue to progress to their completion, we shall have scant encouragement to assail Minorca for the fourth time. As a fortification, that of La Mola is hardly to be excelled in the Mediterranean. Our Gibraltar is reckoned but a poor thing by its side. It already bristles with long-nosed guns, and the extent of its barracks, store and ammunition depôts, with the general strength of the position and the imposing nature of the engineering, certainly, as a whole, make the *débris* of our batteries upon the other side, massive though they are, look somewhat trivial.

Spain is very jealous of the secrets of La Mola. The foreigner who makes acquaintance with them must be a very sharp fellow, as the strictest orders have been issued to keep all strangers aloof from the fort. An introduction to the chief engineer is so much paper spoiled.

When the fort is finished it will be as nearly impregnable as it need be. One wonders whether Spain will not soon regret expending so many dollars upon so small an island. Of course, Port Mahon, with its broad, safe channel about two miles in length, is a desirable haven enough. But we have lived through the old days when it was a fair feat of navigation to voyage from Marseilles to Algiers, and a stroke of luck to make the journey without being forced to run somewhere for shelter from a storm. In fact, Minorca seems nowadays to be an obsolete island, and it is a marvel some one connected with the Spanish exchequer has not perceived it.

One comes to this conclusion while standing among the grass-overgrown stones of Fort San Felipe, with the empty shells of the barracks we built here for our soldiers in the middle of the last century looking gaunt and pathetic and desolate between one's feet and the superb ultramarine reaches of the sea below.

La Mola is well in view from San Felipe and Fort Marlborough. Indeed, it looks as if it might be dominated by a sufficiently strong artillery force on our side of the channel. No matter; the trial will probably never be made. The white tombs of our soldiers will, it may safely be prophesied, never echo the sound of another bombardment. They are in the last stage of decrepitude and decay, and all by this time as blank of inscription as if they were prehistoric monuments. They stand sentinel upon a terrace on a headland of rock, with the ruins of our walls and bastions around them. Snails climb their desiccated sides, and there is a profusion of grass and spring flowers about their bases. Perhaps the neglect to which they are devoted is a little chilling to the soul. But really it need not be. They could hardly lie in a prouder cemetery than this, dug out of the living rock, and their graves do but share in the ruin of the fort and batteries they died defending.

I am inclined to think that one appreciates little Minorca best when one is leaving it to return to Majorca, the mountains of which look very pretty from the asphodel-covered barrens of its western shores. It does not succeed in endearing

itself to us while we are among its white roads, white villages, and windmills. But afterwards one is prone to remember it with a more intimate feeling than either Majorca or Iviza evokes. Even so a man may be supposed to feel when he regards an estate in which he has no personal interest, but which anciently belonged to his great-grandfather, whose honored bones lie under a fine tomb in the village church hard by.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
HAMPTON COURT.\*

FEW of our historic buildings recall the names of their founders as inevitably as Hampton Court suggests the name of Thomas Wolsey. We may think of Windsor Castle or the Tower of London without thinking of William the Conqueror or Julius Cæsar; we may occasionally forget that Westminster Hall was first raised by Rufus, or that St. James's was originally built by Henry VIII.; but no one whose thoughts are turned for a few moments to Hampton Court ever fails to remember that it was created by the son of the Ipswich tradesman. There is no more striking figure in English history than the great cardinal who ruled the kingdom for nearly twenty years, and whose aims, even when they cannot be called lofty, were always extended and magnificent. Mr. Law, who has recently completed his valuable "History of Hampton Court," does full justice to Wolsey's character and conceptions. When he was established in power, the Emperor Charles and Francis I. contended for his friendship, and his official emoluments from Church and State were swelled by pensions from both these sovereigns. The income he enjoyed as lord chancellor and primate of the northern province was very large. Besides this, the revenues of three sees whose holders were foreigners fell into his hands; he secured also the wealthy bishopric of Winchester, and the great abbacy of St. Albans. Endowed with such resources as these, this aspiring genius was able to lavish on his undertakings sums that would have exhausted the treasury of many princes.

In January, 1515, the Knights Hospitalers of St. John granted a lease of their

manor of Hampton Court for ninety-nine years to Thomas Wolsey, Archbishop of York, at a yearly rental of £50. The most reverend lessee was created cardinal in September of the same year, and he resolved that the habitation which he had already begun to erect on his new possession should be worthy of his new dignities and ever-growing greatness. Mr. Law's careful and interesting volumes contain a full account of the rise, progress, and vicissitudes of the noble palace thus designed, and the narrative is embellished with abundant illustrations, which add greatly to the attractions of the work.

Wolsey's edifice consisted of five great courts, surrounded by public and private rooms, and provided with all the accessories of regal state and enjoyment. The great west front of the building, when first finished, presented an aspect very different from its present appearance. "The central gateway, now dwarfed to three stories, was then a grand and imposing Tudor gate-house, or square tower, five stories in height with four corner octagonal turrets, which were capped by leaden cupolas adorned with crockets, pinnacles, and gilded vanes." The first court, which is still the largest quadrangle in the palace, led into a second, called the Clock Court, where the cardinal had his private apartments. Here were placed medallion busts of Roman emperors, which are sometimes erroneously stated to have been presents from Leo X. On the inner side of the gateway under the Clock Tower were displayed the cardinal's arms, which curiously enough were left undisturbed by Henry VIII. when he afterwards substituted his own arms and cognizances everywhere else. Wolsey's closet was draped with cloth of gold, the ceiling was fretted with gold; all his reception-rooms were equally resplendent, and the windows blazed with painted glass. Portions of the structure within these two courts belong also to Wolsey's edifice, but the inmost courts he probably did not live to finish, and most of the present buildings were erected at later dates. The cardinal's hall, as we shall see, was pulled down by Henry VIII. on his taking possession, and the chapel was certainly remodelled, if not entirely rebuilt, by the same monarch. All things, however, considered, Mr. Law thinks that the original palace cannot have been much smaller than the existing one, which covers eight acres and has a thousand rooms.

All Wolsey's buildings were carefully drained by means of great brick sewers

\* The History of Hampton Court Palace; by Ernest Law. In three volumes, illustrated with one hundred and thirty autotypes, etchings, engravings, maps, and plans. London, 1885-91.

discharging into the Thames. The system adopted was so complete that it was never found needful to supersede or alter it till the year 1871, when modern rules of sanitation required the outfall into the river to be stopped. For the supply of his household Wolsey brought water of great purity from springs in Coombe Hill, a spot three miles distant, through leaden pipes laid under the bed of the Thames. On the embellishment and furnishing of his new habitation the cardinal bestowed equal care and attention. Nothing was too great or too small for the grasp of his intellect. We may almost say, with the late Professor Brewer, that this great man could build a kitchen, or plan a college, or raise a tower as no man since has been able to do any of these things. And his taste was as comprehensive as his genius. If Quentin Matsys had a picture on the easel, Wolsey was ready to purchase it. If there was a curious clock, it was secured for him. His fondness for tapestry amounted to a passion. Trusty agents ransacked the Continent to procure choice sets of arras, new and old, for the rising palace. If the owner generally preferred Scriptural subjects, as became a prince of the Church, he also collected many hangings wrought with scenes from classic or mediæval story. Thus, while the walls of one chamber set forth the history of Samuel or David or Esther, those of another glowed with the labors of Hercules, the woes of Priam, or the Romaunte of the Rose; in the rooms where he received visitors, the tapestries were changed once a week. No less than two hundred and eighty beds were provided for strangers, with superb canopies and curtains of silk or velvet. There were bedsteads of alabaster, quilts of down, and pillow-cases embroidered with silk and gold. The chairs of state were covered with cloth of gold; the tables and cabinets were of the most costly woods. Much of the splendid furniture was emblazoned with "My lord's arms;" everywhere was impressed the cardinal's hat. The same magnificence appeared in the decorations and ornaments of the chapel. But the forty-four gorgeous copes of one suit, and the rest of the sacerdotal pomp displayed there were eclipsed by the majesty of Wolsey's secular equipment. The annual expenses of his household exceeded £30,000, an immense sum for those days. His retinue of five hundred persons, his kingly stud, his sumptuous open table are mentioned in every history. When he rode to and from Westminster in his character of lord

chancellor, his mule was attended by a long train of nobles and knights on horseback; his pursuivant, ushers, and other officers led the way in rich liveries, while footmen with gilded pole-axes brought up the rear.

At Hampton Court the haughty minister received the ambassadors of foreign powers, and entertained them with regal luxury. From it, at the height of his power, he directed every department of the realm. While Erasmus declared that he was omnipotent, and the Venetian Gius-tinian that he was seven times greater than the pope himself, Wolsey's enemy Skelton, in his satire "Why come ye not to Court?" asserts that "Hampton Court hath the pre-eminence." Undoubtedly the palace which was the most signal monument of the statesman's eminence assisted to hasten his decline. The jealousy of a monarch like Henry could only be kept down by the subject's watchful submission. At the very moment of his final disgrace, it was said that the king had no ill-will to the cardinal, but a great desire for his remaining possessions. Mr. Law shows that so early as midsummer, 1525, at least, Wolsey had made over to the crown his interest in the manor of Hampton with the stately pile which he had raised and its priceless contents, though down to the time of his downfall he continued to make use of all as though still his own property. His biographer Cavendish describes a great feast which he made there, in October, 1527, for a French embassy headed by the Grand Master Montmorency, whose retinue freely expressed their astonishment at the wonderful value of the hangings and plate. The banqueting-rooms were illuminated by innumerable candelabra of silver gilt. Supper was served to the sound of trumpets, and accompanied by a concert of music. But the host was not yet come, having been detained in the Court of Chancery by the hearing of a long cause. Before the second course he entered suddenly, booted and spurred, and sitting down in his riding-dress, made a brilliant display of the convivial talents which had first recommended him to the royal favor. This, however, was the last grand entertainment given by Wolsey at Hampton Court, and we find that from the beginning of 1528 the expense of the works then in progress was borne by the king. Yet the cardinal remained in possession till July, 1529, when he took a last leave of his beloved brick towers and courts. A few weeks later he was deprived of the Great Seal, stripped of his goods, and

ordered to quit York House for Esher Place, while his master installed himself at Hampton Court, accompanied by Anne Boleyn, who made herself daily more necessary to her royal admirer.

Henry took great delight in his new residence, and laid out large sums in enlarging and still further embellishing the fabric. He pulled down Wolsey's hall as insufficient for a royal mansion, erecting in its place the present Great Hall with its richly carved roof. His additions were not completed till the end of 1538, from which date the palace remained pretty well unaltered till the time of William III. In 1531 the Hospitallers granted to his Majesty the fee-simple of the manor in exchange for other messuages. Anne Boleyn passed her honeymoon here, and presided as queen at a succession of banquets, masques, interludes, and sports. But Henry was already flirting with her maids of honor, and it was here that some time afterwards the new queen surprised Jane Seymour sitting on his knee. The Queen's New Lodgings, which were begun for the unfortunate Anne, were completed for her successor. Scarcely had the workmen finished obliterating the badges and initials of Anne Boleyn and substituting those of Jane Seymour, than the palace witnessed the birth of Edward VI., and twelve days later the death of his mother. In the summer of 1540 Anne of Cleves was here awaiting her sentence of divorce. That pronounced, she removed to Richmond, and Catherine Howard was openly shown as queen at Hampton Court. Here in July, 1543, Catherine Parr was married and proclaimed queen. While his vigor lasted Henry occupied his leisure with field-sports in the parks, which then, as now, consisted of two main divisions—Bushey Park and the Home Park—separated from each other by the Kingston Road. When he became too corpulent to bear the exertion of frequent journeys to Windsor Forest, he procured an act of Parliament ordaining that the manor of Hampton and an extensive tract of adjacent country should be enclosed in a wooden paling and created a deer forest or chase, under the name of Hampton Court Chase, all the game therein being preserved for the king's diversion. This high-handed measure, worthy of William the Conqueror, provoked loud complaints from the inhabitants of the various parishes appropriated, and in the next reign the deer and paling outside the parks were removed by order of the Privy Council, though the district is still nominally a

royal chase under the authority of a keeper appointed by the crown.

As the king's life drew towards its close, his visits to the riverside palace became more prolonged. A picture, attributed to Holbein or one of his school, which still hangs in the queen's audience chamber, shows Bluff Harry at this period seated in the midst of his family, his right hand resting on the shoulder of Prince Edward who stands by his father, while Catherine Parr sits on his left, and the two princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, are stationed on either side. When no longer capable of hunting, the king amused himself indoors with backgammon, shovell-board, and similar pastimes, at which, in wet weather and on long evenings, he staked and lost large sums. Here in 1543 and the following year he kept Christmas with great state, and it was perhaps on the latter occasion that the poetic Earl of Surrey, who was present, became enamoured of his fair Geraldine, of whom he says, "Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine."

More sombre associations are connected with the place in the two following reigns. Edward VI. was here with his Uncle Somerset in the autumn of 1549, when the Protector received intelligence of the league formed against him by his enemies on the Council. It was from Hampton Court that the desperate statesman issued his proclamation calling on all loyal subjects to come armed to the help of their sovereign; and when the confederates seized the Tower of London, he produced the boy king, imploring the country folk to "be good to us and our uncle." But that same night Edward had to be hurried to Windsor, and a few days later the Protector was a prisoner. It was at Hampton Court that Edward in 1551 raised his uncle's triumphant rival to the dukedom of Northumberland, and the father of Jane Grey to the dukedom of Suffolk. Here Queen Mary and her Spanish consort lived in great retirement after their marriage, winning little popularity: "The hall door within the Court was continually shut, so that no man might enter unless his errand were first known; which seemed strange to Englishmen that had not been used thereto." No less disgust was felt at the niggardly table kept by the happy pair. Instead of celebrating their union, as Henry had celebrated his numerous weddings, with liberal hospitality, they dined in private on dishes which the English reserved for fast days. It was to Hampton Court that Mary withdrew for

quiet in April, 1555, when she was daily expecting to become a mother, and the despatches announcing her safe delivery were prepared and signed by the king and queen "At our house of Hampton Court," though the time never came to fill in the blanks which had been left for the date, and the termination by which the unfinished word *fil* was to be made to serve for a boy or a girl as occasion should require. It was while the birth was still impatiently expected, and not in the previous winter as some authorities have stated, that Elizabeth was summoned from Woodstock to Hampton Court, and pressed to renounce the faith in which she had been educated. Here occurred the famous interview between the sisters when Philip was concealed behind the arras ready, as some have supposed, to protect Elizabeth against any unseemly violence from the queen, but probably playing the more simple part of an eavesdropper. Whatever were the feelings of the king and queen, with this interview ended Elizabeth's imprisonment. Thenceforth she was treated as heiress to the throne, while Philip, after chafing four months at Hampton Court with his barren wife, took ship in August for the Netherlands.

Much of the scandal about Queen Elizabeth had its origin at Hampton Court, but during her long reign the palace was the scene of few important events. The virgin queen spent much time there with the husband of Amy Robsart while she was trifling with the early matrimonial schemes proposed to her by her Council or allies; but as time ran on, when she was not at Westminster, she preferred Windsor, Greenwich, or Richmond for her residence, and made only flying visits to the place where her mother had won and lost her crown. In 1562 Elizabeth was seized with small-pox at Hampton Court, and for some hours the greatest alarm prevailed among the friends of the Reformation. When six autumns later the queen of Scots was a prisoner at Bolton Castle, and Elizabeth summoned to Hampton Court a great council of peers to hear the contents of the famous casket read, and to decide on the charges against Mary respecting the murder of Darnley, it was the turn of the Romanists to feel despondent. After this down to the end of the century the annals of the place record nothing more interesting than Christmas festivities, with the usual round of balls, masquerades, and plays. A temporary theatre was fitted up in the Great Hall, no permanent improvements or changes

of much moment were made either in the buildings or parks. The interior of the palace is described by Paul Hentzner, who was in England shortly before the queen's death. The German traveller speaks of two Presence Chambers and numerous other rooms shining with tapestry of gold, silver, and silk, or velvet; of several royal beds, including, besides the queen's own bed of state, another, the tester of which had been worked by Anne Boleyn for Henry VIII., and a third in which Edward VI. was said to have been born and his mother to have died; of the Great Hall adorned with noble portraits and many rare curiosities. Everywhere gleamed rich hangings and cushions and quilts embroidered with the precious metals. The visitor saw also a cabinet called Paradise, "Where, besides that everything glitters so with silver, gold, and jewels as to dazzle one's eyes, there is a musical instrument made all of glass except the strings."

The next age, bringing its long train of political and religious controversies, was fitly ushered in by the Hampton Court Conference, which, having been called to reconcile two diverging ecclesiastical parties, ended by setting them hopelessly at variance. We need but allude in passing to this ill-judged attempt at enforcing union by royal dictation. "The bishops," wrote Harrington, who was present, "said his Majesty spoke by the power of inspiration. I wist not what they meant; but the spirit was rather foul-mouthed." One good result, however, came from the Conference; a suggestion of the Puritan spokesman led to the preparation of the authorized version of the Bible. The change from the Tudors to the Stuarts became at once apparent in small things as well as great. Maladroit in every way, James incurred much odium and some ridicule by the selfishness with which, in season and out of season, he pursued the royal pastime of stag-hunting at Hampton Court, and by his rage against spectators of his sport. The king, though he rode constantly to hounds, was so little of a real sportsman that he would take shots from behind a tree at the tame deer as they browsed in the shade. Anne of Denmark was celebrated by Ben Jonson as the "Huntress Queen," and a curious painting of her in that character is still to be seen at Hampton Court; but so far was she from being a Diana that on one occasion she mistook her mark, and shot her husband's favorite hound. Her health broke down in the autumn of 1618, and

though on Christmas day she was able to attend "a whole sermon in the chamber next Paradise," she took to her bed not long afterwards, and died in the palace in the beginning of March.

Charles I. in the earlier part of his reign was often at Hampton Court, sometimes for pleasure, sometimes when the plague raged in London, but little happened to mark these visits. He enriched the palace with many works of art; when Henrietta Maria quarrelled with him there about her household, the French suite were expelled from England, bag and baggage; when the plague was worse than usual, orders were issued to forbid Londoners coming within ten miles of the place; Shakespeare's plays were performed in the Great Hall before the court by actors who were the poet's contemporaries. Beyond such facts as these, there is nothing to notice until the eve of the Civil War. The Grand Remonstrance was presented to Charles at Hampton Court. Hither he fled from the tumults in the capital after the failure of his attempt to arrest the five members. So little had his coming been expected that the king and queen, on their arrival, had to sleep in one room with their three eldest children. One more night Charles spent here a few weeks later, when conducting Henrietta from Windsor to Dover on her departure from England. At his next visit in August, 1647, he came as a prisoner, and remained three months under a very mild restraint, being suffered to keep his old servants about him, to receive visits from many royalists, and to enjoy the society of his children, who were then at Sion House under the care of the Earl of Northumberland. He played a game in the tennis-court on the very day of his escape.

During the Commonwealth the manor of Hampton Court was sold by the Parliament; but the sale was afterwards cancelled on the ground that the house was convenient for the retirement of persons employed in public affairs, and a year or two later it had passed into the possession of Oliver Cromwell, who thenceforth made the place one of his principal residences. In like manner the goods, furniture, and works of art were appraised and offered for sale. The splendid tapestries were valued at prices which even in the present day would be thought exorbitant; while the finest pictures of the collection were estimated at comparatively small sums. The famous cartoons of Raphael, which had been purchased by Charles on the recommendation of Rubens, were set down

at no more than £300. These, however, with some others of the finest paintings, were withdrawn from the catalogue by order of the Council of State; and at the end of a sale lasting nearly three years, several of the best tapestries were found to have been appropriated by the lord protector, who even hung his own bedroom with pieces representing the profane subject of Vulcan and Venus.

After the Restoration Hampton Court became again a royal residence. There the second Charles passed his honeymoon, and there he afterwards compelled his wife to receive Lady Castlemaine. But the fame of Wolsey's creation was now eclipsed by the superior splendor and commodiousness of Versailles. When the Revolution came William and Mary complained that, though the air of the place was good, the buildings had been much neglected, and were wanting in many of the conveniences of a modern palace. Under the royal direction Sir Christopher Wren demolished the old state apartments inhabited by Henry VIII., and erected the long, uniform southern and eastern fronts, towards the Thames and the gardens, on a model as remote as possible from the original design. The style adopted for the new edifice was the debased Renaissance then in vogue, which it was no easy task to harmonize even tolerably with the remaining Tudor buildings. That the result was worthy of the architect's genius cannot be affirmed, but allowing for the difficulties with which he had to contend and the instructions by which he was cramped, it may be pronounced fairly successful. Wren's elevations are imposing from their extent, and the new rooms were stately and well proportioned. Like the old quadrangles the additions are built of red bricks, but of a lighter color, and with a larger use of stone in columns and dressings. The staircases and some of the principal chambers were decorated with ungraceful and gaudy frescoes by Verrio and his assistant Laguerre,—names which recall Pope's couplet:—

On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,  
Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre.

More happily the delicate chisel of Grinling Gibbons was employed to execute the carvings. New gardens of spacious extent were laid out, adorned with fountains and provided with exquisite screens of wrought iron. An old, separate building, called the Water Gallery, was fitted up for

the queen's use till the new palace should be complete, and was filled with a series of portraits by Kneller, known as the Hampton Court Beauties, which after the queen's death and the demolition of the Water Gallery, were removed to the main edifice, and are now in the room called King William's Presence Chamber. Also to gratify the queen an orangery was formed, choice exotics were collected, and hothouses were built for their reception. When he lost her William forsook the palace for a time, and did not return till Whitehall was destroyed by fire, after which further improvements were made in the gardens, and the famous maze was formed. The designer, we are told, condemned this labyrinth for having only four stops, whereas he had given a plan for one with twenty. The seclusion of Hampton Court suited the taste of the moody Dutch king, and aided him to bear the pain of exile from his favorite retreat in the sandy plain of Guelders. He posted thither, on his last return from the Hague, without touching London, and it was while hunting there a few weeks later that he met with the fall which caused his death.

Very early in the eighteenth century the palace and gardens became a popular resort of holiday-makers from London, who came down by road or river to see all they could, and to dine at the Toy, a famous hostelry which stood just without the western entrance, on the side opposite the site now occupied by the Mitre Hotel. Who does not know that the "Rape of the Lock" was written to heal a breach which had arisen between two families out of an incident that had taken place during an excursion of this kind? We are almost ashamed to quote, and yet we cannot refrain from quoting, the well-remembered lines :—

Close by those meads, forever crowned with  
flowers,  
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising  
towers,  
There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes  
its name.  
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall fore-  
doom  
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;  
Here thou great Anna! whom three realms  
obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take, — and some-  
times tea.

The party had come by water : —

But now secure the painted vessel glides,  
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides :

While melting music steals upon the sky,  
And softened sounds along the water die;  
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently  
play,

Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.

After dinner the friends sat down to a game of ombre, during which coffee was brought in; then came the felonious assault and the catastrophe which produced the rupture : —

The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever  
From the fair head, forever and forever !

Perhaps if one were asked to mention the liveliest period in the annals of Hampton Court, we should fix on a summer or two of the duller reign in English history. The first royal visit after the coming of the Guelphs gave indeed little promise of gaiety. Originally George I., like William III., preferred the palace as a retreat where he could escape from the unwelcome gaze of his subjects, and enjoy life after his own fashion with his foreign favorites. Thither accordingly he retired shortly after his arrival from Germany. The places formerly occupied by Portland and Albemarle were now more than filled by Mesdames Schulenberg and Kielmansegge, whom in course of time their lover created respectively Duchess of Kendal and Countess of Darlington. Of these two elderly, ill-favored personages, the duchess, extremely tall and spare of figure, became known to our rude forefathers as the Maypole, while the countess, being, as Thackeray says, a large-sized, noble woman, was, with equal irreverence, denominated the Elephant and Castle. There is a legend that the walk under the wall of the tilt-yard near the palace gate, owes its name to these two ladies. Tradition tells that they used to pace up and down together beneath the elms and chestnuts there, while awaiting the king's return from exercise, and that it was hence called Frow Walk, afterwards corrupted into Frog Walk, the name which it bears to the present day. George would sit for hours with his pipe, watching this pair cut out figures in paper for his diversion, and would clap his hands with a shout of laughter whenever the Schulenberg succeeded in producing a recognizable likeness of some courtier or officer of State. At the end of the season his sacred Majesty returned to London by water, and only on these occasions did he care to appear in any state. Six footmen preceded his sedan to the river-side; six yeomen of the guard followed; then came the ruddled mistresses in chairs borne by ser-

vants wearing the royal livery. The suite attended, and the party embarked in barges spread with crimson cloths, while from an accompanying boat French horns and clarionets filled the air with music.

But the German elector, who had allowed nine months to pass before he took possession of his new throne, was as eager to return to Herrenhausen as ever William of Orange had been to revisit his beloved Loo. When he set out for Hanover in the summer of 1716, he appointed his son guardian of the realm and permitted him to reside at Hampton Court. The prince and princess took up their abode in the state rooms recently inhabited by Queen Anne, the ceiling of whose bedchamber has just been painted by Thornhill, and there strove by a display of graciousness and hospitality to efface the disgust which the king's boorish behavior had already excited. The most shining wits and beauties of that time were assembled at the new court. There sparkled Philip Dormer, Lord Stanhope, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, who a year before had been appointed to a post about the prince's person, and who at the age of twenty was acknowledged to be the most accomplished gentleman of his day. Thither also came Carr Lord Hervey, elder brother of the better known John Lord Hervey, and reckoned, as Horace Walpole reports, to have had superior parts. There too were to be seen Lord Scarborough, praised by Pope, and Marlborough's brother Charles, not yet the tedious and foppish General Churchill at whom the next generation laughed, but a gallant colonel, with laurels still fresh, and "smart in repartee." The married ladies included Lady Walpole, wife of Sir Robert, and the princess's two bedchamber-women, Mrs. Selwyn, mother of the witty George, and the much more important Mrs. Howard. It was at Hampton Court that Henrietta Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, the friend and correspondent of Swift, Pope, and Gay, was first recognized as the established mistress of the second George. This handsome, winning, sensible person helped to make the palace as pleasant as the German Frows had made it odious. The easy morality of the age could find only one fault in her:—

When all the world conspires to praise her,  
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

But more attractive to modern taste than these older dames were the charming maids-of-honor who mingled with them in

the parlor of the lady-in-waiting. Foremost among these smiled the lovely, lively Mary Bellenden, whom her contemporaries pronounced the most perfect creature they had ever known. She it was who, with arms folded before her, bade the amorous prince stand off, and when he thought to tempt her by counting his money at her side, tossed the guineas on the floor, and springing away left his royal highness to gather them up alone. Hardly second to the Bellenden was her companion, the famous Molly Lepell, who seems after all to have made a more permanent impression. After being celebrated by Chesterfield and all the poets of her youth, she was complimented by Voltaire in the only English verses now extant from his pen, and to her in 1762 were dedicated the "Anecdotes of Painting."

The season was filled with a varied round of amusements in which all these people took part. There were boating excursions, informal dinners, strolls in the gardens, games of bowls, flirtations (then called "frizelations") in shady retreats, and in the evenings cards or music, with pleasant supper-parties in Mrs. Howard's apartments which were known to her friends as the Swiss Cantons. The lovers of scandal noted afterwards that about this time Lady Walpole seemed too intimate with my Lord Carr, and that Horace Walpole, who was born next year, bore far more resemblance to the puny and sickly race of Hervey than he did to the burly and jovial prime minister. Much the same society met again in the following summer, but with the difference that the old king was there to damp their enjoyment. Pope, in an often-quoted letter dated September, 1717, describes a visit he had recently paid to Hampton Court. "Mrs. Bellenden," he says, "and Mrs. Lepell took me into protection, contrary to the laws against harboring papists, and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversing with Mrs. Howard." But the king's presence had altered everything. The maids-of-honor declared that the monotony of their lives was unendurable. "And as a proof of it," adds the writer, "I need only tell you that Miss Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden-wall." In 1718 the jealous monarch had driven away his son and *cette diablesse Madame la Princesse*, who held an opposition court at Richmond, while his Majesty, resolute for once

to be gay, revived the old theatre in the Great Hall, bringing down Colley Cibber and his company to perform "Henry VIII." and other plays before mixed audiences of invited guests. The differences between the rival courts, however, were composed soon enough to enable the fair Bellenden and Lepell to revisit Hampton before the former wedded the heir to the dukedom of Argyle, and the latter, Pope's especial favorite, became the wife of the poet's particular aversion, John Lord Hervey. Both ladies cherished a fond recollection of happy days spent at Hampton Court. "I wish we were all in the Swiss Cantons again," writes Mrs. Campbell to Mrs. Howard; and some years later Lady Hervey, addressing the same correspondent, says: "I really believe a frizelation would be a surer means of restoring my spirit than the exercise and hartshorn I now make use of. I do not suppose that name still exists; but pray let me know if the thing itself does, or if they meet in the same cheerful manner to sup as formerly. Are ballads and epigrams the consequence of those meetings?"

The accounts of Hampton Court under George II. offer pictures much less agreeable. We see "the queen's chaplain mumbling through his morning office in the so-called private chapel, under the picture of the great Venus, with the door opened into the adjoining chamber, where the queen is dressing, talking scandal to Lord Hervey, or uttering sneers at Mrs. Howard, who is kneeling with the basin at her mistress's side." We see the king come into the Gallery in the morning when the queen is drinking chocolate, and abuse her for being always stuffing; and then turn to the other members of his family and vent the rest of his ill-humor on them, scolding Princess Amelia for not hearing him, Princess Caroline for being so fat, and the Duke of Cumberland for standing awkwardly. We see the Princess of Wales, while hourly expecting her confinement, hurried secretly downstairs by her worthless husband Frederick, forced into a coach, though on the rack with pain, and driven off to London to be delivered at St. James's. Of the general tenor of court life in this reign we have a cabinet picture in a letter by Lord Hervey:—

I will not trouble you with any account of our occupations at Hampton Court. No mill-horse ever went in a more constant track or a more unchanging circle; so that by the assistance of an almanac for the day of the week, and a watch for the hour of the day, you may

inform yourself fully, without any other intelligence but your memory, of every transaction within the verge of the Court. Walking, chaises, levées, and audiences fill the morning; at night, the king plays at commerce or backgammon, and the queen at quadrille, where poor Lady Charlotte runs her usual nightly gauntlet—the queen pulling her hood, Mr. Schutz sputtering in her face, and the princess royal rapping her knuckles, all at a time. . . . The Duke of Grafton takes his nightly opiate of lottery, and sleeps as usual between the Princesses Amelia and Carolina; Lord Grantham strolls from room to room (as Dryden says), "Like some discontented ghost that oft appears, and is forbid to speak," and stirs himself about as people stir a fire, not with any design, but in hopes to make it burn brisker; which his lordship constantly does to no purpose, and yet tries as constantly as if it had ever once succeeded. At last the king comes up, the pool finishes, and every one has their dismissal.

George II. made some alterations in the fabric of the palace, completing and decorating some of Wren's new building which had been left unfinished at the death of William III. The works were executed under the direction of Kent, a poor architect, who unfortunately was also commissioned to rebuild part of the old Clock Court, a task which he performed in a most unsatisfactory manner. After the death of Queen Caroline, George II. was little at Hampton Court, though now and then he would drive down to spend the day, accompanied by Lady Yarmouth and a small suite. "The royal party," says Walpole, "went in coaches and six in the middle of the day, with heavy horseguards kicking up the dust before them, dined, walked an hour in the garden, returned in the same dusty parade, and his Majesty fancied himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe." At other times the palace was open to the inspection of visitors pretty much as the state apartments at Windsor are now. Walpole has a story that the Miss Gummings in the first flush of their triumph, when crowds used to follow them in the streets, went to see Hampton Court, and hearing the housekeeper say to another company at the door of the Beauty Room, "This way, ladies, here are the Beauties," flew into a passion, saying that they came to see the palace, not to be shown as a sight themselves.

From the accession of George III. Hampton Court finally ceased to be a residence of the sovereign. The state apartments were dismantled and even Raphael's cartoons, which had hung for

nearly seventy years in the gallery built expressly for them by Wren, were removed, first to Buckingham House, afterwards to Windsor, and were not returned till 1808. The gardens, however, were suffered to continue under the care of the famous Capability Brown, who had been appointed royal gardener at Hampton Court in 1750, and to whom is probably due the planting in 1769 of the famous vine which has so long been one of the sights of Hampton Court. It is said that the young king had conceived an invincible repugnance to the place from his ears having been once boxed there by his choleric grandfather. At any rate, he abandoned it altogether, and the whole building, with the exception of the state rooms, was gradually divided into suites of apartments allotted by royal favor to private persons. In 1776 Samuel Johnson applied to the lord chamberlain for one of these suites, and of course met with a refusal. The rooms were granted, not to men of genius and literature, but to applicants who had interest at court or some claim on the official charged with the distribution of them. Sometimes the recipients of the king's bounty left their lodgings untenanted for long periods, or even assumed the right of sub-letting them to others, and stringent regulations had to be made against such malpractices. At the end of the century the palace enjoyed a transient glimmer of royalty from the presence of the Prince of Orange, who, driven from the Netherlands by the Revolution, occupied from 1793 to 1813 the vacated abode of English monarchy. In later days, residences in the precincts have been occasionally given to persons not connected with noble families. Thus Michael Faraday, in 1858, was granted the crown house on the Green, which now bears his name, and which he occupied till his death in 1867.

In 1865 the superb iron screens in the gardens, together with much furniture and tapestry from the palace, were removed to the South Kensington Museum. At the same time the palace finally lost the cartoons, these being transferred to the same institution, where, despite remonstrance, it appears to have been decided as we write that they are to remain.

Here we close this hasty sketch, which can necessarily give but an imperfect idea of the patient industry, the wide research, and the various interest of Mr. Law's volumes. We can only hope that it may at least induce such of our readers as have not yet done so to study them at first hand. The work has been clearly a labor

of love; and we are pleased to think it likely to meet with a better reward than is perhaps the common lot of such labors.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## SIX IN A LAVA-FLOW.

### AN ADVENTURE IN TENERIFE.

#### I.

WE are old residents in Tenerife, which, as all the world knows, is a highly volcanic island. We had, of course, heard the legend of the dog that was shut up in the cave below Ycod-de-los-vinos, and which, after three days, made its appearance in the ice-cave near the top of the peak. This story naturally fired our imagination, and we determined to follow in the footsteps of that dog, or die in the attempt.

The outside world may fail to appreciate the full amount of valor we displayed in making, and still more in carrying out, this resolution; but indeed it was truly remarkable, when one takes into account the good advice that was showered upon us at every opportunity by our friends. "Oh, don't go," said one, "for so-and-so assured me, as a *fact*, that the country people use these caves to hide away their smuggled goods, and naturally dislike foreigners to go poking about their *caches*, for fear of its leading to the discovery of their little peccadilloes." Others informed us that Ycod was drained into that part of the cave which lies below the town; while others again were afraid of some accident, such as the roof falling in suddenly, either of its own accord or by reason of a small earthquake, for these convulsions of nature are by no means uncommon in our volcanic regions. The last weighty argument brought forward against the plan (and it was considered unanswerable) was to this effect: Humboldt, the great Humboldt, had remarked, in that part of his writings which was dedicated to Tenerife, that one peculiarity of the lava-flows here is that they are unusually short, being constantly interrupted by cross-flows, which have broken and otherwise destroyed all continuity in any of them. *We* knew, however, what had never reached the ears of the world at large, that Humboldt was very much in love with a young Spanish lady, and spent most of his time in Tenerife in trying to gain her affections instead of carrying on his scientific investigations. So we were not too much crushed by the authority and magic of his name, and set out for Ycod in good spirits, and well pro-

vided with all creature-comforts. In this last respect the reader must not be too hard upon us, for we were unconsciously following the example of Emin Pasha, who declares that without the requisite amount of food, etc., every expedition must fail.

The day after our arrival we rode down the very steep and stony road leading to the sea, as far as the nearest point to the hole where we intended to make our first descent on the following morning. When we had looked at the opening, we set about examining the rest of the ground, and the mouths of several other caves close by. These, however, were too short and shallow to yield any result. Some of the party amused themselves, meanwhile, by ridiculing the more adventurous of the investigators, and offering them various curious wild fruits to refresh them after their labors.

Having thus prepared the way, and seen that the well-known "Ycod cave" (which has its exit at one end on a cliff overhanging the sea, while the other part was supposed to run under the big church and the town) was evidently the one to which the legend referred, we returned to the Hotel Inglés, and completed our preparations for the morrow.

We set out as soon as possible after breakfast, accompanied by Lorenzo, the guide we had brought with us from Puerto Cruz, Marco, the Ycod guide, and our horse-boys with pine torches, candles, measuring-rope, and luncheon.

Before entering the cave we took our elevation, and found that the barometer marked three hundred and twenty-five feet above the sea-level, while the compass showed that the Peak lay  $10^{\circ}$  east of south from us.

It was a curious sight to see us literally crawling into the cave, the entrance to which was partially filled with stones and rubbish left where the roof had fallen in. As soon as we had passed this obstacle we found ourselves in a lofty place, and stopped to take our bearings. The compass showed that the cave stretched away in a south-easterly direction. Later on we found that it sometimes ran due east, but for the most part it bore south-east.

We stood still for a few minutes, and gazed about us in the red and flickering light of the burning *téa*. It was a weird scene.

For some little distance from the entrance the floor was soft and muddy. The rain had obviously washed the soil from the fallen roof into the open space below.

No one, looking at the cave, could fail to see that it was an old lava-flow, the outside of which had cooled and hardened, while the inside, which had retained its heat for a longer time, had flowed on, and at last ended its course on the cliff close to the port. We found that the walls and roof, and, later on, the floor, were entirely formed of lava, varying in color from a reddish-brown to black, and in other places changing to an ashen grey, where the dregs of the water that had filtered through the roof had formed short, brittle stalactites on the ends of the lava-points. This, however, was more noticeable in another part of the cave higher up the mountain-side.

There was no object to be gained in following the cave towards the sea, as that part of it has been shown to all visitors at Ycod for many years, so we turned our steps in the other direction. At first we got on quite comfortably, having plenty of room to walk upright, though the floor soon grew rough and jagged with sharp points of dark-colored lava. A few yards farther the roof dipped down so low, while at the same time the floor rose up so high, that we had to creep on hands and knees, with many a groan at the sharpness of the lava-needles over which we slowly crawled, tearing our clothes, and leaving little bits of tweed behind us sticking to the barbed points.

Then again the roof became higher. We got into a large "hall," passed several turns, and one or two side-caves, like lava-bubbles, for they went in a sort of half circle out of the real cave, and into it again some little distance farther on. The wider the cave was, the smoother the floor became to walk upon. Soon we arrived at another very low bit—lower even than the first, and more painful to crawl over, for there was a turn in it, and the lava-needles were longer and sharper than before. At last we reached the end of this rough, low part, very thankful that the torture was over for the moment, and little knowing how short our respite was to be. The roof had been quite as scratchy as the floor, and so low that one of the party, tired of the pain of creeping, had rolled through it—a matter of considerable difficulty, as each of the investigators was provided with a large pink cotton bag containing candles, matches, food, and a bottle of milk or water. On getting to her feet after that long and agonizing roll, the Chronicler discovered, to her unutterable woe, that the bottle of milk which had been entrusted to her care had become

uncorked, and that she herself, together with the bag and all it contained, was in a state of dampness pitiable to behold. After much rueful laughter we went on our way again.

The cave was now much narrower, although it was of a good and comfortable height; there was a decided curve in it, and it went up-hill to the end. Very soon we came to a large slab of lava lying in the midst of the way, and a few feet beyond that was a sheet of lava, descending from the roof like a curtain, a little curved outwards by the wind. It came down to within a varying distance of from three to eight inches from the ground. A dog might easily have gone on further, — we could not. We had evidently arrived at the spot where a second lava-flow had stopped and congealed.

During the course of our journey up the cave we had been much struck by the freshness and purity of the air. Here and there we found the long, thin root of some shrub hanging down through the roof; and once or twice, in the earlier part, some of us thought we heard the muffled sound of voices coming from above. In several places we passed great heaps of stones over which we had to clamber. These were generally to be found where the cave narrowed after a wider place, such as we called a "halt."

We sat down on the lava-block for a few minutes to rest, and then retraced our steps as far as the great hall, where we stopped for luncheon, after which we returned to the open air.

The part of the cave which we had examined was four hundred yards long, and took about two hours to examine from the entrance hole to the end, measuring and taking our bearings as we went.

Once more on the outside, we traced the cave above-ground, and discovered, to our no little astonishment, that instead of going under the parish church, as the people of Ycod imagined, it kept to the very bottom of the valley, passing considerably to the east of the town.

Having done this, we returned to our hotel, weary but triumphant, and with our minds thoroughly set on pursuing our investigation of the cave, beginning at a hole we knew of farther up in the mountain, as soon as we had made the preparations which our present experience had shown were necessary.

For one thing, we saw that it was a mistake to take so many torches, as the smoke they emitted was both dirty and disagreeable. It was also "borne in upon

us" that we ought to be prepared to spend the night in the mountains should we be belated, so we determined to go home at once and return to Ycod when we were able to meet all emergencies.

#### I.

ON the 5th of January, 1891, we once more set out for Ycod, taking with us a tent in addition to our other baggage.

Next morning we employed ourselves in arranging our *impedimenta*, and then started about half past eleven on our way up the mountain. And a goodly company we appeared, as we advanced single file up a most precipitous road, or rather mule-track, for to call it a road is really to do it too much honor. Parts of the track were so steep as to reach the proverbial angle of 45°, and parts were literally climbing masses of rock, in which the mules and donkeys, bringing down charcoal from the Pinal, or pine woods, had worn a series of what could only be designated steps; so that, with the exception of a few short intervals of comparatively flat ground, the whole ride, which lasted for an hour and a quarter, was a gymnastic feat. None of our horses apparently would have needed much teaching to enable them to dance on a tight-rope.

The hole by which we were to descend into the cave was overshadowed by a fig-tree, whose leafless branches shone silvery grey in the sunlight. An armful of ferns and grasses had to be cut away to clear the entrance, which was a peculiarly difficult one, the amount of stones, earth, and rubbish that had fallen with the roof being so great. The weather was fine; but there had been a heavy rainfall during the previous month or six weeks, so we were told not to be surprised if we found that a good deal of water had percolated through the upper crust of the cave.

Our first action after unloading the baggage-mules was to take the altitude of the entrance to the cave. This we found to be twenty-six hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. The bearing of the Peak was, as will be remembered, 10° east of south.

We were accompanied by Lorenzo and three other men, and each of us was provided with a bag containing candles, matches, and various other necessities. There was a lantern besides for every two of us. The men had bundles of wraps and baskets of food to carry, in case we did not reach another hole in time to return to Ycod that night. Last of all, the Chronicler's camera was hidden away in

the shelter of the cave close to the entrance.

All was now ready, and one by one we laid ourselves flat out at full length, and wriggled down the entrance-path, if so it may be called, for a yard or two, feet foremost. The roof had fallen in such a way as to oblige us to start as if we were going down the cave (the lower part of which, between hole and break, measures some forty yards or so), and then wind round the heap of rubbish to the other side again. It was a most laborious proceeding, but was fortunately of short duration. When we were all assembled in the wide and lofty cave below, we looked at each other and burst into a fit of laughter. We had left our hats outside, and were now rigged out in our underground head-gear of deer-stalkers' or bright-colored Tenerife handkerchiefs, wound in picturesque but rather startling fashion round our heads, so as to cover them entirely, and also to tie down the thick paper-pads we had prepared to protect us from injury where the roof was low. One of our party was a little boy of nine or ten years old, and he was not the least eager of the investigators. As for the Spanish following, they no doubt considered our conduct a piece of even more gigantic folly than the "mad" English were often guilty of.

For the first twenty yards our course was in a south-west direction. The next twenty yards were southerly. Afterwards the cave trended to the east for a considerable distance. Some sixty yards from the entrance we came upon a fall of rock, over which we had to scramble; and at one hundred and twenty yards, where the cave was steep and narrow, we found that we had reached an altitude of twenty-seven hundred feet above the level of the sea.

The cave was very wet, cold, and airy, not to say draughty in some places. Water oozed out of the sides, and great icy drops fell upon us, from time to time, from the roof. This, to say the least, was uncomfortable, but was not enough to damp our ardor. The cave was such a fine one, and so easy to follow, and then it was so interesting to examine the course of what seemed to be a second flow of lava within the first, for it was quite distinct from the outer crust in shape.

This inner flow must have been much shallower. It had hardened into two wide, broad, smooth walls, projecting from the outer crust of the cave, almost as though they had been built against it with cement. These walls were of varying height, and had a roadway running be-

tween them. This formation was one of the distinctive features of the upper cave, and was visible in nearly the whole of it. In one place, some three hundred yards from the entrance-hole, these walls rose high above our heads, curving in a kind of semicircle, so that the space at the top and bottom was smaller than in the middle; while high overhead, the roof of the cave, formed by the first flow, arched with a broad sweep.

At twenty-eight hundred feet above the sea we met with our first check. There was a large stone in the roof that seemed so loose, Lorenzo thought it dangerous to go under it, as it looked as if it might fall at any moment — *Un gran peligro*, he called it; but we soon found that there was plenty of room to slip past on the other side. We went some twenty yards farther, finding the banks higher and wider at top and bottom; but it was so wet with the trickling water that fell in heavy drops upon us, that we determined to stop for the night and return to Ycod. We retraced our steps, some of the party waiting behind to examine a side cave we had passed forty yards or so before reaching the *gran peligro*, but this cave was found to be small and uninteresting.

On climbing out of the entrance-hole we found the stars shining; but as there was no moon and the way was bad, we made up our minds to spend the night in a cottage close by. This we did, and a more curious night none of the party ever passed before.

The little boy went to sleep ere he had well finished his supper, and was laid on a table wrapped in cloaks and rugs. The rest of the party laid themselves down anywhere — on tables, on *camas de viento* (well named couches, for anything colder or airier the Chronicler never enjoyed), or even on the floor. As in all Tenerife cottages, the window-holes were filled with shutters instead of glass, and neither the shutters nor the great door of the apartment closed tightly; so that, the night being gusty, with wild mountain showers driving on the wind, we felt quite stiff with cold, and "tired nature's sweet restorer" refused to visit our weary eyes.

Every night, however, comes to an end some time, even the longest, and after breakfast three of the investigators felt sufficiently invigorated to set out for the cave again; while the others, amongst whom must be numbered the Chronicler, declined again to face the fatigue of clambering up that damp and gloomy roadway to some ancient crater on the Peak. All

honor, therefore, to the three gallant investigators who continued their researches so undauntedly.

On the previous day we had penetrated the cave for two hundred and forty yards. After that, two falls of rock were passed at intervals. The shelves at each side of the roadway continued all the time, but the farther the investigators proceeded the wetter the cave became. The shelf after a while grew wide and high, and the path narrow. At three hundred and twenty yards from the entrance was a "hollow point, which we afterwards found clearly marked on the outside.

Up to six hundred and twenty yards the floor had been of solid lava. Then came a straight flow of about ten feet wide, the side walls low and narrow, and curiously resembling the Tenerifean *atajea*, or artificial water-course, while the road looked as though several cart-loads of stones had been laid down for making a highway.

About twenty yards farther on there was a higher level again, as though the road had been raised by another supply of stones. This led into a wider space or hall, after passing through which, and perceiving that it seemed to be the junction of two flows, the cave grew narrower, and the floor of loose black stones rising more abruptly than the roof, soon became so low that crawling was again necessary. The investigation of this part was then given up as too tedious.

Having returned to the big hall, the three explorers sat down to rest, and see how much time there was to spare before it was necessary to start for Ycod, in order to get there before dark. As there happened to be two hours to spare, it was determined to explore a downward flow, which led out of the same hall. It, however, soon became disagreeably low, and did not seem worth troubling about, as it was going downwards, and was of the same character as the main flow. So the investigators turned back, and, about ten yards short of the central hall, found the mouth of a little cave above the ledge of the side wall, about three feet high. They clambered in, and found the draught so great that one of the lanterns, the glass shade of which had been broken, would not keep alight. The cave went on for sixty yards, ascending all the time, without ever being high enough to admit of sitting down. The floor was made of black lava, with sharp, catching points, as in the cave

below Ycod. At last, to the great joy of the investigators, it emerged on a shelf in a larger cave turning to the right and upwards. Into this they dropped, and found that, after ten yards or so, it, in its turn, ran out on the six-feet-high shelf of a still larger cave, in which they discovered, soon after entering it, that the high shelves had joined at the top, so that the cave was, so to speak, cut in two stories, or formed a cave within a cave. The story beneath was too uncomfortably low to attempt, while the upper one was of a fair height, and had a smooth, good roadway along which it was easy to pass, although perhaps it was a little thin. Indeed Lorenzo said it was most unsafe.\* Be that as it may, it was a splendid bit of cave.

But now it was time to return, so all further investigation was put off until later in the season, when the cave is drier.

It may be mentioned that in the last large hall where they had rested, traces of seven distinct flows were clearly recognizable.

In our two days' investigation of this upper cave we went in all seven hundred and twenty yards underground, and stopped at a height of thirty-one hundred feet above the level of the sea. The latter part of the way was exceedingly steep, and much wetter than at first, and

Subterranean depths prolong  
The rainy patter of our feet

was quoted with much unction by one of the party.

The three who remained outside on the second day devoted themselves to other equally useful employment. The Chronicler and the boy took photographs with much zeal and success, while the third defaulter followed the outside of the cave, tapping at intervals. We afterwards learnt that the taps had been distinctly heard by those below.

And so the matter must be left for the present. Future research alone can show whether the lava-flow came from a crater in the Cañadas, or from some part of the Peak itself.

P.S. — The investigation was afterwards pursued for some distance; but a break occurring, and the owner of the land being absent, the impediment in the lava could not be blown up, so that nothing more has as yet been done.

\* A large hole was discovered here two months later.

From Longman's Magazine.

## A PARIS CORRESPONDENT OF 1753.

"DID you ever read Grimm?"

"Yes, of course; I used to read nothing else when I was a child."

"I don't mean the fairy-tale Grimm."

"Oh! the man who invented that tiresome 'law'? No; I hate philology."

"That was the same Grimm. I didn't refer to him, but to the friend of Diderot and the Abbé Galiani, and all those people."

"What! the person who wrote those seventeen volumes of 'Correspondence' that you see, uncut, on the top shelf of every public library? Good gracious, no; certainly not. Life isn't long enough."

Such a conversation would almost surely ensue at any mention of the name Grimm, even among comparatively well-read people—people who have pored excitedly over Gibbon, and have not quailed before the ten stout volumes of Milman's "Latin Christianity;" people who may possibly have entertained ideas of reading Saint-Simon from end to end! Literature has nothing more fascinating to offer than the portrait-gallery of that faithful observer, yet the pages of Frédéric Melchior Grimm are no less graphic, and deal with an infinitely wider range of subjects.

Grimm was not a Frenchman by nationality, though his name has become identified with Paris and the Encyclopædists. He was born at Ratisbon in 1726 (the same year as Madame d'Epinay), and in spite of the poverty and obscurity of his parents, he managed to obtain a good and solid education. Like other young enthusiasts with a turn for writing, he first tried his hand at plays; but these were a total failure, and he was glad to accept the post of tutor to the children of the Comte de Schomberg, with whom he came to Paris. He does not, however, appear to have kept this situation long, and we next hear of him as reader to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. It was at this period of his career that he met Rousseau (who was drawn to him by their mutual love of music), and by Rousseau was introduced to Raynal, the Baron d'Holbach, and, above all, to Diderot. His relations with Rousseau ended as people's relations with Rousseau generally did end. There is no variety in the history of Rousseau's attachments, but the devotion that sprang up between Grimm and Diderot remained uninterrupted all their lives long. "Si je me plaignais de mon sort, la Providence aurait le droit de me répondre, 'Je t'ai donné

Grimm pour ami,'" writes Diderot on one occasion. Their minds were cast in much the same mould, though Diderot's was certainly the master, and their interests lay in the same directions. One most uncommon talent they had alike, and that was the power of describing a picture so as to convey a vivid notion of its scheme and of its charm. When we read the modern descriptions of our galleries, and examine ourselves as to the impression produced by the elaborate accounts of the works of art exhibited, we shall be able to rate this gift at its true value.

It was during Grimm's appointment as Secrétaire des Commandements de M. le Duc d'Orléans (1753) that he began an interchange of letters with the German princes, and especially with the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. Gradually the empress of Russia, the queen of Sweden, and the king of Poland (Stanislas Leczinski)—an imposing array of correspondents—were in communication with this obscure young man of twenty-seven! But for some reason or other it was the Empress Catherine II. with whom he seems to have been on terms of the most real intimacy, and by her he was nominated minister in the states of lower Saxony (1795), an appointment in which he was confirmed by the Emperor Paul. Besides Catherine, the Duke of Saxe-Gotha always stood Grimm's friend. He made him minister of Saxe-Gotha at the court of France in 1776, and Grimm held this office till the Revolution broke out, when he retired to Saxe-Gotha where he died in 1807. While he enjoyed these diplomatic offices, Grimm's real business was to act as Paris correspondent of her Muscovite Majesty, and of other royal persons. What the London correspondent of provincial papers does now for the readers of country journals, Grimm did, with infinitely more accurate information, and with a pen far more learned and brilliant, for the entertainment of a few crowned heads. The talk of the town, of the *tout Paris*, talk on music, the drama, society, and, above all, on literature, furnished his topics.

In reading Grimm's "Correspondance Littéraire" every English person will be struck by two facts: first, by Grimm's intimate knowledge of English literature (and particularly of contemporary books); and second, by the mania that existed in Paris for English books and plays for more than fifty years—in fact, till the outbreak of the Revolution. On the whole, it may be said that Grimm's judgments were singularly impartial, for though his

prejudices were strong, he was unusually ready to be convinced (as in the cases of Glück and Clairon, for example), and he always had the courage of his opinions. So, it may be added, had his chief correspondent, Catherine II., to whom this charming *potpourri* of historical, literary, musical, artistic, theatrical, and social gossip was principally addressed, and who must have counted the hours before the arrival of this delightful *courrier*. What was there that Grimm did not know, and about which he could not write interestingly? But among the nine thousand pages (roughly speaking) which are the sum of his seventeen volumes, none are more acute and more absorbing than those which he devotes to the English publications of the day.

"The English," he says (1763), in a conversation with a certain marquise who had been holding up to admiration a long-winded and involved romance called "*Les Mémoires de Madame la Baronne de Blémont*"—"the English have left us far behind them in the matter of fiction. I would rather have written that novel of 'Amelia,'\* translated into French six months ago, than almost any French novel I know. . . . Of course hardly any one has read it, which does not prevent the women from abusing it violently. Yet characters in this book resemble closely the people we meet in daily life. They have none of that false gloss which we in France are accustomed to daub over all our romances, as well as over all our plays. You have only to read the conversation about the duel between Dr. Harrison and Colonel James, and you will see what a difference there is between a man who really knows how to make his characters talk naturally, and a person like Rousseau, who merely interpolates a dissertation on the sin of duelling into the '*Nouvelle Héloïse*.' The fact is, Fielding is a genius, while Rousseau is nothing but a writer."

To this sweeping accusation the marquise retorts with reason that she gives up "that *béguéule* Julie," with her noble sentiments and her pedantic tutor, but that Richardson (whom Grimm adores) is as emphatic as Rousseau, and that Sir Charles Grandison, in his remarks about duelling, swaggers quite as much as any of Rousseau's characters.

Even Grimm is constrained to admit that the incomparable Sir Charles is too great a talker, and has an unfortunate tendency to point a moral on every possible

occasion. He would have preferred him to be more silent and more simple, and is indignant at his success. But for all that, he complains that in the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," everybody talks Rousseau, while it is the essence of a novel that the author should "lie low." Again and again he turns to his favorite English romances as the types of what works of fiction ought to be, and it is seldom indeed that he does not at once seize on their strong points in a manner that is certainly unusual when books are only read in translations. Of "*Clarissa*," which was translated soon after it came out, and ten years before he expressed himself so vigorously to the marquise, Grimm declares that it "bristles with genius," and that every character, whether speaking or writing, has a touch of his own, and resembles in nothing the manner of any one else.

This difference between English fiction and the ponderous, unreal romances in which French fine ladies and gentlemen had hitherto taken such pleasure (for the purely domestic novel was then unknown in France\*) is attributed by Grimm to the fact that in England people had the courage to be individual, and to develop themselves in their own way. In France, on the contrary, every one tried to live up to the standard of the *homme du monde*. "One may spend hours with a dozen different persons," exclaims Grimm in disgust, "and they all say the same things in the same tone." It was considered low and ill-bred to differ from your surroundings, therefore the artificiality which was the keystone of French life became also the keynote of French fiction.

Perhaps the French felt this. They may have got tired of their perpetual stilts, and longed to divert themselves after a simpler manner. At all events, translations from the English became the rage among people without the taste for omnivorous reading that marked Grimm and the Encyclopædists. Sterne's books were widely read (though, curiously enough, Grimm says nothing about them), and several of the great English classics—notably "*Tom Jones*," "*Clarissa*," and (later) "*Cecilia*"—were not only translated, but also adapted and transferred to the stage, for which they were mostly quite unfitted.

It cannot be said that the French public were hard to please. It was not necessary

\* "*Le Roman Bourgeois*" of Furetière may be cited as an exception. But the somewhat Thackerayan manner of Furetière was never popular, and his editions were few indeed.

\* Fielding's.

to give them Richardson — the equal, according to Grimm, of Homer and Sophocles — nor the “great and original artist Fielding,” nor “Dublin’s immortal dean, the sublime Swift, one single shaft of whose wit outweighs whole volumes of didactic writers.” No doubt they read the Abbé Prévost’s translation — a good deal cut down — of “Sir Charles Grandison,” and peeped into the pages of “Jonathan Wild,” but for the most part they were content with simpler fare. The “*Histoire de Miss Betty Fatless*,” in four volumes, translated from the English, had a wide popularity, and, according to Grimm, deserved it. Miss Betty seems to have been a kind of earlier Evelina, whose carelessness and inexperience led her into all sorts of false positions; and her story was told, says Grimm, in a simple but spirited style.

Readers of the old literature will at once jump to the conclusion that the history of Miss Betty Fatless was really the adventures of one “Betty Careless,” a novel of some repute, by Fielding’s sister. Certainly Miss Betty’s popularity was so great that three years later (1757) we find Mme. Riccoboni, an actress at the Comédie Italienne, and a woman of considerable gifts for writing, publishing two tales in letters, a form which was now becoming highly fashionable. Both tales had English titles and affected to deal with English life. We are told, but on no specific authority, that Miss Fanny Butler, the heroine of the first, was a real woman; though the other two ladies, whose correspondence forms the second story — Milady Juliette Catesby and Milady Henriette Campley (Campbell?) — are admitted to have no prototypes in fact. Mme. Riccoboni seems to have been more distinguished as a writer than as an actress. Her style was rapid and concise, full of grace and distinction, and Grimm seldom mentions her without a little friendly pat.

Novels, however, were not the only branch of literature that was eagerly read and translated. In March, 1754, Grimm speaks of an edition of Bolingbroke’s “Memoirs” that has been done into French, and praises the book highly. It is curious that the qualities in the author which he selects for commendation are not precisely those we have been accustomed to think the marked characteristics of the brilliant Bolingbroke. “Versatile,” “ingenious,” and “fascinating” are the epithets that follow naturally on his name, but one would not have instinctively described him as “frank, impartial, and

trustworthy;” neither would one have referred to “the integrity of a man as respectable as Bolingbroke.” But it says a great deal for Bolingbroke’s talents that he was able to impose upon Grimm.

History had a strong attraction for the more thoughtful members of French society, who doubtless agreed with Grimm that “a great historian is the rarest of beings.” With the exception of De Thou, such a writer is wholly lacking in France. The reason, he says, that makes the French incapable of writing history, is the same reason that makes their memoirs the most interesting in the world. They float on the surface of things, and are neither deep enough nor philosophic enough to divine hidden causes. Even Voltaire had nothing to do in that *galère*, fond though he was of trying it. Peter the Great was a character beyond his comprehension, as indeed was not unnatural. Voltaire’s lightness of touch and facility of expression proved his snare, and are out of place in the stern realities of history. These qualities had nothing in common with the sweeping reforms of Peter the Great, though they are appropriate enough to the narrative of Charles XII.’s meteor-like career; and the history of that dazzling and futile monarch is in consequence Voltaire’s best bit of historical work.

So, not having any historians of their own (this was before the days of Michelet), the French turned with ardor to those of other countries, and particularly to England. Hume, in a yellow velvet coat with black butterflies on it, was a familiar figure in the Paris of Rousseau, and his English history was translated and widely read, especially his “House of Stuart,”\* which fell into the capable hands of the Abbé Prévost, author of “Manon Lescaut.” The “House of Tudor”\* fared rather ill at those of Mme. Belot, but, on the whole, Hume cannot complain of want of appreciation in France. Robertson’s “History of Scotland” was translated by the indefatigable M. de la Chapelle in 1764, and Smollett’s history appeared in 1768, but found no favor in the eyes of Grimm, who observed that the “author was a contemptible person, with no weapon but satire, which he used freely to gain readers for his book.” This is hard on the historian of Humphrey Clinker and the poet of “The Tears of Scotland.” Boswell can boast of his admirers, for his “Memoirs of Paoli” and his “Visit to

\* Parts of the history dealing with those subjects.

Corsica" both excited considerable interest, and literary men were beginning to attract attention in their own persons, as well as in their works. A life of Savage the poet (translated by Le Tourneur) was followed shortly after by one of Thomson; we are not told how this was received, but there does not seem *à priori* any intrinsic probability that the Parisian public would be violently excited by Thomson's history. In 1763 Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's correspondence was translated and published in Holland, and, strange to say, fell flat in Paris. One can only suppose a foreign language has much to answer for, or perhaps the translation was bad. Assuredly Grimm's judgment of literary ladies seems less sound than most of his verdicts, as we find him twenty-five years later (1788) gushing over Lady Craven's letters to her son, and declaring that incarnation of vanity and selfishness to be "a superior woman and enlightened mother, endowed with the happiest instincts and most delicate feelings." English readers of the effusions of the "Princess Berkeley" will be of another opinion.

So much for the novels and histories; but, long as the list is, it by no means exhausts the field of French enterprise. English plays and English *motifs* are all the rage, though they have to be considerably chastened and toned down to suit the French ideas. Recalling the awful tone of voice in which English matrons nowadays will inquire if "you *really* like French plays," and unhesitatingly condemn anything they consider improper with the phrase, "It is so very—well—*French*," it is rather amusing to find that in the Paris of 1763 it was necessary to modify the *dénouement* of Thomson's play—*Thomson's* "Tancred and Sigismunda" (translated and adapted under the title of "Blanche et Guiscard")—because no French audience would tolerate the sight of a heroine being murdered in her *bed*, or of her father rushing across the stage in his night-shirt. After this, we are not surprised at Grimm's writing in April, 1789, two months before the taking of the Bastille, that in "L'Homme à Sentiment" (adapted from the "School for Scandal," and played at the Comédie Italienne) some of the scenes had to be omitted, because "the license of the English stage permits the successful representation of events which would be repugnant to the code of morals that governs the theatre in France. . . . You may see on the boards any day a crowd of damsels, some of whom are passionately in love, others simply heartless

coquettes, others, again, playing off the lover against another for their own purposes; but as for a *married woman* behaving after the manner of Lady Teazle—such a scandal would be absolutely impossible on the French stage." These remarks are sufficiently startling in the ears of people accustomed to the *fin de siècle* style of French plays. But the reason given by Grimm for this excessive propriety is stranger still. "In France," he goes on to say, "women influence the tone of society to a much greater degree than in any other country, and in proportion as they become debased and corrupt, *we* grow more severe, and are more critical of anything approaching to indecency on the boards. Indeed, it may be doubted whether in these days 'Tartuffe' itself would ever have been tolerated by the public." (Pt. 3, vol. v., p. 95). On reading this passage there came to one's mind the verdict of a learned professor, who, when discussing the always interesting though well-worn subject as to how far French novels in any way represent French life, gave utterance to views which may be summed up briefly in the axiom "that the morality of the French nation was in inverse proportion to the immorality of its literature." One laughed at the time on hearing this remark, but then one had not read Grimm. Now, one is inclined to think that the converse of this proposition may be true.

In the light of these observations it may be imagined how the grossness of Wycherley and Congreve would strike the dwellers in the whited sepulchre of the Paris of Louis XV. Yet here and there we find notices of Restoration plays being adapted and "cut" for the French stage, though one might have thought that when all the necessary pruning was done, nothing of the original would be left. And perhaps nothing was! The industrious M. de la Place, whose aspirations were superior to his talents, devoted many years to issuing translations of the series known as the "English Theatre," and poor though the work undoubtedly was, it probably proved a mine of gold for French playwrights to dip into. It was in 1763 that M. de la Harpe had the happy thought of writing a tragedy of "Warwick," in which the hero was in love with Elizabeth Woodville. We learn that this flight of the imagination was a "most brilliant success," and would probably have a run of "at least fifteen days, which is at present an almost unheard-of triumph." As to whether it had or not, readers of Grimm are left in

the dark, for it is never mentioned again; but, five years later, the production at the Français of a stupid and dismal play called "Beverley," in which the gambling hero commits suicide in prison, gives rise to some rather *naïf* and amusing observations on the part of Grimm. "I hardly think," he says, "that a suicide can *a priori* be interesting as a subject for the stage. It is, in reality, neither praiseworthy nor pathetic. I see nothing in it but one miscreant less in the world, and I dismiss him from my mind."

But if Grimm is naturally bored with the elaborate gloom of the "unborn" tragedian, his enthusiasm over real genius knows no bounds. Twelve years before "Beverley" appeared to darken existence, we find him alluding in glowing terms to Gay's "Beggars' Opera." "You are in the worst company in the world," he exclaims, "and you never want to be out of it, as nothing can be more original or more diverting. You have only to compare it with French comic operas to see how wholly lacking the French are in truth and spontaneity; and, indeed, we cannot help allowing that, in the matter of plays, the English are our masters. The one idea of *our* authors is to draw portraits and make epigrams. The sparkle of their wit is the glitter of an icicle, and the weariness their plays produce is all the greater for the false air of gaiety which pervades them, and which renders attention nothing less than a conscious effort of will."

Meanwhile, popular as other branches of our literature were, our poetry had many votaries. Even "Hudibras" is appreciated as a "work of genius" by those that have eyes to see and ears to hear, though naturally, "from its local color and its endless allusions, it is difficult for a foreigner to understand and still more difficult for him to translate." It is hardly surprising to find that Thomson's "Seasons" (1760) were a failure, and we are more astonished at two people attempting to render into French Young's "Night Thoughts" (1769-1770) than at Grimm's comment that "you must have a great passion for gloom before you can get through this book without being sensible both of fatigue and disgust."

Many of the names that we have noticed cause one a thrill of amazement, so much out of place do they seem among that company of wits and triflers which formed the Paris of the last days of the monarchy. But there is one Englishman who would

most emphatically have been *en pays de connaissance* amongst the most punctilious members of the French court, and that man was Chesterfield. As might have been expected, he had both his admirers and his "imitators," and this epithet is an elastic one, capable of meaning little or much. The little book called "The Art of the Toilette," which appeared in 1776, contains sentiments after Chesterfield's own heart, even if they do not emanate directly from his pen, and Grimm's comments upon female beauty and attire are as worthy of attention as his comments on everything else. How many women would barter much of their worldly goods, perhaps much of their solid happiness, to be immortalized as perfect mistresses of the science of dress! Yet more might earn the right to such praise if they would only have the sense to act on the principle laid down by La Rochefoucauld, to which Grimm refers in a compliment which would be spoilt by translation into our clumsy English. "Toutes les femmes," says Grimm, quoting from La Rochefoucauld, "se mettent comme la veille;" and adds on his own account, "il n'y a que Mme. Geoffrin qui se soit toujours mise comme le lendemain."

With this tribute to Grimm's "universality" we take leave of him, but one or two questions force themselves upon us from the facts we have been contemplating. When we reflect that one hundred and fifty years ago the French were the prudes and the English were the profligates; that the English took nature for their model in both novels and plays, while the French shut their eyes to the weaknesses and sins of which every one was aware and all practised, but which it was considered proper to ignore; when we compare our playwrights Bowdlerizing and adapting French dramas with Dryden deliberately performing the opposite function for Molière, and listen to the aspirations of some of our modern authors after a school of "Naturalism" as audacious as the French, we ask ourselves: Is there such a thing as national character at all, or is everything a mere fashion and a conventionality? The Anglomania ceased abruptly with the Revolution, the *rôles* were inverted, the sides were changed. They envied us our liberty, and sought to attain it by the September massacres; they admired "Hamlet" and produced "Hernani;" they worshipped "Clarissa," and created "L'Assommoir."

L. B. L.

From Good Words.

# THE EARLY DAYS OF FRENCH NEWSPAPERS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A.

THE origin of newspapers, like that of many other valuable institutions, seems lost in obscurity. It appears to be an open question whether we or the French were the first in the field. There are in the British Museum some early numbers of the *English Mercurie*, dating as far back as the year 1588. It is confidently stated that, when the Spanish Armada was in the Channel, Lord Burleigh, with the approval of Queen Elizabeth, had these printed and published to stir up the national resentment against Spain, and to allay popular alarm by reliable information. Unfortunately, however, this statement has been since questioned. A Mr. Watts, in a letter addressed to the curator of the Museum in 1839, maintained that this is simply a myth, and that the papers in question are in some parts a literal translation from some Dutch gazettes. A French writer, M. Dubief, in his work on journalism, to which I am indebted for much information, endorses the latter opinion and claims the palm for his own countryman, Theophrastus Renaudot, who lived forty years later. On the other hand, Burton, who published his "Anatomy of Melancholy" in 1620 or 1621, complains that "if any read nowadays, it is a play-book or a pamphlet of news." However this may be, and it is perhaps impossible now to settle the dispute, the germ idea of journalism seems to have existed long before either of these dates. Not to go back so far as the *Acta Diurna* of the Romans, one of the earliest traces of this form of literature is to be found in the *Notizie Scritte*, or *foglietti* (little leaves) which, before the invention of printing, the Republic of Venice addressed to its ambassadors and others to keep them posted up in the state of public affairs at home. A very ancient specimen, too, of a manuscript journal, is that preserved in the University of Leipzig, bearing the date of 1494. Moreover, in France we find that during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was usual for the great lords to keep a journalist at their own expense, whose business it was to collect news for their benefit. Their profession was certainly not very lucrative, for in a cash account of the household of the Duke of Mazarin there is a note to the effect that to one Portail, for the news which he furnished to his lordship every week for five months, he paid fifty pounds, ten pounds

per month. These men were often poor abbés or impecunious scribes, and we are told that several hundreds of them in Paris formed themselves into a corporation with offices, where the great public was admitted for a few sous to hear or read the news. Almanacs were also published in Germany, giving besides astronomical information and predictions of astrologers the principal events of the previous year. In the sixteenth century there appeared annually in Italy, France, and Germany, similar *résumés* of news that had been collected from day to day for the purpose. These and other efforts were gradually preparing the way for the regular weekly journals soon afterwards introduced. In France there seems no doubt that the first newspaper properly so called, was produced in 1631 under the title of the *Gazette de Paris*, by Renaudot.

Theophrastus Renaudot, whose name will ever be associated with the first rise of French journalism, was a man of a versatile genius, and distinguished himself alike in medicine, literature, and philanthropy. In the midst of his professional labors as a court physician he found time to establish the first *mont-de-piété*, or public pawnshop, for the benefit of the poor in Paris, also to arrange courses of literary and scientific lectures for the public, as well as to publish his first *Gazette* in 1631.

It is said that this last idea was suggested to him by the numerous letters he received from friends in foreign countries, which he was in the habit of reading to his patients for their amusement. Finding how much pleasure these accounts afforded to the sick, he thought it would be well to have them printed and circulated for the benefit of persons in health. It is not a little singular that medicine should thus have been the parent of journalism. The first number of the *Gazette de Paris* was dedicated to the king, Louis XIII., in the obsequious and flattering terms common at that period. With the practised address of a courtier he commends his undertaking to the royal favor, and apologizes for the defects of its style. Very plaintively he tells the monarch how difficult he has found his task and his endeavor to satisfy the tastes of all his readers. "The captains," he says, "would wish to find here every day accounts of battles fought, sieges raised, and towns taken. The lawyers look for legal decisions, the devout for the names of preachers and confessors of mark. If," he adds, "the fear of displeasing the age has hin-

dered many good authors from touching the history of their own times, what must be the difficulty of writing that of each week and even of the very day when the paper is published? Add to this the brevity of the time which the impatience of your spirit allows me, and I am much mistaken if the most severe critics do not find deserving of some excuse a work which must be done in the four hours of the day that the arrival of the couriers every week leaves me to collect, arrange, and print these lines." Modern editors of the daily press will no doubt fully understand what their worthy predecessor must have felt in the infancy of their art.

Renaudot also had to be most careful to avoid offence in handling the politics of his own country. He had an absolute and capricious ruler to please, and not the good sense of a free and enlightened public to appeal to. Accordingly in his early numbers he supplies news from distant places, such as Constantinople, Rome, Venice, Germany, etc., but not a word about France. After a while he waxes somewhat bolder and inserts a few lines as to what is doing at St. Germain, where the court then was, extolling the virtue of its mineral waters, and a very short paragraph on Paris, where he says there are frequent fevers and where a Bible has been printed in nine volumes and eight languages. Even when the editor enjoyed rather more liberty he always put in the foreground the news of the most remote countries and reserved for the end the French court and the fair city of Paris. This method he tells us that he had adopted in order to meet the requirements of time and order, "except," he humorously adds, "for those who like to begin their reading at the end after the manner of the Hebrews." In the first year his issues were confined to a very small space, consisting of only four pages, twenty-one and a half centimetres by fifteen in size. In the next year they were extended to eight pages and sometimes even twelve. The price of the *Gazette* under the circumstances would seem to have been very moderate, one parisis or six centimes per number, but this, according to the value of money then, would represent at least three times as much now. The annual subscription was eighteen francs, a figure which must have effectually excluded the poor and limited the readers to the wealthier classes.

In spite of all this caution and subservience to the court, Renaudot ere long fell under the royal displeasure. When Anne

of Austria became regent after the death of Louis XIII., she threatened to withdraw her sanction from his *Gazette*, on account of objectionable matter in it. He was, however, equal to the occasion, and in a letter to the queen pleaded that the late king not only read his paper and did not allow the slightest fault in it, but that he almost always sent documents for his use in preparing it; "and was it for me," he asks, "to examine the acts of the government? My pen has been that of a clerk" ("Ma plume n'a été que greffière"). Such an appeal was irresistible, and he was allowed to retain his privileges. Not long after he associated his two sons with himself in the editorship. After his death they carried it on conjointly, and the *Gazette* continued to be the property of the family through the eighteenth century, and the official organ of the government. Renaudot has undoubtedly been a great benefactor to his nation. His contemporaries hardly estimated his work at its true value. Yet there is a quaint old engraving of the period still to be seen in the National Library at Paris, which shows how some even then appreciated his services. It represents the *Gazette* as a goddess on a throne, and seated between two allegorical figures of falsehood, and truth; Renaudot is writing for the latter, whilst on each side the couriers of different nations — Spanish, Indian, Italian, etc. — are hastening to present their despatches, and the newsvendors with their baskets are busily selling the papers. In the margin are these sufficiently boastful lines, and put into the editor's mouth: —

Mille peuples divers parlent de mon mérite.

Je cours dans tous les lieux de ce vaste Univers;

Mon sceptre fait regner et la prose et les vers,

Et pour mon trône seul la terre est trop petite.

How far this design fairly expresses the real character of this first effort to instruct the public mind in France by the periodical press, we need not stop further to inquire. Certainly Renaudot must not be judged by the higher standard of this nineteenth century. He worked under the chains of a despotic monarchy, and probably was as faithful to the truth as the times permitted him to be.

The success of his efforts naturally stimulated others to follow his example, and many formidable rivals soon appeared on the scene. Although politics were still the monopoly of the *Gazette*, various literary and critical organs were started.

Amongst these the *Journal des Savants* was perhaps the most successful, which still exists under the auspices of the minister of public instruction. Medical, commercial, industrial, philosophical, and ecclesiastical journals followed suit.

Meanwhile, newspapers of all descriptions were being multiplied in the Low Countries and in England. In 1702 the first daily paper, the *Daily Courant*, appeared in London; whilst in France it was not till 1777 that the *Journal de Paris* was published as a daily, and yielded an income of one hundred thousand francs per annum. It was, however, left to the first French Revolution to give the greatest impulse to journalism in France, which, with occasional interruptions, has been felt increasingly ever since. Mirabeau, in fact, is considered to have been the founder of the French political press. In his *Journal des États Généraux* politics were for the first time freely discussed. Its second number was suppressed by the consul in 1789; but a meeting of the electors of Paris protested so vehemently against this measure that he boldly continued the publication. The day after the taking of the Bastille he republished his journal under the new title of the *Courrier de Provence*. Although it survived its founder only six months, a fatal blow had been struck at the restrictions of the press. For a short time under the iron rule of Napoleon politics were again a forbidden topic. The *Moniteur* alone received the imperial sanction, and in gratitude celebrated the victories of its master, and concealed his defects. The *Débats*, which had been purchased a few years previously by the brothers Bertin, and was already giving promise of its subsequent success, was for a time taken out of their hands, and thirty other newspapers were suppressed. But at the fall of the Empire the Bertins recovered possession, and journalism in all its branches entered on a new era of rapidly advancing prosperity. Louis XVIII., who as "Monsieur" at one time used himself to write for the *Journal de Paris*, now gave considerable freedom to the press, and a host of newspapers started into existence under the favoring gale of fortune. The reign of Louis Philippe was perhaps the most brilliant period of French journalism, for then distinguished statesmen such as Thiers, Guizot, Rémusat, enriched it with their contributions and elevated its tone. At the same time the prices were reduced and the sales proportionately increased amongst a poorer and a more numerous class of

readers. Advertisements, too, were multiplied, and became a source of large profit. These radical changes were not effected without considerable opposition from less prosperous journals, which were not prepared to meet the enlarged demands upon their resources. A duel was fought between M. de Girardin, the leader of the changes, and M. Carrel, their fierce opponent, in which the latter was killed. This was, in fact, the last struggle between the old system and the new, and preluded the triumph of the new. The establishment of universal suffrage gave a still more powerful impetus to its progress. Still cheaper and more popular newspapers were issued, and in 1863 the *Petit Journal* as a sou paper began its marvelously prosperous career, and was soon followed by others of the same price.

Under the present Republic, whilst the freedom of the press at times borders on licentiousness, competition has advanced with colossal strides in Paris and the provinces, as well as throughout the civilized world. In the year 1891 (the two hundred and sixtieth of French journalism) there were 3,180 periodicals of all kinds published in the provinces, and 1,998 in Paris, 5,178 in all. The daily newspaper now echoes every sound heard in every quarter of the globe, and it serves as a mirror, on which every phase of human thought and every event, the smallest as well as the greatest, is reflected, so that the ordinary reader at his breakfast table is better informed than the most intelligent statesman formerly was; and we seem to be almost omnipresent. All this is done for a price which hardly pays for the paper and ink; and yet the enormous circulations in London, Paris, and New York enable the proprietors to realize immense fortunes. It is said that the *Paris Figaro* would hardly be sold for less than thirty millions of francs, and that the *Petit Journal* nets from twelve to fifteen millions a year. It has been calculated that each side of the Tour d'Eiffel from its basement to its highest platform has a surface of fifteen thousand square mètres; and yet that the paper used for one day's issue of this little news sheet would cover the space of all four sides ten times over.

The sheets consumed in one day by the whole world's press would be sufficient to reach to the heights of the Alps or the Himalayas, while from their summits would flow torrents of ink not equal to its demands. But who can estimate the amount of human thought, labor, and skill

involved in the production of one daily paper?

What, we naturally ask in conclusion, are the results of all this marvellous extension of the press? Opinions on this subject are as diverse as are men's tastes, habits of thought, and means of information. Proteus-like, the press assumes so many various phases in different times, places, and circumstances, that it is impossible to arrive at any positive and definite judgment upon its merits as a whole. It is neither an unmixed good nor an unmitigated evil. Certain it is that it has become an absolute necessity of our modern civilization. Without it society as it is would soon cease to exist. Even at the beginning of this century a writer in the *Zoologic Magazine* remarked that "a family met in the morning would often drink the tea of Lethe and eat the toast of taciturnity, were they not happily relieved from torpor of thought and immovability of tongue by the entrance of a newspaper." In these days of penny dailies the necessity has grown and is annually growing with the supply. How weighty is the responsibility of all whose high office it is to minister to this need to see that the mental pabulum they set before their readers be of a wholesome and elevating character! Very true, as well as forcible, was the remark of the late Lord Shaftesbury on this subject: "If you will tell me," he said, "what is the literature of the people, I will tell you what is their private character, and what is their domestic life, and what will be the future public security of the empire."

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From The Spectator.

#### CHURCH DANCES AT SEVILLE.

LIKE the other survivals of mediæval life, the Carnival is rapidly dying out in Spain and Italy, and the local press at Seville, far from lamenting the decay of the ancient festivities, is positively rejoicing over their disappearance. There is, indeed, some reason for the eagerness expressed by the *Andalucía*, the *Orden* and the *Baluarte* to see the Carnival dead and buried, in the extravagant license and disorder which have in recent years characterized a festival chiefly kept up by the lower orders; and this year the feeling has been so strong, that the *alcalde* was induced to issue a notice to the effect that the Town Council would not, as in former years, grant a sum of money to pay the

expenses of illuminations, fireworks, and processions of carriages. Many Sevillians of the better class make it a custom to leave the town for the three days preceding Lent; and besides the decree of the *alcalde* and the disfavor of the upper class, the weather during the Carnival week did all in its power to wash out the color from a season which was once so gay. The visitor who walked through the wet streets might receive a few handfuls of colored paper cut into small pieces (*papelitos*) thrown in his face by girls stationed in the balconies above, and might see a few figures with masks and strange disguises wandering disconsolately about; but he would otherwise hardly be aware of the presence of the Carnival, — unless, indeed, he came upon one of the bands of wandering musicians (*estudiantinas*), singing national airs to the accompaniment of the guitar, and dressed in the garb of students of the seventeenth century, short black jackets and knee-breeches, with black caps and feathers. These musical bands are the only pretty feature of the Carnival as it now is. Sometimes they improvise songs with true Spanish facility, slyly alluding to any noticeable figures in the crowd around them. At night, when the weather improved, the crowds in the streets increased, and the pelting with egg-shells full of cut paper, and with bon-bons, grew faster and more furious. But, generally speaking, Carnival seemed to have left the street this year, and to have taken refuge in the cafés and theatres, where masked balls took place each night, chiefly patronized, however, by the middle and lower classes. At these, dancing was kept up from nine o'clock at night till five o'clock in the morning. In some of the cafés the pelting and horseplay led to various disturbances, in which the police were required to play a part.

The license and disorder of Carnival has always led the clergy to look upon it with a certain degree of disfavor, and it has long been the custom to open churches for special devotions during the three days preceding Lent, in reparation of the scandals of the streets and public places. In Seville, as elsewhere, the sacrament is exposed during the season, and the churches are filled with worshippers. But there is one custom peculiar to Seville, which now really forms the prettiest scene to be viewed during the Carnival, although it is religious, not secular, and is a protest against the licentious gaieties of the time, instead of being a part of them. This custom is the dancing of the little choir-

boys of the cathedral before the Host every evening at five o'clock. Above the high altar, blazing with wax-tapers, the Host is exposed in a magnificent silver ostensorium, surmounted by a huge silver crown; the illumination of the sanctuary is completed by a row of tall and massive silver candelabra standing outside the rail. As soon as vespers, compline, and matins are ended, the archbishop ascends to his throne at the north side of the sanctuary; the canons, in their purple mantles, follow, and kneel in rows on each side; then in the space before the altar ten little choir-boys (*seises*) take their stand in two ranks of five, facing each other. The boys are dressed as pages of the seventeenth century, with jackets of red and white in stripes, white knee-breeches, stockings, and satin shoes; in their hands they hold white hats, broad-brimmed and high-crowned, with drooping plumes of red and white feathers. After "*Tantum Ergo*" has been sung, to the accompaniment of a full orchestra, the boys begin a hymn in Spanish to a bright and charming air. When this is ended, they genuflect, put their hats on their heads, and begin their dance, still singing to the accompaniment of the orchestra. The dance is slow and stately, like the old minuet, with a pause between each step; the boys wind in and out, form various figures, and end with a pirouette. At the completion of the hymn, the orchestra continues the air, and the boys accompany it with castanets, still dancing. The ceremony is then repeated, with another hymn and different music, and the whole performance lasts twenty minutes. At its conclusion, "*Tantum Ergo*" is again sung, while every one kneels; the archbishop gives his benediction, and departs with his attendants, the people crowding round, as he goes down the church, to kiss his episcopal ring.

Many Protestants, and even Roman Catholics, may be scandalized when they hear of dancing as part of a Church service; above all, of dancing in fancy costume, and with covered heads. Such, at

any rate, was the feeling of a former pope, who sent a commission to inquire into this ceremony, unknown except at the Cathedral of Seville, and there only practised at the Carnival, the festival of the Conception in December, and that of Corpus Christi in the summer. The papal commissioner, however, reported that the whole thing was decently and reverently performed, and that the covering of the head was simply the ancient Spanish custom; and so the supreme authority of the Church could only give its approval to a harmless and charming ceremony, which perhaps forms a useful counter-attraction to the masked balls and other spectacles of the streets and theatres. The origin of the dancing is not attested by any documentary evidence, but it is believed to date from the conquest of Seville by St. Ferdinand from the Moors. It is a survival, in fact, of the *autos sacramentales*, or miracle-plays accompanied by music and dancing in honor of the sacrament, which are chiefly known to European readers outside Spain through the beautiful compositions of Calderon. The "*Autos*" of Calderon carried these performances to the highest point of literary art, but they had been customary in Spain throughout the Middle Ages at Corpus Christi and other festivals. Not only boys but also women used to dance before the Host, until this part of the ceremony was suppressed by authority.

The music employed at the Church dances in Seville is the property of the chapter, and strangers are not, as a rule, allowed to see the scores. Mr. Lomas, however, who mentions these dances in his book of travels in Spain, gives two of the airs sung at the festival of the Conception; at the Carnival and Corpus Christi, entirely different words and airs are used. It is rumored that, in deference to modern sentiment, the dances will be discontinued before long; but if this is to be the case, many will certainly regret the disappearance of one more picturesque scene, and one more survival of mediæval life.

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CARLYLE ON LOUIS BLANC. — Among a collection of Carlyle's letters is one in which he gives a little sketch of Louis Blanc. "I also," he says, "rather like the little Revolutionist. During the time of his Luxembourg saturnalia, I read all his books; found in him immense vivacity, and ardent zeal, a swift, clear, shallowish, but honest judgment, and a

dreadful deficiency of all the silent faculties; which latter, indeed, are not very rife any where at present, and in France I think never were. 'Monsieur a peu ou presque point de talent pour le silence!' An amiable little revolutionary curiosity — unhappily invested with a kind of magnitude just at this time."

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## CROCUSES.

YELLOW and purple and white,  
 Snow-white and lilac and gold,  
 Crocuses, my crocuses,  
 Peering up from the mould;  
 These like fingers of flame,  
 These in a raiment of snow,  
 And these of the dusky hue of thoughts  
 Cherished from long ago.

Last year, last month, last week,  
 My patch of garden was bare,  
 No glimmer of green or gleam of gold  
 Or sign of life was there;  
 It was only this morning early  
 That Spring came by this way,  
 And the gifts she leaves for a token  
 Were only mine to-day.

She delayed and delayed her coming,  
 For March was fierce and strong,  
 The bitter wind of his fury  
 Kept Winter here too long;  
 But at last this golden morning  
 Stirred every patient wing,  
 And down the shaft of a sunbeam  
 Glided the gentle Spring.

Hark, how the sparrows twitter,  
 For joy of the warmer sun!  
 They began their mating a month ago,  
 And their nesting will soon be done;  
 But the thrush has a gladder welcome,  
 Which he'll sing in the mellow eves,  
 I have heard him trying it over  
 In the trees forlorn of leaves.

Forlorn? Not now, nor ever,  
 Since Spring is here again,  
 And crocuses, my crocuses,  
 Herald her happy reign;  
 Yellow and white and purple,  
 Snow-white, blue-veined, and gold,  
 The signs of a new possession  
 That is old as the world is old, —

New life, new love, new leafage,  
 Forever old and young,  
 In all the flowers that open,  
 In all the songs that are sung;  
 And hers is the beautiful mission  
 To blossom and bloom and sing,  
 My crocus-bringer, my passion,  
 The Maid of the Months, the Spring.  
 Spectator.                      GEORGE COTTERELL.

## THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

LET us never go back — though we long  
 For the past; never more, never more!  
 All is changed, all is lost, all is dead. We  
 should wrong  
 The old house, if we darkened the door.  
 Wrong ourselves too — our bright vanished  
 years —  
 The romance of our childhood! Oh, no;

Let us never return! In our sleep, through  
 our tears,  
 Let us see the old home. Only so!

How we loved it — each beam and each stone!  
 How we loved the green fields, the great  
 trees,  
 And the pool, and the slow dreamy cows!  
 What is gone,  
 What is left, what is changed, of all these?

All is changed; all is changed! — for the  
 dear,  
 Loving dead, who illumined the place,  
 Have been laid under daisies and grass many  
 a year!  
 What is home, if it lacked the loved face?

Let us never go back! The old years,  
 The old homestead have vanished. No  
 more  
 Shall we see them at all save in sleep, through  
 our tears.  
 We shall never more darken the door.

But the sunset forever shall gleam  
 On the window-panes, there where it stands  
 In the wood-muffled meadows — the house of  
 a dream,  
 A fair dwelling not fashioned with hands.  
 Good Words.                      WILLIAM SAVAGE.

## FAIRY GOLD.

I HAVE so sweet a song to sing  
 That, could I voice it forth aright,  
 The world would thrill with wild delight,  
 As at the coming of the Spring.

There is a music in my brain  
 Which leaps and throbs the whole day  
 long;  
 Now poised upon the brink of song,  
 Yet ever falling back again.

I have a tale so strange to tell .  
 That, could I shape it into words,  
 The music of the summer-birds  
 Would silent fall beneath its spell.

And sometimes in a dream there comes,  
 To heart and tongue, the living fire,  
 And all the hosts of my desire  
 Sweep forth with trumpets and with drums;

With silver bugle-notes, and gleam  
 Of gay, plumed squadrons forward hurled,  
 To bear through all the wakening world  
 The joy and beauty of my dream.

All that my heart in dreams achieves  
 The Fates, relentless, still withhold,  
 And whirl my store of fairy gold  
 At breath of dawn to withered leaves.  
 DUNCAN ROBERTSON.

Longman's Magazine.

From The National Review.

### THE QUEEN IN POLITICS.

A CONTROVERSY to which it is not necessary to make minute reference here has raised the question of the part played by the queen in the conduct of public business. The common idea, which according to Mr. Bagehot prevailed in his youth among the peasantry of Somersetshire, was that the sovereign did everything. The extension of popular education and the diffusion of general enlightenment have led to the precisely opposite impression, that the sovereign does nothing. The ignorance which is half knowledge is often as misleading as the lie that is half a truth. Her Majesty, like the queen of the nursery rhyme, is supposed to spend her time "eating bread and honey," or in some employment as remote from public concern. "They that wear soft raiment are in king's houses," and their function is to be the wearers of soft raiment. Macaulay in one of his essays describes the street-porter's view of the ministerial crisis which, when he wrote, was occupying the public mind. "So Lord Goderich says: 'I cannot manage this business; I must go out.' So the king says, says he, 'Well, then, I must send for the Duke of Wellington—that's all.'"<sup>\*</sup> If the ministerial crisis of 1880 were described with a similar Herodotean simplicity, according to the now prevalent conception of a ministerial crisis, the supposed conversation would run thus: "So Lord Beaconsfield says, 'Those elections have gone against me,' he says, 'and there's no use in my trying to stop in any longer. You must send for Lord Hartington,' he says. So the queen says, 'May not I send for Mr. Gladstone, or, at any rate, for Lord Granville?' 'No,' says Lord Beaconsfield; 'you must send for Lord Hartington; he's your man.' 'Well, then,' she says, 'I suppose I must, since you say so.'" It seems to be commonly believed that the sovereign is simply a pageant out of doors, and a puppet in what used to be called the closet; that she cannot come to a decision without taking somebody's advice, and that then she must come to the decision

which she is advised to adopt; that she cannot take a step without leaning upon somebody's arm, and can move only as she is moved. So far as I have seen, all the journals, with the single exception of the *Saturday Review*, which took part in the controversy about the ministerial change of 1880, assumed that Lord Beaconsfield was by constitutional necessity and moral depravity the prime mover in what was represented as an intrigue for the exclusion of Mr. Gladstone from office. He therefore recommended the queen—not merely to ignore Mr. Gladstone, but—to pass over Lord Granville, whose devotion to his old chief was well known, and to send for Lord Hartington, a man younger than either of them, and of less experience in public affairs and in the functions of a Parliamentary leader. The recommendation of the out-going minister, according to this view of the working of our political system, is practically an instruction which the sovereign has no alternative but to act upon.

This grotesque conception of the office of the monarch, during the period which intervenes between the resignation of one minister and the appointment of another, is probably due to the misinterpretation of two current phrases. "The queen reigns, but does not govern." But this does not mean that she takes no part in the government. The Houses of Parliament legislate, but do not govern, though they, and one of them more particularly, have a good deal to do with the government. The other misleading words are "ministerial responsibility"—misleading because they are applied to a state of things in which ministerial responsibility has necessarily ceased to exist. The right of advising the sovereign depends on the minister having the confidence of the majority of the House of Commons, to which he is responsible for the advice he gives, and for such action as may be taken upon it "the queen can do no wrong." But the minister whose resignation has been tendered and accepted, though he still holds office in order to carry on the routine of administration until his successor shall be appointed, has from the nature of the case forfeited (or, if his resignation follows on

<sup>\*</sup> Macaulay: *Miscellaneous Writings* (ed. 1865), p. 163.

a general election or on an adverse vote in the new Parliament, failed to win) the confidence of the House of Commons. It would be an usurpation on his part, calling for rebuke, and perhaps for Parliamentary censure, if he presumed, in his character of ministerial *locum tenens* or care-taker, to tender his unasked advice to the sovereign. Lord Beaconsfield was too good a courtier to fail in deference to the autocracy of the queen in the single incident of the royal office to which the word autocracy can be applied. His monarchical doctrine was too high to permit him to intrude upon ground which is reserved for the sovereign alone, even if his acquaintance with English history and politics did not suffice to guard him from the mistake in etiquette and constitutional usage which is attributed to him. Of course, the queen, if she had chosen, might have asked for his opinion, as the privy councillor and peer at the moment nearest to her, in both capacities constitutionally entitled to counsel her. But she was neither bound to ask for it nor bound to take it if given. Proximity, it is true, goes for something, and close and first-hand acquaintance with affairs. But, after allowing for these things, it may perhaps be said that the outgoing prime minister is the very last person whose opinion ought to be taken, because, even if we attribute to him the most chivalrous sense of duty to his sovereign and his country, it is scarcely possible that he should completely lay aside the personal feelings generated by conflict, and the instinct of a political leader to do the best for his party and the worst, or at any rate only the second best, for his opponents. The idea that the outgoing prime minister authoritatively recommends to the sovereign the statesman for whom she shall send — that is to say, that he practically nominates his successor, and in so doing decides the character and to a great extent the personal composition of the new Cabinet, — is almost too absurd for statement, though it seems not to be too absurd for general belief. The Emperor Napoleon might almost as naturally have been trusted with the selection of the commander of the English forces; in which case, we may be sure, the Duke of

Wellington would not have fought at Waterloo, nor would there have been any Waterloo to be lost and won.

It is the right and duty of the queen, if the situation is not perfectly clear to her own mind, to seek further information from the knowledge, and light from the sagacity of persons supplied with either, whether they be peers, or privy councillors, or mere observers of affairs. But, though these persons may enlarge or correct the sovereign's materials for judgment, the judgment is hers alone. This is true, as Mr. Gladstone has pointed out, of the ordinary exercise of sovereignty, in which the queen is sheltered by the responsibility of her ministers. But there is one exception, he goes on to say, to the sovereign's right of free counsel, an exception which does not admit of being reduced to a formula, but which, in practice, is easily recognized, and on which right feeling and a sense of the becoming will act with infallible discernment. It would not be proper for the queen to prepare herself for those discussions with her ministers which contribute as much, perhaps, as the deliberations of the Cabinet to the shaping of public policy, by taking counsel with the leaders of the Opposition.\* If this limitation be reasonable with respect to the ordinary conduct of business under a settled administration, it is certainly not less valid at that critical moment when the character of an administration is definitely determined by the selection of the statesman who is to form it and preside over it. The absurdity, already dwelt upon, of the doctrine that the outgoing prime minister has practically the nomination of his successor is deducible from the general doctrine that the queen should not take counsel with the leaders of the Opposition upon the measures and policy of her ministers. Nor is there any necessity that she should do so. Her Majesty has probably a much better knowledge of the characters and capacities of the eminent statesmen who have been her confidential servants than they have of each other. She knows Mr. Gladstone probably better than Lord Beaconsfield did. She under

\* Gladstone's Gleanings of Past Years, vol. i., p. 73

stood Lord Beaconsfield, it may reasonably be assumed, more thoroughly than Mr. Gladstone was able to do. The colloquies of the closet are more confidential than the conversations of political rivals behind the speaker's chair, — to say nothing of debate and dialogue across the table. The queen, after more than half a century of sovereignty, must have as just an appreciation of the position of the leading politicians in Parliament, of their relations to each other, to the several sections of their respective parties, and to those parties as a whole, of their influence in the House of Commons independently of party, and their authority in the country, as the venerable father of the House himself, or any other Parliamentary veteran.

To use Mr. Gladstone's words: "The sovereign, as compared with her ministers, has, because she is the sovereign, the advantages of long experience, wide survey, elevated position, and entire disconnection from the bias of party."\* This experience, at once continuous and infinitely varied, is a training for the conduct of public business which, except the queen herself, no person in her realm has or can have. It qualifies her for "the exercise of a direct and personal influence in the whole work of government," for which (to use once more Mr. Gladstone's words) the admirable arrangements of the Constitution, completely shielding her from personal responsibility, have left ample scope.† This participation applies to the ordinary working of the political machine. If the queen cannot bring the ministers to her way of thinking, and they possess the confidence of the House of Commons, and presumably of the country, she will acquiesce in their proposals. Oftener, perhaps, than is suspected, there is a process of give-and-take, and a reasonable harmony is established, more closely corresponding to the intentions of both parties to it than the unreconciled proposals of either. The late Lord Derby bore public testimony in the House of Lords to the great and beneficial influence which the queen had exercised on public affairs in the discharge of those duties of her office which Mr. Glad-

stone describes in the essay from which we have quoted a few sentences.\* The prime minister and the foreign secretary, even when they are not one and the same person, are usually supposed to possess a sort of joint dictatorship in foreign affairs, which is practically a single dictatorship wielded by that minister who is the stronger of the two. When the foreign minister was the elder Pitt, the younger Fox, Castlereagh, Canning, or Palmerston, the premiership of Newcastle, Devonshire, Rockingham, Portland, Liverpool, and Grenville gave no real supremacy. Lord Palmerston in our own days was supreme at the Foreign Office under Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, and, until their quarrel, Lord John Russell. On the other hand, such first ministers as the younger Pitt and Canning, Wellington, and Lord Palmerston were practically foreign ministers also, though they did not ostensibly combine the two offices. The Cabinet, if we are to believe complaints sometimes heard, is often as much in the dark while foreign policy is being shaped as the House of Commons itself. But, as Mr. Morley points out in his essay on the Cabinet, which forms, perhaps, the most interesting chapter of his sketch of Walpole, the queen can appeal from the prime minister, or any other minister, to the Cabinet as a whole, and did so in the troubled period of 1859-61.† This salutary recourse by the sovereign to a sort of ministerial *referendum* calling into life the suspended authority of the Cabinet as a whole, probably saved England from the recognition of the Southern States, as a few years later it may have prevented the participation of this country in a war against the two great German powers in behalf of Denmark. But in these cases, as in others analogous, it was not the mere will of the sovereign which prevailed against the first minister or the foreign minister, but her superior discernment and prudence, acting on and through the Cabinet. Independent kingship in England, Mr. Gladstone says, died when George IV. surrendered his personal opposition to the Roman Catholic

\* Gladstone's *Gleanings*, p. 41.

† Ibid.

\* Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. cxxx., p. 103.

† Morley's *Walpole*, p. 159.

Relief Act.\* It is sometimes said that it revived under his brother in 1834, when William IV. dismissed the ministry of Lord Melbourne, which was still in possession of a majority of the House of Commons, and sent "the hurried Hudson" to summon Sir Robert Peel from Italy. Though holding that the king's conduct was unwise, as the result proved it to be, Mr. Gladstone denies that it put any strain on the Constitution, inasmuch as it was an appeal from the ministry to the country.† On similar grounds Mr. Albert Dicey has vindicated the action of George III., in 1783, in dismissing the Coalition and calling Mr. Pitt to power. It is quite possible that a leader of the Opposition in our day might hold that the queen would not put any strain on the Constitution if she were to dismiss a minister who, though still retaining a majority in the House of Commons, might seem, on the evidence of bye-elections and on other grounds, to have lost the confidence of the country. It may be doubtful whether Lord Salisbury would have disapproved this intervention of the sovereign in 1884, or whether Mr. Gladstone would not have found it as constitutional in 1891 or '92 as he believes it to have been in 1834.

Whatever may be the limits and conditions of the queen's authority in the ordinary processes of government, it is without limits and conditions other than those imposed by good sense and a regard for the public well-being — an understanding, in one word, of the political situation — in the interval between the resignation of one minister and the summoning of his destined successor. "The whole power of the State" (to quote Mr. Gladstone once more) "periodically returns on to the royal hands when a ministry is changed."‡ A passage in Sir Robert Peel's speech in 1846 is classical and has passed into textbooks of the Constitution. For that reason, though it is, or ought to be, well known, it is worth while to cite it. Correcting the statements of the newspapers that on his resignation he had advised her Majesty to send for Lord John Russell, he said: "I offered no opinion as to the choice of a successor. That is almost the only act which is the personal act of the sovereign; it is for the sovereign to determine in whom her confidence shall be placed."§ In the ministerial complications of 1850, Lord John Russell, writing

to the prince consort, expresses his satisfaction at the fact that the action of the queen has been such as to remove the danger, which he apprehended, "that the prerogative of the crown might pass to the House of Commons."\* The theory that the prerogative of the crown has passed to the leader of the Opposition, which has survived for nearly half a century the formal contradiction given by Sir Robert Peel, has been sufficiently refuted. There is more plausibility in the contention that it has passed to the House of Commons. The prime minister, it is said, is practically though indirectly nominated by the Parliamentary majority. It would be more correct to say that since 1868 he is practically though indirectly nominated by the country; for it is the habit of the prime minister, since Mr. Disraeli set the example, to recognize at once his defeat at the polls and not to wait for a formal vote of want of confidence in the new House of Commons. Normally, there are two parties in the State, each with its recognized chief, who is the natural and inevitable head of any administration, drawn from the party to which he belongs. He must more than any other command the confidence of the majority of the House of Commons, though this does not necessarily involve his being a member of the House of Commons. The selection of the late Lord Derby and of the Marquis of Salisbury was made in conformity with this rule quite as much as the choice of Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone. Ordinarily the appointment makes itself. There is usually one statesman who is first, with all the rest nowhere. But there are emergencies in which this automatic action of the Constitution fails. The first instance in the present reign was in the year 1850, when Lord Palmerston avenged himself on Lord John Russell's ejection of him from the Foreign Office by putting him in a minority on the Militia Bill. Lord John Russell resigned; the late Lord Derby (then Lord Stanley), Lord Aberdeen, and Lord John himself failed to construct a new, or to reconstruct the old, administration; and the queen had recourse to the advice of the Duke of Wellington. The problem which had to be solved was submitted to the duke in a memorandum, which is a State paper of a high order, in substance and by adoption, and in some measure probably in authorship the queen's.† The history of the

\* Gladstone's *Gleanings*, vol. i., p. 38.

† *Gleanings*, vol. i., pp. 38 and 78.

‡ *Gleanings*, vol. i., p. 88.

§ *Hansard*, vol. lxxxiii., p. 1004.

\* Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. ii., p. 349.

† *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. ii., pp. 346-354.

negotiations shows how real and vital is the action of the crown when the most critical task in the conduct of public business has to be performed. President Lincoln's well-known advice not to swop horses in crossing a stream is sound, perhaps, in American politics. A ministerial crisis, usually occurring when great issues are involved, is in its essence the swopping of horses while crossing a stream; and the exchange, sometimes at least, requires great skill and management.

In 1852, on the resignation of Lord Derby, her Majesty, instead of submitting to the recommendation of the outgoing minister as to the choice of his successor, acted upon her own clear and sagacious discernment of the situation. "The queen felt that the time had now come for the formation of a strong administration, and for closing the unsatisfactory epoch of government upon sufferance which had resulted from the disorganization of parties since 1846."\* With that view she asked for the counsels of Lord Aberdeen and Lord Lansdowne, men who though members respectively of the Conservative and the Liberal parties, can scarcely be considered partisans. In 1859 there was an embarrassment of another kind. The defeat of Lord Derby's second administration made a Liberal administration inevitable. The Liberal party had two chiefs, each of whom had been prime minister and led the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell agreed that in the event of either being sent for by the queen the other would serve under him. The queen, however, was uninformed of this understanding, and, being unwilling to subordinate either of these veteran statesmen to the other, entrusted Lord Granville with the task of forming an administration, which Lord John and Lord Palmerston were invited — not by Lord Granville only, but by the queen herself in autograph letters — to join. Lord Palmerston, with a generosity not less admirable because it was doubtless accompanied by a confidence that his own ascendancy in the Cabinet did not depend upon his titular primacy, replied that, though his understanding was with Lord John only, he conceived that the spirit of public duty which led him to enter into that engagement bound him to assist Lord Granville in the execution of her Majesty's commands.† Lord Palmerston felt, doubtless, that a position which

had been filled by Chatham and Charles James Fox was not one of derogation on his part. Lord John Russell, however, took a very different view of the course which the spirit of public duty dictated, and of the deference due to the queen's commands; and, Lord Granville giving up the task committed to him, Lord Palmerston reaped the reward of his magnanimity by being appointed to the office of first minister, which he held until his death. Lord Granville was never charged with having shown want of loyalty either to Lord Palmerston or to Lord John Russell in making them the proposal with which the queen had charged him. The expedient of trusting the ostensible premiership to a respectable peer as a means of balancing the claims of rival leaders was common enough before the Reform Act. The renewal of it in a not distant future, in the event of the Liberal party retaining office (if it should gain it) after Mr. Gladstone's retirement, is commonly spoken of as the best solution of an embarrassing personal problem. Lord Spencer is spoken of as the next Liberal premier. But the device is less suited to the political conditions which have prevailed since 1832 than to those of the previous century. Of the nine statesmen who have held the office of first minister since the Reform Act only two, Lord Melbourne and Lord Aberdeen, were not designated for it by their position in their respective parties. Of the twenty and more first ministers who have held office since the accession of George II. to that of William IV. there are only five or six — Walpole, North, Shelburne (possibly), William Pitt, Canning, and Grey — whose official position was due to their undisputed personal ascendancy. When the queen, in 1885, determined the dual leadership of Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, by calling the former to the premiership, she recognized the moral title of the stronger man, as she had done five years earlier in sending for Lord Hartington in preference to Lord Granville. Mr. Gladstone, it must be remembered, had not then formally recalled what seemed at the time his perpetual renunciation of office. He continued to the last moment to speak of Lord Granville and Lord Hartington as his leaders, and of himself as only their follower. It was conceivable, though not probable, that short of absolute retirement from official life he might be desirous to accept, in an administration presided over by a younger man, a position analogous to that which

\* Life of the Prince Consort, vol. ii., p. 482. Hansard, vol. cxxiii., pp. 1701-2.

† Ibid., vol. iv., pp. 453-4.

he himself in 1868 offered to his old chief Earl Russell; that he might take the view of public duty which in 1859 led Lord Palmerston to accede to the overtures of Lord Granville, rather than that which more than half a century before prompted Pitt's good-humoredly contemptuous rejection of the proposals of Addington. The solution which was arrived at was, amid the circumstances of the case, natural and inevitable. With a reviving eagerness for official life and Parliamentary leadership on Mr. Gladstone's part, no other prime minister than he was possible in 1880. The Liberal party throughout the country was Gladstonian; and the House of Commons was his House of Commons. But the procedure by which the essential facts of the situation were made to declare themselves was natural and constitutionally proper. The censure ostensibly thrown on the imaginary recommendation of Lord Beaconsfield is ignorantly, perhaps, rather than maliciously, aimed at a higher personage.

There is a certain amount of general truth in the statement that since 1832 ministers have been more Parliamentary ministers and less ministers of the crown than they were before. But the distinction is less one of dates than of persons and circumstances. Mr. Morley points out that the general election of 1705 enabled Godolphin in 1706 to force Sunderland on the queen, and afterwards to remove Harley from her councils. The saying that the king gave Walpole to the nation, but the nation gave Chatham to the king, shows that there was a popular as well as a royal sovereignty a century and a half ago. The proscription of Carteret and Pulteney and Shelburne by the Whig leaders was as marked as the Royal proscription of the elder Pitt, of Fox, and of Grey. George III. said that the Coalition had done everything short of nominating the ministers by name in the House of Commons. In our own day, the suggestions of the crown have much to do with the distribution of offices of State; and, if instances currently spoken of are correctly cited, have effected a more reasonable adjustment than was at first designed of places to capacities — of round and square men to round and square holes. For good or evil, and in past no doubt for both, the Democracy (to use an objectionable abstraction) is supreme. But it may sometimes happen that its opinion, and still more its inarticulate sentiment, will find more accurate interpretation in an able prince than in a minister of the

second order, in an Isabella of Castille, or a Maria Theresa (let us say) than in a Henry Pelham or in a Henry Addington. It is as Providence shall cast the parts. Happily, the mechanism of the Constitution lends itself in the long run to the unforced and insensible ascendancy of the more powerful mind and the more winning character upon the intelligence and sentiment of the nation.

FRANK H. HILL.

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From Longman's Magazine.  
KENYON'S INNINGS.

# I.

KENYON had been more unmanageable than usual. Unsettled and excitable from the moment he awoke and remembered who was coming in the evening, he had remained in an unsafe state all day. That evening found him with unbroken bones was a miracle to Ethel, his sister, and to his great friend John, the under-gardener. Poor Ethel was in charge; and sole charge of Kenyon, who was eleven, was no light matter for a girl with her hair still down. Her brother was a handful at most times; to-day he would have filled some pairs of stronger hands than Ethel's. They had begun the morning together, with small cricket (snob-cricket, Kenyon called it); but Kenyon had been rather rude over it, and Ethel had retired. She soon regretted this step; it had made him reckless; he had spent the most dangerous day. Kenyon delighted in danger. He got it by walking round the entire premises on the garden wall, which was high enough to kill him if he fell, and by clambering over the greenhouses, which offered a still more fascinating risk. He not only had done both this morning, but had gone so far as to straddle a gable of the house itself, shouting down good-tempered insults to Ethel, who appealed to him with tears and entreaties from the lawn below. Ethel had been quite disabled from sitting at meat with him; and in the afternoon he had bothered the gardeners, in the potting-shed, to such an extent that his friend John had subsequently refused to bowl to him. In fact, Kenyon Harwood had been a public nuisance all day, though a lovable one — at his very worst he was that. He had lovable looks for one thing, and it was not the only thing. The boy had run wild since his young mother's death. There were reasons why he should not go to school at

present. There were reasons why he should spend the long summer days in the sunshine, and open only the books he cared for; though his taste here was fantastic, certainly. He had dark, laughing eyes, and a face of astonishing brightness and health; astonishing because his legs and arms were as thin as pipe-stems, and looked as brittle. Kenyon was indeed a most delicate boy. He was small and delicate and weak in everything but spirit. "He has the spirit," said John, his friend, "of the deuce and all!"

Ethel forgave easily, too easily almost; but then she was Kenyon's devoted slave, who cried about him half the night, and lived for him, and longed to die for him. Kenyon had toned himself down by tea-time, and when he sought her then as though nothing had happened, she was only too delighted to catch his spirit. Had she reminded him of his behavior on the roof, and elsewhere, he would have been very sorry and affectionate; but it was not her way to make him sorry. She listened to him in the nicest way; and he had plenty to say, for it was a great occasion; it was this which had unsettled and excited him. The day was to have a great ending, and now that this was very near, Kenyon was actually a little awed; Ethel must have felt thankful indeed. They had the most sober tea together; they never dined with their father; they seldom listened for his chariot wheels as they were listening to-night. The boy, especially, took but little delight in his father's return from the works, though he often awaited that event with a painful interest. But to-night Mr. Harwood was to bring back with him one of his boy's heroes, whom Kenyon was to shake by the hand—one of the heroes of his favorite book, which was not a story-book. It has been said that Kenyon's literary taste was peculiar; his favorite book was "Lillywhite's Cricketers' Guide;" the name of the great young man who was coming this evening had figured prominently in recent volumes of "Lillywhite," and Kenyon knew every score he had ever made.

"Of course he won't take much notice of a kid like me," said Kenyon, with a modesty which was not always so conspicuous in him, "but I *should* like to talk to him, I should so! Fancy having C. J. Forrester to stay here! Do you know, I've an idea the governor asked him partly to please *me*, though he says he's a sort of relation. I say, I wish we'd known that before, don't you? Anyhow, it's the jolliest thing the governor ever did in his life,

and a wonder he did it, seeing he only laughs at cricket. I wish he'd been a cricketer himself, then he'd kick up less row about the glass; but thank goodness I haven't broken any to-day. I say, I wish C. J. Forrester'd made more runs yesterday; he may be riled, you know."

Kenyon had not picked up all his pretty expressions in the potting-shed; he was intimate with a boy who went to a public school.

"How many did he get?" Ethel asked.

"Duck and seven. I expect he'll be pretty sick about it."

"I shouldn't be surprised if he thinks far less about it than you do, Ken. It's only a game; I don't suppose he'll mind so very much."

"Won't he, then? It's only about the swaggiest county match of the season!" cried Kenyon very sarcastically. "He's bound to mind not coming off against Notts. The *Sportsman* says he was out to a weak stroke, too, second innings. Where did I see the *Sportsman*? Oh, John and I are getting it from the town every day; we're going halves; it comes to John, though, so you needn't say anything. What *are* you grinning at, Ethel? Ah, you're not up in real cricket. You only understand snob."

Kenyon was more experienced. The public school boy hard by had given him an innings or two at his net, where Kenyon had picked up more than the rudiments of the game and a passion for "Lillywhite." He had learnt there his pretty expressions, which were anything but popular at home. Mr. Harwood was a man of limited patience, and a still more limited knowledge of boys. He frightened Kenyon, who was at his worst in the paternal presence. He was a sensitive man, of uncertain temper, who could not get on with his children; though Ethel was a dear good girl to him. He saw very little of either of them. It was a trouble, an unacknowledged grief, to hard, lonely Mr. Harwood. But it was his own fault; he knew this; he knew all about it. He knew too much of himself, and not enough of his children.

You could not blame Kenyon—Mr. Harwood would have been the last to do so—yet it was dreadful to see him looking forward to his father's return, for the first time in his life, perhaps, and now only for the sake of the stranger he was bringing with him; to see him peering through the blind at this stranger, who certainly had great interest in his eyes, without so much as glancing at his father or realizing

that he was there; to hear him talking volubly in the drawing-room after dinner (when the children came down) to the celebrated C. J. Forrester, whom he had never seen before; and to remember how very little he ever had to say to his father. Ethel felt it—all. She was very kind to her father this evening. That peculiar man may have felt it, too, and the root of Ethel's attentions into the bargain; for he was very snubbing to her. He never showed much feeling. Yet it *was* to please Kenyon that Mr. Harwood had pressed Forrester to look him up, and not by any means (though this had been his way of putting it to his kinsman, whom he knew very slightly) to cheer his own loneliness.

The cricketer was a blonde young man, disappointingly free from personal lustre, and chiefly remarkable for his hands. He had an enormous hand, and when it closed, like jaws, over Kenyon's little one, this suffering student could well understand his "Lillywhite" characterizing C. J. Forrester as "a grand field, especially in the country." They talked cricket together from the first moment, and until Kenyon said good-night. He told Ethel, afterwards, that so far they had got no further than the late match against Notts; that Forrester had described it "as if he'd only *seen* the thing;" and that she was quite right, and C. J. was far less cut up at the result than he was. The county had been beaten by Nottingham, and Kenyon went so far as to affirm that C. J. Forrester's disappointing form had directly contributed to the disaster, and that he certainly *ought* to be ashamed of himself. But this was a little bit of after bravado displayed up-stairs, and in the midst of the most enthusiastic utterances respecting C. J.

Mr. Harwood watched and heard the frank, free, immediate intercourse between Kenyon and the visitor. He had never known Kenyon so bright and animated—so handsome even. The boy was at his best, and his best was a revelation to Mr. Harwood, who had never in his life had a real conversation with Kenyon such as Forrester was having now. He had talked *to* Kenyon, certainly; but any father can do that. As he sat grimly listening, with Ethel snubbed to silence, he may have felt a jealous longing to be his small son's friend too—to interest him, as this complete stranger was doing, and be honestly interested—to love and be loved. He was self-conscious enough to feel all this, and even to smile, as he rose to look at the clock, and saw in the mirror behind it

no trace of his feelings in his thin-lipped, whiskered face. At nine the children said good-night of their own accord, knowing better than to stay a minute over their time. Mr. Harwood kissed them as coldly and lightly as usual; but surprised them with a pleasantry before they left the room.

"Wait, Kenyon. Forrester, ask him your average. He'll tell you to a decimal. He knows what he calls his 'Lillywhite' by heart."

Kenyon looked extremely eager, though Mr. Harwood's tone struck Forrester as a little sarcastic.

"You've been learning it up!" the cricketer said knowingly to Kenyon.

"I haven't," declared Kenyon, bubbling over with excitement.

"You needn't ask him your own," Ethel added, quite entering into it. "He knows them all."

"Oh, we'll have mine," said Forrester, who felt slightly ridiculous, but very much amused. "What was it for the 'varsity—my first year?"

Kenyon had to think. That was two years ago, before he had known much about cricket; but he had read up that year's "Lillywhite"—he read as many old "Lillywhites" as he could get—and he answered in a few moments:—

"Nineteen point seven."

"You *have* been getting it up!" cried Forrester.

Kenyon was beaming. "No, I haven't—honestly I haven't! Ask Ethel!"

"Oh, it's genuine enough," said Mr. Harwood to Forrester; "it's his accomplishment—one to be proud of, isn't it? That'll do, Kenyon; good-night, both of you."

The door closed.

"*He's* one to be proud of," said Forrester pointedly, a vague indignation rising within him. "A ripping little chap, I call him. And he *was* right to a decimal. I never heard of such a fellow!"

"He's cricket mad," said Mr. Harwood dryly. "I'm glad you like him."

"I like him immensely. I like his enthusiasm. I never saw a small boy so keen! Does he play?"

"Not properly; he's not fit to; he's very delicate. No, it's mostly theory with Kenyon; and I'm very much afraid he'll bore you. You mustn't let him. Indeed, I fear you'll have a slow time all round; but, as I told you, there's a horse to ride whenever you want him."

"Does the boy ride?"

"He's not allowed to. I was going to

say that we have a very respectable club in the town, where I can tuck you up and make you comfortable any time you like to come down. Only don't, for your own sake, encourage Kenyon to be a nuisance; he doesn't require much encouragement."

"My dear sir, we're too keen cricketers to bore each other; we're going to be tremendous friends. You don't mean to say he bores *you*? Ah, with the scores, perhaps; but you must be awfully proud of having such a jolly little beggar; I know I should be! I'd make a cricketer of him. If he's as keen as this now, in a few years' time he ought——"

"Do you smoke, Forrester? We will go into the other room."

Mr. Harwood had turned abruptly away, and was putting out the lights.

## II.

LONG before breakfast next morning — while the lawns were yet frosted with dew and lustrous in the level sunlight — Kenyon Harwood and C. J. Forrester, the well-known cricketer, met and fraternized. Kenyon and John had always spoken of Forrester as "C. J.;" and when Kenyon let this out, it was arranged, chiefly by C. J. himself, who was amused and pleased, that Kenyon should never call him anything else. Mr. Harwood, at breakfast, rather disapproved of the arrangement, but it was hardly a matter for the paternal ukase. Meanwhile Kenyon had personally conducted C. J. round the place, and had most impressively introduced him (in the potting-shed) to John, who looked so proud and delighted as to put a head even on Kenyon's delight and pride. C. J. was charmed with John; but he was less enthusiastic about a bricked quadrangle, in front of the gardener's and coachman's cottages, with wickets painted on a but-tress, where Kenyon was constantly indulging in small cricket — notably in the dinner hour of John, who bolted his food to come out and bowl to him. The skilled opinion of C. J. was not in favor of "snob," as played by Kenyon with a racket and soft ball.

"He says a tennis racket is bad for you," Ethel understood from Kenyon (to whom it was a very serious thing); "makes you play with a crooked bat, and teaches you to spoon. So there's an end to snob! But what do you think? He's going to take me into the town to choose a decent bat; and we're going in for regular practice on the far lawn — John and all — if the governor lets us! C. J.'s going to

coach me. Think of being coached by C. J. Forrester!"

"Father is sure to let you," said Ethel; and certainly Mr. Harwood did not say no; but his consent was coldly given, and one thing he stipulated almost sternly.

"I won't have Kenyon run. I shall put a stop to it if he does. It might kill him."

"Ah, he has told me about that." Forrester added simply, "I am so sorry."

Kenyon, in fact, in explaining the system of scoring at snob — a most ingenious system — had said: —

"You see, I mayn't run my runs. I know the boundaries don't make half such a good game, but I can't help it. What's wrong? I'm sure I can't tell you. I've been to heaps of doctors, but they never say much to *me*; they just mess about, and then send you back to the room where you look at the papers. Mother used to take me to London on purpose, and the governor's done so twice. It's my hip, or some rot. It's a jolly nuisance, for it feels all right, and I'm positive I *could* run, and ride, and go to school. Blow the doctors!"

"But obey them," C. J. had said seriously; "you should go in for obeying orders, Kenyon."

They got the bat. It was used a great deal during those few days — the too few days of C. J.'s visit; and was permitted to repose in C. J.'s cricket-bag, cheek by jowl with bruised veterans that had served with honor at Lord's and the Oval. Kenyon was very mindful of those services, and handled the big bats even more reverently than he shook his hero's hand. They lent themselves to this sort of thing more readily than C. J. did. I am sure that Kenyon — at all events at first — would have had his hero a trifle more heroic than Heaven had made him. There was nothing intrinsically venerable in his person, presence, or bearing — and there might have been. He was infinitely more friendly than Kenyon had dreamt of finding him; he was infinitely nicer, but he did lack the vague, inexpressible distinction with which the boy's imagination invested the heroes of "Lillywhite." He had imagination, Kenyon; his quaint, literary predilection alone argued an abnormal development there.

That summer was the loveliest of late years; and Kenyon made the most of it — the utmost. He had never before seemed so strong, and well, and promising. For the first time in his life his

really miserable little body seemed equal — at moments — to his mighty spirit; and the days of C. J. were the brightest and happiest he had ever known. In that jolly, manly companionship the unrealized want of an intensely masculine young soul was insensibly filled. Hard lines, perhaps, to fill it for so short a time; but better so than never, surely. Kenyon remarked cheerfully, that the day after C. J. went Tommy Barnard (the boy with the cricket-net, who taught slang) would be home from Harrow; but he knew very well that T. B. could never be very much to him after C. J. The cricketer's departure was at hand in a moment, almost. He had put it off, and off, because he liked Kenyon with an extraordinary liking. But he was wanted at the Oval on the last Thursday in July; his play with Kenyon and John (though John had a very fair notion of bowling) could by no stretch of imagination be regarded as practice for an important county match; he decided to tear himself from Kenyon on the Tuesday morning.

He had been with them only a week, but the Harwoods had bitten deep into his life — into a life not altogether consecrated to cricket. Forrester had definite aspirations, and some very noble intentions; and he happened to possess the character to give this spiritual baggage some value, in his case. Also he had a kind heart, which Kenyon had won. He liked Ethel; but one could not merely like Kenyon, with his frail little frame and his splendid spirit. Ethel, however, was very sweet; her eyes were like Kenyon's in everything but their sadness — deep and lustrous, but so often sad. Her love for Kenyon was the most pathetic thing Forrester had ever seen — save one. The more touching spectacle was that of the father of Ethel and Kenyon, who seemed to have very little love for his children, and to conceal what he had; who consequently could never be anything more than a father to those two who had no one else — not their friend, certainly. He was nice enough to Forrester, who found him a different being at the club — affable, good-natured, amusing in his sardonic way. He talked a little to Forrester about the children — a very little, but enough to make Forrester sincerely sorry for him. He was sorrier for Mr. Harwood than for Ethel, or even Kenyon. He pitied him profoundly on Kenyon's account, but less because the boy might never live to grow up, than because, as *he* read father and son, there would never be much love to lose between them,

however long Kenyon might live. And there was a chance for Kenyon yet. He had never been so well as he was this summer. His vitality — his amazing vitality — made it easy to believe that he would certainly live to grow up, and go on living. His trouble might never become a greater trouble than it had been already; and this summer it had been no trouble at all — he seemed almost to have forgotten his limp. He might yet go to school; and Forrester himself was going to start a small boys' school next summer, in partnership with an older man, in one of the healthiest spots in the island. St. Crispin's had been spoken of for Kenyon. Kenyon himself spoke of little else during Forrester's last day or two. To go to school at St. Crispin's was now the dream of his life.

"I am sorry we told him about it," Mr. Harwood said gloomily. "He may never be able to go there; he may never again be so well as he is now; all the summer it has seemed too good to last!"

Forrester, for his part, thought it good for the boy to have things to look forward to, and that, if he could go, the change of life and climate might prove the saving and making of him. Beyond this, he honestly hoped for the best (whereas Mr. Harwood seemed to look for the worst), and expressed his hope — often a really strong one — as plausibly as he could.

He carries with him still some intensely vivid impressions of this visit, but especially of the last day or two, when the weather was hotter than ever — take away one splendid shower — and Kenyon, if it were possible, more alert, active, and keen. He remembers, for instance, how Ethel and Kenyon and he tore to an outlying greenhouse for shelter during that shower; or rather, how he carried Kenyon. In the greenhouse, accompanied by a tremendous rattle of rain on the sloping glass, Kenyon sang them "Willow the King," the Harrow cricket song, which T. Barnard, to do him justice, had taught Kenyon among other pretty things. Clear through the years Forrester can hear Kenyon's jolly treble, and Ethel's shy notes, and his own most brazen bass, in the chorus; he recollects, too, the verse in which the singer broke down, through too strong a sense of its humor: —

"Who is this," King Willow he swore,  
 "Hops like that to a gentleman's door?  
 Who's afraid of a duke like him?  
 Fiddlededee!" says the monarch slim:  
 "What do you say, my courtiers three?"  
 And the courtiers all said "Fiddlededee!"

It does not seem funny to Forrester now.

But his last evening, the Monday, he remembers best. They had an immense match — double-wicket. The head gardener, the coachman, John (captain) and the butler made one side; Forrester, Kenyon, Ethel (Kenyon insisted), and Thomas Barnard (home early, *ager*) were the other. "It's Gentlemen and Players," John said, with a gaping grin; and the Players won, in spite of C. J., who at the last did all he knew, for Kenyon's sake.

It was a gorgeous evening. The sun set slowly, on a gaudy screen; the wealth of color was almost tropical. The red light glared between the trees, their crests swayed gently against the palest, purest amber. Mr. Harwood looked on rather kindly, with his cigar; and the shadow of his son, in for the second time, lay along the pitch like a single plank. Ethel was running for him, and it was really exciting, for there were runs to get — it was the last wicket — and Kenyon, to C. J.'s secret sorrow, and in spite of C. J.'s distinguished coaching, was not a practical cricketer. But he did really very well this evening. They did not bowl too easily to him, for he would not have stood that; they bowled very nearly their best; but Kenyon's bat managed somehow to get in the way, and once he got hold of one wide of his legs, and sent it an astonishing way — in fact, over the wall. Even Mr. Harwood clapped his hands, and Forrester muttered, "That's the happiest moment of his life!" Certainly Kenyon knew more about that leg-hit ever afterwards than he did at the moment, for, it must be owned, it was a fluke; but a minute after it was made Kenyon was out — run out, through Ethel's petticoats, and the game was lost.

"Ethel!" he cried out, his flush of ecstasy wiped away in a minute. "I could have run the thing myself!"

Ethel was dreadfully grieved, and showed it so unmistakably that Kenyon, shifting his ground, turned hotly to an unlucky groom who had been standing umpire.

"I don't believe she *was* out, Fisher!" he exclaimed, more angrily than ever. Mr. Harwood snatched his cigar from his mouth; but C. J. forestalled his interference, coming up from behind and taking Kenyon quietly by the arm.

"My dear fellow, I'm surprised at you! To dispute the umpire like this — why, I thought you were such a sportsman? You must learn to take a licking, and go out grinning, like a man!"

Kenyon was crushed — by his hero. He stammered an apology, with a crimson face, and left the lawn with the sweetness of that leg-hit turned in an instant to gall. And there was a knock at Forrester's door while he was dressing for dinner, and in crept Kenyon, hanging his head, and shut the door, and burst into tears.

"Oh, you'll never think the same of me again, C. J.! A nice fellow you'll think me, who can't stand getting out — a nice fellow for your school!"

C. J. in his shirt and trousers, looked down very tenderly on the little quivering fellow in flannels, who was standing awkwardly, as he sometimes would when tired.

"My dear old fellow, it was only game — yet it was life! We live our lives as we play our games; and we *must* be sportsmen, and bide by the umpire's decision, and go out grinning when it's against us. Do you see, Ken?"

"I see," said Kenyon, with sudden firmness. "I've learnt a lesson; I'll never forget it!"

"Ah, you may learn many a lesson from cricket, Ken," said Forrester. "And when you have learnt to play the game — pluckily, unselfishly, as well as you can — then you've learnt how to live too!" He was only saying what he has been preaching to his school ever since; but now he says that no one has ever attended to him as Kenyon did.

Kenyon looked up with wet, pleading eyes: "Then — then you'll have me at St. Crispin's?"

But Forrester only ruffled the boy's brown hair.

### III.

A VARIETY of hindrances prevented Forrester from revisiting Kenyon's father until August in the following year, when he arrived in the grey evening of a repulsive day. As before, he came straight from the Nottingham match; he had started his school, but was getting as much cricket as he could in the holidays. It was raining heavily when he jumped out of the carriage which had been sent to meet him; Mr. Harwood shook his hand in the cold twilight of the hall. House and host seemed silent and depressed. Forrester looked for Kenyon — for his hat, for some sign of him — as one searches for a break in the clouds.

"Where is he?" was his first sentence, almost. "Where *is* Kenyon?"

"Kenyon? He's in bed."

"Since when?"

"The beginning of last month."

Forrester looked horrified; his manner seemed rather to irritate Mr. Harwood.

"Surely I wrote and told you, Forrester; have you forgotten? I wrote to say he couldn't come last term—that he had fallen off during the winter, and was limping badly. Didn't you get the letter? But you did—you answered it."

"Yes, yes. I know all that," said Forrester, in a bewildered way; "I answered, and you never answered *me*. Then the term came on, and you don't know what it was. I had all my time taken up, every moment. And I have been playing cricket ever since we broke up. But—but the truth is, I've been having the most cheerful letters from Kenyon the whole time!"

"That's it; he *is* cheerful."

"He never said he was in bed."

"You weren't to know of it, on any account. But I thought you would be prepared for it."

"Not with those letters. I can hardly believe it! Will he—will he be able—"

"No, never. But you will find him as keen about it as ever, and as mad on cricket. He tells me, by the way, you've been doing great things yesterday—in fact, I read him the report—and he's wild with delight about it. Will you come up and see him? You'll get an ovation!"

Forrester nodded, setting his teeth. While they were conversing Ethel had entered the hall, shaken hands with him, and vanished up the shallow stairs, leaving the hall more gloomy than before. He remembered this presently; also that Ethel, in a single year, seemed changed from a child to a woman. But at the time he could see one thing only—a vision, a memory. The peculiar sadness in Mr. Harwood's tones—the tenderness which was still untender, yet very different from last year's note—had not struck him yet. He could think only of Kenyon as he best remembered him, playing cricket with a sunburnt face, ardent, triumphant, angry, penitent, ashamed, and of Kenyon as he dreaded to look upon him now.

Mr. Harwood stopped on the stairs.

"I wish you could help me in one thing, Forrester. He is still counting on your school, and now he can never go. He needn't know this; but could you—I wish you could make him think less about it!"

Forrester colored a little. "I wish I could," he said thoughtfully; "and perhaps I can; for somehow I am myself less anxious to have him than I was last year. I have often been thankful he wasn't one of the boys this last term. I

couldn't have borne to pitch into him as I have had to pitch into most of them. When I was here before I only looked on the pleasant side of it all; I can tell him there's another side."

Kenyon looked a great length as he lay stretched out in bed; he seemed to have grown a good deal. His thin face was flushed with anticipation; his fine eyes burnt eagerly; he had heard the wheels in the wet gravel under his window, and C. J.'s voice in the hall and on the stairs. A thin, white arm lay over the counterpane, the fingers clasping a newspaper. As Forrester entered, with a trepidation of which he was ashamed, the thin arm flourished the newspaper wildly.

"Well played, sir!" Kenyon almost thundered from his pillow. "Your score won the match; come and shake hands on it!"

Forrester, who had certainly troubled the Nottingham bowlers this time, was more taken aback than he had ever been on the cricket-field, where astonishing things do happen. He went to the bedside, and sat down there, and pressed very tenderly the small boy's slender hands; but he had not a thing to say.

"The *Sportsman*," continued Kenyon, beating the bed with that paper, "says it was a fine display of cricket, and that you're in splendid form just now. So you are. Look what you did against Surrey! Do you remember how that match came *after* Notts last year, and you left here to play in it? I'm glad it was the other way round, this season; and I'm glad—oh, I say, how glad I am you've come!"

"Dear old boy! But—but don't you think you might have told me you were like this, old fellow?"

Kenyon tossed his head on the pillow. "I couldn't," he exclaimed; "it was too sickening. Besides, I thought——"

"Well?"

"You mightn't be very keen to come, you know."

"You need not have thought that, Kenyon; and I don't believe you *did* think it."

"Well, I won't swear that I did; but anyhow I didn't want you to know before you must—for lots of reasons."

Forrester did not ask what the reasons were. He could divine one of them: the boy had hoped to be up and well before he came. Forrester wondered whether that hope held yet, and whether he honestly could share it any longer, if it did. He looked at Kenyon as he confronted this question; the flush of delight and excitement had subsided from the young,

wan face, which had now an unhealthy pallor. His face had been the best part about Kenyon last year, the part that inspired confidence and faith. Forrester strove to talk cricket again. Kenyon had a hundred pet cricketers, his favorites and friends on paper, whom he spoke of by their initials and knew intimately on the cricket-fields of his fancy, as formerly he had known and spoken of C. J. himself. C. J. tried to tell him of those he had met lately; but the young fellow was ill at ease mentally, he could not think of the right men; he took the newspaper to his assistance.

"So John still gets you the *Sportsman*," he remarked incidentally.

"No, John doesn't."

"You don't mean that he's left?"

"Rather not! He comes up to see me every day; the governor fetches him; and it's the governor who brings me the *Sportsman*."

"Really?"

"Yes, and *Cricket*, and the *Field*, and all the other papers that you see all over the shop."

"It's too dark to see all over the shop," said Forrester, laying down the paper. "I call it very good of your father, though."

"He *is* good. He's awfully good to me since I've been lying up, is the governor. He sits with me a lot, and reads and talks to me; I like him to read. But he doesn't understand much about cricket, you know. He reads me the full account of the play when I've looked at the score; but I'd as soon read them to myself if it wasn't for offending him. You see, he can't be interested, though he says he is. I should think he'd be very glad if you did it for him; and you'd understand, you know, and we could talk about it."

Forrester was thinking. Mr. Harwood had left him alone with Kenyon, hardly entering the room himself; and there had been a look on his face as he withdrew, which Forrester happened to see, and failed to understand. Now he read it; Kenyon, no doubt, had greeted him as he never could have greeted his father—his father, who, by the boy's own showing, was trying, at the last, to be his friend. The thought troubled Forrester. He had been touched by a something in Mr. Harwood's manner, in the hall, on the stairs, and still more by what Kenyon had just told him; he was pleased with Kenyon's evident appreciation of his father's kindness; but—there were more buts than he could sort or separate now and here. What he did feel instantly, and acutely,

was a premonition of involuntary intervention, on his own part, between father and child. In his difficulty he smoothed back the long, brown hair from Kenyon's forehead, and looked gently into the eager eyes.

"We'll see, old fellow," he said at last; "your father mightn't quite like it, I think; and of course, as you say, you wouldn't like to offend him. Stick to that, Kenyon; always be good to your father and Ethel."

"They're awfully good to me, certainly," said Kenyon thoughtfully. "Ethel's an angel! Have you seen her with her hair up, C. J.?"

"I just saw her in the hall; she seems much older."

"She's a brick! But I say—I'm sure the governor wouldn't mind—you reading the cricket, I mean. It *must* bore him, whatever he says; how can it help doing?"

"It might bore him to read it to himself; it may delight him to read it to you."

Kenyon turned his cheek to the pillow, and stared at the dismal evening sky. I think he was wondering, in his small way, if he was a very ungrateful, unnatural son; and trying to account for it, if it was so; and wishing he were comfortably certain it was not so.

"Besides," added Forrester, "I shall not be able to stay many days, you know." Indeed, he was thinking he had better not stay. But Kenyon's eyes were on him in a twinkling.

"How many?" he asked, almost with a gasp.

"A week at the outside; it's the Lancashire match the week after next."

Again Kenyon looked away; his sharp profile on the pillow looked sharper than before. "Of course you must play against Lancashire—and make your century," he said. And it must have been the way he said it that made Forrester determine, at that moment, to cancel his remaining cricket engagements; it must have been an incommunicably pathetic way, for C. J. was a great cricketer who loved great cricket, and got very little of it now.

Kenyon went on:—

"I'm hoping to get up, you know, before long. Surely I've been here long enough? It's all rot, I say, keeping you in bed like this; you get as weak as a cat. I believe the governor thinks so too. I know they're going to have a doctor down from London to see me. If he lets me get up, and you stay, or come back, we

might have some more cricket, mightn't we? I was hoping so to have some before the term begins; I want another of those leg hits. I say, they think I might be able to go to St. Crispin's next term, don't they?"

Forrester remembered. "I don't know. You might be *able*, perhaps."

"Why do you say it like that?"

"Shall I tell you, old fellow? I'm not quite so anxious to have you as I was a year ago. Stop! I'll tell you why. I didn't know what it would be like then; I think I fancied I should have a dozen Kenyons, and that Kenyon at school would be a saint; which was absurd, St. Kenyon! I thought I should never, never, never lose my temper with you—which was worse than absurd. We talked, you and I, of what we knew nothing about; I know something now; and let me tell you it isn't all skittles and beer, Kenyon. Listen: there wasn't a fellow in the school I didn't punish, time out of mind. Punish is a jolly word, isn't it? It would have been nice for us both, wouldn't it, my punishing *you*? Kenyon, there were two fellows I had to swish! Do you understand? I felt thankful you weren't there. I don't any longer feel that I want you there. I'd rather some other man kept you in, Kenyon, and licked you, old fellow, when you needed it." The truth is, Forrester had long had all this on his mind; as he uttered the last of it, he almost forgot why he had uttered it now, and what Mr. Harwood had said on the stairs.

Kenyon lay very still, watching the darkling sky, split in two by the window-sashes. He had dreamed of that school continually; he had looked forward to it so long. It was hard suddenly to stop looking forward—to have no more happy imaginary schooldays from this moment forth. Yet it was easy, too; in some ways a relief even, for now there was less necessity to be well and up immediately—less anxiety; and the element of self-deception, young as he was, had underlain Kenyon's views and hopes in this regard. But this comfort came later. Kenyon said at last with a long sigh:—

"So would I! I'm glad you've told me this, C. J. I'm not so keen now, though I *have* been looking forward. I suppose I couldn't even have called you C. J., eh?"

"No, you'd have had to 'sir' me."

"Indeed, sir! Then I'm thankful I'm not going, sir! There's the gong, sir—yessir; you must go and dress, sir! The governor'll bring you up to say good-night with him. And to-morrow—I've heaps

of things to tell you to-morrow, C. J. I'll think of 'em all night—*sir*!"

There were tears on his eyelashes, all the same; but the room was now really dark; C. J. never knew.

Forrester's disquieting apprehension of intrusion on his part, of that cruel intervention from which he shrank, was not for long a vague sensation. Mr. Harwood himself defined it with startling candor, this very first evening, at dinner.

Forrester had described the latter part of his chat with Kenyon, the part consequent on something Mr. Harwood had said on the stairs, and on another thing which had long been in his own mind. "I wouldn't have Kenyon, now I know what it is like," he had averred, with all the earnestness he had employed upstairs."

"You wouldn't get him," said Mr. Harwood, in sad irony. "He will never be well enough, Bodley is sure, to go to school."

"Is Dr. Bodley a very good man?"

"He is a very good doctor in ordinary, so to speak; but Kenyon's case is not exactly ordinary. Bodley is getting down a London man, a specialist, for a consultation. Kenyon knows about it."

"Yes, he thought it was to see whether he might get up."

"Whether there is the least chance of his *ever* getting up—that is more like it! I think he never will. There is some hopeless disease of the hip. An operation is the only chance, and you know what a faint one."

"I'm glad I am here!" Forrester involuntarily exclaimed; and it was at this that Mr. Harwood had pierced him with his eye, and spoken his mind.

"I am glad too," said he slowly; "yet I am sore—God knows how sore!"

The young man moved in his chair, but did not rise. Mr. Harwood held him with his eye. Forrester leant his elbow on the table, his head against his palm, and met that bitter, pitiable, yearning glance.

"I am glad, because Kenyon wanted you so much! I am sore because he wanted *you* so much! Look at the reception he gave you, ill as he is! I never make him like that. I might have left him for weeks, alone with Ethel and the servants, and he wouldn't have welcomed me so! Yet I am always with him! I do everything for him. I have been another man to him, Forrester, since you were here last year. You taught me a lesson. I don't know whether I like you or hate you for it. You

taught me to be my boy's friend — at any rate to try. Up to then I had been only his father. But I did try to be his friend, as you had been, when you were gone. It wasn't easy. We tired each other — we always did, we always may. We irritate each other too — he *will* seem frightened, and fight shy of me. I suppose I deserve it — God knows! We have understood each other better, we have tired each other less — I am sure — since he has been up yonder. But, all the time, he has been looking forward to your coming — to going to your school in the end. About this he has talked incessantly, as if it were the one thing to get better for — and about you! You're his hero, he worships you; I am only his father. You are everything to him, while I am nothing."

Forrester was inexpressibly shocked and touched. "You are mistaken!" he cried earnestly. "He has been telling me already how good you are to him — of all you do for him."

"Ah! he is a good boy; he is very grateful. He always says, 'Thank you' — to *me*! Heaven, how I wish he'd forget that sometimes! But no; it was in those little things that I was continually finding fault with him, and now his politeness cuts me to the soul. He has a special manner for me. He thinks before he speaks when he speaks to me. And I see it all. Why, I stand outside the door, and hear him talking to Ethel, and when I open it his very key changes. With you it's a hundred times worse. With you — God help me!" cried Harwood, with a harsh laugh, "I'm like some great schoolgirl, jealous of you for winning what I never tried nor deserved to win."

He wiped the moisture from his face, and sat cold and still.

"I'll go to-morrow," said Forrester hoarsely.

"You will do nothing of the kind," retorted Mr. Harwood coolly, as though he had not for once forgotten himself. "You will stay as long as Kenyon wants you."

#### IV.

FORRESTER was early abroad next morning — as once before. The weather had cleared up in the night. Sunlight and dew did just what they had done that other morning, now nearly thirteen months ago. Sounds and smells were the same now as then. Forrester tried to imagine it *was* then, and to conjure Kenyon to his side. But Kenyon lay in bed behind yonder blind on the sunny side of the house, and

Forrester wandered desolate over last year's ground. He looked into the flagged yard where painted wickets still disfigured a certain buttress, and was sorry he had thrown cold water on "snob." On the lawn he saw other wickets, which no man had pitched, and worn places that had long been green. There was the peach-house, with the sun glowing where once the rain had beaten and "Willow the King" had been sung. He could hear it still — he can hear it now. He met John, who was visibly inconvenienced; and returning to the house, he found Ethel on the steps. She looked very fresh and beautiful, certainly. The young man admired her half-heartedly — the other half in the room up-stairs, where her heart was also. A common bond of sadness drew them insensibly together. They remained there, very silent, till the gong sounded within.

Something that Mr. Harwood told him — with a letter in his hand — as they sat down to breakfast, caused Forrester to run up-stairs the moment they rose. Kenyon received him with grateful eyes, but with a very slight salute this morning. Sunshine flooded the room, even to the edge of the bed. Things invisible in the dusk of the previous evening caught the strong light and the eye now — the bottles, the graduated glasses, the bed-table, the photograph of Kenyon's mother fastened to the screen. And Kenyon himself, with the sun clasping his long, brown hair, and filling the hollows of his pinched face, was a more distinct and an infinitely more pitiful figure this morning.

"You know what's going to happen to-day, C. J.?"

"The doctors are coming — the one from London. Your father told me just before breakfast."

"Call them the umpires," said Kenyon, in a queer tone. "Say they're going to give me in or out."

Forrester made no remark. Kenyon lay watching him.

"You're perfectly right, C. J. I thought of that before. I thought of it in the night. I had time to think plenty, last night."

"What! didn't you sleep, then?"

"Not a wink in the night. I've slept a little since daylight."

"Were you — you were in pain, Kenyon?"

"Don't speak of it," said Kenyon grimly. "It was so bad that I didn't care what happened to me; and I don't care now, when I remember it. I'm thankful

the doctors are coming this morning—I mean the umpires. Anything's better than last night over again. I've felt nothing like it before."

"And you never will again," said his friend encouragingly; "they'll see to that."

"Will they?" Kenyon made a wistful pause. "So I thought, up to last night; I thought they'd get me up and out again. In the night I gave up thinking so. I lay here, C. J., and asked only to be put out of my misery. I never had such a bad night before—nothing like. I've had my bad ones, but I used to grin and bear it, and think away of St. Crispin's, and you, and the fellows. Only last night——"

"Well?" said C. J., in a hard voice. His heart had smitten him.

"Well, you'd made me give up the idea of St. Crispin's, you know. Don't look like that—it's just as well you did. Only I hadn't it to think about in the night. I missed it."

He shut his eyes. He *had* been thinking of St. Crispin's, but not in the old way—no longer as within his reach. Ideals are not shattered so easily by hearsay; St. Crispin's was heaven to Kenyon still, though now he might not enter in. Well, one would rather never get there than find heaven imperfect too. And Kenyon, had he been older, would have appreciated his blessedness in being permitted to lay down this ideal unsubstantiated and as good as new; for not C. J., but experience only, could have razed so solid a castle in the air; C. J. had only lifted the drawbridge against Kenyon forever.

But Forrester was thinking differently. He was thinking of Mr. Harwood—of Ethel—of last night at dinner, when Ethel had gone.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you speak as though school were the only thing you had to live for."

"Well, it was the thing I wanted to get better for," replied Kenyon frankly; "the chief thing, anyhow. Of course I want to be up and out here as well. I love this dear old place!"

"Do you want to get strong only for your own sake?" Forrester could not help saying gently. "Do you never think of Ethel, of your father? I am sure you do!"

Kenyon colored. "Don't, old fellow! It's hard to think of anybody but yourself when you're laid up in bed for weeks and weeks, but Ethel knows that I do sometimes think about her; and that reminds me, C. J.; I was going to ask you to play tennis with her, or take her out for a ride,

or something—she needs something. I say, *doesn't* she look ripping with her hair up? And then the governor, he's so decent to me now. Of course I'd like to get better for his sake too. I think he'd make less fuss about the windows now—I'd like to break another and see. But it's no good pretending I'm as sorry for them as for myself—I *can't* be!"

"You are very honest," said Forrester, looking kindly into the great bright eyes. "I wish all my fellows were as brave and honest as you."

"I'm not brave. You don't know what I've gone through up here, alone, in the night, besides this pain. I've been thinking about—*it*. C. J., I don't know, now, that I'm going to get better at all. I pray to, and I try to, but I don't know that I am. Don't jump up. I daren't say it very loud. You're the first I've said it to at all. It only came to me last night. It seems pretty hard. Look at the sun. With the window open like this, and my eyes shut, it's almost as good as lying out on the grass. Dear old place! Why have you jumped up? What are you looking out of the window for? Are they coming yet?"

"No," said Forrester; but, indeed, he could not see.

"I was saying it was hard. I was going to tell you the only thing that makes it easy—the only thing, besides a night like last night, that makes it anything like easy. Look here!"

Forrester faced about, but still stood near the window, with his back to it. He followed Kenyon's eyes and finger. His face was averted. A shaft of sunshine still touched it, falling kindly on the long, brown hair and white, sharp cheek; but no ray reached the screen, or the photograph at which Kenyon looked and pointed—the sweet young face of Kenyon's mother.

"She makes it easy," he whispered. "She's there."

He stopped, and listened intently.

"There they are! I hear the wheels. I do wish they hadn't come so soon. I wanted to tell you something else—another thing I thought of last night. It's specially for you, C. J.; I'll tell you afterwards. Will you come up and tell me what the doctors—what the umpires give me, in or out? Oh, I know you will. I can bear it from you. Promise—promise to come and tell me."

Pressing Kenyon's hands, Forrester promised, and hastened from the room.

. . . . .

When he returned, the sun shone into the room no more; it was afternoon.

Kenyon was very white.

"Well?"

"Kenyon, they don't know."

"But they're still in the house. Why haven't they gone? What are they waiting for? Tell me, C. J. You said you'd tell me."

"Poor old Kenyon — dear old fellow," faltered Forrester. "I promised to tell you, I know I did, and down-stairs they've asked me to tell you. Now you'll never feel it, Kenyon. They're going to do something which may make you better. You — you'll be put to sleep — you'll never feel a thing."

"When is it to be?"

"This afternoon — very soon."

Kenyon drew a hard breath.

"You've got to be in the room, C. J."

"Very well, if they will let me. But you'll never know, Kenyon — you'll know nothing at all about it."

"They *must* let you. You've got to hold my hand right through, whether I feel anything or not. Do you see?"

"My dear boy! My brave old fellow!"

"Do you *promise*?"

"I promise."

"Then they will have to let you. They will let you, when we both ask them. Stop — I'm sure you can stop one minute. I wish this hadn't come so soon. There was so much I want to tell you. Now I want to tell you what I thought of last night — what I remembered. You know the game we had, the night before you went, last summer? John would call it Gentlemen and Players; poor old John! I remember every bit of it — especially that leg hit. It was sweet! Well, when Ethel got run out, and our side lost — ah! you remember; I knew you would — I played the fool, and you told me not to grumble at the umpire's decision. You said life was like cricket, and I mustn't dispute the umpire, but go out grinning —"

"I didn't mean that, Kenyon! I swear I didn't! I never thought —"

"I know you didn't, but I did, in the night; and I'm thinking of it now, C. J.; I'm thinking of nothing else."

Kenyon had rallied. A week, nearly, had passed. It had done no good; but it had not killed him.

The afternoon was hot, and still, and golden. The window of Kenyon's room was wide open; it had been wide open every day. Below, on the court beyond

the drive, Forrester and Ethel were playing a sober single. Kenyon had rallied so surprisingly, and had himself begged them to play. He could not hear them, for he was asleep. It was a pity; but he was sleeping continually. Mr. Harwood, however, sat by Kenyon, in the deep armchair, and he heard them with some satisfaction. He had Kenyon to himself. He had sent the nurse to lie down in her room. The afternoon, though brilliant, was still and oppressive.

How long he slept! Mr. Harwood seldom took his eyes from the smooth, white forehead, whiter than usual under its thatch of brown hair. It was damp, often, and the hair clung to it; Mr. Harwood would smooth back the hair, and actually not awake Kenyon, with the sponge. The strong man's fingers were grown incredibly light and tender. He would stand for minutes when he had done this, gazing down on the pale, young face with the long, brown locks and lashes. They were Kenyon's mother's eyelashes, as long and as dark. When Mr. Harwood raised his eyes from the boy, it was to gaze at her photograph on the screen. Kenyon in his sleep was extremely like her. The eyes in the portrait were downcast a little; they seemed to rest on Kenyon, to beckon him.

The voices of Ethel and Forrester, never loud, were audible all the time. And Mr. Harwood was glad to hear them. He did not want those two up here. He would not have Forrester up here any more; only Kenyon would. It was Forrester who had held the child's unconscious hand during the operation, and until Kenyon became sensible, when "C. J.!" was the first sound he uttered. There had been too much Forrester all through. Since the operation there had been more Forrester than Forrester himself quite liked. It was Kenyon's doing, and Kenyon must have all his wishes now. It was not Forrester's fault. Mr. Harwood knew this, and hated Kenyon's friend the more bitterly for the feeling that another man would have loved him.

How Kenyon slept! How strange, how shallow, his breath seemed all at once! Mr. Harwood rose again, and again smoothed the long hair back from the forehead. The forehead glistened; and this time Kenyon awoke. There was a dim, unseeing look in his eyes. He held out a hand, and Mr. Harwood grasped it, dropping on his knees beside the bed.

"Stick to my hand. Never let go again. Remember what you told me? I do — I'm thinking of it now."

CHELSEA, February 6, 1853.

Mr. Harwood did not remember telling him any one thing. He was kneeling with his back to the window. Kenyon's sentences had come with long intervals between them, and accompanied by the most loving glances his father had ever received from him. The father's heart throbbed violently. Perhaps he realized that his boy was dying; he realized with far greater intensity that Kenyon and he were alone together, and that childish love and trust had come at last into the dear, dying eyes. He had striven so hard to win this look—had longed for it of late with so mighty a longing! And at the last it was his. What else was there to grasp?

Kenyon began to murmur indistinctly—about cricket—about getting out. Mr. Harwood leant closer to catch the words, and to drink deeper while he could of the dim, loving eyes. But there came suddenly a change of expression. Kenyon was silent. And Mr. Harwood never knew why.

In the garden they heard the cry, and sped into the house, and up the stairs and into the room, warm from their game. They opened the door and stood still; for they saw Kenyon as none ever had seen him before, with his face upon his father's shoulder, and a smile there such as Forrester himself had never won.

E. W. HORNING.

From The Contemporary Review.

#### CONVERSATIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE WITH THOMAS CARLYLE.

##### PART FOURTH AND LAST.

THERE were few letters for the next three years except brief invitations or rendezvouses, as I lived much in London, to attend Parliament, and saw Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle habitually. Her appearance at that time was peculiarly interesting. Her face was colorless but most expressive, answering promptly to every emotion; her eyes were frank and pleasant, and her smile, which was gracious, passed easily into banter or mockery. Ill-health repressed the activity of her body, but not of her spirit, which was as vivacious as of old.

There is one letter of this era worth printing as an illustration of Carlyle's thoughtful kindness for his friends, a disposition wholly incompatible with the character prejudiced gossips have come to attribute to him in recent times.

DEAR DUFFY, — You never came to see me again, which was not well done altogether; but I am not writing of that at present. The time approaches when you will return, and then probably we may do better.

I remember hearing you speak, when here, about shelves for your books in your Pimlico lodging. Now, it strikes me I have, lying in this garret, and of no use to anybody but the moths, a portion of my own old book-case, complete all but the nails; a couple of *standard* sides—namely, and perhaps six or seven shelves of 4 or 5 feet long; a thing which any carpenter with sixpence worth of nails can knock together for you in an hour or two; which might hold 150 or 200 volumes; and which it would be a small but real comfort for me to know doing service for some friendly Christian in this manner! Pray think of it, if you still want such a thing; and pray determine to have it. It is lying here, safe though dusty in the garret, tied together with ropes; and can be brought to you in a barrow; and will be proud to assist in your Parliamentary career; and when that is ended, or changed, will cheerfully serve as firewood, and make itself generally useful! There is another couple of "standards" here; but before I saved them for such a purpose, the headlong joiner had cut up the shelves of these. . . . So stands it; and will stand for you. In the name of the Prophet!

Some one of your clerks is falling asleep at his post, I think. The *Nation*, which did not fail once in seven weeks to reach London on Saturday night, now (this good while) does not, above once in seven weeks, come till Monday morning—often not till Monday at eleven o'clock (which latter mistake I know is not yours); whereby, of course, my use of it, and much more important uses it has to serve in London, is much obstructed. A thing that should be remedied if it easily can.

One "Thomas Muloch, Dublin," sends me an acrid little pamphlet the other morning, solemnly denouncing and damning to the Pit, really in a rather sincere and devout manner, "*both* the Irish Churches" (Protestant and Catholic), in the name of Jesus, and of *any* instalment of salvation to Ireland, of which native country he is a passionate lover. I fear the poor man is maddish. But I have thought a thousand times, since seeing Ireland, to much the same effect, in the name of still higher entities and considerations—though virtuously holding my peace on the subject. The "Churches" alas, alas! Of all preachers and prophets and divine men wanted in Ireland (and in England, and Scotland, and all the other wretched lands, where hypocritical palaver reigns and rules and makes the world fetid and accursed) is the "Divine Drill-Serjeant" (as I often say) who, with steel whips or by whatever method, would teach poor canting slaves to *do* a little of the things they eloquently say (and even *know*) everywhere, and leave *undone*. Poor

Muloch! Really *is* there any such *totally* accursed *sin* as that (with no redeeming side *at all*): or even such general, nay universal one, in this illustrious thrice-hopeful epoch of Free Press, Emancipation, Toleration, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the rest of it?

Adieu, dear Duffy; you need not write about that sublime question of the deal shelves, only send for them if fit to be accepted. I have been all this winter, if not idle, terribly abstracted, terribly unsuccessful in regard to getting any work done! That really is the one thing "terrible" in this universe.

Yours, ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

He took at first but limited notice of Parliamentary men or affairs, but I brought Mrs. Carlyle and her friend, Miss Jewsbury, to luncheon at the House of Commons, where she met some old friends, and her lively fancy played about the subject so habitually afterwards that Carlyle was incited to take a little interest in it. He asked my opinion from time to time of the notable men in the Parliament of 1852, and uttered trenchant comments on them, but he knew little or nothing personally of the men in question, and on reading the notes I find them hardly worth publishing.

As session followed session I got more engrossed in Parliamentary work, and less able to visit Chelsea as of old. The work was something so engrossing as to exclude all other occupation. I served on a select committee on the Irish land question at that time, of which Lord Palmerston, Bright, Sergeant Shee, Lucas, and other notable men were members, and I frequently attended its sittings at noon, and did not escape from the House of Commons until after midnight, a life altogether incompatible with social engagements. Finally my health failed, and I had to take a holiday, during which a letter from Carlyle reached me.

CHELSEA, June 22, 1854.

DEAR DUFFY, — I have called repeatedly at your place, but without any definite answer, till Sunday last, when the little girl informed me you were "not to come back this season!" "Back" from Dublin or where, she could not say; nor, indeed, give any other response at all, except as to the negative fact, which has occasioned various confused reflections in me ever since. Once, in the *Nation*, I noticed the address of *Malvern* on one of your papers; and a little while before, I had seen with concern that some near relative had been taken from you by death. Pray, on all accounts, write me immediately a single word, wherever you may be (at Malvern still, as I could guess), to put an end to the freaks of imagination at least. Something evidently is wrong, or else

I should have seen you long ago; how much may be wrong, it is better to know, than to keep guessing, in the morbid humor one gets into. Alas! calamities abound, and sorrows of a harsh nature and also of a soft; and there is no want of burdens for the poor pilgrim in this world — who often gets foot-sore too, not so able to struggle along with his load. I am afraid you are not yourself in good health, in addition to all: but may have gone to Malvern, where indeed the fresh hill breezes may do you good, though the medical "sheetings," &c., not very much.

I am myself in rather poor case this long while; decidedly below 'par in bodily health, and with a very fair proportion of other things to keep my spirits from rising above their due level! My work, too, which ought to be the consolation for all sorrows, and is really the only conquest one can make in this world, sticks obstinately in the slough, these many long months, let me try and wriggle as I will: in fact, it is the most ungainly job I ever had; and *fire* enough to burn up such a mass of sordid litter, and extract the thread of gold out of it (if there be any in it), is actually not at my disposal in my present mood. Let us hope, let us hope, nevertheless! National Palaver and its affairs are without interest to me altogether of late; and, in fact, lie below the horizon as a thing I have no interest in. Crystal Palace, Turk War, Policy of Lord John, do. do. Not an *ideal* heroic world this; no, not by any means!

Yours, ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

#### TALK WITH THACKERAY.

DURING succeeding sessions I saw more of Carlyle, but had no leisure for notes; one pleasant day, however, I find duly recorded in my diary: —

July 28, [1855]. *Il Vero Tomaso* brought me to-day to see Thackeray. He is a large, robust, fresh-looking man, with hair turning grey. The expression of his face disappointed me; the damaged nose and bad teeth mar its otherwise benign effect, and were imperfectly relieved by a smile which was warm but hardly genial. He is near-sighted, and said, "he must put on his glasses to have a good look at me." He told me he had met some of my friends in America and liked them. John Dillon was a modest fellow, and Meagher pleased him by laughing at the popular ovations offered to him. They both said whatever they thought, frankly; rather a surprise to him, as in Ireland he had only met three men who spoke the truth; but then, he added, smiling, he had not made the acquaintance of the young Irishmen. I asked him if one might inquire the names of these three exceptional Irishmen. That would not be fair, he replied,

to the remainder of his acquaintances; but he did not mind saying that Deasy was one of them [Rickard Deasy, then an Irish member, afterwards attorney-general, and finally baron of the exchequer in Ireland]. He spoke of his intended lectures on the house of Hanover, and said he sometimes pondered the question whether every soul of these people he had to speak of was not d——d in the end. The Marquis of Hertford receiving London society in an attitude seen elsewhere only in hospitals, surrounded by smiling crowds, who ate his dinners and congratulated him on his good looks, was a story which could be told nakedly only by Swift.

I asked him about the Lindsay-Layard agitation, in which he had recently taken some part. He said they had ruined an excellent cause amongst them. Lindsay had made some remarkable statements certainly, but unhappily they did not bear investigation. Sir Charles Wood made pie of them. Layard was a good, simple soul, altogether unfit for the task he took in hand; he set himself to overthrow the aristocratic scheme of patronage, and quite recently complained to him that the aristocracy had ceased to ask him to dinner! The constitutional system was getting frightfully damaged in England, and we could not count on a long life for it in its present relations. I asked him how we were to get on in Ireland, where we had only the seamy side of it? He said he had never doubted our right to rebel against it, if we had only made sure of success; but in the name of social tranquillity and common sense, he denied the legitimacy of unsuccessful rebellion. I rejoined that it was no more possible to make sure beforehand that you were going to win in an insurrection than in a game of roulette. You had to take your chance in both cases. So far as my reading carried me, I found that a successful rebellion was often preceded by an unsuccessful one, which had the same identical provocation and justification as its more fortunate successor. I spoke rapidly of the Irish famine, the exportation of the natural food of the people to pay inordinate rents, the hopeless feebleness and fatuity of Lord John Russell's government, and the horrors of Skull and Skibereen, and I asked him to tell me, if he were an Irishman, what he would have done under the circumstances? He paused a moment, and replied: "I would perhaps have done as you did."

We afterwards walked out together towards Hyde Park. We met an Italian

image boy who had a bust of Louis Napoleon among the figures he carried on his head. Thackeray took off his hat and saluted it, half, but only half, mockingly, and murmured something about a man who understood his business and mastered the art of government. I said Carlyle's theory of governing by the best man would be very satisfactory if we could always contrive to catch the best man, but I objected under any pretence to be governed by the worst, however carefully he had studied the art.

We had been talking a little before of Prince Albert's speech (about constitutional government being on its trial) and Thackeray said that John Lemoine told him that he was reprimanded for reflecting on it in the *Journal des Débats*, and that he believed the instigation had come from Windsor. The talk turned upon books, and I told him I had noted with wonder the accuracy, or rather the fitness, of the Irish names of men and places in "Barry Lyndon," that being the point where a stranger usually blunders or breaks down. He said he had lived a good deal among Irish people in London and elsewhere. Carlyle graciously refrained from taking any part in the conversation, which struck me as a fine piece of courtesy.

As we walked towards Chelsea, after parting with Thackeray, Carlyle said that all this talk about administrative reform was very idle and worthless. The people of England lived by steadfast industry, and took no heed at all of questions of patronage and promotion. The public service in England was notoriously the honestest in Europe, the least liable to be diverted from its duty by any temptation, and that was nearly all one wanted to know about it. If there was any possibility of getting honest work done just now, there was much need of quite other work than those people had in hand. Think of the inorganic mass of men in the disjointed districts called London, with a population equal to that of half-a-dozen Greek States, bestridden by aldermen and vestrymen, with all their haranguing and debating apparatus, whom we are ordered to obey (if it were possible) as the guardians of our interests, but who could not supply us from year's end to year's end with a wholesome glass of clean water.

I said it might be of slight importance to prosperous people how the service was filled, but it was not a matter of indifference to the considerable class who found the public service their only road to employment that was not servile. It seemed

to me a serious and dangerous injustice in the English system that all the great prizes of public life were reserved for the aristocracy, and all the petty prizes for their nominees.

Carlyle replied that this assumption did not represent the actual fact as one found it in operation. The higher classes having more leisure and easier access to Parliament, naturally came in for more of the guerdons which were distributed in that region, but probably no one was denied the share he was fairly entitled to, especially in the highest offices.

Edmund Burke, I said, was a conspicuous example of one who had been denied his share.

Carlyle replied that he did not know what Edmund Burke had to complain of. He came to London having nothing, and people there, the aristocracy chiefly, made him a leading man in the business he worked in; he became a privy councillor and a minister of the crown, and died leaving a good estate. This was not an inconsiderable payment for the strange industry he was engaged in; what was to be desired more?

Why, I replied, he might have been recognized for what he undoubtedly was — the brain and soul of his party. He was never admitted to the Cabinet of which he framed the policy, and which he defended in the House of Commons with supreme ability. It seemed to me a public scandal that Charles Fox was set over the head of a man who taught him his business, only because Fox was one of the aristocracy, that is to say, the son of a disreputable and unprincipled politician, who had grown rich by nefarious jobbing, and was made a peer only because he had become intolerable to the House of Commons.

The Cabinet, Carlyle replied, was in those days composed for the most part of great peers, and Burke, or any one on his behalf, might as reasonably complain that he was not made a marquis as that he was not made a member of the Cabinet. There is perpetually something above a man which he does not attain, and it was good sense of a very essential sort to be content without it. Burke's achievements, which might have been conveniently abridged, had obtained in substance the reward he sought and expected.

I asked him about a lively little book, written by one of the Lindsay-Layard party, in a dialect which was then called Carlylese, and inquired if he had read it. Yes, he said, he had looked into it, and noted the resemblance I spoke of. It was

like his style, if he might be supposed to be a judge of the matter, as like perhaps as the reflection of his face in a dish-cover was like that entity.

He inquired whether the address of Malvern, which he read in a letter of mine in the newspapers, indicated that I had been at the water cure. I said it did. I read a pamphlet of Bulwer Lytton's, entitled the "Confessions of a Water Patient," describing the water cure as a magical remedy for the exhaustion of literary or political work, and I gave it a trial. The early hours, simple meals, and absolute rest, were balsamic; but I had slight faith in the system, which was kept alive largely by fables. We were told how patients were carried into the establishment, and after a few weeks walked out, but nothing was said of cases where the patients walked in, and were carried out in an oak box. The fanaticism of some of the patients passed belief. One poor fellow, who was visibly fading away, told me that his relapses were part of the cure; the doctor must break him down before he could build him up! Crowds of new patients arrived every week, and nobody asked what became of those who disappeared. My time passed pleasantly enough, as there were intelligent people to talk to — Indian officers, Oxford professors, Californian diggers, and London men and women of letters.

Carlyle said he had marvelled to note during the summer months what a steady stream of simpletons set from London to Worcestershire.

Yes, I said, simpletons tempted by sages. My bathman told me, and every one who would listen to him of his attendance on Mr. Carlyle, and of that great man's behavior under the douche, or wrapped in wet sheets like an Egyptian mummy swathed in its cerements. The bathman was a living witness that a man may still occasionally be a hero to his *valet de chambre*.

Carlyle laughed, and said that it was very proper that he should be found out. A number of friendly people, John Forster principally, he believed, induced him to go to Malvern on the evidence of Bulwer Lytton that it was a panacea for dyspepsia and all its kin, and he had fared as a man deserves to fare who puts faith in such testimony. He was somewhat ashamed of the adventure. Dr. Gully was not without insight, but somebody said — it was probably Thackeray — of the other practitioners that the system had been discovered in Germany and by an inspired

peasant, and was administered in England by peasants who were not inspired.

#### SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

I ASKED him about Mr. Helps, whose "Essays in the Intervals of Business" I had read with even more pleasure than "Friends in Council," though the vivid talk of the "Friends" gave a freshness even to commonplace. Elsmere seemed to me, I said, as dramatically conceived and as consistently drawn as Sir Roger de Coverley.

Mr. Helps, he answered, had been over in Ireland in an official situation, private secretary to the lord lieutenant or other eminent personage, but he left this place to retire on literature exclusively. He had been a rich man, but latterly had lost some of his fortune somehow, and now lived near Southampton and wrote books. He was not at all a considerable man, but he had some truth in him, and pretty bits of fancy too. One of his little books reduced him to death's door in producing it, and there was a long convalescence in each case. He was writing now on the slave trade from the far-off beginning of it. He was rather wearisome, from the little bits of theories and speculations he kept talking and talking about, and he had a bad fashion, which he learned up in London, of making a joke of everything that turned up, even when one could perceive he was serious and anxious at bottom. When Emerson was in England, Helps met him and Carlyle down at Stonehenge, and brought them home with him. The circumstance remained in his memory because Emerson broached some amazing theories there about war altogether ceasing in the world, but when he was closely pressed on the method of this prodigious change, luckily for him luncheon was announced, and he would not speak one word more.

#### AUSTRALIA.

IN the autumn of 1855, I resigned my seat in the House of Commons and emigrated to Australia. The end for which I entered Parliament had been rendered hopeless by the perfidy of some of my colleagues, and I resolved to mark my sense of the condition to which they had reduced the Irish cause by peremptory retirement.\* In July I said farewell to the Carlyles, sailed three months later, and landed at Melbourne in the beginning of 1856. During my first three years in Aus-

tralia the only communication from Carlyle were a couple of brief letters of introduction; but in 1859 the stream began to flow anew.

The reference in the next letter to a town alludes to the township of Carlyle on the Murray River, which, as minister of public lands, I had named after the philosopher.

CHelsea, London, April 13, 1859.

DEAR DUFFY, — I confess I have been remiss in writing to you; shamefully so, if you did not know the circumstances, or believe in them without knowing! To want of remembering you I will by no means plead guilty; and I have had no letters, or one and a half (with excellent continuation by Mrs. Callan) which were heartily welcomed — welcomer than hundreds that did get answer of some kind! The truth is I have been swimming in bottomless abysses, whipt and whirled about as man never was, for long years past; and there are still many months of it ahead; it was *after* all this should have once rolled itself away that I always want to write to you, a free man once more (no Prussian or other rubbish crushing the life out of me), till which fine consummation, though my conscience did a little back upon me now and then, it backed to no purpose, as you have seen! This is the true history of that phenomenon; and I leave it with you.

As I said, there are months and twelve-months still of that sad Prussian operative pressing on me; and one knows not how long the foolish speechlessness might have lasted, had it not been for a message that arrived this morning, the letter here inclosed, which cannot brook being neglected by me. I shove Frederick aside, therefore (more luck to him), and hasten, with a bad or good grace, to do the needful.

Please read carefully that inclosed letter from Macready to me; it will bring the whole case accurately before you; and if you can do anything in it, I will earnestly request you, for my sake withal, to do it with your best might. I know not if you are aware, as I am, that the private worth and merits of Mr. Macready, senior, are of the highest order; a man of scrupulous veracity, correctness, integrity, a kind of *Grandisonian* style of magnanimity, both in substance and manner, visible in all his conduct. I have often said, looking at his ways as a "public" person, "Here is a playhouse manager dependant on the populace for everything, and there is no bishop of souls in England who dare appeal to the truth, and defy the devil and his angels, except this very singular" bishop, whose diocese is Drury Lane. In fact, I greatly esteem the man; and his domestic losses and distresses (loss of an excellent, noble little wife; loss of child after child, so soon as they grew up; loss of &c. &c.) have filled me and others with sympathy for him in these years. I add only that he is an Irishman (that his wife was

\* The story is told in detail in the "League of North and South." Chapman & Hall.

Irish, a pretty little being, whom I think he found an *actress*, and whom he left a high and real gentlewoman in her sphere), so that you see the whole case is Irish; and if Macready junior, whom I do not know, but whose father's account of him I credit to the last particular, *can* be launched in an honest career, and made useful among his fellow creatures, it will be, on every side, in the line of your vocation. This I think is about the substance of all I had to say. You will take it all for truth, my exactest notion of the truth; and then I must leave it with you. The young man will appear in person, and you can take survey of him. What is fairly possible I have no doubt you will do; and I need not repeat that it would be pleasant to me among its other results. So enough.

The "Township of Carlyle" (more power to it) amused us very much, and there was in it a kind of interest, pathetic and other, which was higher than amusement. "Stuart-Mill Street," "Sterling Street" (especially Jane Street) I could almost have wept a little (had any tears now remained me) at these strange handwritings on the wall; stern and sad, the meaning of that to me, as well as laughable. In short, it is a very pretty device; and if in the chief square or place they one day put the statue of C. G. D. himself, when he has become head in the colony and led it into the *good* way (which is far off just now), I shall by no means be sorry. For the rest, the Plans, &c., of Carlyle are firmly bound and secured, along with a learned volume of Scottish antiquarian biography, and there wait till they become antique if possible. I send the most cordial regards to Mrs. Callan, amiable, much suffering body. I am, as of old,

Yours truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

This was the letter enclosed:—

SHERBORNE, April 13, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I have a great favor to ask of you, a most important service; which, in the belief that, if you can, you will render it, becomes on my part a duty to request of you. I might introduce the subject with preparatory apologies, but I know I should gain nothing by them in your opinion or in the furtherance of the object of my application; and that, if there should be impediments to your acquiescence in my solicitation, they will be valid ones.

My second son, after some indecision, adopted of his own free choice the military profession and entered the East India Company's service with the most hopeful prospects of advancement. Unhappily he was not proof to the idle and reckless course of life too often pursued by Indian officers, and, after a brief career of folly and extravagance, was obliged from insubordinately resenting the rebuke of his commanding officer, to resign his commission.

I have reason to believe he is now thoroughly awakened to a sense of his indiscre-

tion, and is deeply repentant of the ill conduct into which he has been betrayed. I have full faith in the sincerity of his penitence, and of his desire and determination to redeem himself in character, if he can only obtain the means of exerting himself creditably.

He is still in Bombay, where he has been unsuccessful (as indeed might naturally be expected) in all his endeavors to obtain employment. On all accounts it is desirable that he should leave India; and Australia seems the only land, where by diligence, endurance, and upright bearing, he may have a chance of raising himself in the esteem of friends and in his own respect. Our mutual friend, Forster, informs me that Mr. Gavan Duffy, who holds office there, which gives him the distribution of employment to a very considerable extent, would be happy in paying attention to any suggestion of yours. Here is my prayer: if you can befriend my unfortunate boy with your interest, he may yet do credit to his family and to your recommendation. My last wish would be a sinecure, or even easy work for him. The discipline of systematic effort is needful to sustain his good resolutions, and may be the making of him. His colonel, in writing to me, laid stress upon the point, that in his errors he knew of nothing to bring his honor into question; and his recent letters give me assurance, that if opportunity be granted to him, he will never again abuse it.

Can you assist me in this most pressing need, either by writing direct to Mr. Duffy, or through the hands of my son Edward. He is only 23, and has drunk deeply enough of adversity's bitter cup to receive from it a healthful tone for the life that may be before him. He is not without abilities, and with industry may turn them to good account.

I am bold to think, that if you can thus greatly serve me you will do it. I will not say, being sure you *know*, how gratefully I should receive this saving act of friendship from you. I have been going to write to Mrs. Carlyle about an intimation of a western journey, which she held out; will you say to her, with my most affectionate regards, that I defer the letter but a little longer?—Believe me, dear Mr. Carlyle, always and most sincerely yours,

W. C. MACREADY

Macready Junior duly appeared, and was a gentlemanly, prepossessing young fellow, with considerable intelligence and observation. He spoke of his Indian experience with perfect unreserve, and bewailed the ruin of young officers from indolence, and the habit of tipping brandy-and-water which the climate induced. He spoke like one who saw and deplored errors of his own, which he would scorn to conceal. I was pleased with him, and offered him an admission to the civil service of the colony, where none of the

temptations which assailed him in military service need exist, and where he might re-establish himself in the good opinion of his father. He surprised me by replying that he had no desire to enter the public service; he believed he possessed some of the gifts which made his father famous, and would prefer to try the stage. I predicted that his father would disapprove of this design, but he was immovable. I took him to Mr. Coppin, the manager of the principal Melbourne theatre, and as the young man thought that light comedy was his speciality, Mr. Coppin agreed to give him an opportunity of playing Captain Absolute, provided his real name appeared in the play-bills. Mr. Macready drew one great audience, but not a second, and he gradually descended in the theatrical scale till he reached the bottom, and finally died prematurely.

His father acknowledged my slight services warmly, and I kept an eye on the young man as long as there was any hope of helping him effectually.

SHERBORNE HOUSE, SHERBORNE, DORSET,  
*January 24, 1860.*

MY DEAR SIR, — It is not an easy thing to satisfy oneself in acknowledging benefits of the greatest value, and which are beyond the reach of requital. I am quite unequal to the task. You have done all that a *friend* could do to withdraw my son from a dangerous, I may say an evil course, and aided him, as far as prudence could warrant, even when persisting in his most blamable resolution.

My thanks are poor and weak in conveying to you my sense of your great kindness, and of my lasting obligation to you; but you will accept them, I am sure, in the spirit of sincerity in which they are offered.

You will still further oblige me by drawing on me at Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie & Co., 1 Pall Mall East, for the £10 which you so obligingly furnished my son. He had no right to be in need of it, and the adoption of the mode of life he has resorted to, he knew is beyond all others most repugnant to my wishes.

I need not add my request that you will not make him any further advance. It is a sad reflection, that he should have turned to such a purpose the means I had used for re-establishing him in a respectable position. But for all you have done to deter him and forward my views for him, I am, and must ever be, your truly grateful debtor. — Believe me, my dear sir, your deeply obliged, and very faithful,

W. C. MACREADY.

HON. GAVAN DUFFY.

I made some renewed efforts to restore the young man to serious courses, which his father acknowledged profusely.

6 WELLINGTON SQUARE, CHELTENHAM,  
*August 7, 1860.*

MY DEAR SIR, — I feel more obliged to you than I have powers of expression for. You have done all in your power to rescue my son from the desperate course in which he has deliberately precipitated himself, and my gratitude to you for such invaluable service is sincere and most fervent.

I wish I could encourage the hope, that he may yet see the error of his ways, and avail himself of your ready wish to aid him in recovering himself. I can only say, God grant it, again and again thanking you for your great kindness.

With every cordial wish for your health and happiness, — I remain, my dear sir, most sincerely and gratefully yours,

W. C. MACREADY.

HON. GAVAN DUFFY.

SIR HENRY PARKES.

THE Parkes to whom the next note refers was Sir Henry Parkes, prime minister of New South Wales down to the close of last year, but at the time Carlyle wrote emigration agent for his colony in England. His fellow agent for emigration was William Bede Dalley, whose share in the Australian expedition to the Soudan has procured him the honor of a memorial tablet in St. Paul's — the first Irish Catholic on whom such a distinction was conferred.

CHELSEA, *November 10, 1861.*

DEAR DUFFY, — Your friend Parkes, who did not present himself till quite lately, "hearing I was so busy," came the other evening, and gave us a few pleasant hours. We find him a robust, effective, intelligent, and sincere kind of man, extremely loyal to C. G. D.; which is not one of his smallest merits here. He gave me several more precise notions about Australian life; seemed to be thoroughly at home in the anarchic democratic Universal-Palaver element, and to swim about it, with a candid joy, like a fish in water; and indeed, I could not but own that in comparison with the old Colonial Office and Parliamentary-Fogie methods of administration, it might be a real improvement; and that, in short, in the present anarchic condition of England, there was nothing for it, but to let her colonies go, in this wild manner, down the wind, whither they listed, till once it became insupportable to the poor minority of wise men among themselves, and they (probably sword-in-hand) could resolve to take some course with it, life to them having grown worse than death under such conditions. It is my prophecy for Yankeeland, and for England, and for all countries with National-Palaver and Penny Newspapers in them; if the gods intend that these nations are to continue above ground, said Nations will have to abolish, or tightly chain up, all that (so far as I can form the last opinion), or if the nation prefers not to abolish,

it can at its own good pleasure go down; to very *hot* quarters indeed, and will find *me* a resigned man, whichever way! But I waste my paper sadly.

The worst news Parkes gave us was, that you did not seem to be in good health; bad health he sometimes defined your situation to be, when we pressed him for details. That you are out of office for the last eighteen months is, since you have means of modest livelihood independent, rather a pleasure to hear; but this of health—Alas, alas! could not the Victoria people be persuaded to send *you* as their “Agent” hitherward? Anything that would bring you home, how welcome were it to us! Or would not your means, though modest, enable you to live *here* as well as at Melbourne? What a book *you* might write on that wild continent of things; what books and instructions; how much good you might really do. If not loaded with nuggets, if only able to live as a poor man, so much the *better*, on my word. You promised to come home at any rate, and see us again. If you delay too long, some of us will not be discoverable here, when you land expectant. I write to try for a letter, at the greatest length you can afford, and without long time, elucidating these and the cognate points, which you need not doubt are at all times interesting to me. Many people, as you may fancy, have criticised you to me; I answer always, “Yes, yes, and of all the men I saw in Ireland, the two *best*, so far as I could judge, were Lord George Hill and Charles Duffy, even he and that other!”

By the *lex talionis* I have not the least right to a letter; but if you knew the case here, you would completely drop that plea. It is a literal fact that I have not, for years past, any leisure at all; but have had to withdraw out of all society, and employ every available minute of my day (hardly four good hours to be had out of it with never such thrift, in these sad circumstances!) for running a race, which is too literally a flight from the infernal Hunt, who is at my heels till I get out of that bad Prussian business. I ride daily, have ridden on a horse, which I call “Fritz” (an amiable, swift, loyal creature, now falling old) for eight years past; I think about 24,000 miles or so in quest “of health to go on with;” and do not write the smallest note if it can possibly be helped! This is true, and I will say no more of it; only let it serve you for an explanation, and in the course of next summer or autumn, I do now hope I shall be out of this unutterable quagmire (dark to me as Erebus, too often, and too long); and shall then have more leisure, leisure to the end of the chapter, as I intend! For I have for once got a complete bellyful of “work”—curiously enough reserved for me to finish off with. In my young time I had no work that was not a mere flea-bite to this which lay appointed for my old days.

It is only by accident I have found time and spirit to write you so much. My intention,

unexecuted for weeks and months back, was only to send you the enclosed bad *photograph* accompanied by a word or two, which might stand as apology for a letter. I dare say you recognize the riding figure, though he has little or no *face* allowed. The standing gentleman is Frederic Chapman, junior, of the firm, a prosperous gentleman who has dismounted from a horse ditto. There is a strange worth in *indisputable* certainty, however limited. I wish you would send me such a *sun-picture* from Melbourne; it would be very welcome here. Will you give my affectionate regards to Mrs. Callan? Parkes told me the doctor had got an honorable and profitable employment in his noble profession, which I was very glad of. My wife desires to be remembered, as do I, kindly to Mrs. D——, of whom I have still an agreeable shadow left.

Yours, ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

That visit home referred to in Carlyle's last letter was made in the beginning of 1865, after ten years' residence in Australia. A few days after my return, before I had time to visit Chelsea, I had a pleasant note from Mrs. Carlyle.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,  
Wednesday, April 26, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. DUFFY,—Mr. Carlyle read in a newspaper ten days ago that you had “returned from Australia, and were stopping in London.” I said it couldn't be true; for you wouldn't have been many hours in London without coming to see *us*. But Mr. C. thought otherwise—that you might have found no time yet—and he desired me to put George Cooke (a friend of ours who can find out everything) on discovering where you were lodged. Had this failed I suppose he would have advertised for you in the *Times*; if still you had made no sign!

You may figure then how glad I was when your letter and basket arrived to me this morning, just as I was starting off for my long daily drive. Since I came back I have done nothing but admire the various presents you have sent me, and think how kind it was of you to collect these things for me so far away.

But we want to see you; when will you come?

Mr. C. says he is going to call for you tomorrow morning; but most likely you will be gone out. So it would be best to make an appointment to meet here at dinner, say at six o'clock, when a man's day's work is or ought to be done! Name any day you like, only let it be soon if you please, for I am impatient to see you.

Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Hon. CHAS. GAVAN DUFFY, Grosvenor Hotel.

I remained a couple of years in Europe, and when in London went to Cheyne

Row constantly. On Sunday I generally walked two or three hours in the parks with Carlyle; he talked as frankly as of old, but I was closely engaged and had seldom leisure to make notes. A few exceptional conversations, however, I have found in a diary in which I kept reminiscences of travel.

When I saw him first he thanked me for acting so promptly on his letters of introduction, and inquired if these sort of things were commonly of much use to emigrants. I said they were like French assignats, the emission was so excessive that no one any longer wished to touch them. It was easy to write a letter, but it was cruel to write it, if it raised hopes which could not be realized. And as of old there were forged assignats in circulation; a man brought me from New York a familiar and affectionate letter which I had reason in the end to believe he purchased, and it was from a person whose name I had never heard before. I was most provoked by introductions from men in Parliament and office who had patronage of their own. There was a case in the English newspapers a few years ago arising out of a complaint a schoolmistress made against a minister of state, one of the most conspicuous men in Europe indeed, and shortly afterwards the lady and her husband appeared in Melbourne and he called upon me with a couple of impressive introductions from important persons. I asked him if he were the plaintiff in such and such a case, and he said "Yes." I asked if the charges against Lord P— were well founded. "Ah," he said, "that was a long story." "Well," I replied, "I must understand your long story very distinctly before I take these letters of introduction into consideration." I extracted from him by patient cross-examination that certain influential friends had advised him to drop the case, that the same generous patrons had sent him to Australia with a couple of hundred pounds in his pocket, and armed with irresistible letters of recommendation. I was in doubt at the outset whether he was an honest man driven to emigrate by powerful enemies, a blackmailer who had made a false charge against an eminent statesman, or an injured man who had salved the wound to honor by a handful of money. He left me in no doubt upon the point, and I showed him to the door and threw his letters of introduction into the wastepaper basket.

Carlyle inquired who had sent the letters, and when he heard their names

condemned them sharply. One of my correspondents in London afterwards told me that when the septuagenarian (who had as little sense of moral diffidence as one of Congreve's fine gentlemen) was rallied by his colleagues on this unseemly adventure, he murmured gaily, "*Que voulez-vous? Boys will be boys.*"

Carlyle told me an amusing story about the same eminent personage. There was a State dinner at his house including the cream of the official world. Every one present except the wife of the American minister was familiar with a scandal which attributed to their host illegitimate relations with the wife of one of his colleagues, whom he married after her husband's death. Her son during the first marriage was brought in to dessert at the State dinner. When he approached the American lady she put her hand on the boy's head and looking affectionately at her host exclaimed, "Ah, my lord, no one need ask who is this young gentleman's papa."

I spoke to him of Cobden, whose death I had heard of with the deepest regret, from the pilot who came on board our ship in the Channel, who was full of the tragic news. Yes, he said, a pack of idle, shrieking creatures were going about crying out that the great Richard was dead, as if the world was coming to an end, which it was not at all, at least in that regard. Bright, he considered one of the foolishest creatures he had ever heard of, clamoring about America and universal suffrage, as if there was any sensible man anywhere in the world who put the smallest confidence in that sort of thing nowadays. Their free trade was the most intense nonsense that ever provoked human patience. The people of Australia were quite right to protect their industries and teach their young men trades in complete disregard of Parliamentary and platform palaver. No nation ever got manufactures in any other way.

I said it was not desirable to have a permanent population of diggers ready to fly from "rush" to rush, as new discoveries were made, but, if possible, a settled population engaged in all the ordinary pursuits of life; and Australians were willing to make a sacrifice to secure this end. They did right, he said, and I might lay this to heart, that of all the mad pursuits any people ever took up gold digging was the maddest and stupidest. If they got as much gold as would make a bridge from Australia to Europe it would not be worth a mealy potato to mankind.

The next time I saw him he told me

that he had consented to be nominated lord rector of Edinburgh University on condition that no inaugural address should be required from him. His rival was Disraeli, who beat him before at Glasgow — being a person altogether more agreeable to the popular taste. Madame, who was present, assured me, however, that an address would be forthcoming in good time. He makes light of the affair, treating it as a bore, which perhaps, after all, it was better to endure patiently, since certain persons took an interest and had taken trouble in the business. Both he and she have a repressed but very natural and justifiable pride in it nevertheless.

Two days later I went over to Cheyne Row and found Madame going out to dine with Lady William Russell. I drove with her and had a very pleasant talk. She is frankly proud of the lord rectorship intended for Carlyle, and declares that he must deliver an address. She told with admirable humor a story of her going to inquire for a lost dog, to the shop of one of the gentry whose profession it is to find and lose dogs. When she entered she meant to ask him if he sold dogs, but her mind was so possessed by the actual facts of the case, that she blurted out, "Pray, sir, do you steal dogs?" Returned to Cheyne Row, where two Southern Americans, Colonel Latrobe and Mr. Thomson were with Carlyle. They were evidently delighted with Carlyle's pro-slavery opinions. He insists that the South cannot be ruled on New England principles, and that towards any solution of the difficulty it would be indispensable to return to some modification of slave-holding.

I must mention a couple of incidents at this period which will not surprise those who knew Carlyle, but are hard to reconcile with the new theory of his domineering disposition and impatience of contradiction. In fact, good-humored and good-natured dissent were never accepted with more equanimity and cordiality by any man, and if it bore a little hard on himself or his opinions, it had not the worse reception for that.

One Sunday walking to Battersea Park with two or three friends, one of whom since became a judge and another was an eminent man of letters, we came on a street-preacher haranguing a mob at the top of his voice. "Will you open your ears to the word of God, my brethren?" he cried. "Do you accept this message which I bring you from the fountain of living truth?" "Not altogether, my friend, if you insist upon knowing," Carlyle whis-

pered with comical emphasis when we had passed the preacher. "And why not?" asked one of his friends. "You reject him with scorn, but what he looks to you is precisely what the first Puritan looked to Laud or Strafford — an ignorant fanatic dogmatizing on questions which he did not understand."

One evening he was declaiming against Oxford converts, a theme which he knew I disliked, for Dr. Newman was an honored friend. When he had finished I told him that a comrade of mine was fond of saying that Carlyle's contempt for Newman suggested Satan disparaging the archangel Michael. "Why, sir, Michael, Satan would probably say, is a poor creature; he has never seen the world, but dozed away life in unquestioning service and submission. Michael, if one will consider it well, has the intellect of a cherub, a cherub, you will please to understand, docked at the shoulders, with nothing left but a bullet head to construct little bits of sermons and syllogisms."

Carlyle laughed and said he would have to insist in the end on my naming this anonymous critic who was forever turning up as counsel for the other side. He manifestly suspected that I myself was the unknown critic, but this pleasant parody on Carlyle's method had been actually improvised over the dinner table in these identical terms by the late Judge O'Hagan.

#### CURRENT LITERATURE.

I INQUIRED shortly after seeing him whether he would follow Frederick by any other historical study. No, he said, he would probably write no more books; writing books was a task to which a man could not be properly encouraged in these times. Modern literature was all purposeless and distracted, and led he knew not where. Its professors were on the wrong path just now, and he believed the world would soon discover that some practical work done was worth innumerable "Oliver Twists" and "Harry Lorrequers," and any amount of other ingenious dancing on the slack rope. The journalism which called itself critical had grown altogether Gallic, and exulted over the windy platitudes of Lamartine and the erotics of George Sand.

Mrs. Carlyle, who was present, said we had small right to throw the first stone at George Sand, though she was caught in the same predicament as the woman of old, if we considered what sort of literary ladies might be found in London at pres-

ent. When one was first told that the strong woman of the *Westminster Review* had gone off with a man whom we all knew, it was as startling an announcement as if one heard that a woman of your acquaintance had gone off with the strong man at Astley's; but that the partners had set up as moralists was a graver surprise. To renounce George Sand as a teacher of morals was right enough, but it was scarcely consistent with making so much of our own George in that capacity. A marvellous teacher of morals, and still more marvellous in the other character, for which nature had not provided her with the outfit supposed to be essential.

The gallant, I said, was as badly equipped for an Adonis, and conqueror of hearts. Yes, Carlyle replied, he was certainly the ugliest little fellow you could anywhere meet, but he was lively and pleasant. In this final adventure it must be admitted he had escaped from worse, and might even be said to have ranged himself. He had originally married a bright little woman, daughter of Swinfin Jervis, a Welsh member; but every one knew how that adventure had turned out. Miss Evans advised him to quit a household which had broken bonds in every direction. His proceeding was not to be applauded, but it could scarcely be said that he had gone from bad to worse.

#### A DISPUTE.

IN all our intercourse for more than a generation I had only one quarrel with Carlyle, which occurred about this time, and I wish to record it because, in my opinion, he behaved generously and even magnanimously. Commenting on some transaction of the day, I spoke with indignation of the treatment of Ireland by her stronger sister. Carlyle replied that if he must say the whole truth it was his opinion that Ireland had brought all her misfortunes on herself. She had committed a great sin in refusing and resisting the Reformation. In England, and especially in Scotland, certain men who had grown altogether intolerant of the condition of the world arose and swore that this thing should not continue though the earth and the devil united to uphold it, and their vehement protest was heard by the whole universe, and whatever had been done for human liberty from that time forth, in the English Commonwealth, in the French Revolution, and the like, was the product of this protest.

It was a great sin for nations to darken their eyes against light like this, and Ire-

land, which had persistently done so, was punished accordingly. It was hard to say how far England was blamable in trying by trenchant laws to compel her into the right course, till in latter times it was found the attempt was wholly useless, and then properly given up. He found, and any one might see who looked into the matter a little, that countries had prospered or fallen into helpless ruin in exact proportion as they had helped or resisted this message. The most peaceful, hopeful nations in the world just now were the descendants of the men who had said: "Away with all your trash; we will believe in none of it; we scorn your threats of damnation; on the whole we prefer going down to hell with a true story in our mouths to gaining heaven by any holy legerdemain." Ireland refused to believe and must take the consequences, one of which, he would venture to point out, was a population preternaturally ignorant and lazy.

I was very angry, and I replied vehemently, that the upshot of his homily was that Ireland was rightly trampled upon, and plundered for three centuries, for not believing in the Thirty-nine Articles; but did he believe in a tittle of them himself? If he did believe them, what was the meaning of his exhortations to get rid of Hebrew old clothes, and put off Hebrew spectacles? If he did not believe them, it seemed to me that he might, on his own showing, be trampled upon, and robbed as properly as Ireland for rejecting what he called the manifest truth. Queen Elizabeth, or her father, or any of the Englishmen or Scotchmen who rose for the deliverance of the world, and so forth, would have made as short work of him as they did of popish recusants. Ireland was ignorant he said, but did he take the trouble of considering that for three generations to seek education was an offence strictly prohibited and punished by law. Down to the time of the Reform Act, and the coming into power of the reformers, the only education tendered to the Irish people was mixed with the soot of hypocrisy and profanation. When I was a boy, in search of education, there was not in a whole province, where the successors of these English and Scotch prophets had had their own way, a single school for Catholic boys above the condition of a Poor School. My guardian had to determine whether I should do without education, or seek it in a Protestant school where I was regarded as an intruder; not an agreeable experiment in the province of Ulster I could

assure him. This was what I, for my part, owed to these missionaries of light and civilization. The Irish people were lazy, he said, taking no account of the fact that the fruits of their labor were not protected by law, but left a prey to their landlords, who plundered them without shame or mercy. Peasants were not industrious, under such conditions, nor would philosophers be for that matter I fancied. If the people of Ireland found the doctrines of the Reformation incredible three hundred years ago, why were they not as well entitled to reject them then as he was to reject them to-day? In my opinion, they were better entitled. A nation which had been the school of the West, a people who had sent missionaries throughout Europe to win barbarous races to Christianity, who interpreted in its obvious sense God's promise to be always with his Church, suddenly heard that a king of unbridled and unlawful passions undertook to modify the laws of God for his own convenience, and that his ministers and courtiers were bribed into acquiescence by the plunder of monasteries and churches; what wonder that they declared that they would die rather than be partners in such a transaction. It might be worth remembering that the pretensions of Anne Boleyn's husband, to found a new religion, seemed as absurd and profane to these Irishmen, as the similar pretensions of Joe Smith seemed to all of us at present. After all they had endured the people of Ireland might compare with any in the world for the only virtues they were permitted to cultivate, piety, chastity, simplicity, hospitality to the stranger, fidelity to friends, and the magnanimity of self-sacrifice for truth and justice. When we were touring in Ireland together twenty years before with the phenomena under our eyes, he himself declared that after a trial of three centuries, there was more vitality in Catholicism than in this saving light to which the people had blinded their eyes.

Mrs. Carlyle and John Forster, who were present, looked at each other in consternation as if a catastrophe was imminent; but Carlyle replied placidly, "That there was no great life, he apprehended, in either of these systems at present; men looked to something quite different from that for their guidance just now."

I could not refrain from returning to the subject. Countries which had refused to relinquish their faith were less prosperous, he insisted, than those who placidly followed the royal Reformers in Germany

and England. Perhaps they were; but worldly prosperity was the last test I expected to hear him apply to the merits of a people. If this was to be a test, the Jews left the Reformers a long way in the rear.

When nations were habitually peaceful and prosperous, he replied, it might be inferred that they dealt honestly with the rest of mankind, for this was the necessary basis of any prosperity that was not altogether ephemeral, and, as conduct was the fruit of conviction, it might be further inferred, with perfect safety, that they had had honest teaching which was the manifest fact in the cases he specified.

I was much heated, and I took myself off as soon as I could discreetly do so. The same evening, I met Carlyle at dinner at John Forster's. I sat beside him, and had a pleasant talk, and neither then, nor at any future time, did he resent my brusque criticism, by the slightest sign of displeasure. This is a fact, I think, which a generous reader will recognize to be altogether incompatible with the recent estimate of Carlyle as a man of impatient temper, and arrogant, overbearing self-will.

#### MODERN ART.

As we passed one day the Albert Memorial going to Hyde Park, he spoke of the chaotic condition of art like all the other intellectual pursuits. England had not been fortunate in expressing her ideas in this region more than any other, quite otherwise than fortunate indeed. Some one had compared the memorial to a wedding-cake with a gilded marionette mounted on it; the effect produced was insignificant or altogether grotesque. The huge edifice called the new Palace of Westminster was not insignificant or grotesque, but it wanted the unity of design which is apt to impress one in a work which is a single birth from one competent mind. When Thackeray saw the river front he said he saw no reason why it stopped; it ended nowhere, and might just as well have gone on to Chelsea.

I asked who was responsible for the disappointing effect of the Albert Memorial. The person to be contented he said was the queen. She lived in such an atmosphere of courtly exaggeration that she ceased to comprehend the true relation and proportion of things. Hence the tremendous outcry over Prince Albert, who was in no respect a very remarkable man. He had had a certain practical German sense in him too, which prevented him

from running counter to the feelings of the English people, but that was all. He was very ill-liked among the aristocracy who came into personal relations with him. Queen Victoria had a preternaturally good time of it with the English people; owing a good deal to reaction from the hatred which George IV. had excited. Her son one might fear would pay the penalty in a stormy and perilous reign. He gave no promise of being a man fit to perform the tremendous task appointed him to do, and indeed one looked in vain anywhere just now for the man who would lead England back to better ways than she had fallen into in our time.

Speaking of the relations of Ireland and Scotland, he said Scotia Major and Scotia Minor owed each other mutual services running back to the dawn of history. Scotland sent St. Patrick to civilize the western isle, and in good time the western isle sent Columbkille and other spiritual descendants of St. Patrick to teach the Scottish Celts their duties towards the Eternal Ruler and his laws.

I said it was disputed whether Scotland had sent St. Patrick to Ireland; a friend of mine, Mr. Cashel Hoey, had recently written a paper to demonstrate that St. Patrick was a Frenchman.

A Frenchman! he echoed; what strain of human perversity could induce an Irishman to desire to see it admitted that St. Patrick was a Frenchman? I laughed, and replied that the object probably was to relieve him from the reproach of being a Scotchman.

Well, he said, in a bantering tone, we might rely it was a controversy in no respect likely to arise about any other Irish personage, whether he was a Scotchman.

I was in Ireland when the news reached me of Mrs. Carlyle's sudden death. There was none of her sex outside my own immediate kith and kin whose loss would have touched me so nearly. I had known her for thirty years, always gracious and cheerful, even when physical pain or social troubles disturbed her tranquillity. She was perhaps easily troubled, for she was of the sensitive natures who expect more from life than it commonly yields. I verily believe her married life was as serene, sympathetic, and satisfying as those of ninety-five out of a hundred of the exceptionally endowed classes who constitute society. The greatly gifted are rarely content; they anticipate and desire something beyond their experience, and find troubles where to robust natures there

would be none. There was an incident connected with her death which has always struck me as peculiarly tragic. When the news reached her husband by telegram, fresh from his election as rector of the University of Edinburgh, he retired into absolute privacy, but his letters were brought to him next morning, and among them was one from her whom he knew to be dead, full of triumph at his success, and of lively speculations on the future.

When I saw Carlyle again some weeks after her funeral I found him composed, and at times even cheerful. His fresh mourning, a deep, folding collar, and other puritanical abundance of snowy linen crowned with a head of silver grey, became him, and gave a stranger the impression of a noble and venerable old man. There is a photograph engraved with some of the memorials of him, which exhibits a man plunged in gloomy reverie, which did not resemble him even at that painful era, and is a caricature of the ordinary man. The photographer caught him doubtless in some fit of dyspepsia, and obtained quite an exceptional result. Before his great trouble, and even afterwards, his manner was composed and cheerful, and in earlier times no one was readier to indulge in badinage and banter; a smile was much more familiar to his face than a frown or a cloud.

When I returned to Australia the correspondence recommenced. The pains Carlyle took to recommend for employment young men whom he was never likely to see in the world again reveals the true nature of the man, generous, considerate, and sympathetic.

CHelsea, March 1, 1863.

DEAR DUFFY,—Many thanks for your kindness to R— on his arrival; it is a full honoring of the bill I drew on you in that respect; and whatever more ensues shall rest with yourself only, and your own discernment of the facts, not mine any further. That was a very awkward and provoking blunder, doubtless, that about the newspaper; but I ought to tell you withal that I believe it proceeded altogether from ignorance and irresolution in the matter; and that "pride" had no share in it at any stage. The poor fellow, at our first meeting, cautiously told me he was busy night and day writing "a novel," and had the better half of it done, lodging the while with some charitable comrade. "Literature" on those terms, *versus* Famine, his one alternative. You may guess what approval this project met with from me. "Better die," I said, with denunciation of "Literature" so called, especially of newspaper work and its raging blackguardisms (as here in London),

the wages of which, however high, I pronounced to be Bedlam and Gehenna, *worse* almost than all other wages of sin! At our second meeting, after some weeks of consideration, R—— gratified me much by the report that he had now ("last night," if I remember) *burnt* out of the world his "novel" and all that held of it, and was wholly resolute now for a life of silent *working* as the real crown for him. This will have been, this and not "pride," his reason for rejecting your kind offer in that department; then soon after he will have repented (would have helped for the moment though) been ashamed to trouble you again on it, tried to help himself by the direct course, and so have gone into the quagmire, on ground he knew nothing of! Let him have the benefit of this hypothesis, if you can, as I think; and that is all I will say or expect on the matter.

You say nothing of yourself or of your big Australian world, on both which points, especially the former, you might have expected a willing listener surely. I do not even know clearly whether you are in office again or not. A returned emigrant (newspaper editor, I think, but certainly a sensible and credible kind of man) gave me very discouraging accounts not long since of the state of *immigration* among you. "Next to no immigration at all," reports he; "the excellent *Duffy Land Law* made of even no effect" by scandalous "auctioneering jobbers" and other vulpine combinations and creatures, whose modes and procedures I did not well understand. But the news itself was to me extremely bad. For the roaring anarchies of America itself, and of all our incipient "Americas," justify themselves to me by this one plea, "Angry sir, we couldn't help it; and we anarchies, and all (as you may see) are conquering the wilderness, as perhaps your Friedrich William, or Friedrich himself, could not have *guided* us to do, and are offering homes and arable communion with mother earth and her blessed verities to all the anarchies of the world which have quite lost their way." Australia, of a certainty, ought to leave her gates wide open in this respect at all times; nay, it were well for her could she build a free bridge ("flying bridge") between Europe and her, and encourage the deserving to stream across. I pray you, if ever the opportunity offer, do your very best in this interest, and consider it as, silently or vocally, of the very essence of your function (appointed you by Heaven itself) in that Antipodal world! And excuse this little bit of preaching, for it is meant altogether honestly and well.

What you say of Vichy and dyspepsia is welcome in two respects, first as it reminds me how kind and careful you always are about whatever is important to my now considerably unimportant self; and, secondly, as indicating which is your one point of personal news that the salutary effects of Vichy are still evident in you, and that your health (probably) is rather good. Long may that continue, and

honorable may be the work you do in virtue of it while the days still are! As to myself, I know sadly, at all moments, *dyspepsia* to be the frightfullest fiend that is in the pit, or out of it; the accursed brutal nightmare that has ridden me continually these fifty odd years, preaching its truth gospel (would I had listened to it, which I would not), but, alas! as to any "cure" for it, the patient is too old; the patient has it in the blood, in the nerves and brain of him as well! and has no cure of the least likelihood, except the indubitable cure which is now near ahead. Last year about this time I understood myself to be within some fifty or eighty miles of Vichy at one point of my railway; and I had before made some inquiries and speculations with my brother and others (well remembering what you had said to me on the subject); but the result was, I considered the probable misery and botheration fairly to surpass any chance of profit to one in my case, and left Vichy lying silent in the muddy darkness (Lyon, to judge of it by night, an uglier chaotic vortex than even Manchester or Glasgow), all the ten or eight wells of Vichy, too populous, quack-governed (I was told), confused and noisy, to be of real service. I do not know that I have grown better in health since I saw you, but neither have I grown perceptibly worse. Alas! I have "health" enough (it must be owned) for any work I have now the heart to do; it is heart and interest that fail me, were all else right.

We are in a mighty fry about "education" just now, and about many other recipes for our late grand "leap in the dark," in none of which have I any faith to speak of. *Fenianism* has gone to sleep, more power to it (in that direction)! John Mill has issued a strange recipe for Ireland: to oust all the Irish landlords, and make all the Irish tenants Hindoo ryots. I did not read much of his pamphlet, but it seemed to me (though of the clearest expression and most perspicuous logic) to be still weaker and more irrational than his poor treatise on aristocracy, so famous among certain fellow-creatures in this epoch. Adieu, dear Duffy; write me a long letter if you would do me a pleasure at any time.

Yours ever,

T. CARLYLE.

John Forster has had a good deal of sickness (bronchitis, &c.) this season, and has always rather an excess of work. My kind remembrances to Mrs. Duffy; and best regards to her amiable sister, whose note, &c., I got, regretting only that the occasion furnished her so many stupid blunders to reprint withal.

CHELSEA, December 19, 1868.

DEAR DUFFY, — Above a week ago your letter reached me; a glad arrival, as all your letters are, communicating various bits of intelligence which are of interest here. What you report about R—— agrees very well with the rough outline I had formed of him, from

physiognomy and a little talk chiefly; an Oxford youth of fair faculty, of honest enough intentions too, but as yet of little real insight into the world or himself, who might be liable to fail from want of discernment, want of prudence, patience, and dexterity, but not much from any worse or deeper want, as accordingly it seems to have proved. Happily he has now got settled on a reasonably good basis, where we hope he will continue, and develop himself — and that both of *us* two have done with him and his affairs. To you, for my sake, he has cost something; to me not much, beyond a little trouble; and if we have saved a man from London newspaper *reportage*, and wreck in the lowest gutters, into useful teaching of languages in Tasmania, neither of us will grudge the bit of help we gave. From R — himself I have had no word since his last *thank you* at this door, which is a symptom I rather approve in him, and certainly wish to *continue*, for my own share of it. “Silence is golden,” now and then, rather! That of “losing a year and half of your time and life,” in the fruitless attempt to *sound* Colonial and British anarchy, is not so good! But I suppose you had it to do, by way of satisfying your own mind and conscience; and I don’t wonder you found no bottom, for in fact there is none. I, non-official, have long ceased making any inquiry into these things; chaos is as big as cosmos one feels (or indeed infinitely bigger), and distinguishes itself moreover by having no centre: give chaos your malison and leave it alone! That thrice disgusting Governor Darling matter, I have always skipt away from, when it turned up in the newspapers, as from extensive carrion in the liveliest state of decomposition — most malodorously pointing out to me the state of both the Downing Streets, yours and ours. Ours, you may depend upon it, has no tyrannous intention of “governing the Antipodes” or of governing or encountering it at all, except to keep its own poor skin out of trouble, and be a conspicuously floating dead dog amid the general universe of such. That is very certain to me. What your Downing Street with its appendages, democracies, &c. &c., are, I hope you will thoroughly explain in one of those new books you are meditating; do, there is no usefuller or worthier employment could be cut out for a thinking and seeing man who has had Australia under his eyes till he comprehends it. In the name of manhood and honesty, and as a precept to you essentially out of heaven, regard that as your duty. About a year ago I read in the *Westminster Review* (by a man whom I have seen and believe) such an account of Australian Government, &c. &c., as refuses ever to go out of mind again; that, especially, of no emigrants arriving, of its being the wish and policy that none should arrive, fairly takes away one’s breath; challenges the universe to produce its fellow in mal-government, ancient or modern, on this afflicted earth! I entreat you go down to the bottom of all that; and let any

clear-minded man understand how it is and what and why.

A visitor (not over welcome) staggers in; I am driven to this scrap of bare paper as the readiest to hand, for the pretext obliged me to conclude abruptly. You see with what mutinous reluctance my poor right hand writes at all; has been liable to shake of late years (left hand still steady).

I am very sad of soul, but not therefore to be called miserable; nor am I quite idle, working rather what I can, in ways that you would not disapprove of. That you have the intention to come home is good, very good — and bring your two books with you. These I really think might help against this “millennium” of the devil with the chains struck off *him*. I will believe it of you to the last.

“In six years” it seems to me extremely uncertain (and doubtful of advantage, if it were not) whether you will find *me* still waiting here to receive you; but, if you do, you can be sure of a welcome from an old man’s heart.

Adieu, dear Duffy; I am forced to fling down pen and get out into the air.

Forster is complaining a good deal — not dangerously. Recommend me to Mrs. Callan at the distance of St. Petersburg.

Yours, always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

The reference to St. Petersburg alludes to my answer to some former message to be delivered personally, when I bade him look at the map and he would see that I was further from Mrs. Callan, then in Queensland, than he was from St. Petersburg.

He was now engaged in collecting Mrs. Carlyle’s letters for publication, and his friend, John Forster, communicated to me his wishes to have her correspondence with me returned.

PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON,  
LONDON, *January 25, 1870.*

MY DEAR DUFFY, — We send you many most kind wishes from this place for all happiness in this New Year, and in all the coming ones (to you and yours). Carlyle and Browning dined with us on Christmas day, and you were, I can assure you, “very freshly remembered” by us all. Much interested were we by your last letter to me, and its interruption. You recollect who it was that laid down his pen, being “interrupted by so great an experiment as dying.” Here was happily an experiment of the other — the creative sort, which we hope you will live triumphantly to complete, with the highest availing cast of characters. Carlyle sends most special message to you, which, indeed he would write himself, but that the condition of his right hand almost wholly disqualified him from writing. It is only in an absolute extremity he now ever makes the attempt, and it pains me (so terribly does the hand

shake) to see him strive to lift a glass with it. Fortunately, the left hand is not affected. Well, his message is to say that any notes of poor dear Mrs. Carlyle that you may have, and that you are not indisposed to send him, he will most gladly and gratefully receive from you. If you should send any, I will ask you kindly to mark on them the date, or approximate date, as far as may be. I meant to have written you a much longer letter, but I am writing under disadvantages. Immediately after Christmas day I went down to Torquay to stay with Lord Lytton (who has a house there), most unfortunately caught cold, and was laid up with illness nearly all the time we were there. We returned only on Saturday last. I am still very ailing; and, amid much arrears of work, I am with difficulty getting this done. I then suddenly remembered "the 26th." Carlyle, who dined with us the day after our return, had not forgotten to ask me whether his message was gone. I wish you'd send us a paper when the other change, that will put you in your proper place, approaches more nearly, for the *Times* correspondent is very misleading. And further, I wish you to tell me how parcels are best sent to you — whether there is any special agency that is swiftest, safest, and cheapest? We are not in the most hopeful political condition here, very few of us believing that Gladstone has by any means yet got to the bottom of the Irish secret. My wife tenderly remembers all your kindness, and much desires that the regards she sends, and in which I heartily join, might be permitted to extend to Mrs. Duffy also. I have had such pleasant experience formerly of your habit of returning good for ill in the matter of letter writing, that I dare to hope you may forgive what I am now writing, and make liberal return to me of what I find such real and great pleasure in having from you that I am almost impudent enough to think myself entitled to it. Good-bye, my dear Duffy.

I am, ever yours,  
JOHN FORSTER.

The following letter was in the handwriting of a lady, and from this time forth he either dictated his letters, or got a friend to write in his place, the process of engraving on lead (so he described the operation later) being past human patience:—

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, December 12, 1871.

DEAR DUFFY, — A good many weeks ago I had your friendly and cheerful little note, which was very welcome to me after the long silence. It has lain on my table ever since, daily soliciting some answer, and, strange to say, daily in vain. Truth is, my own right hand having grown entirely useless to me for writing, the business is altogether disagreeable, and even in the old sense, impossible (for "dictation," do what I will, never rightly prospers); and the indolence and torpor, now grown habitual, especially in these heavy,

dark November and December days, with their fogs and fitful frosts, deter me altogether from answering any letter, except under actual compulsion of the hour. *Tantum mutatus ab illo!* I also had safely delivered by the postman your copy of "Homes in the Land of Plenty," recognizable as yours by the handwriting outside, which also was kindly welcome to me. I already had a copy from the author, and had read most part of it; but this I sent to the Chelsea Library for behoof of my fellow citizens, and have put yours, as naturally worthier, in its stead. Another paper, excellently written and conceived, concerning the association of all your Australian colonies into one, I also received and read with approval and good wishes at the time you intended.\* For all these things accept my hearty thanks in the lump; and pardon me for loitering so long with that poor return.

It gives me real pleasure to find you again in office, and ruling, so far as any rule is possible, what geographically we may call one of the *largest* empires (for your colony is clearly the presiding one) that is to be found on the face of the earth. I rejoice also to hear that your Ministry succeeds, or was succeeding when we last heard. The ideas you had upon it, so far as I could gather, were sound and good, and deserved success. One thing I always earnestly wish, in reference to Australia and its progress, that you and Mother-Country could contrive some way to have ten times as much emigration. For fifty years the possibility of this and the immensely beneficial effects of it (especially for *us*) have hung before my mind as certainties, even as axioms, evident like those of Euclid, the total neglect of which, in the face of such circumstances as ours are now plainly becoming, has often filled me, and yet fills, whenever I think of it (which is now seldomer) with astonishment, impatience, and even indignation. "Administrative Nihilism," as Huxley calls it, that is the explanation; and, alas, what Huxley does not say or quite see, Nihilism of that kind is precisely the apple that grows and must grow upon every Parliamentary tree in our day. This I at least perceive; and it quiets me on many a grievance. A government carried on by Parliamentary palaver and universal suffrage, with penny newspapers presiding, must necessarily be a do-nothingism, and neglect not only its colonies, but every other interest, temporal and eternal, except that of getting majorities for itself by hook or by crook. If on these terms we can consider it the best of all kinds of government, we are free to do so; but the consequences are, have been, and will be "Nihilism," as above said by Huxley, nay *minimism* (as I could say) to an ever more frightful, ruinous, detestable, and even damnable, extent; the ultimatum of which is petroleum and what we have seen in Paris not so long ago! In spite of all this, I still privately hope there is patriot honesty and pro-

\* A report of a Royal Commission, of which I was chairman, on the Federation of the Australian Colonies.

bity enough on both sides of the ocean not to let the immense and noble interest sink to the sea bottom, but to save it as probably the very greatest that ever was entrusted to the guidance of a nation. Enough, oh far too much of this; what have I to do with it more?

Your friend Forster has been here since I began this letter. He is still busy and unwearied, though laden with a great burden of almost perpetual ill-health, especially in winter time. He has just been some weeks on the southern coast taking his holidays there. He looks really a little stronger, and will front under better omens the three months' service that still remains to him. Were April the 5th once here, F—— can claim his pension; and will without a day's delay give the matter up. I do hope, and indeed expect, he will be able to achieve this without further permanent damage; and then there is plain sailing, so far as one can see, and nothing worse. The whole world is, in these very days and weeks, full of F—— and his "Life of Dickens," for which there is a perfect rage or public famine (copies not to be supplied fast enough). I should think it likely there is a copy on the sea for you too, and that you will read it with interest and satisfaction two or three months hence, in some holiday you may have. It is curious, and in part surprising; yields a true view of Dickens (great part of it being even of his own writing); only one volume of it, the second not to be begun till after the above-mentioned April 5th. Me nothing in it so surprises as these two American explosions around poor Dickens, *all* Yankee-doodle-dom blazing up like one universal soda-water bottle round so very measurable a phenomenon, this and the way the phenomenon takes it, was curiously and even genially interesting to me, and significant of Yankee-doodle-dom. Volume first ends with a soda-water explosion, which we may reckon genially *comic*; volume second will end with a ditto, which has a dark death's head in it, and which has always seemed to me very tragic and very mournful.

With regard to myself, there is almost nothing to be said that you do not already know. A week ago yesterday I entered on my seventy-seventh year. I am not worse in health than that means, nor can I brag of being much better. I do retain nearly complete *soundness* of organ, but the *strength* of everything is inevitably lessening every day; the son of Adam had to die, and if, like a tree, it is to be by the aid of time alone, one knows not whether that is not, perhaps, within certain limits, the less desirable way. But we have no choice left in the matter, and are surely bound to be thankful to be left on any tolerable terms in the Land of the Living and the Place of Hope. You ask me what I am doing, dear Duffy; I am verily doing nothing. Knotting up some thumbs of my life's web, gazing with more and more earnestness, and generally with love and tenderness rather than any worse feeling, into the eternity which

can now be only a few steps ahead. I avoid all company except that of one or two close friends. Last winter I read most of my Goethe over again; reading a good book is in fact my most favorite employment. Even an intelligent book, by an honest-hearted man, is tolerable to me, and my best way of spending the evening. Adieu, dear friend, you see there is not a speck more of room.

Ever yours truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

The next letter was written under circumstances of painful difficulty. His right hand had become practically useless. It was only with a lead pencil, and by the slow, laborious method he describes, that he was able to write at all. But I had become prime minister at that time, and he would not omit sending his good wishes under his own hand. I rejoice in these multiplied evidences of the genuine kindness of a man who has been so differently pictured by ignorance and prejudice.

CHELSEA, LONDON, May 28, 1872.

DEAR DUFFY, — About ten days ago I read the report of speech, the newspaper with your portrait and sketch of Biography, &c. &c. All of which, especially the first-named article, ever very welcome and interesting. The portrait is not very like, though it has some honest likeness; but in the speech I found a real image of your best self, and of the excellent career you are entering upon, which pleased and gratified me very much. Though unable to write, except with a pencil, and at a speed as of *engraving* (upon lead or the like), I cannot forbear sending you my hearty *Euge*, *euge*, and earnestly encouraging you to speed along, and improve the "shining hours" all you can while it lasts. Few British men have such a bit of work on hand. You seem to me to be, in some real degree, modelling the first elements of mighty nations over yonder, scattering beneficent seeds, which may grow to forests, and be green for a thousand years. Stand to your work, *hero-like*, the utmost you can; be wise, be diligent, patient, faithful; a man, in that case, has his reward. I can only send you my poor wishes, but then these veritably are sorry only that they are worth so little.

Nothing in your list of projects raises any scruple in me; good, human and desirable we felt them all to be, except that of gold mining only. And this too, I felt at once was, if not human, or to all men's profit, yet clearly colonial, and to Victoria's profit, and therefore inevitable in your season. But I often reflect on this strange fact, as, perhaps, you yourself have done, that he who anywhere, in these ages, digs up a gold nugget from the ground is far inferior in beneficence to him who digs up a mealy potato — nay is, in strict language, a malefactor to all his brethren of mankind, having actually to pick the purse of every son of Adam for what money he, the digger, gets

for his nugget, and be bothered to it. I do not insist on this, I only leave it with you, and wonder silently at the ways of all-wise Providence with highly foolish man in this poor course of his.

Adieu, dear Duffy, I have written more than enough. If I had a free pen, how many things could I still write; but perhaps it is better not! I am grown very old, and though without specific ailment of body, very weak (in comparison), and fitter to be silent about what I am thinking of than to speak.

I send my kind and faithful remembrance to Mrs. Callan. John, my brother, is gone to Vichy again (day before yesterday); Forster is looking up again, now that the collar is off his neck. Good-bye with you all.

Ever truly yours,  
T. CARLYLE.

Of a brief visit to Europe in 1874 I find almost no record regarding Carlyle but a letter from John Forster (who was already stricken by the illness of which he shortly died), full of the overflowing kindness of his genial nature.

PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON, W.,  
June 27, 1874.

MY DEAR DUFFY,—I shall be heartily glad to see you again, and so will my wife, who does not forget your kindness to her.

Alas! that there should be such differences between what we seem and what we are. My health is completely broken. I cannot speak of it. Carlyle, whom you are to see to-morrow, as I hear, will tell you something of it.

I am going to Knebworth for ten days or so, and might find myself unable to go to you before I leave, which will be, I think, on Monday. But if you change your address in that interval, you will kindly tell me.

I sent a letter by a mail to Melbourne too recent, I suppose, to have reached you before you quitted for England. Illness alone had prevented my writing earlier—the third volume [of his "Life of Charles Dickens"] had preceded my letter.

In the last I referred to your visit in regard to the Athenæum, when I do not think there will be any doubt of your election by the committee. Froude, with whom I spoke of it yesterday, is of the same opinion.

With all best wishes and kindest regards from us both here, ever, my dear Duffy,

Most sincerely yours,  
JOHN FORSTER.

I ought perhaps to say that I did not desire the honor which my friend contemplated for me, because I determined, whenever I returned finally to Europe, not to reside in England, and was unwilling to incur the expense of a club I could not probably visit once in a year. At a later period the proposal was renewed by Mr. W. E. Forster, in concert with Lord Carnarvon and Lord O'Hagan (then members

of the committee); but I was more conveniently by the compliment graciously conferred on me by the committee of a month's honorary membership, on three separate occasions, when I remained for that period in London.

After my return to Australia I had but one letter from Carlyle before my final removal to Europe. Like many recent ones, it was devoted to the general purpose of serving a young man whom he thought deserving, or, at any rate, in much need of help. When we find a man of eighty, who is done with most of the interests of life, employing his remaining strength to serve a struggling fellow-creature whom he has never seen and can never hope to see, we have safe data, I think, for determining what was the nature and disposition of this old man.

5 GREAT CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, S. W.,  
Dec. 30, 1876.

DEAR DUFFY,—Till the arrival, about a week ago, of the *Melbourne Review* with your article, addressed to me, which was very welcome, both as personal memento, and also as a bit of pretty enough reading, I had seen no trace of you, nor heard any rumor of news. Singularly enough, within the last three days, I have received from Melbourne, from a poor neighbor of yours there, a feeble but pathetic request, which, on reading it, I decided to send you, with two enclosures that were in it, which are now by mistake burnt, in hopes you might be able to do something for the unfortunate writer who has thus sent his message to you, written within a stone's throw of your own door, but obliged to go round the world before it could get entrance! Pray, for my sake, read with attention; understand, too, that the bits of mildly satirical verse, once printed in the *Melbourne Punch*, were not without some decided indications of a superior talent that way. These unhappily are burnt, and you must take my word for them. The poor creature's letter, as you will observe, expresses a kind of feeble hope that you, by some way or another, might find some employment for him to supplement his miserable £40 a year—if you had been in office, and if he, poor wretch, had not been on the free trade side of politics!

The thing I do desire of you, dear Duffy, is that you would see this poor deformed creature, and examine him with your own eyes, and in right and brotherly pity and desire to help. To me it would give a real pleasure if you could in any way help him. And that is all my message; and so I leave it in your hands.

Of myself I have only to say that, being now in my 82nd year, I feel more completely invalidated than ever before, and have no strength left for work of any kind. But, except languor and laziness, I feel no decay of spiritual faculty; and I have in the late months

read with enjoyment the whole of Shakespeare, and am now reading, still with a kind of real enjoyment and wonder, Brumoy's "Théâtre des Grecs," of which I have finished prosperously about the fourth part. Adieu, dear Duffy, may good ever be with you, and the blessing of an old friend, if that be of any value.

Yours, ever truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

My final return to Europe took place in 1880. I arrived in London in the spring, and immediately visited Carlyle. It was deeply touching to see the Titan who had never known languor or weakness suffering from the dilapidations of old age. His right hand was nearly useless, and had to be supported by the left when he lifted it by a painful effort to his mouth. His talk was subdued in tone, but otherwise unaltered. It takes a long time to die, he said, with his old smile, and a gleam of humor in his eye. He was wrapped in a frieze dressing-gown, and for the first time wore a cap; but, though he was feeble, his face had not lost its character of power or authority. He was well enough, he declared, except from the effects of decay, which were rarely beautiful to see. His chief trouble was to be so inordinately long in departing. It was sad to have survived early friends, and the power of work. Up to seventy he had lost none of his faculties, but when his hand failed that loss entailed others. He could not dictate with satisfaction. He found when he dictated the words were about three times as many as he would employ *propria manu*. Composition was in fact a process which a man was accustomed to perform in private, and which could not be effectually performed in the presence of any person whatever. But he had written more than enough. If anybody wanted to know his opinions they were not concealed. There were still subjects on which he had perhaps something to say, and could say it, for though he was suffering an euthanasia from the gradual decay of the machine, the mind was probably much as it used to be; but he was content to consider his work at an end. In looking back over his turbid and obstructed life, he saw only too well that he had scattered much seed by the wayside, which was as good as lost, leaving no visible issue behind. If it was sound, vitalized seed it might perhaps spring up and blossom after many years; if not, in heaven's name let it rot. But much had been left altogether unspoken, because there was no fit audience discernible as yet, and a man's thoughts, though

struggling for utterance, refused to utter themselves to the empty air. The discipline of delay and impediment of which he had had considerable experience had not, on the whole, been a hostile element to labor in. In his later life he had some share of what men call prosperity; but, alas! it might well be doubted, if for him and for all men, trouble and trial were not a wholesomer condition than ease and prosperity.

After a time he seemed anxious to quit the subject of himself, and spoke of general topics. He asked me if I had visited the National Portrait Gallery, which he had done something to promote. He was confident it would prove a school of history for many who had no leisure for regular study.

I said I had visited it several times, and with much satisfaction. It would prove a school of history no doubt, but it was a school in which the pupils would get a good deal *disillusioné*. What would they say to Lord Bacon looking as jolly and *degagé* as the burlesque personage who used to be known in London as Chief Baron Nicholson, or Queen Elizabeth as flaunting and overdressed as a milliner's lay figure in the Borough, or, in our own times, Charles Lamb transformed into an Italian nobleman by Hazlitt, or Leigh Hunt into a Venetian bravo by Haydon? One of the modestest of English worthies might recall the Dutch ambassador's bull about a colleague whom he described as strutting about with his arms akimbo—like a peacock. I told him, *à propos* of historical memorials, that I had been recently in Paris and visited Robespierre's house in the Rue St. Honore, where the iron stairs which he had so often trodden were still in existence in the gloomy and now dilapidated house where he resided in the heat of the Terror.

It was from such seemingly insignificant fragments, he said, that history had to reconstruct the past, or some resemblance of it more or less credible, an operation rarely performed with success.

He walked no longer as of old, but he appointed an early day for me to share his customary drive from three o'clock to five. He was accompanied by his niece,\* whose care was now essential to his comfort. We drove to Streatham, through Clapham Common, and home by Battersea Park. Carlyle talked of things which the localities suggested. He spoke much as usual,

\* Mrs. Carlyle's niece, and by marriage with his nephew, Mr. Carlyle's niece also.

except that his voice was feeble, and was so drowned by the noise of the road that I had to guess painfully at meanings which used to be delivered with such clearness and vigor. I answered to what I was able to hear. He took occasional sips of brandy to keep up his strength, and solaced himself with a pipe.

I did not see him again before leaving London, and in the spring of the ensuing year the summons to his funeral, which followed me to the south of France, only reached me when the body was already on its way to Scotland. Time had brought to a close, not prematurely, but with many forewarnings, a friendship which nothing had disturbed, and which was one of the chief comforts of my life.

As these papers were published to present a more faithful portrait of Carlyle than the one commonly received, I intended to finish them with a rapid survey of the chief misapprehensions current in later years about the Chelsea household; but they have run to an unexpected length, and I prefer to postpone to another time and place this purpose, which is by no means relinquished.

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

SKETCHES FROM EASTERN TRAVEL.

IX.

SHECHEM AND SAMARIA.

WAKING up after their first night of camping out, our friends can hardly persuade themselves that they are not inhabiting some kind of castle in the air or other equally dreamy and evanescent abode, but at the same time their strange surroundings are already familiar and natural (as is the manner of things in dreams), and that gloomy period when they used to live boxed up in houses, and hemmed in by streets already seems indefinitely remote. No one who has not tried it can realize the exhilarating effects of spending the whole of every day in the open air, under a cloudless sky, with never-ceasing sunshine. And to these delights there is added that of recognizing at every step illustrations of those Eastern ways of thought which, familiar as they are to us, so far as words go, have always about them something mythical and unintelligible till one has seen the countries and the customs in which they originated.

When one has passed at nightfall over those smooth steep rocks of the Palestine hills, where the horses' hoofs slide at every step, there is a terrible sound in that prediction of the Psalmist, "Let their way be dark and slippery;" and in that description of the fate of the ungodly, "Surely Thou didst set them in slippery places," and all those other allusions to slipping and sliding. Here, too, are the stony places where the "judges" of the wicked are to be overthrown, together with the "stony ground" of the parable,—solid rock with a thin covering of soil, where there is indeed "no deepness of earth;" and here are those loose stones, lying about on the surface of the good soil, which must be "gathered out" before planting a vineyard. Here, too, gliding along the rocky hillsides, are even the "little foxes," who look saucy and mischievous enough to spoil any one's vines when they get a chance. And as for the gorgeous wild flowers, it is not hard to see that "even Solomon in all his glory" would look pale beside them. Nor could any one who has not gone through the process of seeking a patch of shade, with the midday Syrian sun blazing over his head, realize the full meaning of that familiar simile about "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Most interesting of all are the people one meets by the way, every one of whom looks as if he had walked out of one of those modern Scripture pictures, which we are apt to look upon as more or less ideal concoctions of the artist's imaginative mind.

But perhaps the feature of the country which most of all strikes our travellers is that still, peaceful brightness, which makes Philippa exclaim, "It seems to be always Sunday here!" and calls to mind those strange lonely days of the Babylonian captivity, when "the land enjoyed her Sabbaths;" for as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath.

Our friends start on their second day's journey at about eight o'clock, and, continuing their northward progress through the territory of Ephraim, arrive before long at the ruins of the ancient Shiloh, now called Seilûn. The most interesting feature of these is a large area, which seems to have been artificially levelled, and whereon the Tabernacle may have stood during the long centuries of its remaining at Shiloh. There is nothing specially interesting about the surrounding scenery, but it is something to visit the place which for so long was the centre of the Jewish Church, where Eli served as

priest, where Hannah prayed and sang her song of thanksgiving, and where Samuel "did minister unto the Lord, being a child," and was called to be a prophet; where Eli died at last, overthrown by the shock of evil tidings; and where the Tabernacle seems to have remained till the days of King Saul. As one looks round on the desolate stony hills, there seems yet to linger over the place a dreary memory of the wrath which fell on it in punishment for Israel's idolatry, when "they provoked him to anger with their high places, and moved him to jealousy with their graven images. . . . So he forsook the tabernacle of Shiloh, the tent which he placed among men." Few can fail to be impressed who have obeyed that command: "Go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel;" or to realize the terror of that prediction against the Temple and Jerusalem: "Then will I make this house like Shiloh, and will make this city a curse to all the nations of the earth."

On the same day our travellers, in their northward progress, reach Mount Gerizim in the district of Samaria, and, skirting its eastern side (on the border between the territories of Benjamin and Manasseh), come out into the Plain of Mukna,\* and here they arrive at last at that spot (one of the most interesting in Palestine) which they have so long desired to see — Jacob's Well. There is no manner of doubt that this is the very well dug by Jacob in "the parcel of ground, where he had spread his tent, which he bought at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for an hundred pieces of money," — the place where Joseph's mummy was buried, and which "became the inheritance of the children of Joseph."

Gathered round the opening of the well, the travellers try to picture to themselves that incident which has made it the most venerable well upon earth. They seem to see a party of travellers approaching from the southward. They are journeying, like themselves, from Judæa to Galilee, and so passing through Samaria on their way. It is midday, and they are weary with the journey. The others turn up the valley to their left that they may buy food at Shechem, about two miles distant; but one remains, and, approaching the well, sits down to rest.

\* Still called on maps the "Plain of Moreh," though the word translated "plain" in Gen. xii. 6, etc., should rather be rendered "oak" or "terebinth."

Tristatur lætitia, salus infirmatur,  
Panis vivus esurit, virtus sustentatur;  
Sitit fons perpetuus, quo cælum potatur;  
Et ista quis intuens mira non miratur?

Then down the valley from Shechem, with her pitcher poised upon her head, comes a woman to draw water. And then follows that memorable conversation, so simple and natural, yet so wonderfully setting forth that thirst of divine compassion longing to satisfy the unconscious thirst of the dry and hardened heart that reckes not of the springing water ready to convert it into a fragrant garden.

A difficulty has been raised as to the reason that the Samaritan woman could have for coming so far from the town to draw water when there are several fountains nearer at hand; but it has been aptly said that "the mere fact of the well having been Jacob's would have brought numbers to it had the distance been twice as great. And even independent of its history, some little superiority in the quality of the water, such as we might expect in a deep well, would have attracted the Orientals — who are, and have always been, epicures in this element." Other details exactly correspond to the words of the Gospel. However much choked with rubbish, "the well is deep" still. Twenty years ago its depth was eighty feet, but in 1889 it measured only seventy-two feet. And close at hand, crowned with the Samaritan temple (in the time of our Lord already in ruins), still towers Mount Gerizim, to which the woman pointed when she said, "Our fathers worshipped God in this mountain."

Our friends climb down to what was originally the floor of a vaulted chamber — perhaps part of the crypt of that ancient Christian church built over the well about the fourth century — and examine the original opening of the well. This is narrow, but opens out in a cylindrical shaft seven and a half feet in diameter. They look at the ancient grooves left in the hewn stones by the cords used in drawing water, and then, leaving the well, start for Joseph's Tomb, a short distance to the northward. The present erection is a Moslem tomb, but there is no reason to doubt the identity of the spot, seeing that it is recorded, in Josh. xxiv. 32, that Joseph's body was buried in the same parcel of ground. Possibly it was removed afterwards to the cave of Machpelah at Hebron; but this is a disputed point.

Leaving the tomb, the travellers move in the direction of Shechem (now called Nâblous, an Arabic corruption of the

classic name Neapolis), passing up the valley between Mount Gerizim on the south and Mount Ebal on the north. Here the Israelites encamped when they "put the blessing upon Mount Gerizim, and the curse upon Mount Ebal." Six tribes were drawn up on the one mountain to bless, and six on the other to pronounce the curses; and the Levites (Deut. xxvii. 14), "with a loud voice," conducted that first commination service on which our own is modelled. The old difficulty about the distance being too great for the sound to travel has long been set at rest. Even from the one summit to the other of the two mountains it is said that the words shouted by shepherds to one another are distinctly audible, and it is nowhere asserted that the blessings and curses were announced from the *tops* of the mountains. Rather we may suppose that the tribes were drawn up on the mountain-sides at the point where there is on each slope a recess which would form a natural amphitheatre. The recesses face one another, and the sound would reverberate between them, so that every word might be distinctly heard from the one to the other.

Our friends are not long in reaching the picturesque city of Nablous, which, under the name of Shechem, Sichem, or Sychar, is so familiar to all, yet seems to most of us so far removed from the ordinary world that we scarcely realize it to have an actual, commonplace existence. Yet there it is, looking perhaps not very different from the Shechem of old, — a beautiful Oriental town of white stone houses, nestled in the valley at the foot of Mount Gerizim. It has a population of about ten thousand, half of whom are Christians, one hundred Jews, one hundred and fifty Samaritans, and the rest Moslems. The tents are pitched on a grassy knoll which rises just above the town, and the travellers will long remember the wonderful view from their tent doors, — the grand mountain-sides towering aloft, and below at their feet, lit up by the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, the beautiful little city, lying in the shadowy valley as foam-wreaths lie among dark-blue waves, its white domes shining with so ethereal a light that they seem scarcely more substantial than floating bubbles, which will presently burst and vanish.

In vain do they try to remember half the incidents with which this town is associated. From the days of Abraham's visit to this his first camping-ground in the Land of Promise, when he pitched his tent "in the place of Sichem at the oaks of

Moreh," all through those turbulent scenes enacted here in the time of the Judges, and the days when Jeroboam made Sichem his capital, the mind wanders on through its checkered history to the days when Justin Martyr was born at Nablous in A.D. 99; and then one looks down on the city at one's feet, so bright and picturesquely pretty, and finds it hard work to believe it.

The next day our friends climb to the top of Mount Gerizim (3,179 feet high), and there survey the chaos of ruins which are all that now remain where once stood the Samaritan temple built about 420 B.C., when this spot became (as it is still) the centre of the Samaritan religion. Before descending, they visit the place among the ruins where the paschal lambs are still sacrificed every year by this, "the oldest and smallest sect in the world," and where the ashes are seen remaining (from the last sacrifice) in the stone trench wherein the burning takes place.

Coming down by a path which descends into the valley just below Nablous, the travellers walk through the town, admiring the strange picturesqueness of the narrow and irregular streets, with their crowd of Oriental citizens. They omit not to visit the Samaritans, and examine their synagogue with the renowned manuscript of the Pentateuch therein preserved, written (say they) by Abishua the son of Phinehas, the grandson of Aaron, thirty-five hundred years ago, — though this the inexorable, learned folk will of course not allow to be the fact by a very long way. They are also much impressed by the dignified bearing of the Samaritan high priest, to whom they are introduced. Finally they obtain admittance (thanks to the sister's Arabic eloquence) into the Mohammedan mosque (once a Christian church), whence Europeans are ordinarily excluded.

Leaving the city, they continue to ascend the valley in a northwesterly direction, and that night camp at the city of Samaria (now called Sebastiyeh), where may still be seen the ruins of one of the ancient gates, which our friends fancifully imagine to be perhaps that same gate where, after the Syrian siege, a measure of fine flour was sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, according to the prophecy of Elisha, and where the incredulous lord "saw it with his eyes but did not eat thereof," — "for the people trod upon him in the gate, and he died."

The last village visited by the travellers before leaving the district of Samaria is Tell Dôthân, the ancient Dothan in the territory of Issachar, where is still shown

an ancient rock-hewn cistern, whereinto it is said (not improbably) that Joseph was thrown by his brethren. Here, too, our friends look round at the mountain-slopes, whereon once stood the hosts that guarded Elisha when the Syrian compassed the city to take him.

Proceeding in a north-easterly direction, they find themselves at last within the borders of Galilee.

## X.

## GALILEE AND CARMEL.

OUR travellers now approach Jenin, the ancient En-Gannen, by way of the beautiful little valley called the Wady Belameh. The path runs at the foot of a steep, grassy slope covered with brilliant wild flowers of all bright and harmonious colors. Up this slope, disdaining the for once smooth and level path, marches El Adham whenever not forcibly restrained by his rider, showing his superior strength of mind by getting himself and her into all sorts of dangerous and (to other steeds) inextricable situations, and all with the kind of grim, unamiable humor which is his distinguishing characteristic.

"I do like a horse with a character!" quoth Philippa, looking with unspeakable scorn at Sebaste's fleet and intelligent, but eminently docile, steed. "I believe dear El Adham is some distant relation of that charming horse of John Gilpin's!"

"Fancy quoting John Gilpin here!" exclaims the sanctimonious and scandalized Sebaste.

"My dear," says Philippa, "it isn't practicable to be always serious, even in the Holy Land!"

At this moment an appalling crash is heard, and down come Elizabeth and her donkey in the middle of the path. Though horribly frightened, they are not much hurt, and soon pick themselves up again and proceed as aforetime.

"Why, Elizabeth," says the father, "how in the world did it happen?"

"Indeed, sir, I don't know, for I think I was asleep; and as the path is so smooth I suppose my donkey was fallen asleep too. I am sure, sir, it could not have happened unless I and the donkey had both had our eyes shut!"

"But surely that is bad management. You really must come to an agreement with your donkey that *one* of you shall always keep awake."

This suggestion is duly carried out, and the arrangement is found to work satisfactorily.

On arriving at Jenin, our friends find their tents pitched among a group of rugged old olive-trees, and never has their moving home looked more pretty and inviting.

The next day, travelling northward, they descend into the plain of Esdraelon, a broad, smooth expanse of velvety green—a grassy lake, so to speak, with steep, mountainous shores. Close on the right rise the mountains of Gilboa, and one fancies, as one looks up at their bare, treeless slopes, that a mournful solemnity hangs over them since that terrible day of the defeat and death of King Saul and his sons, as though there had been a prophetic ring in those words of David's lament: "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil."

It is from this plain that our travellers obtain their first view of an object long eagerly looked for. Far across the sea-like plain, perched high up in the towering northward mountains, is a tiny gleam of white—the village of Nazareth. Their eyes turn again and again to that far-off point, though their attention is presently claimed by the historic city of Jezreel closer at hand, now represented by the rude village of Zerin, which rises, some distance to their left, like a dark island above the green expanse. There is something eminently satisfactory about the town and its surroundings, which enables one to realize with strange vividness those incidents therewith connected. Even the site of Naboth's vineyard can be approximately identified, since it must have been outside the walls on the eastern side, seeing that Jehu passed it (and killed Joram hard by) on his way into the city, whither he had come through the eastward Valley Jezreel.

"One understands now," says the sister, "how Jehu's party could have been seen so far away across the open ground as to allow time for the sending out of those messengers on horseback to meet him. There is plenty of space here for chariot-eering."

"Now, Cæsar," says Philippa, "we should like you to personate Jehu!"

Whereupon the Cæsar bounds away at full gallop, riding furiously, no doubt, but too near laughing to look quite fierce enough for the son of Nimshi.

Still skirting the mountains of Gilboa, our friends arrive at Ain Jâlud, a copious

spring and sheet of water at the foot of their north-western slope. There is no doubt that this is correctly called Gideon's Pool, being the spring of Harod at which Gideon brought down to the water his little army of ten thousand men, and selected (to fight with him against the Midianites) the three hundred who drank from the hollow of the hand, rejecting those who "bowed down upon their knees to drink." There is plenty of room for the drinkers on the shore of the pool, and the travellers are amused to see their Arab folk unconsciously illustrating the well-known narrative, — some (as Hassan and little Yuseph) kneeling down and bending their heads over the surface of the water, others (like the more dignified Said) making cups of their hands to drink from. As a matter of course, they all drink somehow, for an Arab seems to have an almost superstitious feeling against ever passing by so precious a gift as sweet water.

Our travellers now cross the head of the Valley of Jezreel, and approach what is probably the ancient Hill of Moreh, called by English folk the Little Hermon — a modern name, originating in a well-meant attempt to localize that "little hill of Hermon," which, unfortunately, owes its existence solely and entirely to a mistranslation. On the southern slope thereof they pass close to the village of Solâm, the ancient Shunem. Here the Philistines encamped against Saul, whose forces were placed across the valley on the slopes of Gilboa; and here was the home of that rich lady who hospitably entertained Elisha, and had a little chamber made for him on the wall, placing therein for his comfort a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick. Well might her little son get a sunstroke on those broad, unsheltered plains at time of harvest!

"The poor mother!" says Irene. "It must have been a trying journey for her, starting to cross them in the noontide heat 'to run to the man of God,' far away in Mount Carmel."

Still more interesting is the place where the travellers stop for their midday rest, a village on the northern slope of the Little Hermon, which yet retains the familiar name of Nain. A simple little church marks the traditional spot of the raising of the widow's son. East of the village some ancient tombs may still be seen toward which the funeral procession was probably moving.

Thence a rough ride in a north-easterly direction brings our friends to the village still called Endôr, and hard by they

enter the cave wherein, saith tradition, the witch of Endôr had her abode. It is indeed gloomy and dismal enough even for her.

The same afternoon, approaching Mount Tabor from the south, they camp at its foot near the village of Debûriyeh, the ancient Daberath. The first sight of Mount Tabor at once dispels the popular delusion which represents it as a steep, rocky hill with a flat top. On the contrary, it is a round, down-like mountain, its outline (seen from the plain to the south of it) being the almost perfect arc of a circle. The tradition which exalts Tabor by making it the scene of the Transfiguration has been long since disproved, and the historic interest of the mountain is derived from Old Testament folk, — Barak and Deborah, and suchlike.

The morning after their arrival at Debûriyeh, the travellers make the ascent of the mountain — the most beautiful morning ride that they have hitherto enjoyed. There is something quite unearthly to-day about the morning sunshine, always strangely bright in Syria. The little trees, and flowering-shrubs, and gorgeous blossoms sprinkled all over the grassy slopes, are, so to speak, *dressed* in sunbeams, and seem to shine each with an individual brightness of gold-flecked color. As the riders ascend the view expands, and they can look away through the clear, fresh air far to northward, where high into the sky of cloudless blue — not resting at all on the earth, but floating like an enchanted island in a sea of purple haze — rise up in radiant loveliness the snow-clad peaks of Hermon. Over all the scene there breathes such a spirit of gladness, that one must believe that even now are true the Psalmist's words, "Tabor and Hermon rejoice in Thy name."

At last the summit is reached, and they behold a wonderful panorama, including their first glimpse of the Sea of Galilee. Only a corner of the lake is visible; but our friends feel a strange satisfaction as they see at last the bright, blue waters lying in that deep hollow among the mountains — twenty-seven hundred feet below the summit whereon they stand. North-eastward, between themselves and Hermon, they see the hill of Hattin, the traditional (and not improbable) scene of the Sermon on the Mount; to the south-east they look away over the Jordan valley to the mountains of Gilead; and southward, across an arm of the plain of Esdraelon, rises the Little Hermon, overtopped by the mountains of Gilboa be-

yond; while far to the west, running north-westward to the sea, towers the "excellency of Carmel."

"Surely like Tabor among the mountains, and like Carmel by the sea, so shall he come."

Now, if I feared not to become long-winded, would I further describe the exploration of that ancient and ruined church of the Transfiguration on the summit of Tabor, and of those remains of the more ancient fortress which (dating as they do from a time earlier than the Christian era) would alone be sufficient to discountenance the tradition which the church perpetuated; and more especially would I enlarge upon the hospitable entertainment of the travellers by the Franciscan Brothers of the Latin monastery. But, alas! we must hurry our friends down the steep slopes of Tabor and away on their four hours' ride to Nazareth, in the territory of the tribe of Zabulon, high up among the Galilean hills. It is Saturday, and they will stay the Sunday there.

How the travellers spend this, their first evening at Nazareth, I scarcely dare to divulge, seeing that any piously minded reader who, not having travelled in those parts, knoweth not the lamentable and objectionable, but none the less unavoidable, incongruities which meet at every turn those who do, will be thereby inevitably and unspeakably shocked. However, forasmuch as candor is highly to be commended, confess we will that they receive and accept an invitation to a Mohammedan wedding.

Oh dull and prosy pen of mine! would that thou couldst describe those wedding rejoicings—that festal hubbub in the house of the bride, of dancing and singing and clapping of hands, in the midst of which sits the bride herself, beautiful to behold in robe of white and costly jewels; those separate rejoicings in the house of the bridegroom, the Bedouin dance by firelight in his father's courtyard, and lastly, the bridegroom's father's kitchen—an open court wherein forty lambs are being prepared for the feast! Truly a scene to make one a vegetarian for life!

As for the Sunday spent at Nazareth, it is one to be long remembered. The chaplain of the Anglican bishop in Jerusalem has also pitched his tents hard by, and, at seven and ten o'clock in the morning, holds service in his sitting-tent for the two parties of English. In the afternoon they go to see an ecclesiastical procession in honor of this, the Easter day of the Greek Church.

Of the traditional sites of Nazareth I shall say nothing, seeing that they are not probable enough to be impressive—except, indeed, one, of which there is no doubt. The well of the town, called by Christians the Virgin's Fountain, has supplied the inhabitants with water from time immemorial; and the scene around it—the long procession of girls and women in their bright Eastern dresses coming to fill their large pitchers, and carrying them away poised aloft on their heads—is doubtless much the same as of old, when the Blessed Virgin was one of that company of village maidens.

The next day our friends, travelling westward, ford the Kishon ("that ancient river the river Kishon"), and in the afternoon ascend to a point on the Carmel range still called El Mahrakah—*i.e.*, "the Burning," or "the Sacrifice"—which is almost certainly the scene of Elijah's memorable sacrifice. At a little distance below this point may yet be seen the well whence probably was drawn the water which he caused to be poured over the sacrificial altar. That night the wanderers camp in the flowery plain at the foot of the Carmel range, on the bank of the Kishon, and near the little hill called Tel el Kussis,—the spot where it is with probability said that Elijah slew the prophets of Baal.

On the Tuesday they travel north-westward to Haifa, and ascend the extreme point of Carmel, overlooking the sea, and visit that famous convent—the largest in Palestine—where originated the order of Carmelite monks. The following day they return to Nazareth, where they again camp for two nights, thus gaining time to visit Kana el Jelil, the probable and almost certain—as well as Kefr Kenna, the traditional—Cana of Galilee. On Thursday they travel to Tubariya, the ancient Tiberias (ascending by the way the Hill of Hattin, called by Christian folk the Mount of Beatitudes), and thus reach at last the Sea of Galilee.

And what are we to say, in conclusion, of those days spent on the lake?—of the water-voyage in a fishing-boat to the ruins at Tell Hum, the ancient Capernaum, and of the discovery there, sculptured on what was perhaps the lintel of the synagogue\* door, the symbols of the pot of manna and the vine, which met the eyes of those who

\* The very synagogue, maybe, that was builded by that Roman centurion of whom the "elders of the Jews" said, "He is a worthy man, and himself built us our synagogue"—not "a synagogue," but *ἡ συναγωγή*.

went in one Sabbath day to listen to one that said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven"? What shall we say of those days in which the travellers become familiar with that lake, its scenery and its changes—the breathless calm and the sudden storm? the customs, too, of its fishermen—toiling all night, and sleeping sometimes in their boats by day? and finally, the places which have been identified with those familiar names of ancient towns?

It is as well, maybe, to leave them almost undescribed, for they are days to be remembered rather than descanted upon. And they will be remembered always.

## XI.

## MOUNT HERMON AND THE DRUSES.

LEAVING the Sea of Galilee, our travellers continue their northward progress, camping for one night not far from the little lake called Baheiret el Hûleh (which boasts an elevation of seven feet above the Mediterranean), whence the Jordan flows down to the Lake of Galilee, nearly seven hundred feet below the sea-level. This little lake is more familiar to us under its ancient name of the Waters of Merom. It was the scene of Joshua's memorable victory in his third and last battle with his Canaanitish foes, when "they went out, they and all their hosts with them, much people, even as the sand that is upon the seashore in multitude, with horses and chariots very many; . . . and they came and pitched together at the waters of Merom, to fight with Israel."

The next day, starting for Banias to the north-east, our friends are obliged to make a circuit in order to avoid the marsh called Ard el Hûleh, to the north of the lake. As the morning advances, they enter the region of the sources of the Jordan. They cross the Nahr Hasbâny, which is the chief of all these streams, and about mid-day arrive at the spring of the Little Jordan. They stop for luncheon beside the Nahr el Leddan, at Tell el Kâdy, anciently called Laish, Leshem, and Dan. Crossing the stream by a precarious bridge, consisting of the trunk of a tree, they repose under two large oaks by the cool, refreshing water. They learn afterwards that this water, for all its sparkling clearness, is most dangerous to drink, and that they ought all to have caught fever—which piece of information happily does

not come in time for them to feel any ill effects.

Close by are the mounds, which are almost all that remain of the ancient city. There is no doubt about the identity of the place, which is described by Josephus and Eusebius, and the present name whereof (as the learned Sophia observes) signifies the Hill of the Judge, the word judge being the English equivalent of Dan. But with nothing before one's eyes but that heaped-up mound, it requires a strong effort of imagination to picture to one's self the history of that ancient town,—the founding of that old Phœnician colony from Zidon; its capture by the descendants of Dan, "who went up and fought against Leshem, and took it, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and possessed it, and dwelt therein, and called Leshem Dan, after the name of Dan, their father;" their idolatrous worship there, with their make-believe priesthood; the unscrupulous act of the politic Jeroboam when he set up one of his golden calves at Dan, saying, in that kind, fatherly way of his, "It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem;" and the smiting of the city by the order of King Asa of Judah, when he went to war with Israel. It is hard to imagine all this; but every one who sees that fertile plain will assuredly agree with the report of those Danite spies: "We have seen the land, and, behold, it is very good, . . . a place where there is no lack of anything that is in the earth."

In the afternoon the travellers find themselves among the heights of the spurs of Hermon, at Banias, probably the ancient Baal-gad (described as being "in the valley of Lebanon under Mount Hermon"), and certainly the Cæsarea Philippi of the Gospels, embellished by Philip, the Tetrarch of Iturea, and renamed by him after the emperor and himself. Its situation, close to one of the copious sources of the Jordan, and nestled at the very base of the gigantic Hermon group, passes all attempt at description. "From Dan to Beersheba" is the well-known limit of the Holy Land; but this is still holy ground, and made specially memorable by two incidents—the confession of St. Peter and the Transfiguration.

"It is curious," says Philippa, "to notice how often the illustrations of our Lord's discourses seem to have been suggested by the scenery of the places where they were spoken. That figure of the rock seems specially significant when one looks up at those towering crags of Hermon."

Whereupon the sister quotes from "Sinai and Palestine" the remark that the figure may have been suggested by that rocky eminence on which stood the classic temple of white marble built by Herod the Great. "At least," says she, "it would furnish an apt illustration of the words, 'upon this rock I will build my Church.'"

It was "six days" after this discourse that our Lord took the three favored apostles and brought them up "apart by themselves" to one of those lofty peaks which tower so majestically overhead, and, as he was praying, "was transfigured before them."

"How different this is," exclaims Philippa, "from the scene in which one generally imagines the Transfiguration to have taken place! I have always had in my own mind a kind of half-conventional representation of it, being, I suppose, unconsciously influenced by Raphael's picture."

"It seems to me," answers Sebaste, "that a comparison of St. Luke's account with the other two shows that the Transfiguration probably took place by night,\* so that Raphael has dealt violently with time as well as space."

"Listen to her, sister! Here is Sebaste going to criticise Raphael!"

"Not at all. I was going to say that, for all its conventionality, I believe that to be a far truer picture than any realistic representation could be. It was worth any concession concerning the physical accessories to show, as that picture does, the truth which is deeper than these, and therefore truly more true."

"Our learned friend, Philippa, is getting just the least bit in the world too deep for us simple folk. What truth do you mean, Sebaste?"

"I mean that contrast which Raphael's picture so wonderfully shows between heavenly glory and light on the one hand, and earthly darkness and woe on the other. No one but him could have showed us, as he has done, the meaning of that 'coming down from the mountain,' and of that sudden exclamation: 'O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?'"

This conversation is held after afternoon tea, as the wanderers recline on rugs in the shade of their sitting-tent. As for Sophia, she hears not a word of it, being, as usual, absorbed in topographic

calculations. Suddenly she looks up and exclaims:—

"I never realized before that the figurative 'mountain' which a single grain of true faith could remove was no less than Mount Hermon itself."

"Yes," answers the sister; "those words were spoken here near Cæsarea Philippi, and no doubt the speaker pointed up to that mighty group of towering heights, vast and firm and immovable as we see them now."

That same afternoon three of the travellers ride up to the ruins of the majestic castle of Shubeibeh, perched aloft on a bold crag about one thousand feet above the ruins of the ancient city and the present village of Banias. By the way they see, at some little distance, the grotto in the rock which the Greeks of the Macedonian kingdom of Antioch converted into a sanctuary of Pan; whereupon the city was called Paneas, which name (with the inevitable softening of the, to Syrians, unpronounceable P) has survived the later and more pompous appellation invented by Tetrarch Philip. It is just below this grotto that the Banias source of the Jordan bursts forth in a copious fountain.

"It was a charming ride," quoth Philippa, on her return—"almost perpendicular the whole way. Dear El Adham was happy for once, and walked up the face of the rock as a fly goes up a wall."

"And what did you see when you reached the top?"

"Firstly, there was the castle, the largest of its kind in Palestine. It is said to have been built partly by the Herods, partly by the Saracens; and it has been abandoned since the seventeenth century. The ruins are so extensive that we had not time even to walk round them, but explored only the western part, which faces the plain of Jordan. We had a wonderful view to the southward, as far as the mountains which surround the Sea of Galilee."

"And did you see the ancient Hazor, whose king gathered the Canaanite forces to fight against Joshua? The name is still extant, you know, and the site of the city has been probably discovered on a peak near here, where are some remains of stone buildings."

"Then I have no doubt we saw it, for we saw everything for miles around. But there is Yuseph calling out, 'Dinner ready!'"

This same dinner is no ordinary meal, but a sumptuous feast in honor of a special occasion. Learning from the floral deco-

\* From the first two accounts it is evident that the miracle of healing was performed immediately after the descent from the mountain; yet St. Luke says that it was on "the next day" (after the Transfiguration).

rations at breakfast (when the table was resplendent with large yellow irises, and so forth) that to-day is the father's birthday, the Syrians in general, and more especially Yuseph and Butrus, have vied with one another in expressing their joy and good wishes. When the cavalcade arrived at the tents this afternoon, Yuseph came forth with more than his usual smile of welcome to conduct the father to the sitting-tent, which, with much labor and pains, he had converted into a kind of floral arbor. On the top, just below the flag, towers a huge bunch of green leaves and bright flowers; the ropes on each side of the entrance sustain two compact hedges of green branches, forming a triumphal avenue of approach; while inside, tied to the tent-pole so as to overshadow the table, is an enormous nosegay of beautiful flowers, further embellished by strings of biscuits therein suspended, and numerous bits of candle, which, being lighted at nightfall, form a truly splendid illumination.

And the dinner! Abu Elias, Abu Elias, thou hast excelled even thyself! Course after course makes its appearance, — an endless succession of delicacies, each of which the father must at least taste, according to Eastern etiquette, under penalty of hurting dear old Butrus's feelings. Finally, there appears, in a blaze of blue flame, an English plum-pudding, and with it the author thereof, who cannot bear to let it go out of his sight, and has furthermore come to make an Arabic speech of congratulation to the father, which Cæsar must construe and the father must answer — in an English speech of congratulation on the dinner, which gives further work to the interpreter. Verily it is a festive birthday!

The next two or three days are spent by our travellers in skirting Mount Hermon, the highest point whereof (9,166 feet high) they earnestly desire to ascend; but that is impossible so early in the year, and any one who attempted the same would probably be lost in the snow-fields. Gradually, as day after day they look up to the towering heights, the sense grows upon them of the immensity of that venerable mountain, the Jebel es Sheikh, as it is now called — *i.e.*, the Mountain of the Old Man; a name which it well deserves, with its snowy head and descending locks of white, and which is even more descriptive than its ancient Sidonian and Amoritish names of Senir and Sirion, which signify "the breastplate," and Sion, which, like Hermon, means "lofty."

"Truly," says Philippa, "that must have been a terrific earthquake which David describes by the figure, 'He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a wild ox!'"

On the first day's journey from Bania our friends pass through the sparse oak woods which are the modern representatives of the ancient oaks of Bashan, among which the irrepressible El Adham behaves like Absalom's mule of old, doing his utmost to leave his rider in one of them.

During the course of this day they, moreover, become better acquainted with the Nahr Hasbany, which has been called "the geographical though not the historical source of the Jordan."

The midday halt is made in a more than usually charming spot, by the side of a beautiful little stream bordered by oleander-bushes, and surrounded by the grand mountain heights, — a scene of which the sister, in the space of an hour, makes a beautiful little picture, one of the prettiest of all her sketches. And as she paints she talks.

"We are coming now," says she, "into the land of the Druses. Hasbeiya, our camping-place for to-night, is their original sanctuary, where Derazy, their founder, established them in the eleventh century A.D."

"But who are they, and where do they get their religion from?"

"Their religion seems to have originated in Egypt, and in the vagaries of the third caliph of the Fatimite succession, at the end of the tenth century. This individual, Hakem by name, whom one charitably supposes to have been cracked, the Druses regard as an incarnation of the Deity. This notion was soon propagated in Palestine, but the sect was persecuted, and was obliged to take refuge in the Wady et Teim, up here in the Lebanon, where they established their headquarters."

"They are very cruel, are they not? At least it was they who perpetrated those terrible massacres of the Christians thirty years ago."

"Yes, they were the instruments, but it is well known (or might be) that those massacres were instigated by the Turkish government, who were jealous of the Christian influence in the Lebanon. At Hasbeiya there was a terrible slaughter, and there were frightful scenes in many other places. There was one account of a massacre of Christians in a church, where the victims came forward one by one with perfect calmness, each, when his turn

came, saying simply, 'In thy name, Lord Jesus,' as he bowed his head to receive the blow."

The sketch is finished now, and the little cavalcade moves onward again till it reaches Hasbeiya, a very beautiful little town of almost Italian aspect, built in terraces up the mountain-side. The whole population crowd round the strangers, who soon grow familiar with the peculiar physiognomy of the Druse folk, with their long, pale faces, straight noses, dark eyes set near together, and intent inward expression.

Some of the travellers climb up to a lofty height not far from the camping-ground, and, by the help of a resident missionary lady, are admitted (an unprecedented favor) into the praying-place of the Druses, near which are some old trees apparently held sacred — a fact which favors the notion that the Druse religion has points of resemblance with that of the ancient Druids of more Western countries. Nothing whatever can be extracted from the Druse sheikhs about their religion; and the travellers feel their curiosity damped when assured by the missionary lady that if any one of them, or she herself, were to find out anything about their secret beliefs and ceremonies, that individual would be immediately poisoned. But such is the kindness of the venerable sheikhs that this information by no means impairs the visitors' appetite for that delicious refection of honey and dried figs which is presently set before them, and which they gracefully eat without even a passing desire for such unheard-of complications as spoons or plates.

The next day the travellers proceed in a north-easterly direction along the Wady et Teim, through which flows the Nahr Hasbany. On their right rises the central mass of Hermon, while on the left, across the wady, towers the mighty wall of the Jebel ed Dahr. They thus reach Rasheiya, where, the tents being pitched on the grass, the travellers have a memorable experience of the "dew of Hermon that cometh down upon the mountains of Zion."\*

The last object of interest visited on the slopes of Hermon is the ancient ruin of Deir el 'Ashâyir — one of those many Syro-Greek or Phœnician temples which attest that immemorial sanctity of Mount Hermon to which, perhaps, St. Peter alludes in the words, "when we were with Him in the *holy mount*."

\* Zion is generally explained here as = Sion, one of the names of Hermon.

## XII.

## DAMASCUS.

ON the morning of April 26 our travellers approach Damascus by the carriage-road (first encountered yesterday) which connects that city with Beyrout. Very much puzzled are the Syrian steeds at this hard, white thing along which they are expected to go. They have climbed over the steepest, rockiest tracks without a stumble, and cantered gaily over the smooth, turfy plains, but a carriage-road is quite too much for their equanimity; they start continually at their own shadows, and shy violently from one side of the road to the other for no reason at all. Neither are their riders well pleased by any means. "Alas!" says Philippa pathetically, "here we are again in the land of carriages and many more unnecessary complications. How prosaic this is after those fascinating and break-neck mountain paths!"

But even Philippa's indignation is mollified at the sight of the joyous hilarity of the Syrian folk for whom the name of Shâm — *i.e.*, Damascus — calls up delectable visions of rest and refreshment after their toilsome pilgrimage. And the travellers cannot help sympathizing with their good Arabs, between whom and themselves a very friendly attachment has grown up during the three weeks of their journey from Jerusalem. The Syrians know no English, and the English travellers but few words of Arabic, but a few words go a long way when emphasized with signs, and there exists not an Arab but is a consummate actor, and deeply versed in the language of gesticulation.

The little army assembled by Cæsar for the present journey have proved themselves incredibly obliging, being always on the lookout for some little service to be done for one or other of the travellers. One notable instance of their friendly zeal shall be more particularly recorded. It relates to the suppression of the highly accomplished donkeys referred to in a former chapter. The father, having been several times kept awake all night long by the elaborate vocal concert which they nightly performed, at last remonstrated seriously with Cæsar on the subject. Whereupon the Cæsar, assembling his men, made them so eloquent a speech that the effect was magical. Ever since that event not only has a profound stillness reigned at night (it is said that some of the Syrians were told off to sit up with the donkeys and keep them quiet), but even in

the daytime, if a donkey do but throw back his head for a little song, one of the Arabs (Hassan generally) will dart forward, throw his arms round his neck, and throttle in his throat the incipient bray.

To return to this same Saturday morning. The cavalcade has not travelled far before it enters the deep fringe of gardens (or rather orchards) which surrounds on all sides the city of Damascus, and extends far up the gorge of the Barada. Walnut and apricot trees and many others hang over the road, and deliciously shelter it from the glaring sunshine. And withal there is the rush and murmur of many waters. Playful waterfalls leap down the rocky side of the gorge; and close beside the road, swift and mighty, deep and clear and smooth, the renowned Nahr Barada, the ancient river Abana,

Glideth and shall glide in eddying course forever.

Truly that was a plausible exclamation of Naaman's, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" Absurd, indeed, must it have seemed to him, proud of his beautiful city and her lordly streams, to be sent to bathe in the muddy waters of Jordan.

Onward go the travellers, and, as they enter the plain of Damascus and approach the city, Cæsar keeps a sharp lookout for an eligible camping-ground. The meadows beside the river are low and marshy.

"This will never do!" says the father. "If you cannot find a dry place, Cæsar, we must go into a hotel." At which speech his younger daughters, who think that no kind of existence can compare with tent-life, look very blank indeed.

At last a corner of higher ground is discovered where there is room for the tents among the fruit-trees, hard by a bean-field wherein grow not only or principally beans, but also poppies—huge Damascus poppies, three times as large as English ones, and of a deep, rich color gorgeous to behold. So, while luncheon is eaten under an apricot-tree, the tents are pitched, and the travellers find themselves once more at home.

Very pleasant are the days which follow, spent by the wanderers in luxurious peace and quiet, very acceptable after their long ride from Jerusalem. If any one were to see them, an hour or two before sunset, reclining under the trees in the shade near their sitting-tent, drinking afternoon tea and eating Turkish delight, he would

scarcely give them credit for so much energy as would enable them to entertain that wild design which the more enterprising spirits among them are already beginning confidentially to discuss,—not seriously but as a vague castle in the air,—a design of travelling away eastward over the Syrian desert, and beholding the wonders of that almost mythical city, the ancient Palmyra.

The first and last days of their stay are the birthdays of two of the sisters, on which occasions the Syrian folk vie with one another in presenting the loveliest flowers imaginable, wherewith the sitting-tent is decorated till it is all aglow with brilliant colors. The gardens of Damascus are famous, and bouquets of roses here are worth having!

Meanwhile the sights of Damascus are not neglected. The travellers explore the street called Straight, which well deserves its name, being a mile in length and "as direct" (quoth the pedantic Sebaste) "as a ruled line, or a sentence of Tacitus." They also visit the fragment of old wall said to be that by which St. Paul was let down in a basket, and ride out to the synagogue at Jôbar, which marks the traditional spot of the anointing of Hazael by Elijah "to be king over Syria." Very interesting, also, is the expedition which they make along the road through the Meidân suburb by which St. Paul, coming from Jerusalem, must have entered the city *χειραγωγούμενος* ("led by the hand") and by which at the present day, the haj, or yearly pilgrim caravan, departs for Mecca.

Various purchases are made in the shops, and great is the astonishment of the shopkeepers when told to send these articles to the tents instead of to a hotel. More especially our friends love to haunt the bazaars, which, however, they pronounce far inferior to those of Cairo, and less genuinely Oriental. Who does not know, at least from descriptions, something of the picturesque richness, the endless variety, the glowing colors of an Eastern bazaar? There is the narrow lane, roofed over more or less, so that while without the perpetual sunshine is hot and glaring, within there reigns a delicious shade,—yet with plenty of openings to admit the light, which, entering only from above, shows to the best advantage the picturesque crowd forever ebbing and flowing between the shops on each side,—shops one calls them by courtesy, but they are nothing more than little recesses, with the floor (on which sits the merchant-

shopman) raised a foot or two above the ground. These recesses are filled to overflowing with the "riches of Damascus" — gorgeous silken stuffs and exquisite embroidery, or perhaps an endless quantity of scarlet boots and slippers, or maybe heaps of delicious Oriental sweetmeats.

If the bazaars of Damascus are less picturesquely satisfactory than those of Cairo, the European element in the population is far smaller; and all the folk wear graceful Eastern robes of such beautiful materials, and such rich and delicate colors, that one seems as he walks the streets to be contemplating a succession of ideal pictures rather than a piece of every-day life. Even the ladies' costumes make a goodly show here; for whereas in Cairo the all-enveloping silk mantle which every lady wears out of doors is almost invariably black, in Damascus it is of all the colors of the rainbow. But the rich attire of the inhabitants is sadly contrasted by their pallid and miserable countenances, for it is now the month of Ramadan, the great Mohammedan fast, and from earliest dawn to sunset not so much as a crumb of bread or a drop of water may pass a Moslem's lips, and (what is almost more melancholy still) he may not even seek consolation in his beloved *nargileh*. Between three and four in the morning (so soon, saith the ordinance, as there is sufficient light whereby to distinguish a black thread from a blue) a cannon is fired to announce that the fast has begun, and must be kept till, at the moment when the sun vanishes below the horizon, another gun is fired, whereupon every one begins to eat, and goes on eating as long as may be.

Other sights of Damascus are — the tomb of Saladin (who was born in the neighboring village of Salahêyeh), and the Great Mosque. The Great Mosque is an ancient Christian church incorporating the ruins of a still more ancient Roman temple, of which sundry remains are still visible, and which, about 400 A.D., was restored as a church, and dedicated to St. John the Baptist. It is thought (and the theory is probable) that this classic temple was built on the site of the temple of Rimmon, where the king of Syria used to worship of old, leaning on Naaman's hand. The interior of the mosque is very large and lofty, and it is easy to see from its form that the building was originally a church. The marble floor is covered with bright Eastern carpets, on which groups of pale-faced Moslems stand and prostrate themselves, going through the prescribed

devotions or sit resting and enjoying their favorite occupation of doing nothing.

More grateful to Christian eyes than the splendor of the interior is a certain ancient inscription on the outside, of which the Moslems know not, and which is so far out of the way that there is good hope of their never finding it. Led by the sister, our friends start one morning in search of it. Passing through the silversmiths' bazaar (not a street, but a large covered space where the silversmiths, grouped round their tiny furnaces, fashion by hand with the simplest tools imaginable the most beautiful ornaments in silver filigree), they make their way to a corner thereof, where is a flight of stone steps leading up to the roof of the bazaar. Ascending thereby, and emerging into the sunshine, they see before them the southern side of the Great Mosque, and obtain a good view of the very beautiful western minaret. They advance to the point where the top of a triple gateway appears above the roof of the bazaar, and there over the central arch is the Greek inscription of which they are in search. It was cut (probably at the time of the restoration already mentioned) on what is evidently a part of the ancient Roman temple, which the Christian architect was loath to destroy, as it is ornamented by very fine mouldings, and which he dedicated to the true God by cutting on the stone these words, prefaced by the sign of the cross :

Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is a Kingdom of all  
ages,  
and Thy Dominion is from generation to generation.

"It seems," says the sister, "that the Moslems never discovered this inscription, or at least could not read it if they did, so that here it remains, clear and legible still, and will remain, let us hope, till the church is reconsecrated and restored to its rightful use."

Meanwhile the Palmyra project begins to assume a less misty and indefinite form. The father declares that it is absurd for him, at threescore years and twelve, to be led such a dance by his daughters across mountains and deserts and so forth; but every one knows that the father, in all but years and prudence, is the youngest and most enterprising of the whole party.

"Cæsar, do you think you could show us the way to Palmyra?" says he one night at supper-time.

The Cæsar looks doubtful for a moment, and then vanishes to take counsel with Yuseph and Abu Hassan, the result being

that Cæsar is willing to undertake the journey if he is allowed a few days for preparations. He must buy a tent to shelter the travellers from the sun during the midday rest in the desert, he must hire extra mules to carry provisions and charcoal for fuel, and finally must secure camels to carry water.

The travellers are somewhat puzzled as to how they are to obtain the protection which is very necessary in crossing the desert, supposing one does not feel inclined to be pounced upon by the Bedouin, and kept prisoner till a ransom is forthcoming. At first they think of applying for a few Turkish soldiers, but there are well-authenticated stories afloat of Turkish soldiers going two days' march into the desert and then suddenly turning back and leaving the travellers to their fate; and they are happily dispensed with when it is discovered that one Nasr ibn Abdullah, sheikh of the 'Anazeh, is at the present moment in Damascus, and willing to accompany the travellers, and moreover, that his presence will be a better safeguard than any number of soldiers. The 'Anazeh are the most powerful of the Bedouin tribes, and it is said that they can bring into the field no less than ten thousand horsemen, and ninety thousand camels with riders thereupon.

Sheikh Nasr is tall and stately, with a fine face of the darkest bronze. Very graceful and picturesque is his Bedouin dress. Over a long robe of soft whitish material confined by a girdle of red he wears the brown *abba*, a long, thick cloak made of goat's hair, contrasting with the bright red *kefiyeh* which he wears over his head, and which is kept in place by a camel-hair coil. He is the kindest and most courteous of men, with the true Bedouin grace of manner. He knows not a word of any European language whatsoever, but his grave and gentle dignity is rather enhanced by the silence with which, when he visits the travellers at their tents, he kindly greets them, touching his forehead, his lips, and his breast, and meaning thereby, "I greet you with my head, my mouth, and my heart."

Before the morning of departure has arrived, the travellers fail not to ride up to that high point among the neighboring hills whence Mohammed once surveyed the beautiful plain of Damascus. There at his feet, its graceful minarets of dazzling white islanded in the deep green foliage of the surrounding orchards, lay the most ancient city in the world, seeming in its freshness and beauty as though

built by some beneficent afrit in the midst of an enchanted forest, and preserved evermore in eternal youth by some mighty and mystic spell. The Prophet, saith the tradition, had travelled from Arabia far over the dreary deserts, but when at last he beheld from this point the beautiful city he turned away. "Man can enter Paradise but once!" said he, and refused to enter Damascus.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### EARLY RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

THE first regular train service in this country commenced on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway on Friday, September 17, 1830, two days after the opening of the line. It was not on a very ambitious scale; three trains each way on week days and two on Sundays were deemed quite sufficient. The novelty of the thing, however, at first, and very soon its proved safety and efficiency, led at once to a much larger traffic than had been anticipated, and as soon as the company could obtain more rolling-stock the service was increased. For a time people who had ventured to risk their lives by the new mode of conveyance were the objects of admiration for their courage or of contempt for their foolhardiness; but one by one the coaches had to be taken off the road, and everybody went by rail. The time occupied in the journey was at first seldom more than two hours, and often less, the distance being thirty-one miles; but even this rate was too fast for some people, for a gentleman, writing about six weeks after the opening of the line, says the speed was too great to be pleasant, and caused him to feel somewhat giddy. The travelling was not very comfortable, undoubtedly; the coaches were at first only coupled with chains, as wagons are now, so that they jerked the unfortunate passengers nearly off their seats at starting, and clashed violently against each other when the driver put on his brake. When fairly in motion, if the speed was any but the slowest, the very short wheel-base produced a pitching action so trying that if the journey had not been a short one it would have seriously affected the popularity of the railway as a means of passenger transit.

For a time goods were also conveyed by the passenger trains, but as soon as the purely experimental stage of the working of the line was passed through this was

given up, and the more methodical and regular system took its place. The coaches at first had names, just as their predecessors on the turnpike roads had, and were made as much like them as the altered circumstances permitted. The luggage was loaded on the roof, and passengers who preferred to do so took their seats outside at each end. Both these customs obtained for several years after the Liverpool and Manchester had ceased to exist as such, and were, in fact, general at one time on most lines. The extreme discomfort from the dust and fine ashes necessitated the use of gauze spectacles by the outside passengers if they wished to arrive at their journey's end in possession of their eyesight. When going through tunnels the sparks and ashes became more than merely unpleasant — they were decidedly dangerous, as the roof, of course, deflected them straight upon the passengers in a continuous stream. It was no uncommon thing for the luggage to catch fire, in spite of being carefully sheeted over; but the strong conservatism of English railway companies kept up the practice of loading it on the roof down to about 1860. At first there were no fixed signals on the Liverpool and Manchester line, the drivers being directed by policemen with red and green flags, and whilst this system lasted no trains were run at night. The first junction signal-box was called a lighthouse, and in order that the drivers might be aware of its vicinity during thick weather, it was proposed that the signalman should perform on a large drum. The practice of carrying the mails by railway did not come into vogue for some years, as the companies objected to running trains during the night, and the coaches were more regular and punctual. The Grand Junction Railway, however, as early as 1838, constructed a travelling post-office, and soon the mails from London were conveyed by all the lines as the stage-coaches were forced out of existence by their new rivals. The vehicles used on the mail trains were of better construction than the others; more space was given, and, we may add, higher fares were charged. Only four passengers occupied each first-class compartment, of which there were three in each coach; and though we are accustomed to regard sleeping-carriages as quite a modern institution, one compartment of each "first-class mail" was convertible into a "bed-carriage" from the earliest times of the London and Birmingham and Grand Junction Railways. On the latter line the lamps were fixed

outside — stage-coach fashion — two on each side at the divisions between the three compartments. The mail-guard, gorgeously clothed in scarlet, rode outside on the last vehicle, seated, not upon the roof, like the passengers, but on a sort of perch or rumble, like the back seat of a travelling-carriage, with the mail-bags in a large box in front of him. In a general way the whole system, like that of its forerunner, was planned upon the idea of providing for the well-to-do classes only, it not being thought likely that others would travel to any great extent.

The intermediate traffic received but little consideration, the wealthy business towns at each end of the line being expected to provide practically the whole of the traffic. The second-class, or "mixed," trains, as they were termed, alone stopped at the roadside stations, and passengers at the latter must often have been rather disgusted at the Grand Junction Company's regulation that "the trains would start as soon as ready, without reference to the times stated in the time-tables, the main object being to perform the whole journey as expeditiously as possible." The second-class coaches on this line were not very attractive from a modern point of view, for although they afforded complete protection from the weather, they had no lining, no cushions, and no divisions of the compartments. By the latter phrase arms between the seats were meant, and in consequence of this the second-class passenger could seat himself where he liked, whilst his first-class neighbor's seat was numbered to correspond with his ticket. This regulation, though it included the advantage of a reserved place, limited his choice of where he would sit in a manner which would not be altogether popular nowadays.

On the Manchester and Leeds line, in 1841, the second-class had wooden sliding shutters instead of glass sashes, but it was very usual to employ closed coaches at night, the open-sided ones being kept for day traffic. The former, by the way, were sometimes known, by way of distinction, as "glass-coaches." A train in those days presented a much more gay and festive appearance than it does in these sober and steady-going times. The engines had a good deal of bright brass about them, whilst the coaches were of different colors, bright and striking ones being usually adopted. Thus on the Newcastle and Carlisle line the first-class were painted yellow, the second-class white; the company did not condescend to carry

third-class passengers at all. On the Dublin and Kingstown, also about 1840, the firsts were purple, the closed seconds yellow, the open seconds green, and the thirds Prussian blue. The outside passengers themselves, at a time when white trousers and blue coats were not thought outrageous, added a good deal to the picturesque of the scene. The guard in many cases wore a scarlet coat with silver buttons, and formed on the roof of the last coach a fitting termination to the brilliant procession. He was not much to be envied, however, for occasionally he was found to be frozen to his seat or insensible with the cold, and quite incapable of working his primitive brake. This contrivance consisted of a vertical rod and handle connected below the floor with a horizontal shaft attached to the brake-blocks. A rather popular institution at one time was that of travelling in private carriages placed upon railway trucks, and usually attached to the end of the train. The chief object of so doing was to obtain a good view of the line and the country round about, whilst forming also a comfortable family party. Such passengers were usually charged second-class fares, and were perhaps as well off, or better, than if they had gone in the dreadfully cramped coaches of that class. The oscillation must have been rather alarming at times, and they had to put up with whatever the weather might have in store for them; but it was more usual to travel in this manner in summer than in winter. In fact, it was regarded as a pleasant sort of holiday outing to have a jaunt on the railway in your own carriage.

For some years passengers were booked over an open counter, the tickets being pieces of paper torn from a book usually containing five slips to each leaf. The name of the station the traveller was going to was sometimes written, sometimes impressed with a stamp; the date was added, the counterfoil made out, and finally a way-bill was handed to the guard, setting forth the number, class, and destination of his passengers in a most paternal and considerate manner. The present mode of issuing printed tickets was the invention of one Thomas Edmondson, a clerk on the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, about the year 1837. He realized a large sum by letting out his printing and stamping machines, but it was not until nearly 1850 that they became universally adopted. When railways so long as the London and Birmingham (one hundred and twelve miles) and Great Western (one hundred

and eighteen miles) were opened, the question of providing refreshments for the travellers became pressing. The former opened refreshment-rooms at Wolverton, the "half-way house," and for several years all trains stopped there. The place became celebrated for the scalding hot tea and coffee invariably supplied, and the insufficient time allowed for its consumption. Its career, however, was not a long one, Rugby becoming soon a place of much greater importance, and many a traveller on the London and North-Western of to-day has never heard the once famous name of Wolverton.

For a long time passengers were very badly catered for on most lines, the refreshment-rooms were let out to local contractors or broken-down servants of the company, the charges differed almost everywhere, and were only alike in being outrageously high. The present system, short of perfection as it is, is a vast improvement upon that of old days, and there can be little doubt the traveller of the future will not have much to complain of in the all-important matter of interior supplies.

A glance at the position of the third-class passenger of half a century ago, and we have done. Down to 1845 he had no legal status at all, many companies would not carry him at any price, others put him in an open goods truck with movable seats placed across it, and charged him  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. per mile for the luxury too. He was conveyed with other unclean animals by cattle-trains, he was shunted about in his bufferless box for hours, and when at last he reached his destination it was to see a notice that "the company's servants are strictly ordered not to porter for wagon-passengers."

A delightful conveyance often used for third-class traffic was known as a "Stanhope." It consisted of a box about eighteen feet long, divided into four compartments by two wooden bars crossing each other in the middle. There was a door to each compartment, but it had no seats, so that the number of passengers it would contain depended upon the bulk of the respective Stanhopes. The absence of seats, however, was the "last straw," travellers rebelled, and the Stanhopes were not long in use. Of course we must take into consideration that few people besides men of business and the wealthy travelled at all, much less the humbler classes. On the rare occasions when the latter made journeys they relied upon getting a lift now and then from some friendly carter,

or a place on one of the huge stage-wagons which conveyed goods at a walking-pace on the main roads, or, much more frequently, they simply tramped. When, however, the railways themselves immensely increased the demand for labor, the poor, like other people, became much less stationary than of yore, and soon the impediments to getting about freely became intolerable. It was also felt that the railways owed the working-classes some recompense for having superseded most of the few modes of locomotion open to them, such as the stage-wagons just mentioned, the "fly-boats" on the canals, etc. The legislature, therefore, in 1845, passed an act, the chief provisions of which were that at least one train must be run over each line per day, and in both directions, calling at every station, going at least twelve miles an hour, charging not more than a penny per mile, and having coaches provided with seats, roofs, sides, and light. Some companies interpreted this act more liberally than others, but few erred on the side of excessive generosity. Most of them were afraid of diverting the better-paying traffic into the lowest class, so that the most miserable vehicles that could be made to meet the requirements of the act were constructed and used for many years.

At last, however, a brighter day dawned, and the unfortunate, despised third-class traveller began to find himself courted as the mainstay of the passenger traffic of some of the largest companies in England. He is now so thoroughly well able to look after his own interests that we may safely leave him to the care of those great corporations which, having discovered, after so many years, his commercial value, pursue the sensible and enlightened policy of inducing people to travel by treating them well and making the time which most of us have, more or less, to spend in travelling as agreeable and comfortable as it is in its nature to be.

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From The Contemporary Review.

#### THE NEW STAR IN AURIGA.

THROUGH the modest medium of an anonymous post-card, an event of high importance to astro-physical science was, on the 1st of February last, announced to Dr. Copeland, the Scottish astronomer-royal. This was nothing less than the outburst of a new star in the Milky Way. Now such apparitions are not too com-

mon, and they are always short-lived. About a score of them have been credibly recorded during two thousand years, beginning with the star which, according to Pliny, determined Hipparchus upon the construction of his epoch-making catalogue. And the "modern Hipparchus" received a similar emphatic summons. Tycho Brahe was, on November 11, 1572, rescued from the quagmire of alchemy, and recalled to his true vocation, by the startling splendor of the renowned nova in Cassiopeia. This extraordinary object was, to begin with, as bright as Jupiter, and by a further rise, placed itself, in a few days, well-nigh on a par with Venus at her best. Neither the glare of the sun at noon, nor the drifting by night of clouds thick enough to conceal every other sidereal object, availed to blot out its scintillating lustre. Yet it has utterly disappeared. Not even Mr. Roberts's searching camera can detect, in the place it once occupied, the faintest glimmer of its pristine fires. They are to all appearance extinct, and there is small probability that they will ever be rekindled. The idea, it is true, got abroad, and even still partially prevails, that the star of 1572 had previously manifested itself at intervals of about three hundred years, and might be expected to show once more towards the close of the present century; but it seems to have originated in pure misapprehension of some vague mediæval notices of comets. Kepler, however, enjoyed the privilege of observing, though in a totally different quarter of the sky, a new star scarcely the inferior of Tycho's; and these two have, so far, met no rivals to their surpassing brilliancy.

Our own age has, nevertheless, no reason to complain. It has been, on the contrary, exceptionally favored in the unusual number of stellar apparitions presented to it. Half-a-dozen have been crowded into the comparatively short space of forty-four years, and may, accordingly, all have been witnessed with mature comprehension by many men now living. Eminent among them is Mr. Hind, the discoverer of the first of the series, the nova, as such objects are technically called, of 1848, the immediate predecessor of which, separated from it by an interval of one hundred and seventy-eight blank years, was Anthelm's nova of 1670. This glaring inequality of apportionment has certainly been for the advantage of science. Astronomers in the last century were ill-equipped for taking advantage of such opportunities, while modern physical

appliances are especially adapted for turning them to the best account. They are indeed eagerly welcomed, and the evidence afforded by them is earnestly invoked for the testing of novel theories, and for the decision of various moot questions relative to the constitution of the heavenly bodies. When rapid changes are going on, nature's secrets are apt to slip out for the instruction of those on the watch for them; and new stars are the intensified embodiment of change. No wonder then that the Edinburgh missive of February acted as a *réveille* to the astronomical forces in all parts of the northern hemisphere.

The sender turns out to have been a denizen of Auld Reekie, Mr. Thomas D. Anderson, the example of whose success will doubtless kindle the zeal of many another amateur star-gazer. His discovery might indeed have been made a week earlier. Only by degrees, and after several observations, Mr. Anderson came to recognize the novelty of the object sending its straw-yellow beams from a previously empty spot in the southern part of the constellation Auriga. It was found, moreover, on inquiry to have unobtrusively recorded itself twelve times, from December 10, 1891, to January 20, 1892, on the chart-plates exposed at Harvard College for the purposes of the great spectrographic survey in progress there under Professor Pickering's direction. With the first of these casually secured impressions, its biography begins. No trace of its existence has as yet been pursued further back. Unless totally obscure, it belonged then to the crowd of uncatalogued small stars; and merely swelled by a unit the nameless multitude of the heavens. Nothing indicated the distinction in reserve for it.

For one of its class, however, its growth in light was to an uncommon degree leisurely. Most new stars have leaped upwards from obscurity with bewildering swiftness. They claim, as a rule, neither past nor future worth mentioning, and only a brief, if brilliant, present. But the star of 1892 attained no strongly emphasized maximum. Although absolutely brightest about December 20, it slowly regained light until February 8, when it was of the fifth magnitude—that is, well within the range of naked-eye vision—entering then upon a gradual, and not perfectly continuous, decline. In aspect it was throughout perfectly stellar. Its rays emanated from a sharp point, and, some incautious remarks to the contrary notwithstanding, were nowise blurred or hazy. And a long-

exposure photograph, taken by Mr. Roberts with a view to developing possible nebulous surroundings, conclusively demonstrated their absence. A similar result was obtained at South Kensington by Professor Lockyer. To all appearance, then, the object was, and is a star like any other. But let us hear the dictum of the spectro-scope in the matter.

The light of Nova Aurigæ, unrolled by prismatic dispersion into a rainbow-tinted riband, presented a dazzling spectacle. Splendid groups of bright lines stood out from a paler background; the red ray of hydrogen, Fraunhofer's C, glowed, as Mr. Espin remarked, like a danger-signal on a dark night; a superb quartet of rays shone in the green; shimmering blue bands and lines drew the eye far up towards the violet; the characteristic blazing spectrum, in fact, of a new star was unmistakably present. Its interpretation left no doubt that hydrogen played a large part in the conflagration; Dr. and Mrs. Huggins at once identified a yellow line with the well-known shining badge of sodium, and more than suspected an adjacent ray to belong to the solar element called "helium;" and a violet line distinctive of calcium imprinted itself strongly on numerous photographs. The substances accordingly ascertained to be glowing in this far-off body, are sodium and calcium, the metallic bases, respectively, of common salt and lime; with hydrogen, the universally diffused gaseous metal indispensable for the production of water. Iron and magnesium are doubtful; but carbon had certainly *not* stamped its sign-manual on the opened scroll of the new star's light.

It was marked, however, by one extraordinary peculiarity in the coupling with dark lines of all the bright rays conspicuous over its entire extent. Each lustrous member of the great hydrogen-series carried a black shadow on its *blue* or more refrangible side; the rays of sodium, calcium, and other unidentified substances being similarly attended. The meaning of this strange appearance was evident, if in the highest degree surprising.

The principle by which motion in the line of sight can be detected through its effect upon the spectrum of the moving body, is now fully recognized. The amount, moreover, of the observed change gives the velocity of the motion, and the *sense* of the change tells its direction. Thus, the rays, say, of hydrogen, when they proceed from a luminous mass rapidly approaching the earth, are pushed

from their standard places towards the blue end of the spectrum, while they shift towards the red when the movement is one of recession. The result is strictly analogous to the variation of pitch perceived by a stationary listener in the steam-whistle of a rushing engine. The sound is rendered acute, because the air-waves are shortened by the advance of its originating source; it sinks, on the contrary, as they are lengthened by its retreat. And so with the waves of light sent out by the stars. They are physically crowded together by a physical advance, and hence become *more blue*; but because their succession is retarded, they become *more red* when a velocity of withdrawal is in question. Astro-physicists can, accordingly, determine whether a celestial object be moving towards or away from the earth, and at what rate, by simply measuring on a photograph the deviation from its normal position of some known line in its spectrum.

But in Nova Aurigæ two amazing circumstances were disclosed by this method of procedure. First, the speed corresponding to the measured displacements was unprecedented; next, it was apparently pursued, at the same time, in opposite directions. The bright lines unanimously showed to the careful scrutiny of Dr. Vogel at Potsdam recession at the extraordinary rate of four hundred and twenty English miles a second, while their dark comrades testified to an approach of three hundred. Plainly, then, both sets were not emitted by the same body; and a twofold spectrum, owning a twofold origin, was at once seen to be under observation. The whole range of bright lines, in short, was obviously marked out as the appurtenance of a mass rushing away from the earth, the dark ones matching them, as proceeding from a mass rushing towards it. And the two were separating at the rate of seven hundred and twenty miles a second, or about sixty-two millions of miles a day!

Moreover, these portentous velocities showed, during at least a month, no perceptible slackening. The coupled lines did not tend to close up, as they should have done if the bodies they served to distinguish relaxed their furious speed, or swerved from their straight course. Hence, these presumably did neither the one nor the other to any considerable extent. They can scarcely then be in mutual circulation; yet a pair of gravitating masses could not possibly have made so close an approach as theirs evidently was,

without swaying one another into the description of some kind of orbit. Their orbit, however, may be of the hyperbolic variety; in which case the bodies just now visually conjoined are flying asunder, never to meet again. Their single encounter, if this be so, was what we, in our ignorance, can only describe as casual; and the greater part of their motion must be inherent; it belonged, that is, to themselves, *ab origine*, and was not merely imparted by the pull of their mutual attractive forces. And we should indeed naturally expect the solitary outburst of a "new star" to be associated with precisely such a temporary relationship as comports with hyperbolic travelling. In a permanently organized system, on the other hand, light-fluctuations, if they occurred at all, might be looked for periodically. This state of things, in fact, seems actually to prevail in the only known example comparable in any degree with the wonderful star of our present experience. The variable star Beta, in the constellation of the Lyre, has, like Nova Aurigæ, been resolved, through the photographic study of its spectrum,\* into a pair, of which one member emits, bright, the other shows dark lines on a prismatic background. But here there is clear evidence of revolution in a closed orbit, the bright and dark lines exchanging their relative positions once in nearly thirteen days. Moreover, this same period is observed with strict punctuality by the luminous fluctuations of the star. So that we have here a persuasive argument of identity in nature between continuous stellar variations in brightness, conducted regularly in short periods, and the catastrophic outbreak of temporary stars. Nay, we gather a hint that the shape of the orbits traversed by such bodies determines the character of their changes; periodical variability depending upon elliptical movement, ephemeral splendor followed by irrecoverable decay corresponding to a single approach at an excessive velocity, with consequent separation along tracks divergent to infinity.

The star of 1892 has then taught us to regard stellar apparitions as resulting, in some way, from the temporary vicinity of two rapidly moving cosmical masses. All new stars are, it may safely be asserted, during the brief epoch of their visibility, double stars.† The light that they send

\* Conducted at Harvard College by Mrs. M. Fleming and Miss A. C. Maury under the direction of Professor Pickering.

† The compound nature of all variable stars has been

us emanates from a twofold source. Their duplicity, however, might not always be patent to observation. For the spectra of the bodies in conjunction could only be separately distinguished if their motion happened, like that of the components of Nova Aurigæ, to be largely directed towards or from the earth. If they advanced and retired *sideways* or *vertically* — terrestrially speaking — the combined powers of the spectroscope and camera could extract from them no sign by which their separate existence might be inferred. Sidereal science is thus indebted to the present unaccustomed inmate of our skies for the disclosure of a fact which, without the aid of a body so happily circumstanced for the gratification of intellectual curiosity, might have remained for ages undivulged.

But the knowledge that incandescence of the kind first analyzed by Dr. Huggins in the star of 1866 is due to external influence, leads immediately to a further question as to how that influence is exerted. Direct collisions are not to be thought of. And for this obvious reason, that the impact of two inelastic bodies either brings them to a standstill, or reduces them to a unanimity of slackened motion. We know but too familiarly what takes place when oppositely rushing trains crash together. They certainly do *not* proceed onward at express speed to their respective destinations. But this is precisely what the components of Nova Aurigæ are doing. They have beyond question met no serious check in their flying careers. No considerable part of their motion has been sacrificed to produce their increase of light. Elementary though the principle be, yet it is not superfluous to insist upon it, that incandescence through collision implies stoppage, partial or entire. Since the evolved light and heat are only transformed motion, both kinds of energy cannot be present simultaneously. They are correlative. One disappears to furnish the other. Unless the motion be arrested, the blaze will not occur. One might as well expect to get a coat without curtailment of the piece of cloth affording the material for it.

Hence the outburst of the new star in Auriga cannot be attributed to an actual bodily encounter of two dark bodies swiftly

traversing space. The hypothesis of a grazing collision has more to recommend it. Yet in this case, too, motion should be sacrificed in strict proportion to the development of luminosity. Unless evidence of retardation should be forthcoming, the supposition of outlying entanglements must be abandoned. The two masses, however, spectroscopically observed to be hurrying past at the daily rate of sixty-two million miles, cannot, one would imagine, have surrendered much of their velocity in the process of gaining enhancement to their brilliancy. There is, indeed, a possibility of a *third* body being present, travelling much more slowly than the others. Dr. Vogel, towards the close of February, observed the bright lines on his photographs to be, not only accompanied by dark ones, but themselves double; and he suggested (though with great reserve) in explanation of the phenomenon, the triplicity of the new star. This too, had, very curiously, been surmised by Dr. and Mrs. Huggins as early as February 3, and, if real, could only, one would think, be due to a division of the gaseous body, analogous to the breaking up of some comets in passing the sun. Yet the circumstance that the bright line spectrum of Beta Lyræ sometimes appears similarly twofold, warns us not to adopt over-hastily the hypothesis of physical disruption in combination with arrest of movement in the disrupted body.

Masses of matter may, nevertheless, be excited to luminosity by other means besides that primitive one employed in the tinder-box. But before hazarding a conjecture as to how these might be brought into action, let us see what has been learned as to the nature of the bodies concerned in the transient splendor of our nova. One of them, as giving a spectrum of bright lines, must be of a gaseous constitution. But it is known to be neither a comet on a vast scale, nor a nebula, by the absence of the quality of light distinctive of each of these classes of object. The yellow, green, and blue hydro-carbon bands forming the chief part of cometary radiance were clearly shown by Dr. and Mrs. Huggins to have no place in the spectrum of the star, which included conspicuously, on the other hand, the unbroken hydrogen-series of rhythmically disposed rays, from burning red to invisible ultra-violet. But not one of these has ever been observed in a comet. The characteristic nebular spectrum, too, is entirely unrepresented in the nova, as the eminent

advocated for some years by Professor Lockyer; and the merit of the suggestion should be fully acknowledged, although the "meteoritic hypothesis," of which it formed an integral part, has received a fatal blow from the spectroscopic investigations of Nova Aurigæ.

investigators just named were the first to point out;\* and although affinities are traceable between its light and that of the so-called "Wolf-Rayet Stars" in the Milky Way, the resemblance is by no means complete. Thus the gaseous component of Nova Aurigæ belongs really to no established category of celestial objects. It is a body either peculiar in itself, or peculiar through its circumstances.

The second, and most likely the principal, member of the pair is less difficult to classify. It is emphatically a sun, and an exceedingly hot sun. An enormously high temperature is implied by the strength and compass of its ultra-violet spectrum, photographed February 22, by Dr. and Mrs. Huggins, at Tulse Hill with an exposure of one hour and three quarters. As regards the proportionate intensity of its actinic rays, it is, in fact, not outdone by Sirius itself. The details, however, of its spectral hieroglyphics bring it nearer to Rigel than to Sirius; and it may accordingly be ranked with the Orion variety of "white stars."

Now there is good reason to suppose that every such body is in a state of powerful electrical excitement, and creates in its neighborhood a very extensive magnetic field. A second body entering this field, and sweeping with prodigious speed across the lines of force traversing it, must then give rise to powerful electrical agitations. And here, perhaps, may be found the chief source of the amazing displays registered by astronomers as "new stars." Gravitational disturbances, too, of the kind that raise tides in terrestrial oceans, but immensely exaggerated in degree, no doubt come in as auxiliaries, and produce, at any rate, notable effects of bodily distortion, if not of bodily disruption; yet the view that the sudden illuminations in sidereal space exemplified by the apparition of Nova Aurigæ result, in some measure, from the inductive action of highly electrified bodies dashing past each other at excessive velocities, may possibly be substantiated by future researches into the nature of the unmeasured forces thus brought into play.

By its situation in the thick of the Milky Way, our present "guest-star" conforms to a rule almost universal in such cases. The significance of that rule cannot be mistaken, for it is too faithfully observed to be accounted for otherwise than by real physical location; and we are thus as-

sured beyond doubt that new stars have their proper place among the "clusters and beds of worlds," collected into the zone of dim light spanning our wintry skies. The conditions then reigning there must be such as to favor in a marked degree stellar conflagrations. And two of these conditions are well ascertained. The galactic region, in the first place, is assuredly one of exceptional crowding; and it is abundantly stocked, in the second, with bodies of a gaseous nature, and showing gaseous affinities. Rapid and vast developments, accordingly, of gaseous incandescence through quasi-encounters between rushing masses, are much more likely, it would seem, to occur within Milky Way aggregations than elsewhere in sidereal space.

The components of Nova Aurigæ must be added to the list of what are called "runaway stars." Their headlong velocities are altogether beyond the control of any gravitational power which can reasonably be supposed to reside in the sidereal system. What other forces may be acting upon them, it were vain to conjecture; we can only hold to the secure conviction that they pursue no random career, and make no purposeless haste. Yet the revelation is none the less startling of the prevalence of so tremendous an agitation of movement within the seemingly rigid collections of the Milky Way. By their inconceivable remoteness, the visible effects of displacement there are well-nigh annihilated; the telescopic detection of them may demand centuries of refined observation; only the wonderful faculty by which the spectroscope is enabled, irrespectively of distance, to measure movements in the line of sight, has afforded the bewildering vision now unfolded to us of a *mêlée* of flying bodies in a realm of apparent immobility.

To this realm Nova Aurigæ properly belongs — a realm so far off that light can hardly spend less, and may spend much more, than a hundred years on the journey thence to our eyes. The blaze then, studied by astronomers with such curious results during the last couple of months, occurred undoubtedly before any of them were born; and may very well date as far back in absolute time as the Battle of the Boyne. Agile light-rays have, meantime, been bearing the news of the event across the portentous intervening gulf at the express rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second. A proportionate magnitude must be assigned to the catastrophe. Our own sun would make a

\* The two rays nearest to the chief nebular lines have since been identified by Dr. Vogel with well-known solar-chromospheric groups.

very poor show if removed to the distance of galactic aggregations. It could certainly not be discerned with the naked eye; it might not even have been thought worth registering in any of our hitherto constructed star-catalogues. So that the new star of 1892 may well have attained to one hundred times the solar brilliancy.

The certainty of the novel and striking disclosures obtained from it was in great measure due to the employment of the chemical method. No object of the kind had previously been investigated with the potent aid of the camera, reliance on which was, in the present instance, amply justified by the upshot. The star was photographed everywhere, under both its simple and its prismatic aspects, on the too rare occasions of favorable weather. The earliest records of its spectrum were secured by Father Sidgreaves at Stonyhurst, and by Professor Lockyer at South Kensington; and the Potsdam series extends from February 14 far into March. From the collation of these various documents, the history of the changes undergone by the remarkable pair of separately invisible bodies, the anomalous relations of which have nevertheless been brought within our sure cognizance, can already be minutely deduced, and may, at any future time, be revised from the higher point of view of freshly acquired knowledge. Thus stellar science is, in none of its various branches, any longer dependent on the fleeting impressions of the fallible human eye. By an unerring process of self-registration, the phenomena it studies are rendered virtually permanent, and can be re-observed at will, long after the immediate witnesses of them have passed away. The application of this powerful engine of research to stars of the temporary class has assuredly borne memorable first-fruits. Their full value can hardly yet be estimated.

AGNES M. CLERKE.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
NUNC DIMITTIS.

A PASTORAL.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark,  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark.

THE vicar of Lewcombe passed through the gate of the churchyard, which swung squeakily round on its centre under the high-pitched roof of brown thatch, and entered the church by the door in the tower. He had paused on his way, as he always

did, to speak with the wife of the sexton, whose cottage looked across at the rising ground on which the gravestones stood, with the church in their midst. Father and son, in a direct line for a hundred and forty years, the sextons of Lewcombe had made that cottage their home, and the sight of it was dear to the vicar's eyes. The old grey walls were rich in lichen, stonecrop, and moss; and the mullioned windows with their square heads were eloquent of the Tudor age. Up to the overhanging thatched eaves, myrtles and white jessamine climbed on either side of the porch; and the little slip of garden in front of the house was bright with hollyhocks and sunflowers. A large wicker bird-cage hung above the door, but for the present, at any rate, it was empty. Five or six plump fowls waddled round the gateposts and out into the road; and in a corner of the garden the tame magpie was taking his afternoon walk in dignified solitude. As the vicar approached, a yellow-hammer, or "gladdy," as the sexton's children called it, spread its gay wings and fluttered aloft; and though it was past the middle of September, swallows and martins were still wheeling swiftly through the calm, mild air.

The sexton's wife, who was always busied about something, had thrown open the hatch, or half-door, of the cottage, and was diligently bathing her youngest born, a little three-year-old girl, at the open doorway—"washing my lady on the dreskel," as she explained to the vicar, "to save the flossing"—or, in other words, to avoid splashing the floor of her one sitting-room. The vicar noticed that the child coughed once or twice while he stood by, and he mildly asked whether the exposure was prudent. "Er's a bit hoozy," the good woman admitted in her matter-of-fact way, plying the soap vigorously; "and when er's made all vitty and cleän, er shall zog a bit in the old arm-chair." The great hooded seat in the chimney corner, which it was plain had been made out of the hinder part of an old-fashioned closed carriage, looked cosy and inviting, and the fire glowed cheerily on the ample hearth. So the vicar just smiled and nodded in his kindly way, and went on, leaving the child to its mother's care.

Every week day afternoon for ten years, with hardly any exceptions, he had shut himself up for two or three hours in the church. During all that time he had been working at a task which he had set himself for love of the place; and apart from

the associations gathering round thirty-five years of patient ministration, the church fully deserved all the affection and veneration which the old man bestowed upon it. Externally its pride was the unusually lofty, early English tower, up the sides of which, at this season of the year, the bright red creeper blazed in the warm sunlight, reaching up in flame-like peaks to the level of the long-necked gargoyles, whose facial expression had grown blank and meaningless from extreme old age; while, within, it gloried in a handsome rood-screen, almost perfect, and richly ornamented with a tracery of grapes, vine-foliage, and acorns, and an under-border of quatrefoils, in the elaborate and conscientious style of the thirteenth century. A few of the pew-heads had been decorated in a similar manner at the same time; but most of them had been left without ornament. Men to work upon them, or money to pay them with, had been wanting, and, unadorned, the simple curves of the old oak had acquired that plum-like bloom and softness which are so unmistakable to the sight and touch, and form so conclusive a proof of genuine antiquity. It was this defect which the vicar had set himself to remedy. He had a cunning hand, and a genuine love of the wood-carver's art; and ten years ago, as nearly as possible, his second son and only remaining child had gone away out into the world, and left him to end his days alone in the remote, west-country village. So, patiently and lovingly, as a solace for his loneliness, he began to work on the old pew-heads, faithfully following in every minute turn of leaf and twig the models with which a by-gone age had furnished him.

But to-day, no matter how slowly and carefully he wrought, or how long he paused to caress the smooth, shining curves of the dark wood, his task would be at an end. An hour's work at the most lay before him, and then the last pew-head would be complete in every detail. It was with a keen pang of regret that he thought of this, as he pushed open the heavy door in the tower and bared his white head. The years during which he had toiled so regularly and so zealously in that subdued light seemed to have passed by like some long and quiet dream, of which we find upon awaking that, while a vague impression of peacefulness is still left with us, the succession of shadowy incidents has wholly escaped our memory. There had, of course, been the usual round of duties — baptisms, marriages, and funerals, visiting the sick, organizing coal

clubs, superintending in the Sunday school, presiding at parish entertainments, and so forth, and these things had never been neglected; but the work in the old church had been, ever since it was begun, the centre round which all the vicar's other occupations revolved, the thought always uppermost in his mind, the pride and delight of each day that dawned. And now it was coming to a close! There was much that might still be done, he knew, if he dared to do it; but this duty — the simple duty of completing what others had left undone — was at length performed, and he shrank from attempting more than that. Good workman though he was, he had not the courage to do more than copy as accurately as he could what was already there. And if he limited himself to that, his occupation would be gone that day.

He sat down and looked upon his own handiwork with eyes before which there swam a mist of swift memories. His thoughts, of their own motion and by no wish of his, went back at once to the happy past — the days of his courtship, his marriage, the infancy and boyhood of the two sons who had been born to him. The keen, sweet scent of the cold stone and mellow oak, familiar though it was, called up before him to-day picture after picture, rising out of the uneventful years of peaceful toil and obscure faithfulness. At one moment he was looking down once more with a strange thrill of admiration on the face of the girl who was one day to become his wife, as she sat beneath the pulpit with wide, blue eyes upturned, listening to the new vicar's sermon; at another, he held her in his arms for the first time and kissed her lips. Now, again, with a heart full of gratitude and joy, before the altar rails of this very church, he was making his marriage vows over again, as he had done more than thirty years ago. She was so young and slight at that time, he remembered — so girlish, indeed, that at first he had feared that, even if she was not too beautiful, she was at all events too young for a middle-aged country clergyman like him; and yet, in spite of her youth and beauty, she had been dead now more than sixteen years — sixteen long and lonely years.

A thousand trifles, too, of which it seemed that he had never thought before, flooded his memory, and kept a smile flickering about the corners of his mouth. Speeches, looks, tones, gestures, groups formed by chance in the rooms of the vicarage or in the garden, recurred to him vividly and persistently, though he was

puzzled to know why such things should have lived in his memory at all. Now and again, a sigh escaped him; there had been difficulties and misunderstandings and cares even in his peaceful life, as in the lives of all men; but for the most part the past was pleasant to look back upon, and the present, in spite of the loneliness of his old age, was not all unkindly. His sons were prospering, and wrote cheerfully and hopefully of the future; and if they were kept apart from him, that, too, he knew was all for their own good. There was nothing but thankfulness in his heart as he bowed his head for an instant with the movement of one who says, "I am content." And then he lifted the skilled right hand, which looked so incongruously young and strong in comparison with the worn face, and bent for the last time over the work which had kept him happy and busy for so many years. Even if it had not been work that he loved, there is enough pathos bound up with the last time of doing anything to have saddened a heart so gentle and so tender as his.

At the coming on of twilight the sexton's wife came to the door of her cottage and looked up towards the church, wondering why the vicar had not left it yet. The child, clad in its little nightdress and snugly wrapped up in a blanket, was fast asleep in the big, hooded chair, and the mother stepped warily across the room from the other side of the fireplace and peered out. There was no one moving in the churchyard, and her eyes passed through the misty gloaming in vain from one opening between the gravestones to another. The clock in the tower was just chiming the hour of seven, and between the quaint wooden figures of Moses and Aaron, perched upon the screen which separated the belfry from the rest of the church, only the faintest afterglow of the sunken sun was stealing in through the western window. Low down in the sky there still lingered a wide strip of the deepest crimson, which rose upwards through every shade of orange and rose-color to those exquisite opal tints which weld the splendors of sunset to the pale green of an evening sky in autumn; but it was far too dark to work, and had it been as bright as noonday, the work which the vicar had to do was finished. Yet he sat there still, with a smile on his lips, and his hand still held the tool which under his guidance had made the last of the old pew-heads like unto its fellows. In the church which he had loved so long and adorned so reverently, at the stillest hour of that

still September day, the vicar had learned all that is to be learned of the love of God for those who have loved and trusted him.

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From Longman's Magazine.

#### THE WILD FLOWERS OF SELBORNE.

ONE hundred years have passed away since Gilbert White was laid to rest in Selborne churchyard, and those years have been years of gigantic strides in the study of botany. In White's day botany as a science can be hardly said to have existed; and so it is not surprising to find that he considered it "needless work" to enumerate all the plants of his neighborhood. However, in the Forty-first Letter to Daines Barrington he gives a short list of the rarer and more interesting plants, together with the spots where they were to be found. It is the purpose of the present paper to compare the botany of Selborne as chronicled by Gilbert White in 1778 with what we know of it to-day. The writer is intimately acquainted with nearly every spot immortalized by the veteran naturalist; he has spent many hours, during a period of over ten years, in wandering about the fields and copses and hollow lanes of the parish of Selborne, and not the least-valued specimens in his herbarium once grew on that classic ground.

The most striking feature in the scenery of the parish is undoubtedly the Hanger, covered now, as in White's time, with beeches, the most beautiful, as he thought them, of forest trees. The zigzag path up the face of the hill is still crowned by the Wishing-stone, from which, in clear weather, a magnificent view of the surrounding country may be obtained; the horizon is bounded by the Southdowns, and the waters of Wolmer Pond gleam in the distance. In wet seasons, the soil of the zigzag being chalk, the path is so slippery as to be almost dangerous. In early summer the dog-rose puts forth its delicate blossoms, and the long stems of honeysuckle scramble over the bushes. Later on the autumnal gentian, or fellwort, may be found.

Down below, a little further along the ridge of the hill, may be seen, through a gap made by some winter storm in the dense forest of beech-trees, the house in which White lived. There it nestles in the valley, beneath the shadow of the "beech-grown hill;" altered, indeed, by

the hand of restoration, and enlarged considerably beyond its former dimensions, but yet, in part at least, just as the old naturalist left it. The wing which contained his study and bedroom remains untouched. The old staircase is still there. You may see the room in which he slept, with a heavy beam running across the ceiling, and the windows looking out on to the Hanger. Outside on the lawn stands the ancient sun-dial, while the brick pathway—four bricks wide—still runs out into the meadow beyond. This pathway formerly led to a summer-house, which unfortunately was allowed to go to ruin, and no trace of it now remains. Not far off, among the long grass of the meadow, the leaves of the wild tulip may at the right season be found, but it is many years since a flower has been seen. In the summer of 1780 a pair of honey-buzzards built their nest upon a tall, slender beech near the middle of the Hanger, and from the summer-house below White could watch them at their work. Here, too, the fern-owls or goatsuckers sailed by in the evening twilight; and one summer a pair of hoopoes frequented the spot. On the Hanger still flourishes, as it flourished a hundred years ago, though not in such abundance, the stinking hellebore, or setterwort. This handsome plant may often be seen in shrubberies and garden-walks, but in a wild state it is not often met with. In the good old times it seemed to be much sought after by those learned in the properties of herbs. "The good women," says White, "give the leaves powdered to children troubled with worms; but," he adds, "it is a violent remedy, and ought to be administered with caution." As late as 1845 a child died at Southampton from the effects of this so-called remedy, administered by its grandmother. The name "setterwort" reveals another curious use of this plant. "Husbandmen," says old Gerarde, "are used to make a hole, and put a piece of the root into the dewlap of their cattle, as a *seton*, in cases of diseased lungs, and this is called pegging or *setting*." Among the brushwood, on the top of the hill, there grew in White's time the *Daphne Mezereum*. This handsome shrub, with its pink, fragrant flowers, which appear in early spring before the leaves, may often be seen in gardens in the neighborhood, but on Selborne Hanger it is no longer to be found. The last plant has been removed into some cottage garden. The spurge laurel, with its evergreen crown of shining leaves and dark, poisonous berries, is everywhere abundant. In

the month of August, the sickly-looking yellow *Monotropa*, or bird's-nest, may be found in plenty under the shady beeches; and about the same time, or a little later, that rare orchis, the violet helleborine, will be in flower. This plant is, perhaps, to a botanist the most interesting of the Selborne flora. The trade of a truffle-hunter is all but extinct. Now and then a man comes round with truffles for sale, but not often. The last of the old race died not long since in a hamlet within a few miles of Selborne. A hundred years ago truffles abounded, White tells us, in the Hanger and High Wood. They probably abound now at the right seasons, but the supply from France having swamped the English market, the search for them has become no longer profitable. And so the profession of truffle-hunting is gone.

In the churchyard the ancient yew-tree, "probably coeval with the church," sheds its pollen in clouds of dust every spring. The trunk measured upwards of twenty-three feet in circumference in White's time; in 1823 Cobbett found it to be twenty-three feet eight inches; it has now increased to twenty-five feet two inches. This is among the largest yew-trees in Hampshire. On the north side of the chancel a small head-stone marks the spot where the old naturalist lies. His grave is in keeping with the beautiful simplicity of his life. No modern monument covers, with ostentatious vulgarity, his last resting-place; only a head and foot stone; on the former, under two feet in height, is inscribed the letters "G. W.," and the date, "June 26, 1793." Between the low, lichen-covered stones not even a mound is raised, but the grass waves about him, and the daisies blow.

From the churchyard a path leads down the Lyth, towards the old priory, about a mile distant. The priory was dissolved by Henry VIII., and not a stone of it remains. The site is now occupied by a modern farmhouse, known as the Priory Farm. In the garden a stone coffin may be seen, and a few encaustic tiles, but no further trace of the Augustinian convent meets the eye. The path down the valley is most picturesque, and was a favorite walk of Gilbert White. In one of his poems he thus speaks of it:—

Adown the vale, in lone, sequestr'd nook,  
Where skirting woods imbrown the dimpling  
brook,  
The ruin'd convent lies; here wont to dwell  
The lazy canon midst his cloister'd cell;  
While Papal darkness brooded o'er the land  
Ere Reformation made her glorious stand:

Still oft at eve belated shepherd-swains  
 See the cowl'd spectre skim the folded plains.  
 Now, as when those lines were written, the wild, everlasting pea climbs among the brambles of the hedgerow, and in the copse beyond the small teasel still grows in abundance, together with herb-paris, and orpine or live-long. Several species of orchis may be found in the meadow, including the green-winged orchis, so called from the strongly marked green veins of the sepals, and the twayblade. The curious bird's-nest orchis, with its tangled mass of short, fleshy root-fibres, supposed to resemble a bird's-nest, flowers in June beside the pathway, while just within the shadow of the trees sweet woodruff grows. Later on large patches of musk mallow will be out in the meadow. One plant, not mentioned by White, but now to be found in great abundance in a swampy piece of meadow land down the valley, is the bistort (twice twisted) or snake-weed, so called on account of its large, twisted roots. It is a handsome plant, with its cylindrical spike of flesh-colored flowers, and of rare occurrence in the neighborhood, and had it existed in its present locality in the last century, could hardly have escaped White's notice. Another plant not mentioned is the snow-drop, which blossoms freely every spring in a wood hard by. In the damper parts of the valley near the stream the common soft rush is very abundant; this is the plant which a hundred years ago was gathered for the purpose of making candles, the process of which is fully described by White in one of his letters. Here, too, the red spikes of *rumex* mingle with the white flowers of meadow-sweet and the purple blossoms of thistle and self-heal, while the air is full of the scent of water-mint. On the rising ground, in an open part of the wood which overshadows the valley, large patches of flowering willow are in blossom, and the large, rose-colored flowers make a fine show against the dark green background. The red, thread-like stems of the creeping cinquefoil trail all over the ground, and star the pathway through the wood with their showy yellow flowers.

The "hollow lanes" present an even more rugged appearance than they did in White's time. He then described them as "more like watercourses than roads, and as bedded with naked rag for furlongs together. In many places they are reduced sixteen or eighteen feet beneath the level of the fields, and after floods and in frosts exhibit very grotesque and

wild appearances." These hollow lanes are no longer used as thoroughfares, a new road to Alton having been made some years ago. In places it is hardly now possible even to walk along them, so overgrown are they with rank herbage. Here and there boughs of hazel, ash, or maple meet overhead, while coarse *umbelliferae* and the tangled stems of briar and dog-rose block up the narrow way. In places the perpendicular sides, often eighteen feet high, are bare of herbage, and present a naked surface of white freestone, broken by the gnarled roots of pollard-trees, and split in every direction by the winter's frost. Where the sunlight can penetrate these gloomy hollows, flowers soon open their bright petals, and purple fox-gloves and the yellow St. John's wort lend color to the scene. In early spring the golden saxifrage blooms freely as it did a hundred years ago, and on the very spot where Gilbert White found the green hellebore the plant still maintains a flourishing existence. The tutsan, so precious to the old herbalists, may also be found in the rocky lanes, and ferns now as then abound. But though abundant they are confined comparatively to but few species; and the rare moonwort, which used to grow at Selborne, has not been seen for many years. At a turn in the lane a covey of young partridges arose and flew into the standing corn, and overhead a peewit attracted attention by its dismal cry. To the large upland fields, which are still ploughed by oxen, the stone-curlew, or Norfolk plover, returns every year and lays its eggs on the open fallow.

The forest of Wolmer, three-fifths of which before the formation of the parish of Blackmoor lay in the parish of Selborne, is full of interest to the naturalist. Though now partially enclosed and planted with oak and larch trees, snipe and teal continue to breed there in considerable numbers; and occasionally, especially in hard winters, rarer wild fowl are seen. White enumerates but few of the forest plants; he mentions, however, four as growing in the bogs of Bin's Pond. Of these, the round-leaved and the long-leaved sundew still exist in abundance; and the wiry stems of the creeping bilberry, with its bright red flowers and small evergreen leaves, of which the margins are always rolled back, may also be found, but not in any quantity; while the marsh cinquefoil has altogether disappeared. The fruit of the creeping bilberry makes excellent tarts, and in places where the plant is plentiful is much sought after.

At Langtown, on the borders of Cumberland, it is said to form no inconsiderable article of trade. Whortleberries—first-cousins to cranberries—known in the district as “whorts,” abound on “the dry hillocks of Wolmer Forest,” and are gathered by the gipsies and sold in the towns and villages. Hound’s-tongue, a stout plant with lurid purple flowers, and a strong, disagreeable smell like that of mice, grows in several parts of the forest; and in one particular spot a few plants of white horehound, covered, as its name suggests, with white, woolly down, and strongly aromatic—once a famous remedy for coughs—may be found, together with a few specimens of motherwort, a plant rarely met with in the neighborhood. In some places a North American plant, with perfoliate leaves, and small, white flowers, called *Claytonia*, after an American botanist, has established itself; and once a specimen of dame’s violet was found. In spring the pretty little *Teesdalia* covers the sandy heath; and on a bank the tower mustard grows, and the rare—at least about Selborne—hoary cinquefoil. On a “hanger” in a neighboring parish thousands of golden daffodils dance and flutter in the breeze every spring, and people come for miles round to gather them. At the foot of the Hanger, in a small, wet copse, the lungwort grows. This particular copse is full of it, but you

may search every other wood in the neighborhood in vain; you will not find it. The flowers somewhat resemble the cowslip, only their color is purple; some people call the plant the Jerusalem cowslip. Its usual name of *lungwort* is derived from the appearance of the leaves, which, being spotted, were supposed by the old herbalists, in accordance with the “doctrine of signatures,” to be a sovereign remedy for diseased lungs. As the knotty tubers of *Scrophularia* proclaimed it to be good for scrofulous glands, so the spotted leaves of *Pulmonaria* (from the Latin *pulmo*, a lung) showed it to be a specific for tuberculous lungs. Not far from the copse in which the lungwort grows is an old, disused chalk-pit, and in this pit the deadly nightshade is found. It is the most dangerous of British poisonous plants. The dark purple berries, as large as cherries, are tempting to children, and fatal cases of poisoning sometimes occur. This is supposed to have been the plant which occasioned such disastrous consequences to the Roman troops when retreating from the Parthians, as related by Plutarch in his life of Mark Antony. It is probably “the insane root” of Shakespeare, which “takes the reason prisoner.” Fortunately, it is a plant of rare occurrence, and when found is mostly in the neighborhood of ruins.

JOHN VAUGHAN.

EXPORTATION OF THE RUSSIAN FAMINE FEVER.—In dealing with the Russian famine, we pointed out the danger which other nations incurred. The famine, we urged, would in all probability engender plague and pestilence in Russia, and it was a question whether these evils may not travel further, and Russia become a centre of contagion that will spread to other parts of Europe or Asia. We did not think this evil prophecy would so soon be realized; yet this very week one of the Cunard steamers, the *Umbria*, has been refused free pratique at the port of New York. There were on board passengers from Russia suffering from the typhus fever that has been raging in so many parts of that country since the more general spread of the famine. The *Umbria* was put into quarantine, much to the inconvenience of all on board, and even the saloon passengers were not allowed to proceed to their destinations. The most severe measures of disinfection have been imposed. As the *Umbria* started from Liverpool, the passengers suffering from what seems like the

Russian plague-fever must have travelled in England while the contagion was going through the period of incubation, and before any precautions were or could be taken. When we consider that the Russians have no particular knowledge of the dangers of infection, that their education, such as it is, and their laws, do not tend to engender in their minds any sense of the duty they owe to the public in such cases, we may feel well-nigh certain that persons suffering from this highly contagious fever will be smuggled into or through England. While famine, religious and political persecution, drive so many Russians to seek refuge abroad, we must naturally expect that a certain proportion of these refugees will bring disease and the germs of disease with them. Therefore we come back to our original contention that the famine in Russia is not merely a local disaster and a local question. We are all more or less concerned and interested in it, and this not merely from motives of humanity, but because our own security is also at stake.

Lancet.

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## DREAMLAND.

IN the dim realm I wandered through,  
The shadow land of sleep,  
Came many souls of lovers true,  
A tryst unknown to keep.

There came the God of Dreams to rule  
His phantom kingdom o'er,  
And roses white and wonderful,  
And ghostly lilies bore.

And as I wandered, loneliest  
The spirits free among,  
Unto all those whose love was blest  
The fairest flowers he flung.

Then I caught his garment's floating hem,  
Murmuring bitterly:  
"King, all the daylight is for them —  
And hast thou naught for me?"

An instant as I stayed him there  
He looked upon my face,  
Before his garment's fold of air  
Melted from my embrace.

Then, swifter than a shadow flies,  
He passed, and no flower fell —  
But his eyes were as my lost love's eyes,  
Looking a last farewell.  
Longman's Magazine. MAY KENDALL.

## AN AUTOMATIC LAY.

BY A MUSICAL BOX.

MAN is a mere automaton — free-will a fable  
vain:

This dogma in the magazines I lay down  
plump and plain —

The editor, poor man, may sigh, and call my  
reasoning thin:

But o'er his acts he's no control, — the article  
goes in.

To life's enigmas, you'll admit, I've found  
the master-key;

A bunch of instincts, uncontrolled, inherited,  
make me;

Whate'er my forbears thought or did, I think  
and do it still:

That legacy's my own, although they could not  
leave a *will*.

The troubles that beset our life thus vanish  
into air;

When nobody can help themselves, need any-  
body care?

The housemaid smashes, free from blame —  
her works she can't adjust;

"Why do the things 'let go her hand'?"  
Dear me! because they *must*!

All criminals I look upon with pity kin to  
love;

The murderer was *born* to slay — poor, harm-  
less, sucking dove!

The only folk who really rouse my automatic  
rage,  
Are Christians, and such imbeciles — dis-  
graces to their age!

To think that any man of sense can really hold  
it true

That he's responsible for aught that he may  
say or do!

Hypnotic he — or hypocrite! and yet, it's  
hard to say

Why I should scold automata because they're  
"built that way."

And is it not a soothing thought to feel that  
no one can

By striving, ever grow into a pure and up-  
right man?

But must remain, till freed by death, while  
years are rolling on,

A helpless, hopeless, fate-compelled, evolved  
automaton!

Spectator.

R. K. H.

## TO APRIL.

SWEET maiden, with the daffodil-crowned  
head,

We saw the glimmer of thy kirtle green  
At peep of day, we saw the silver sheen

Of thy small girdle, and a rosier red  
Blushed in the Dawn's fair face, to thee he  
sped

With arms outstretched in joy, for he hath  
seen

And loved thy loveliness. O blue-eyed queen,  
The south wind speaks of thee, and winter's  
dead.

To thee, the wild thrush singeth his clear  
song

Of gladness and unutterable bliss,  
And in the upper heaven the young lark fills  
The blue air with delight; the small heart  
thrills

At sight of thee, with love he falls to kiss  
Thy twinkling feet amid the meadows long.

Temple Bar.

MARY FURLONG.

## AN EPITAPH.

I DREAMED that one had died in a strange  
place

Near no accustomed hand,  
And they had nailed the boards above her face,

The peasants of that land,  
And, wondering, planted by her solitude

A cypress and a yew.  
I came and wrote upon a cross of wood —

Man had no more to do —  
"She was more beautiful than thy first love  
This lady by the trees,"

And gazed upon the mournful stars above,  
And heard the mournful breeze.

W. B. YEATS.

From The New Review.

## LE STYLE C'EST L'HOMME.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

CRITICISM is apt to be more literary than literature. It may easily be shown, I think, that it ought properly to be less so. What I mean can be put thus. We may say, without pushing the analogy too far, that literature is to the civilized life of the mind what food and drink of some sort are to the life of the body; and just as the aim of delicacy in wines and cookery is not principally the pleasure of cooks and wine-tasters, but the pleasure generally of a certain fastidious public, so the first and principal appeal of literature is not to those who are specially or technically interested in it, but to a certain general public whose thoughts and sympathies it affects. It is important from the way in which it enters not into libraries, but into lives.

We must, however — to go back to eating and drinking — recollect that, to enjoy fine wines and cookery properly, much more is wanted than the mere power to pay for them. The palate must be made self-conscious; it must learn to discriminate and expect. And precisely the same thing is true with regard to literature. In all literature which the general reader appreciates, there are qualities and flavors which are sure to escape his appreciation until they have been shown him, or he has learned to discriminate and expect them. To show him these and teach him their value, this is the function of criticism.

If literature itself, then, is, as it is, important, because of its effect not on the literary world, but on the world, the same thing holds good of criticism in a yet greater degree. An original work of art, though it appeals to the world ultimately, may at first be understood by a limited circle only; but the function of the critic is to admit the world into this circle, and he must speak to the world immediately, or else he need speak to no one. He is an interpreter, knowing two languages — that of letters, and that of ordinary life. He has learnt through the medium of the first; but he must teach through the medium of the second. An ideal critic, in

fact, is not an ideal writer; he is essentially the ideal general reader. He should look on general readers as if they were his brothers and his sisters, and treat them as if they could share with him every perception he possessed. He should never forget that they are his first and his legitimate audience.

But this is what critics far too often do forget. They forget to whom they are writing, just as if a person in conversation were to forget to what company he was speaking. Thus, though what they say may be admirable when it is understood, it is not understood by those most concerned in understanding it. It does not touch their sympathies; it does not address them in terms of their own habitual experiences, their interests, tastes, prejudices, and ways of thought. In other words, there is a failure, not in their matter, but in their style.

And now let me give an instance which at first will seem to many to refute my allegation, but for that reason will the better illustrate and support it. The instance is Mr. Matthew Arnold. Now if one quality in Mr. Arnold's writings has been praised more than another, it has been the great beauty of their style; and in many, and most important ways, the praise is completely just. But, underlying all its merits, this style has one great defect. The audience to whom Mr. Arnold always conceives himself to be speaking is not the world but a clique; and his style is consequently full of peculiarities, specially suited, no doubt, to this peculiar people, but specially, on that very account, unsuited to anybody else. He has favorite words and phrases which in ordinary society are meaningless, or else odd and irritating, like some Bohemianism in dress. He alludes to opinions, facts, and persons, as being of admitted importance, or familiarly known to everybody, which are so perhaps to a clique, but which to the outside world are not known at all, or at least are of no interest. What many of his admirers used to call his "Olympian air" was by nobody outside a clique ever suspected to be "Olympian;" but it either escaped notice altogether, or was merely wondered at as some curious solecism. If

the subjects Mr. Arnold discussed had been the subjects of a clique merely, and if he had meant to address only such persons as belonged to it, what has been spoken of as a defect might have possibly been a signal merit. But the very reverse was the case. His subjects were of general interest, and he wanted to address the world. But the world unluckily was represented for him by an extremely narrow and unrepresentative section of it, and his style was narrow in consequence, as compared with the interest of his subjects.

I mention this defect of Mr. Arnold's for two distinct reasons. I am going myself to criticise a subject which is of general interest—namely, not Mr. Arnold's style, but style in general; and the fault I have attributed to this distinguished critic is the special fault I wish myself to avoid. Style has been written about by critics without number; but Mr. Arnold's defect has been usually theirs also. They have usually considered their subject from the point of view of the writer. My wish is to do so from the point of view of the reader.

But I have alluded to Mr. Arnold for another reason also, and a much more important one. The quality in his style which I have just spoken of as a defect, may also be considered merely as a strongly marked characteristic; and as such it happens to illustrate that element, which is at the bottom of all style whether for bad or good—which readers most generally feel, and least generally recognize, and which, for every reason, we ought to begin with examining.

We all feel, then, that, apart from the mere matter conveyed by it, one man's writing affects us differently from another's; and we are accustomed to say, according as we are pleased by it or otherwise, that the style is good or bad. But though we all feel what we mean when we say this, most people do not know what they mean, or know it very imperfectly. Style is supposed popularly to be mere technical skill in writing—some felicity in the turning of phrases, or in the adroit conduct of sentences; and whenever a book exhibits these characteristics the ordinary reader says indifferently with regard to it,

that "the style is good," or that "it is well written."

Such language, however, betrays a complete misconception of facts, and indeed often puzzles the very people who use it; for it is the commonest thing in the world to hear the complaint made that a book has a good style, and yet that it is difficult to read. The explanation is simple, and may be indicated in what seems a paradox, but is in reality a literal and fundamental truth. A book may be very ill-written, and yet have a charming style; it may be very well-written, and yet its style may be absolutely insufferable. The foundation of style, its essence, its coloring principle, is not the writer's skill as a writer, but his character as a man; and this shows itself in ways with which technical skill, or even technical genius, has not essentially anything at all to do. For style, if we go to the bottom of it and examine the secret of its effect on us, is merely a means by which one personality impresses itself on others; and the pleasure, the indifference, or the distaste, with which we read a writer, is produced in just the same way as the corresponding feeling is produced in us by the company of a man.

There is here, it must be remembered, no question of matter, or what is said; there is only a question of manner, or of how it is said. We may listen to a man with interest if he tells us important news, and yet all the while we may be conscious that the very fact of his presence is an offence to us. Another man may tell us a mere succession of trifles, and he yet may fascinate us, and we shall think his company charming. The same is the case with style, and for the same reasons. What primarily attracts or repels us in it—what is, as I say, its foundation—consists of those personal qualities in the writer which by its means he impresses on us.

How this is will explain itself very easily, if we will but think for a moment of the kind of qualities in question. They are qualities of temperament, of morals, of tastes, of sympathies, of experience, of social associations and prejudices, and of personal breeding and deportment—of deference or familiarity, of ease or stiffness, towards the reader. And these may

show themselves clearly and strongly in ways with which technical skill in writing has nothing whatever to do.

Let us begin by considering the simplest way of all, and we shall at once see that this is so. Let us consider the selection and use of single words, in cases where there are numerous familiar synonyms to select from. We will take, for example, some occasion when the thing — *a man* — has to be mentioned. Now, for *man*, as a word, there are synonyms in great abundance, and of many writers each might select a different one — a human being, a gentleman, an old boy, a chap, an immortal soul, or even a bloke. All are known to any one who ever put pen to paper, so the selection is not dependent on the writer's command of language, but on his feelings, his mood, his good or his bad breeding; and the selection affects us like the tone of a voice in speaking. It reveals to us something about the writer personally which attracts, which strikes, or which repels us.

Let us now go a step further, and advance from words to phrases. The following passage is from the "Vanity Fair" of Thackeray: "Love was Miss Amelia Sedley's last tutoress, and it was amazing what progress our young lady made under that popular teacher. In the course of fifteen or eighteen months' daily attention to this eminent finishing governess, what a deal of secrets Amelia learned!" Now with regard to the quality of Thackeray's mere writing, it is agreed generally that his English was singularly pure. But with regard to his style there is no such agreement. To some it is delightful and captivating; others, as the late Lord Lytton was, are repelled and affronted by it. The sentences just quoted are full of Thackeray's style; but this has nothing to do with any purity in their English. Their mere English might be the English of any man, woman, or child. Their style shows itself in the use of certain very common phrases, as equivalents for certain nouns or names. These last are "Love" and "Miss Amelia Sedley." Love is a word that we all use alike. No personal character is betrayed in doing so; but when love is described as "that popular teach-

er," and a moment after as "this eminent finishing governess," a piece of the writer's character at once pointedly shows itself. He gives us an indication of his mood and manners as a man. Again, if a girl is named Miss Amelia Sedley, no character is betrayed in calling her by her formal name; but the moment a person speaks of her as "our young lady," character shows itself by an act of personal familiarity. The writer seems, in our presence, to be patting the young lady on the back, and his behavior excites a feeling in us either of coldness or cordiality towards him.

Thackeray, perhaps, gives us readier illustrations than any one of what, in this way, style is. The above refer only to a writer's character as exhibited in his attitude towards the thing or persons he is dealing with. What is equally important, and what colors his style equally, is his attitude towards the reader. Nobody shows us this also more clearly than Thackeray. Thackeray is a man always by deliberate choice in contact with company which he thinks a little too good for him; and he assumes that his reader is a person in the same position. He assumes that between them there is an identity of ideas and circumstances, and consequently a familiar understanding. He attracts attention by taking the reader's arm, and emphasizes his observations by a nudge. Now whether this behavior is ingratiating, or whether it is the reverse, is nothing to the point here. It may or may not have given a charm to Thackeray's style; the point here is simply that it gave a marked quality to his style. And every style, to a greater or less degree, is affected by a similar cause. It implies some personal attitude on the part of the writer towards the reader, some assumption with regard either to the reader's position or his capacities; and betrays the consequent temper in which the writer accosts and addresses him. We all know when a man speaks to us how much the pleasure with which we listen to him depends on these very causes — on the opinion which his manner leads us to form of him, and still more on the opinion which it indicates he has formed of us. And with the style of a writer the case is just the same.

In a word, the primary thing by which style affects us, by which it pleases or displeases us, or in which one style differs from another, is not its literary quality, but its human quality.

And the application of this remark is considerably wider than it may seem to be. As has been said before, the interest of a writer's matter is obviously a distinct thing from the interest of his style or manner; but in the popular mind there is apt to be some confusion as to where the one ends and where the other begins. Many things are considered as part of a writer's matter which do in reality belong to his style or manner. It is no doubt true that the one runs into the other, and it is difficult sometimes to decide as to which is which. But day differs from night, in spite of the ambiguities of twilight; and between matter and manner the difference is practically as distinct. Matter is that which the writer intends primarily to convey; manner includes everything in the way of allusion or illustration which is subsidiary to the matter, and which he uses to help him in conveying it.

Let us take, for instance, Sam Weller's description of his place at Mr. Pickwick's: "Plenty to get, as the soldier said, when they ordered him three hundred lashes." The first clause of this sentence belongs to the speaker's matter, the second to his style or manner. Let us go from Sam Weller to Macaulay, and we shall be able to discriminate similarly between the two elements. I take Macaulay's case because there are few writers the charm of whose manner is so liable to be confused with the interest of the matter, and few in which they are so readily separable. Most people fancy that the charm of Macaulay's style lies in the prompt and athletic movement of his sentences; but this is no more than the varnish is to the picture, though, perhaps, without it the picture might be hardly seen. His real charm lies in the immense range of his knowledge, and the shrewd and caustic sense which enables him to be so constantly applying it. He is the Ulysses of literature, with a parallel, with an illustration for everything. As he proceeds with his main subject he prepares our minds for appreciating it. He adds to our knowledge or he revives it; we are electrified as we listen; and the result is primarily due, as it might have been in the case of Ulysses, not to the fact that his illustrations are neatly given, but to the fact that they are so opposite, and that he

has so many to give. We are charmed because we are listening to an impressive and delightful person, not because we are listening to a practised and adroit writer.

And now to sum up what we have seen thus far, a very few illustrations have been quite sufficient to show us that many of the most distinguishing qualities of style — by which one style differs from another, and pleases or displeases us — are qualities which express themselves independently of any literary skill beyond that belonging to the most ordinary educated man. Let a writer merely have this much command over language, that he can write it as unaffectedly as he can speak it when entirely at his ease, and he will write a style which, according to his own character, will laugh or frown, show knowledge of the world or want of it, be diffident or self-possessed, well or ill bred, attractive, or distasteful, or vapid. If the man has not much character, the style will have not much either; but whatever the style is, the sort of effect it has on us will be found to depend ultimately on the sort of character which it introduces to us. Style, in fact, is the vehicle of character.

And now let us pass to another part of the subject — the part which many readers are accustomed to think of as the whole. We are coming at last to that — I mean the question of literary skill. It may seem to some, perhaps, as if, according to the above analysis, literary skill went for nothing — as if there were no room for it. Such, however, is the very reverse of the case. Character is capable of various degrees of self-revelation in style as it is in conversation. Put a man amongst company to which he is unaccustomed, or whose language he talks imperfectly, and we know what little justice he will most likely do himself, and how much of his character will be hidden under the veil of shyness. Put a man on the ice who is unaccustomed to skating, and though every movement of his body may be naturally instinct with grace, yet, till he has learnt to skate, his grace will appear to nobody. The same thing holds good, though with one point of difference, as to writing. The point of difference is this. Every educated man can write with some facility. He is more at ease, he is more himself, in writing than in company which makes him shy, or on skates if he has not learnt skating; and therefore without anything that can be called literary skill — without any special gift except that of being unaffected — he will exhibit, as he writes, certain points of his character; in

fact he will write a style, though probably without knowing it, as M. Jourdain talked prose. But though the writing of the ordinary man not only can, but inevitably will, reveal his character up to a certain point, and will so far possess a distinctive style, it will do this and possess this up to a certain point only, and to rise beyond that point exceptional skill is needed.

Let me pause here and go back to what I set out with urging. I urged that the coloring principle of style was not skill but character — was a human quality, not a literary accomplishment; and in order to prove this I adduced certain examples which showed how a writer's character was constantly revealing itself in ways with which literary skill had obviously nothing to do. But I did all this with the limited intention only of showing that style and skill were distinct things in essence, not of showing that the first had no need of the second. It has need of the second, and for the following reason. Just as style is the vehicle of character, so beyond a certain point must skill be the vehicle of style. The richer the character of the writer, the more delicate his power of perception; the deeper, the more composite, the more various the qualities he desires to convey, the more does his style need skill to show itself, to embody itself, one may almost say to exist. But none the less does this skill, no matter how great, depend for its charm — for its effects on us — not in itself, but on that which is conveyed to us through its medium. It is to the writer's personality what the telescope is to the heavens. It brings into view what would otherwise be unseen; but it is valuable not for what it is, but for what it reveals. The "watcher of the skies" —

When some new planet swims into his ken — the thing which impresses him is not the object-glass but a star.

And now let us descend from generalities to particulars, and inquire what the main constituents of literary skill are. First, then, we will deal with the broad and general question of the relation which written language bears to spoken language, and of how the first differs from the second, and why.

The simplest and most universal difference is this. It relates not to phraseology, or the quality of individual passages, but to the general arrangement and general management of the subject. When a man is describing or explaining anything to others in conversation, he sees the effect

of what he says as he proceeds, and anything which his hearers either fail to understand or object to he can, as the occasion arises, explain more fully or defend. But if he is describing or explaining the same thing in writing, he has no hearer who will question him or state objections, and constantly force him to be at once lucid and convincing. He is therefore obliged to imagine one; and his writing, unlike his conversation, has to do duty for speaker and hearer both. In conversation he is asked questions; in writing he has to anticipate them. The ability to do this — to be two persons at the same time, and to adapt what the one desires to say to the imagined capacity of the other who is assumed to be anxious to understand it — the ability to do this is a distinctly literary gift. It is not a gift either of knowledge or of intellect; it is merely the power of conveying these through a certain peculiar medium.

Nor must it be thought that it has to do only with the anticipation of argumentative difficulties, or the disposition of the points of an argument. Any one who carefully compares writing with intelligent talking, will be struck by the fact that, in the most forcible writing, statements are occurring constantly which, if made in conversation, would be platitudes. Let us take, for instance, the following from George Eliot's introduction to "Romola." She is speaking of sunrise four hundred years ago. "As the faint light of its course," she says, "pierced into the dwellings of men, it fell then as now on the rosy warmth of nestling children; on the haggard waking of sorrow and sickness; on the tardy uprising of hard-handed labor," and so on. Now, no one in conversation would think it worth his while to insist on, or even to mention, such obvious truths as these. But they have a use in writing of a peculiar and important kind. The writer has recourse to them not to inform the reader of what the reader does not know, or impress upon him anything he neglects, but merely, for the moment, to call his attention gently to some one of the many things familiar to him, as to which reader and writer are both in complete agreement; and thus to create or renew the sensation of their standing on common ground. This is one of the chief artifices by which a writer keeps in touch with his reader. It is not required in conversation, or only to a small degree; for in conversation the effect is produced by other means and circumstances. It is therefore an artifice

which belongs to writing specially ; and skill in using it is distinctly literary skill.

I have spoken of the way in which a writer should anticipate the objections of a reader ; and I myself anticipate that many readers will think I have not even yet reached the real heart of the subject, that I have said nothing about what they are accustomed to call "good writing." I am going to do so now. I am going to consider the question of words, phrases, and sentences — the choice of the one, the construction and movement of the other ; and ask how, in these respects, writing differs from speaking, and what room they consequently offer for special literary skill.

What I have just been saying will assist us in understanding this. I have been saying that a writer must do duty for two persons — himself and his reader also. In the same way his language must do duty for two things — or, indeed, for more than two. When a man speaks he conveys his meaning not by words alone, but by manner, by look, by tone, and by many other means. But in writing he can use words, and nothing else besides ; and his writing, therefore, will either be inferior to his speaking ; or, if it is not, he must somehow use language so as to give it the qualities not of speech only, but of the various circumstances and accompaniments which complete its effect when spoken. For this reason, in order to produce the effect of spoken language, it must, in its management, differ from spoken language. For instance, most of the effect of a speaker's words depends on the slowness or rapidity, the softness or the loudness of his utterances, which are regulated by, and which express, his passion or his feeling at the moment. But in writing these qualities must be transferred from the voice to the very structure of the sentences. Emphasis, which is given by the voice in speaking, must be given by a repetition or inversion, or some other artifice, in writing. Haste or slowness must be expressed in the same way, by so collocating the words that clause after clause, sentence after sentence, shall of necessity either hurry or move sedately ; and more important still, by means of rhythm and modulation, the language must be made to contain in its own structure all those variations of feeling which tone imparts to it when it is spoken. When two lovers are parting, is either of them likely to care for the literary construction of the sentences in which each says good-bye to happiness ? But to reproduce the effect of these words in writing, they would have

to be changed, or re-arranged, or reinforced by others ; and skill would be required to incorporate into language alone what naturally expresses itself when language is united with life.

I am inclined to say myself that, of what may be called mere writing, construction and modulation form the most important part ; but certainly not far from these, and as some may think before them, comes skill as exhibited in the choice of words and phrases. The reader will remember that I instanced words and phrases as the subject of a kind of choice which, though an element of style, exhibited no skill whatever. But, as I have said already, mere ordinary choice, ordinary command of language, and ordinary sensitiveness to the power of it, will exhibit character up to a certain point only. It will result, as it were, in a pencil sketch, in which lights and shades are given very imperfectly, and in which color is not given at all. These elements, which mere ordinary choice of words fails to capture and express, are capable of expression by means of literary skill, in proportion to the degree in which a writer possesses it. Let us take, for instance, a writer like Mr. William Morris, who writes both prose and verse in a quasi-archaic dialect. We need not admire the dialect ; we may, perhaps, think it ridiculous ; but it exhibits a way of looking at things on the writer's part beyond the reach of language as commanded by the ordinary man. Again, another instance, of a kind equally marked, but far more genuine and legitimate, was recently put before the readers of this review, in Mr. Carlyle's novel. Things and events familiar to the kind of society he is describing are described by him in a strange and remote phraseology. A charming and distinguished hostess in a country house is, with him, "a woman of the stateliest yet humanest aspect, who presides over her company with the graceful dignity of a queen." A fisherman comes home with "some wonder-worthy fishes ;" the younger men of the party are "brave young gallants ;" and the ladies are "dames," who, when they sing after dinner in a summer-house, "heighten, and, as it were, vivify with music the other charms of a scene and evening so lovely." This peculiar choice of words fills the reader with the sense that the writer is a recluse, viewing what he describes as a stranger, and watching it with that attention, and appreciating it with that freshness which strangeness alone can give.

The highest skill, however, in this way,

and the strongest and most delicate results, are to be found not in wording that strikes the ear as peculiar, but in that which seems as we read it to differ from ordinary language in one respect alone — that of being more expressive; which is, one may say, ordinary language bewitched, and which sets us wondering not at itself but at its effects.

How the power of language is capable of being thus heightened is to be explained as follows. Language is made up of two sets of units — words and idioms, or phrases. Of these, some express nothing but what they express avowedly. Others carry with them some special set of associations. If I say "James struck John," I am conveying a simple fact. If I say "James hit John a crack," I am conveying something more. But, to begin with single words, let us take any set of synonyms, and some will be found scentless, others saturated with suggestion — the suggestions of no two being exactly similar. The French speak of a voice with tears in it; in the same way we may say that certain words have tears in them. And of phrases the same holds good. The ordinary man feels this to some degree; indeed the associations and secondary powers of language are derived from its ordinary use; and a certain effect, as I have pointed out already, becomes producible thus without any literary skill. Literary skill in this respect is merely the development of a common and universal faculty; but the difference between the faculty as developed, and as undeveloped, is great. Words and phrases of the kind alluded to are like colors on a painter's palette, the effect of which in the picture will depend on the colors near them. Again, to change the comparison, some words and phrases which will be scentless under some conditions, like night-smelling flowers, will become scented under others. Every chapter, every paragraph, of a book has some prevailing tone, and separate words and phrases, if they coincide with this tone, will support it; or, according as they differ from it, will bring themselves, as it were, into relief, and will attract attention by their special light or color; and in this way the whole surface of the style will be alive. To push style to such perfection as this, a sensitiveness to language and a skill in writing are needed, which are gifts or accomplishments of just as special a kind as a painter's command over his colors, or a musician's over his instrument.

The fact, however, remains which I set

out with asserting — that a style is pleasing or displeasing to us not because its writing is technically good or bad, but because it brings us in contact with a pleasing or displeasing, with a weak or a powerful personality; and the most exquisite skill of a purely literary kind is valuable only for the completeness with which it fulfils this function.

There are certain special exceptions to what I have just said which may be mentioned here, but need not be dwelt upon. I refer to such writing as that of unsigned articles in papers, where the writer is writing, not on behalf of himself, but of an institution — as, for instance, the *Times* — having a position and, consequently, a style of its own, which the writer adopts, like the intonation which a priest adopts at mass.

Putting aside, then, such cases as these, the quality of a style depends on the writer's character; and skill is only a condition — not always indispensable — of that quality showing itself. Such being the case, the question naturally is suggested — is there such a thing as a good style, in any more absolute sense than we can say that there is an attractive manner? In one respect, which I will speak of presently, I maintain that there is; but in every other respect there is not. A manner which is attractive to one set of people, or to one class of society, will to others be unattractive, or will not be understood; and with style it is the same. In times when readers were few, and when literature, like everything else, depended for its success on its power of pleasing aristocracies, style was good in proportion as it represented good breeding in manner. But as education has extended, and the reading public has increased, new schools of literature have naturally been developed, which address themselves directly to entirely different patrons — to a public whose manners and ways of thinking are different, and who demand in style an equivalent to the breeding which prevails amongst themselves. It is no doubt true that with regard to certain subjects, and under certain circumstances, good breeding in style, as in manner, consists merely in complete simplicity; but, putting the cases aside to which this statement applies, we must admit that in these days of different reading publics, a style which seems good to one may seem very bad to another. Compare, for instance, Greene's style with that of Gibbon. Gibbon writes like a man who is conscious not only of the dignity of his subject but of a certain stateliness

and social dignity in himself. He bows to his company, and begs permission to speak to them. But Mr. Greene seems to enter with a nod, and to say to them, "Here we are." Gibbon enters as if he were at some court ceremony; Mr. Greene as if he were jumping into a third-class railway carriage. For each style there is no doubt much to be said, and it may fairly be argued that neither is the best absolutely. But with equal fairness we may argue in the same way about breeding. If high breeding is no better than low breeding, we need not dispute about their relative excellence. But if about manner or manners we may say absolutely that those of the higher classes have — or have had — a grace, a delicacy, and a finish, not to be found in other sections of the community; if we may say absolutely of the manners of the old French court that they were superior to those of Mrs. Todgers's boarding-house; then we may say of style precisely the same thing — that the best style is the style which shows highest breeding, that corresponds most closely to the manners of the finished gentleman.

This point, however, is one which may perhaps be open to debate. The other, which I have still to mention, may be treated with decision and certainty. Whether or no a good style should be equivalent to the manners of the great world, it ought, at all events, to be equivalent to the manners of the world. I mean by this that it should affect us like the voice and the behavior of a man who is giving us his own thoughts and his own experience, and who presumes to address us not because he has read more deeply than we have, but because he has lived more deeply. Every word and phrase he uses, which has any special quality, should derive this from having been dipped in his own life, dyed in his own blood, perfumed with his own memories — whether these be of courts or solitudes. He should use no word, phrase, or rhythm, acquired at second-hand, and dyed with the blood and perfumed with the memories of others, unless his own life has given them a second baptism, and made their qualities his own. His language as it comes to the reader should come straight, and should be felt to come straight, from life and not from books. A phraseology which suggests books before it suggests life is like a colored window-pane intervening between ourselves and a view; or else like a dusty window-pane, which hides what it should reveal.

In other words, so far as form goes, the most perfect literary style is the style

which, whilst conveying most, seems to be least literary. Written language should produce the effect on the reader not of language which no one would have used in life, but which every one would have used under the circumstances, had they only been able to command it. This need not be always, or principally, the language of general society. It may be the language of the private interview, or the silent language of meditation or of day-dream; but it should be distinguishable as literary for this reason only, that it has more life, not less, in it than language as employed ordinarily; that it is not language only, but also voice and gesture; and the test of the highest art is the result that appears most natural, and which shows the writer most perfectly, not as a writer, but as a man. The style is the man; but it ought not to be the man of letters.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### THE FOOTSTEP OF DEATH.

Godliness is great riches if a man be content with what he hath.

THESE words invariably carry me back in the spirit to a certain avenue of *she-sham* trees I knew in India; an avenue six miles long, leading through barren sandy levels to the river which divided civilization from the frontier wilds; an avenue like the aisle of a great cathedral with tall, straight trunks for columns, and ribbed branches sweeping up into a vaulted roof set with starry glints of sunshine among the green fretwork of the leaves. Many a time as I walked my horse over its chequered pavement of shade and shine I have looked out sideways on the yellow glare of noon beyond in grateful remembrance of the man who, — Heaven knows when! — planted this refuge for unborn generations of travellers. Not a bad monument to leave behind one among forgetful humanity.

The avenue itself, for all its contenting shade, had nothing to do with the text which brings it to memory; that co-ordination being due to an old fakeer who sate at the river end, where, without even a warning break, the aisle ended in a dazzling glare of sand-bank. This sudden change no doubt accounted for the fact that on emerging from the shade I always seemed to see a faint, half-hearted mirage of the still unseen river beyond. An elusive mirage, distinct in the first surprise of its discovery, vanishing when

the attention sought for it. Altogether a disturbing phenomenon, refusing to be verified; for the only man who could have spoken positively on the subject was the old fakeer, and he was stone blind. His face gave evidence of the cause in the curious puffiness and want of expression which confluent small-pox often leaves behind it. In this case it had played a sorrier jest with the human face divine than usual, by placing a flat, bloated mask wearing a perpetual smirk of content on the top of a mere anatomy of a body. The result was odd. For the rest a very ordinary fakeer, cleaner than most by reason of the reed broom at his side, which proclaimed him a member of the sweeper, or lowest, caste; in other words, one of those who at least gain from their degradation the possibility of living cleanly without the aid of others. There are many striking points about our Indian Empire; none perhaps more so, and yet less considered, than the disabilities which caste brings in its train; the impossibility, for instance, of having your floor swept unless Providence provides a man made on purpose. My fakeer, however, was of those to whom cleanliness and not godliness is the reason of existence.

That was why his appeal for alms, while it took a religious turn as was necessary, displayed also a truly catholic toleration. It consisted of a single monotonous cry: "In the name of your own saint," — or, as it might be translated, "In the name of your own God." It thrilled me oddly every time I heard it by its contented acquiescence in the fact that the scavenger's god was not a name wherewith to conjure charity. What then? The passer-by could give in the name of his particular deity and let the minor prophets go.

The plan seemed successful, for the wooden bowl, placed within the clean-swept ring, bordered by its edging of dust or mud, wherein he sate winter and summer, was never empty, and his cry, if monotonous, was cheerful. Not ten yards from his station beneath the last tree, the road ended in a deep cutting, through which a low-level bed of water flowed to irrigate a basin of alluvial land to the south; but a track, made passable for carts by tiger-grass laid athwart the yielding sand, skirted the cut to reach a ford higher up. A stiff bit for the straining bullocks, so all save the drivers took the short cut by the plank serving as a foot-bridge. It served also as a warning to the blind fakeer, without which many a possible contributor to the bowl might

have passed unheard and unsolicited over the soft sand. As it was, the first creak of the plank provoked his cry.

It was not, however, till I had passed the old man many times in my frequent journeyings across the river that I noticed two peculiarities in his method. He never begged of me or any other European who chanced that way, nor of those coming from the city to the river. The latter might be partly set down to the fact that from his position he could not hear their footsteps on the bridge till after they had passed; but the former seemed unaccountable; and one day when the red-funnelled steam ferry-boat, which set its surroundings so utterly at defiance, was late, I questioned him on the subject.

"You lose custom, surely, by seeking the shade?" I began. "If you were at the other side of the cut you would catch those who came from the city. They are the richest."

As he turned his closed eyes towards me with a grave obeisance which did not match the jaunty content of his mask, he looked — sitting in the centre of his swept circle — ludicrously like one of those pen-wipers young ladies make for charity bazaars.

"The Presence mistakes," he replied. "Those who come from the town have empty wallets. 'Tis those who come from the wilderness who give."

"But you never beg of me, whether I go or come. Why is that?"

"I take no money, Huzoor; it is of no use to me. The sahibs carry no food with them; not even tobacco, only cheroots."

The evident regret in the latter half of his sentence amused me. "'Tis you who mistake, fakeer-ji," I replied, taking out my pouch. "I am of those who smoke pipes. And now tell me why you refuse money; most of your kind are not so self-denying."

"That is easy to explain. Some cannot eat what is given; with me it is the other way. As my lord knows, we dust-like ones eat most things your God has made. But we cannot eat money, perhaps because he did not make it — so the padres say."

"Ah! you are learned; but you can always buy."

"Begging is easier. See! my bowl is full, and the munificent offering of the Presence is enough for two pipes. What more do I want?"

Viewed from his standpoint the question was a hard one to answer. The sun warmed him, the leaves sheltered him, the

passers-by nourished him, all apparently to his utmost satisfaction. I felt instinctively that the state of his mind was the only refuge for the upholders of civilization, and a high standard of comfort. So I asked him what he thought about all day long. His reply brought total eclipse to all my lights.

"Huzoor!" he said gravely, "I meditate on the Beauty of Holiness."

It was then that the text already quoted became indissolubly mixed up with the spreading *shesham* branches, the glare beyond, and that life-sized penwiper in the foreground. I whistled the refrain of a music-hall song and pretended to light my pipe. "How long have you been here?" I asked, after a time, during which he sat still as a graven image with his closed eyes towards the uncertain mirage of the river.

"'Tis nigh on thirty years, my lord, since I have been waiting."

"Waiting for what?"

"For the Footstep of Death, — hark!" he paused suddenly, and a tremor came to his closed eyelids as he gave the cry: "In the name of your God!"

The next instant a faint creak told me that the first passenger from the newly arrived ferry-boat had set foot on the bridge. "You have quick ears, fakeer-ji," I remarked.

"I live on footsteps, my lord."

"And when the Footstep of Death comes you will die of one, I presume!"

He turned his face towards me quickly; it gave me quite a shock to find a pair of clear, light-brown eyes looking at, or rather beyond, me. From his constantly closed lids I had imagined that — as is so often the case in small-pox — the organs of sight were hopelessly diseased or altogether destroyed; indeed, I had been grateful for the concealment of a defect out of which many beggars would have made capital. But these eyes were apparently as perfect as my own, and extraordinarily clear and bright; so clear that it seemed to me as if they did not even hold a shadow of the world around them. The surprise made me forget my first question in another.

"Huzoor!" he replied, "I am quite blind. The light came from the sky one day and removed the light I had before. It was a bad thunderstorm, Huzoor; at least, being the last this slave saw, he deems it bad. But it is time the Great Judge took his exalted presence to yonder snorting demon of a boat, for it is ill-mannered, waiting for none. God knows

wherefore it should hurry so. The river remains always, and sooner or later the screeching thing sticks on a sand-bank."

"True enough," I replied, laughing. "Well! salaam, fakeer-ji."

"Salaam, Shelter of the World. May the God of gods elevate your honor to the post of lieutenant-governor without delay."

After this I often stopped to say a few words to the old man and give him a pipeful of tobacco. For the ferry-boat fulfilled his prophecy of its future to a nicety, by acquiring intimate acquaintance with every shallow in the river; a habit fatal to punctuality. It was an odd sight lying out, so trim and smart, in the wastes of sand and water. Red funnels standing up from among Beloochees and their camels, bullocks scarred by the plough, *zenana*-women huddled in helpless, white heaps, wild frontiersmen squatted on the saddlebags with which a sham Orientalism has filled our London drawing-rooms. Here and there a dejected half-caste or a specimen of young India brimful of the *Spectator*. Over all, on the bridge, Captain Ram Baksh struggling with a double nature, represented on the one side by his nautical pea-coat, on the other by his baggy, native trousers. "Ease her! stop her! hard astern! full speed ahead!" All the shibboleths, even to the monotonous "*ba-la-mar-do* (by the mark two)" of the leadsman forrards. Then, suddenly, overboard goes science and with it a score of lascars and passengers, who, knee-deep in the ruddy stream, set their backs lazily against the side, and the steam ferry-boat Pioneer, built at Barrow-in-Furness with all the latest improvements, sidles off her sandbank in the good old legitimate way sanctioned by centuries of river usage. To return, however, to fakeer-ji. I found him as full of trite piety as a copy-book, and yet for all that the fragments of his history, with which he interlarded these commonplaces, seemed to me well worth consideration. Imagine a man born of a long line of those who have swept the way for princes; who have, as it were, prepared God's earth for over-refined footsteps. That, briefly, had been fakeer-ji's inheritance before he began to wait for the Footstep of Death. Whatever it may do to the imagination of others, the position appealed to mine strongly, the more so because, while speaking freely enough about the family of decayed kings to whom he and his forbears had belonged, and of the ruined palace they still possessed in the oldest part of the city, he was singu-

larly reticent as to the cause which had turned him into a religious beggar. For the rest he waited in godliness and contentment (or so he assured me) for the Footstep of Death.

The phrase grew to be quite a catch-word between us. "Not come yet, fakeer-ji?" I would call as I trotted past after a few days' absence.

"Huzoor! I am still waiting. It will come some time."

One night in the rains word came from a contractor over the water that a new canal-dam of mine showed signs of giving, and, anxious to be on the spot, I set off at once to catch the midnight ferry-boat. I shall not soon forget that ride through the *shesham* aisle. The floods were out, and for the best part of the way a level sheet of water gleaming in the moonlight lay close up to the embankment of the avenue, which seemed more than ever like a dim colonnade leading to an unseen holy of holies. Not a breath of wind, not a sound save the rustle of birds in the branches overhead, and suddenly, causelessly, a snatch of song hushed in its first notes, as if the singer found it too light for sleep, too dark for song. The beat of my horse's feet seemed to keep time with the stars twinkling through the leaves.

I was met at the road's end by the unwelcome news that at least two hours must elapse ere the Pioneer could be got off a newly invented mud-bank which the river had maliciously placed in a totally unexpected place. Still more unwelcome was the discovery that, in my hurry, I had left my tobacco-pouch behind me. Nothing could be done save to send my groom back with the pony and instructions for immediate return with the forgotten luxury. After which I strolled over towards my friend the fakeer, who sate ghostlike in the moonlight with his bowl full to the brim in front of him. "That snorting devil behaves worse every day," he said fervently; "but if the Shelter of the Poor will tarry a twinkling I will sweep him a spot suitable for his exalted presence."

Blind as he was, his dexterous broom had traced another circle of cleanliness in a trice, a new reed-mat, no bigger than a handkerchief, was placed in the centre, and I was being invited to ornament just such another penwiper as the fakeer occupied himself. "Mercy," he continued, as I took my seat, shifting the mat so as to be able to lean my back against the tree, "blesses both him who gives, and those who take." Even Shakespeare, it will be

observed, yields at times to platitude. "For see," he added solemnly, producing something from a hollow in the root, "the Presence's own tobacco returns to the Presence's pipe."

Sure enough it was genuine Golden Cloud, and the relief overpowered me. There I was, after a space, half lying, half sitting in the clean, warm sand, my hands clasped at the back of my head as I looked up into the shimmering light and shade of the leaves.

"Upon my soul I envy you, fakeer-ji. We who go to bed at set times and seasons don't know the world we live in."

"Religion is its own reward," remarked the graven image beside me, for he had gone back to his penwiper by this time. But I was talking more to myself than to him, in the half-drowsy excitement of physical pleasure, so I went on unheeding.

"Was there ever such a night since the one Jessica looked upon! and what a scent there is in the air,—orange blossoms or something!"

"It is a tree further up the water-cut, Huzoor, a hill tree. The river may have brought the seed; it happens so sometimes. Or the birds may have brought it from the city. There was a tree of the kind in a garden there. A big tree with large white flowers; so large that you can hear them fall."

The graven image sat so still with its face to the river, that it seemed to me as if the voice I heard could not belong to it. A dreamy sense of unreality added to my drowsy enjoyment of the surroundings.

"Magnolia," I murmured sleepily; "a flower to dream about,—hullo! what's that?"

A faint footfall as of some one passing down an echoing passage, loud, louder, loudest, making me start up, wide awake, as the fakeer's cry rose on the still air: "In the name of your God!"

Some one was passing the bridge from the river, and after adding his mite to the bowl, went on his way.

"It is the echo, Huzoor," explained the old man, answering my start of surprise. "The tree behind us is hollow and the cut is deep. Besides, to-night the water runs deep and dark as death because of the flood. The step is always louder then."

"No wonder you hear so quickly," I replied, sinking back again to my comfort. "I thought it must be the Footstep of Death at least."

He had turned towards me, and in the

moonlight I could see those clear eyes of his shining as if the light had come into them again.

"Not yet, Huzoor! But it may be the next one for all we know."

What a gruesome idea! Hark! There it was again; loud, louder, loudest, and then silence.

"That came from the city, Huzoor. It comes and goes often, for the law-courts have it in grip. Perhaps that is worse than death."

"Then you recognize footsteps?"

"Surely. No two men walk the same; a footstep is as a face. Sometimes after long years it comes back, and then you know it has passed before."

"Do they generally come back?"

"Those from the city go back sooner or later unless death takes them. Those from the wilderness do not always return. The city holds them fast, in the palace or in the gutter."

Again the voice seemed to me not to belong to the still figure beside me. "It makes a devilish noise, I admit," I said, half to myself; "but —"

"Perhaps if the Huzoor listened for Death as I do he might keep awake. Or perhaps if my lord pleases I might tell him a story of footsteps to drive the idle dreams from his brain till the hour of that snorting demon comes in due time?"

"Go ahead," said I briefly as I looked up at the stars.

So he began. "It's a small story, Huzoor. A tale of footsteps from beginning to end, for I am blind. Yet life was not always listening. They used to say that Cheytu had the longest sight, the longest legs, and the longest wind of any boy of his age. I was Cheytu." He paused, and I watched a dancing shadow of a leaf till he went on. "The little princess said Cheytu had the longest tongue too, for I used to sit in the far corner by the pillar beyond her carpet and tell her stories. She used to call for Cheytu all day long. 'Cheytu, smooth the ground for Aimna's feet' — 'Cheytu, sweep the dead flowers from Aimna's path' — 'Cheytu, fan the flies from Aimna's doll,' — for naturally, Huzoor, Cheytu the sweeper did not fan the flies from the little princess herself; that was not his work. I belonged to her footsteps. I was up before dawn sweeping the arcades of the old house ready for them, and late at night it was my work to gather the dust of them and the dead flowers she had played with, and bury them away in the garden out of sight."

A dim perception that this was strange talk for a sweeper made me murmur sleepily: "That was very romantic of you, Cheytu." On the other hand it fitted my environment so admirably that the surprise passed almost as it came.

"She was a real princess, the daughter of kings who had been, — God knows when! It is written, doubtless, somewhere. Yes! a real princess, though she could barely walk, and the track of her little feet was often broken by hand-marks in the dust. For naturally, Huzoor, the dust might help her, but not I, Cheytu, who swept it for her steps. That was my task till the day of the thunderstorm. The house seemed dead of the heat. Not a breath of life anywhere, so at sundown they set her to sleep on the topmost roof under the open sky. Her nurse, full of frailty as women are, crept down while the child slept, to work evil to mankind as women will. Huzoor, it was a bad storm. The red clouds had hung over us all day long, joining the red dust from below, so that it came unawares at last, splitting the air and sending a great ladder of light down the roof.

"'Aimna! Aimna!' cried some one. I was up first and had her in my arms; for see you, Huzoor, it was life or death, and the dead belong to us whether they be kings or slaves. It was out on the bare steps, and she sleeping sound as children sleep, that the light came. The light of a thousand days in my eyes and on her face. It was the last thing I saw, Huzoor; the very last thing Cheytu the sweeper ever saw.

"But I could hear. I could hear her calling and I knew how her face must be changing by the change in her voice. And then one day I found myself sweeping the house against her wedding feast; heard her crying amongst her girl friends in the inner room. What then? Girls always cry at their weddings. I went with her, of course, to the new life because I had swept the way for her ever since she could walk, and she needed me more than ever in a strange house. It was a fine rich house, with marble floors and a marble summer-house on the roof above her rooms. People said she had made a good bargain with her beauty; perhaps, but that child's face that I saw in the light was worth more than money, Huzoor. She had ceased crying by this time, for she had plenty to amuse her. Singers and players, and better story-tellers than Cheytu the sweeper. It was but fair, for

look you, her man had many more wives to amuse him. I used to hear the rustle of her long, silk garments, the tinkle of her ornaments, and the cadence of her laughter. Girls ought to laugh, Huzoor, and it was springtime; what we natives call spring, when the rain turns dry sand to grass and the roses race the jasmine for the first blossom. The tree your honor called magnolia grew in the women's court, and some of the branches spread over the marble summer-house almost hiding it from below. Others again formed a screen against the blank, white wall of the next house. The flowers smelt so strong that I wondered how she could bear to sleep amongst them in the summer-house. Even in my place below on the stones of the courtyard they kept me awake. People said I had fever, but it was not that; only the scent of the flowers. I lay awake one dark, starless night, and then I first heard the footstep, if it was a footstep. Loud, louder, loudest; then a silence save for the patter of the falling flowers. I heard it often after that, and always when it had passed the flowers fell. They fell about the summer-house too, and in the morning I used to sweep them into a heap and fling them over the parapet. But one day, Huzoor, they fell close at hand, and my groping fingers seeking the cause found a plank placed bridge-wise amongst the branches. Huzoor! was there any wonder the flowers fell all crushed and broken? That night I listened again, and again the footsteps came amid a shower of blossoms. What was to be done? Her women were as women are, and the others were jealous already. Next day when I went to sweep I strewed the fallen flowers thick, thick as a carpet round her bed; for she had quick wits I knew.

"Cheytu! Cheytu!"

"The old call came as I knew it would, and thinking of that little child's face in the light I went up to her boldly.

"My princess," I said in reply to her question as I bent over the flowers, "'tis the footstep makes them fall so thick. If it is your pleasure I will bid it cease. They may hurt your feet."

I knew from her silence she understood. Suddenly she laughed; such a girl's laugh.

"Flowers are soft to tread upon, Cheytu. Go! you need sweep for me no more."

"I laughed too as I went. Not sweep for her when she only knew God's earth after I had made it ready for her feet! It

was a woman's idle word, but woman-like she would think and see wisdom for herself.

"That night I listened once more. The footstep must come once I knew; just once, and after that wisdom and safety. Huzoor! it came, and the flowers fell softly. But wisdom was too late. I tried to get at her to save her from their pitiless justice. I heard her cries for mercy; I heard her cry even for Cheytu the sweeper before they flung me from the steps where the twinkling lights went up and down as if the very stars from the sky had come to spy on her. What did they do to her while I lay crushed among the crushed flowers? Who knows? It is often done, my lord, behind the walls. She died; that is all I know, that is all I cared for. When I came back to life she was dead and the footstep had fled from revenge. It had friends over the Border where it could pause in safety till the tale was forgotten. Such things are forgotten quickly, my lord, because the revenge must be secret as the wrong; else it is shame, and shame must not come nigh good families. But the blind do not forget easily; perhaps they have less to remember. Could I forget the child's face in the light? As I told the Presence, those who go from the city come back to it sooner or later unless death takes them first. So I wait for the footstep — hark!"

Loud — louder — loudest: "In the name of your own God."

Did I wake with the cry? Or did I only open my eyes to see a glimmer of dawn paling the sky, the birds shifting in the branches, the old man seated bolt upright in his penwiper.

"That was the first passenger, Huzoor," he said quietly. "The boat has come. It is time your honor conferred dignity on ill manners by joining it."

"But the Footstep! the princess! you were telling me just now —"

"What does a sweeper know of princesses, my lord? The Presence slept, and doubtless he dreamed dreams. The tobacco —"

He paused. "Well," said I curiously. "Huzoor! this slave steeps his tobacco in the sleep-compeller. It gives great contentment."

I looked down at my pipe. It was but half smoked through. Was this really the explanation?

"But the echo?" I protested. "I heard it but now."

"Of a truth there is an echo. That is not a dream. For the rest it is well. The time has passed swiftly, the Huzoor is rested, his servant has returned, the boat has come — all in contentment. The Shelter of the World can proceed on his journey in peace, and return in peace."

"Unless the Footstep of Death overtakes me meanwhile," said I, but half satisfied.

"Huzoor! It never overtakes the just. Death and the righteous look at each other in the face as friends. When the Footstep comes I will go to meet it, and so will you. Hark! the demon screeches. Peace go with you, my lord."

About a year after this the daily police reports brought me the news that my friend the old fakeer had been found dead in the water-cut. An unusually heavy flood had undermined the banks and loosened the bridge; it must have fallen while the old man was on it, for his body was jammed against the plank which had stuck across the channel a little way down the stream. He had kept his word and gone to meet the Footstep. A certain unsatisfied curiosity, which had never quite left me since that night in the rains, made me accompany the doctor when, as in duty bound, he went to the dead-house to examine the body. The smiling mask was unchanged, but the eyes were open, and looked somehow less empty dead than in the almost terrible clearness of life. The right hand was fast clenched over something.

"Only a crushed magnolia blossom," said the doctor, gently unclasping the dead fingers. "Poor beggar! it must have been floating in the water, — there's a tree up the cut; I've often smelt it from the road. Drowning men, — you know the rest."

Did I? The coincidence was, to say the least of it, curious. It became more curious still when, three weeks afterwards, the unrecognizable body of a man was found half buried in the silt left in the alluvial basin by the subsiding floods; a man of more than middle age, whose right hand was clenched tight, over nothing.

So the question remains. Did I dream that night, or did the Footstep of Death bring revenge when it came over the bridge at last? I have never been able to decide; and the only thing which remains sure is the figure of the old fakeer with blind eyes, looking out on the uncertain mirage of the river waiting in godliness and contentment — for what?

From The Fortnightly Review.

## HOW LONG CAN THE EARTH SUSTAIN LIFE?

IT seems to be worth while to collect together what may be said on the subject of the duration of life on the globe viewed as a problem in physics, and this is the subject I propose to discuss in the present article.

In the first place, it will be desirable to define a little more clearly the exact question which is to engage us, so as to avoid raising collateral inquiries on which it would not be convenient now to enter. Let it be first of all understood that I am not intending to discuss at present the question in its biological point of view, at least not more than to allude to the conceivability that there can be biological reasons for anticipating a termination to man's existence some time or other. Why, it may be asked, should the human species expect to enjoy perennial existence, seeing that the facts of paleontology show us that multitudes of races of animals have had their little day, and vanished? It would, at least, be necessary for man to see clear grounds for his belief before he could fancy himself entitled to an immunity from the destruction which seems to be the destiny of other species. Biological agents for the extinction of man have been suggested with plausibility. The influenza bacillus was lately rampant over the world. Is there any security against some other bacillus quite as ubiquitous, and ten times as fatal, coming to take its abode among us? It may be that the intelligence of man shall be able to cope with the deadly influences that are around him, and that thus the human race may be preserved from the annihilation that seems to await all unintelligent races of animals. The Kochs of the future may be able to devise means by which the ravages of the bacilli in the human body can be restrained within moderate bounds, if not wholly frustrated. The advent of intelligent beings on the globe has certainly introduced a factor into evolution the full import of which we are not at present able to appreciate. Speaking broadly, we may assert that every species of animal gradually vanishes, or is transformed into what may be considered a creation of different character. There are, of course, a few apparent exceptions among organizations of a low type. But the instances of such identities at epochs separated by so vast a period are comparatively few, and they are not to be met with among animals of the higher type. Though some of the

lower animals to which we have referred may be of more abiding duration than the higher forms, yet it by no means follows that any of the lower types are qualified for indefinitely long existence. It seems much more likely that, when sufficient time has elapsed, they will not be found exceptions to the law that the duration of every species is limited. The paleontological evidence, so far as it goes, must therefore be held to suggest that the present human animal, like every other species, is necessarily doomed to disappear, unless in so far as the presence of intelligence may be able to avert the fate that seems to attend every species in which intelligence is absent. How far intelligence may be able to accomplish this is a point on which paleontology gives no guidance whatever. Would the plesiosaurus, if he had been gifted with reasoning power, have been able to do such battle for his race that they would have survived those changes and chances which have certainly swept such creatures from existence? Without speculating on such a question, we may, nevertheless, believe that intelligence can sometimes confer on the species which possesses it a degree of pliancy in accommodating itself to altered conditions of the environment superior to that enjoyed by organisms without intellectual power. It may be noted that man has preserved at least one species of animal from the extinction which to all appearance would otherwise have overtaken it. The camel, as a wild animal, is wholly extinct. In fact, its nearest ally at present living in a state of nature must be sought in the New World. The camel itself, and its immediate congeners, have been so totally extirpated as wild animals, that it is to the llamas and alpacas of Peru that we have to look for the nearest wild animals to the ship of the desert, which has from time immemorial been domesticated in the East. It is at least conceivable that what man has been able to do for other races of animals he can also do on behalf of that race to which he himself belongs. Suppose that the succession of summer and winter, of seedtime and harvest, were to last indefinitely; suppose that the sun was never to be less generous in the dispensing of his benefits than he is at present, it is quite possible that man's intelligence might be able to defeat various enemies which threaten the extinction of his species. It seems useless for us to discuss this question, for it is perfectly certain that though man might successfully combat some of the agents seeking for his

destruction, there is certainly one that it would be wholly beyond his power to subdue. An agent over which he has and can have no control whatever imposes a term to his existence; nor does it seem possible for human intelligence to avert the threatened doom. To point out the necessity for this conclusion is my object in this paper.

I know that in the present day there are many who seem to think that hardly any boundaries can be assigned to the resources of a reasoning being. I have heard that when King Hudson in the zenith of his fame was asked as to what his railways were to do when all the coal was burned out, he replied that by that time we should have learned how to burn water. Those who are asked the same question now, will often reply that they will use electricity, and doubtless think that they have thus disposed of the question. The fallacy of such answers is obvious. A so-called "water gas" may no doubt be used for developing heat, but it is not the water which supplies the energy. Trains may be run by electricity, but all that the electricity does is to convey the energy from the point where it is generated to the train which is in motion. Electricity is itself no more a source of power than is the rope with which a horse drags a boat along the canal. There is much more philosophy in the old saying, "Money makes the mare to go," than in the optimistic doctrine we often hear spoken of with regard to the capacity of man for dealing with nature. The fact is that a very large part of the boasted advance of civilization is merely the acquisition of an increased capability of squandering. For what are we doing every day but devising fresh appliances to exhaust with ever greater rapidity the hoard of coal. There are just a certain number of tons of coal lying in the earth, and when these are gone there can be no more forthcoming. There is no manufacture of coal in progress at the present time. The useful mineral was the product of a very singular period in the earth's history, the like of which has not again occurred in any noteworthy degree in the geological ages which have since run their course. Our steam-engines are methods of spending this hoard; and what we often hear lauded as some triumph in human progress is merely the development of some fresh departure in a frightful extravagance. We would justly regard a man as guilty of expending his substance wastefully if he could not perform a journey without a

coach-and-six and half-a-dozen outriders, and yet we insist that the great steamers which take us across the Atlantic shall be run at a speed which requires engines, let us say, of twelve thousand horse-power. If the number of passengers on such a vessel be set down as five hundred, we have for each passenger the united force of twenty-four horses, night and day, throughout the voyage. I expect our descendants will think that our coal cellars have been emptied in a very wasteful manner, particularly when they reflect that if we had been content with a speed somewhat less than that at present demanded the necessary consumption of coal would have been reduced in a far greater proportion than the mere alteration of speed would imply.

Of course, no one will contend that the exhaustion of coal means the end of the human race; man lived here for tens of thousands of years before he learned how to use coal. There may be a sort of Chinese-like civilization quite compatible with the absence of mineral fuel, at all events in regions where the climate is tolerably mild. We must also remember, as Professor Crookes has so forcibly pointed out, in a recent article, that there are vast stores of energy available elsewhere. The radiation from the sun, if it could be suitably garnered up and employed both directly as heat and indirectly as a source of power, would be quite capable of supplying all conceivable wants of humanity for ages. It is also to be noted that we live on the outside of a globe the inside of which is filled with substances that appear, from all we can learn, to have a temperature not less than that of molten iron. If the crust could be pierced sufficiently far, vast indeed is the quantity of heat that might be available. We see the operation of tapping the internal heat going on in nature. Every volcanic outbreak, every spring of hot water, every geyser are but indications of the internal heat of our globe. It may indeed be hard to see how a practical method for drawing on this vast reserve of heat can be devised, but it is at least conceivable that it may be rendered available when the coal and other more accessible sources have become exhausted, or even when their yield has considerably lessened.

The coal of England may last a century or two; the coal in other parts of the globe may supply our cellars for a few centuries more, but the exhaustion of this truly marvellous product is proceeding at an accelerated pace. Doubtless the end

of the coal, at least as an article of a mighty commerce, will arrive within a period brief in comparison with the ages of human existence. In the history of humanity from first to last the few centuries through which we are now passing will stand out prominently as the coal-burning period.

It is a noteworthy fact that the possibility of the continued existence of the human race depends fundamentally upon the question of heat. If heat, or what is equivalent to heat, does not last, then man cannot last either. There is no shirking this plain truism. It is therefore necessary to review carefully the possible sources of heat and see how far they can be relied upon to provide a continuous supply.

Of course it is obvious that the available heat generally comes from the sun. It may be used directly, or it may be and often it used indirectly, for nothing can be more certain than that it is sun heat in a modified form which radiates from a coal fire in the drawing-room or from a log fire in the backwoods. As the sun shines on the growing vegetation, the leaves extract the warmth from the sunbeams. The organism wants carbon, and to obtain it decomposes the carbonic acid gas of which a certain proportion is always present in the air. To decompose this gas requires the expenditure of heat or of what is equivalent to heat. But this does not show itself in raising the temperature of the carbon and oxygen after they have been dissociated. Their temperature may be no higher than was that of the carbonic acid from which they have come, but the heat has been expended in the process of forcing the several molecules asunder from the close and intimate union of their combined condition.

As the growing plant must have carbon, it draws that carbon from the atmosphere, and the heat that is required to affect the decomposition of the carbonic acid is obtained from sunbeams. When the carbon thus derived by the plant comes ultimately to be burned it reunites with the oxygen of the air, and in the act of doing so evolves an amount of heat precisely equivalent to that which was absorbed from the sunbeams. Thus it is that the heat now radiating from our fireplaces has at some time previously been transmitted to the earth from the sun. If it be timber that we are burning, then we are using the sunbeams that have shone on the earth within a few decades. If it be coal, then we are retransforming to heat the solar

energy which arrived at the earth millions of years ago.

The question as to the continued existence of man on this globe resolves itself eventually into an investigation as to the permanence of the heat supply. Doubtless human life requires many other conditions, but of this we may feel assured, that if the heat fail and if nothing else be forthcoming which can be transformed into heat, then most assuredly from this cause alone there is a term to human existence. Before discussing the prospect of the duration of sunbeams we may first consider a few other less important sources of heat. So far as the coal goes, we have already observed that as it is limited in quantity it can offer no perennial supply. Doubtless there is in the earth some quantity of other materials capable of oxidation, or of undergoing other chemical change; in the course of which and as an incident of such change heat is evolved. The amount of heat that can possibly arise from such sources is strictly limited. There is in the entire earth just a certain number of units of heat possible from such chemical combinations, but after the combination has been effected there cannot be any more heat from this source.

Then as to the internal heat of the earth due to the incandescent state of its interior. Here there is no doubt a large store of energy, but still it is of limited quantity, and it is also on the wane. This heat is occasionally copiously liberated by volcanoes, but ordinarily the transit of heat from the interior to the surface and its discharge from thence by radiation is a slow process. It is however sufficient for our present purpose to observe that slow though the escape may be, it is incessantly going on. There is only a definite number of units of heat contained in the interior of the earth at this moment, and as they are gradually diminishing, and as there is no source from whence the loss can be replenished, there is here no supply of warmth that can be relied on permanently. It must also be mentioned that there exists another store of energy which under certain conditions admits of being transformed into heat. I allude to the energy which the earth possesses in virtue of its rapid rotation on its axis. In this respect we may liken our globe to a mighty fly-wheel which contains a certain quantity of energy that must be poured forth as its speed is reduced. It is the action of the tides which enables this form of earth energy to be transformed into heat. The tides check the speed with

which the earth rotates. The energy thus lost must in part at least be transformed into heat which is then again lost by radiation into space. Of course the quantity of energy which the earth possesses by reason of its rotation is of limited amount, and it is steadily being dissipated just as the internal heat is being lost and just as the potential heat that exists in consequence of unsatisfied chemical attraction is also declining. It seems that whenever the tides shall have so checked the earth that it only rotates at half its present speed, the quantity of the energy now existing in consequence of the rotation will have been reduced to a fourth of its present value.

Next as to the various forms in which sun heat is received. We have already referred to the mode in which it is captured by growing plants. There is also another indirect method in which the sun heat is made to provide energy useful to man. The waterfall which turns the mill-wheel is of course really efficient because the water is running down, and it can only run down because it has first been raised up. This raising is accomplished by sunbeams. They beat down on the wide expanse of the great oceans, there they evaporate the water and the vapor soars aloft into the heights of the atmosphere where it forms clouds. It is of course the solar energy that has performed this task of lifting, and as the rain descends it becomes collected into the streams and rivers which on their way to the sea are made to turn the waterwheels. In like manner it is of course the action of the sun which sets in motion great volumes of air to form the winds, so that when we employ windmills to grind our corn we are utilizing energy diffused from the sun.

It goes without saying that the welfare of the human race is necessarily connected with the continuance of the sun's beneficent action. We have indeed shown that the few other direct or indirect sources of heat which might conceivably be relied upon are in the very nature of things devoid of the necessary permanence. It becomes therefore of the utmost interest to inquire whether the sun's heat can be calculated on indefinitely. Here is indeed a subject which is literally of the most vital importance so far as organic life is concerned. If the sun ever ceases to shine, then must it be certain that there is a term beyond which human existence, or indeed, organic existence of any type whatever, cannot any longer endure on the earth.

We may say once for all that the sun contains just a certain number of units of heat actual or potential, and that he is at the present moment shedding that heat around with the most appalling extravagance. No doubt the heat-ward of the sun is so tremendous that the consequences of his mighty profusion do not become speedily apparent. They are indeed, it must be admitted, hardly to be discerned within the few brief centuries that the sun has been submitted to human observation. But we have grounds for knowing as a certainty that the sun cannot escape from the destiny that sooner or later overtakes the spendthrift. In his interesting studies of this subject, Professor Langley gives a striking illustration of the rate at which the solar heat is being squandered at this moment. He remarks that the great coal-fields of Pennsylvania contain enough of the precious mineral to supply the wants of the United States for a thousand years. If all that tremendous accumulation of fuel were to be extracted and burned in one vast conflagration, the total quantity of heat that would be produced would no doubt be stupendous, and yet, says this authority who has taught us so much about the sun, all the heat developed by that terrific coal fire would not be equal to that which the sun pours forth in the thousandth part of each single second. When we reflect that this expenditure of heat has been going on not alone for the centuries during which the earth has been the abode of man, but also for those periods which we cannot estimate, except by saying that they are doubtless millions of years during which there has been life on the globe, then indeed we begin to comprehend how vast must have been the capital of heat with which the sun started on its career.

But now for the question, of supreme importance so far as organic life is concerned, as to the possibility of the indefinite duration of the sun as a source of radiant energy. It may indeed be urged that there is no apparent decline in the warmth of the sun and the brilliancy of the light that he diffuses. There is no reason to think from any historical evidence, or indeed from any evidence whatever, that there is the slightest measurable difference between the radiance of the sun that was shed on the inhabitants of ancient Greece and the radiance that still falls on the same classic soil. So far as our knowledge goes, the plants that now grow on the hills and plains of Greece are the same as the plants which grew on the

same hills and plains two thousand years ago. It is, of course, true that the significance of the argument is affected by the circumstance that organisms by the influence of natural selection can preserve a continuous adaptation to an environment which is gradually becoming modified. The olive grows in Greece now, and a tree called by the same name grew there a couple of thousand years ago. I do not suppose that any one is likely to doubt that the ancient olive and the modern olive are at all events so far alike that plants identical in every respect with the olive of ancient times could flourish where the modern olive now abounds. That there have been great climatic vicissitudes in times past is of course clearly shown by the records of the rocks. It is almost certain that astronomical causes have been largely concerned in the production of these changes, but from among these causes we may exclude the variations in the sun's heat. There does not seem to be the least reason to suppose that any alteration in the rate at which the sun diffuses heat has been a cause of the vicissitudes of climates which the earth has certainly undergone within geological times.

And yet we feel certain that the incessant radiation from the sun must be producing a profound effect on its stores of energy. The only way of reconciling this with the total absence of evidence of the expected changes is to be found in the supposition that such is the mighty mass of the sun, such the prodigious supply of heat, or what is equivalent to heat that it contains, that the grand transformation through which it is passing proceeds at a rate so slow that, during the ages accessible to our observations, the results achieved have been imperceptible. Think of a sphere the size of the earth. Would it be possible to detect the curvature of a portion of its equator a yard in length? To our senses, nay, even to our most refined measurements, such a line, though indeed a portion of a circular arc, would be indistinguishable from a straight line. So is it with the solar radiation. To our ephemeral glance it appears to be quite uniform; we can only study a very minute part of the whole series of changes, so that we are as little able to detect the want of uniformity as we should be to detect the departure from a straight line of the arc of a circle which we have given as an illustration.

We cannot, however, attribute to the sun any miraculous power of generating

heat. That great body cannot disobey those laws which we have learned from experiments in our laboratories. Of course no one now doubts that the great law of the conservation of energy holds good. We do not in the least believe that because the sun's heat is radiated away in such profusion that it is therefore entirely lost. It travels off no doubt to the depths of space, and as to what may become of it there we have no information. Everything we know points to the law that energy is as indestructible as matter itself. The heat scattered from the sun exists at least as ethereal vibration if in no other form. But it is most assuredly true that this energy so copiously dispensed is lost to our solar system. There is no form in which it is returned, or in which it can be returned. The energy of the system is as surely declining as the energy of the clock declines according as the weight runs down. In the clock, however, the energy is restored by winding up the weight, but there is no analogous process known in our system.

It was long a mystery how the sun was able to retain its heat so as to continually supply its prodigious rate of expenditure. The suppositions that would most naturally occur were shown to be utterly insufficient. We know that a great iron casting often takes many hours to grow cold after it has been drawn from the mould. If the casting be a sufficiently large one, the cooling will proceed so slowly that it will not get cold for days because the tardiness of cooling increases with the dimensions of the body. It was not, perhaps, unnatural to suppose that as the sun was so vast the process of cooling would proceed with such extreme slowness that notwithstanding the quantity of heat poured out every second, the annual amount of loss would be so small relatively to the whole store that the effect of that loss would be imperceptible in such periods as those over which our knowledge extends. This supposition, however plausible, is speedily demolished when brought to the test by which all such questions must be decided—the test of actual calculation. We can determine with all needful accuracy the store of heat that the sun would contain if regarded merely as a white-hot, solid globe. When we apply the known annual loss, we see at once that if the sun had merely the simple constitution here supposed, the annual expenditure would bear such a considerable proportion to the total supply that the effect of the loss would become speedily

apparent. It is certain that the sun must under such circumstances fall some degrees in temperature each year. In a couple of thousand years the change in temperature would be sufficiently great to affect in the profoundest manner the supply of sunbeams. As, however, we know that for a couple of thousand years, or, indeed, for periods much longer still, there has been no perceptible decrease in the volume of solar radiations, we conclude that the great luminary cannot be regarded merely as a glowing solid globe dispensing its heat by radiation. There is another supposition as to the continuance of sun heat which must be mentioned only, however, to be dismissed as quite incapable of offering any solution of the problem. As we generate heat here so largely by the combination of fuel, it has been sometimes thought that a similar process may be in progress on the sun. It has been supposed that elements capable and desirous of chemical union may exist in the sun in such profusion that by their entering into association a quantity of heat is liberated sufficient to account for the continuous dispersal by radiation. Here, again, the test must be applied which is decisive of such pretensions. It may certainly be the case that chemical actions of one kind or another are going on in the sun, and among them are doubtless some of such a character that they evolve heat. But we happen to know exactly how much heat can be evolved by the action of specified quantities of elementary bodies by whose union heat is generated. It appears clear from the figures that chemical action is a wholly inadequate method of accounting for solar radiation. To take one instance, we may mention that if the sun had been a globe of white-hot carbon, and if there had been a sufficient supply of oxygen to effect its combustion, the total heat generated by the entire mass would not supply the solar radiation for the period that has elapsed since the building of the pyramids. It is, therefore, clear that the supposition that the sun is a burning globe, like the supposition of the sun as a cooling solid globe, is quite inadequate to explain the marvellous persistence with which, for countless ages, the orb of day has distributed its beams.

There is another supposition which, though not itself providing the explanation that we are searching for, still points so far in that direction that I have kept it till the last. It has been sometimes suggested that the dashing of meteoric matter into the sun from outside may afford

the requisite supply of energy. There can be no doubt that the plunge of a meteor into the sun's atmosphere with the terrific velocity which it will necessarily acquire in consequence of the attraction of the sun, is accompanied by the transformation of the energy of the meteor's movement into light and heat. The quantity of energy that a meteor thus carries with it is so vast that it is hardly credible until the figures which express it and the grounds on which they are based have received due attention. Let us think of a meteor which is moving, as such bodies do when near the earth, with a speed perhaps a hundred times as great as that of a bullet from a rifle, or even from one of the most finished pieces of artillery. The energy of the meteor, depending as it does upon the square of the velocity, will be, therefore, about ten thousand times that of the bullet of the same size. It seems that the energy thus possessed by a meteor one pound in weight is as much as could be developed by the explosion of a ton weight of gunpowder. Doubtless, in the vicinity of the sun, the meteors are more numerous, and they move with a higher velocity than the meteors near the earth. It is therefore plain that the quantity of energy contributed to the sun from this source must be large in amount. It can, however, be shown that there are not enough meteors in existence to supply a sufficient quantity of heat to the sun to compensate the loss by radiation. The indraught of meteoric matter may indeed certainly tend in some small degree to retard the ultimate cooling of the great luminary, but its effect is so small that we can quite afford to overlook it from the point of view that we are taking in this paper.

It is to Helmholtz we are indebted for the true solution of the long-vexed problem. He has demonstrated, in the clearest manner, where the source of the sun's heat lies. It depends upon a cause that, at the first glance, would seem an insignificant one, but which the arithmetical test, that is so essential, at once raises to a position of the greatest importance. It is sufficiently obvious that the sun is in no sense to be regarded as a solid body. It seems very unlikely that there can be throughout its entire extent any portion which possesses the properties of a solid; certainly those exterior parts of the sun which are all that are accessible to our observation are anything but solid; they are vast volumes of luminous material floating in gases of a much less luminous

nature. The openings between the clouds form the spots, while the mighty projections which leap from the sun's surface testify in the most emphatic manner to the gaseous or vaporous character of the outer parts of the great luminary. A gaseous globe like the sun when it parts with its heat observes laws of a very different type from those which a cooling solid follows. As the heat disappears by radiation the body contracts; the gaseous object, however, decreases in general much more than a solid body would do for the same loss of heat. This is connected with a striking difference between the manner in which the two bodies change in temperature. The solid, as it loses heat, also loses temperature; the gas, on the other hand, does not necessarily lose temperature even though it is losing heat. Indeed, it may happen that the very fact that the gaseous globe is losing heat may be the cause of its actually gaining in temperature and becoming hotter. This seems a paradox at the first glance, but it will be found not to be so when due attention is paid to the different notions that belong to the words heat and temperature. The globe of gas unquestionably radiates heat and loses it, and the globe, in consequence of that loss, shrinks to a smaller size. The heat, or what is equivalent to heat, that is left in the globe, is exhibited in a body of reduced dimensions, and in that smaller body the heat shows to such advantage that the globe actually exhibits a temperature hotter than before the loss of heat took place. In the facts just mentioned we have an explanation of the sustained heat of the sun. Of course we cannot assume that in our calculations the sun is to be treated as if it were gaseous throughout its entire mass, but it approximates so largely to the gaseous state in the greater part of its bulk that we can feel no hesitation in adopting the belief that the true cause has been found. To justify the adequacy of this method of explaining the facts I may mention the following result of a calculation. If the sun were to lose sufficient heat to enable it to shrink in its diameter by one ten-thousandth part of its present amount, the quantity of heat that would be available in consequence of this contraction would suffice to provide the entire radiation for a period of two thousand years. Such a diminution of the sun's bulk would be altogether too small to be perceptible by the most refined measurements that we can make in the observatory. Hence we are able to understand how the prodigious

radiation of the sun during all the centuries of history can be accounted for without any alteration in the dimensions of the great luminary having yet become appreciable.

But there is a boundary to the prospect of the continuance of the sun's radiation. Of course, as the loss of heat goes on, the gaseous parts will turn into liquids, and as the process is still further protracted, the liquids will transform into solids. Thus we look forward to a time when the radiation of the sun can be no longer conducted in conformity with the laws which dictate the loss of heat from a gaseous body. When this state is reached the sun may, no doubt, be an incandescent solid with a brilliance as great as is compatible with that condition, but the further loss of heat will then involve loss of temperature. At the present time the body may be so far gaseous that the temperature of the sun remains absolutely constant. It may even be the case that the temperature of the sun, notwithstanding the undoubted loss of heat, is absolutely rising. It is, however, incontrovertible that a certain maximum temperature having been reached (whether we have yet reached it or not we do not know), temperature will then necessarily decline. There is certainly no doubt whatever that the sun, which is now losing heat, even if not actually falling in temperature, must, at some time, begin to lose its temperature. Then, of course, its capacity for radiating heat will begin to abate. The heat received by the earth from the great centre of our system must, of course, decline. There seems no escape from the conclusion that the continuous loss of solar heat must still go on, so that the sun will pass through the various stages of brilliant incandescence, of glowing redness, of dull redness, until it ultimately becomes a dark and non-luminous star. In this final state the sun will literally join the majority. Every analogy would teach us that the dark and non-luminous bodies in the universe are far more numerous than the brilliant suns. We can never see the dark objects, we can discern their presence only indirectly. All the stars that we can see are merely those bodies which at this epoch of their career happen for the time to be so highly heated as to be luminous.

There is thus a distinct limit to man's existence on the earth, dictated by the ultimate exhaustion of the sun. It is, of course, a question of much interest for us to speculate on the probable duration of the sun's beams in sufficient abundance

for the continued maintenance of life. Perhaps the most reliable determinations are those which have been made by Professor Langley. They are based on his own experiments upon the intensity of solar radiation, conducted under circumstances that give them special value. I shall endeavor to give a summary of the interesting results at which he has arrived.

The utmost amount of heat that it would ever have been possible for the sun to have contained would supply its radiation for eighteen million years at the present rate. Of course, this does not assert that the sun, as a radiant body, may not be much older than the period named. We have already seen that the rate at which sunbeams are poured forth has gradually increased as the sun rose in temperature. In the early times the quantity of sunbeams dispensed was much less per annum than at present, and it is, therefore, quite possible that the figures may be so enlarged as to meet the requirements of any reasonable geological demand with regard to past duration of life on the earth.

It seems that the sun has already dissipated about four-fifths of the energy with which it may have originally been endowed. At all events, it seems that, radiating energy at its present rate, the sun may hold out for four million years, or for five million years, but not for ten million years. Here then we discern in the remote future a limit to the duration of life on this globe. We have seen that it does not seem possible for any other source of heat to be available for replenishing the waning stores of the luminary. It may be that the heat was originally imparted to the sun as the result of some great collision between two bodies which were both dark before the collision took place, so that, in fact, the two dark masses coalesced into a vast nebula from which the whole of our system has been evolved. Of course, it is always conceivable that the sun may be reinvigorated by a repetition of a similar startling process. It is, however, hardly necessary to observe that so terrific a convulsion would be fatal to life in the solar system. Neither from the heavens above, nor from the earth beneath, does it seem possible to discover any rescue for the human race from the inevitable end. The race is as mortal as the individual, and, so far as we know, its span cannot under any circumstances be run out beyond a number of millions of years which can certainly be told on the fingers of both hands, and probably on the fingers of one.

ROBERT S. BALL.

From Belgravia.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

BY EMILIA AYLMEY GOWING.

THIS man was a poet of nature, a true son of the immortals, born for his sorrow into the false and pretentious eighteenth century; the spirit in him was kindred to that of his contemporary, Burns; he was alike large-hearted, of a temperament as keen to enjoy every pleasure of the senses, yet without the excess into which the great Scotchman was betrayed. A scorner of "religion" as understood by degenerate, formal Churchmen, the pure faith of a Christian was his very breath of life. Despite his freedom of question, his wildness of speculation, he wrote his "happy songs," of love and trust in "The Lamb," the giver and sustainer of life, such as "every child may joy to hear."

This wonderful man, a fierce and tireless worker, as painter, engraver, and writer, will keep his grasp upon posterity mainly through his shorter poems, some few thousand lines which no regular publisher would touch — so long as he lived. They date from his twelfth year till the zenith of his manhood; they were the only luxury of a hard existence that never knew the taste of repose. The poet's passion of immortal longings was crushed out of him with the grey, cold years, by the grips of poverty and the patron's cold discouragement.

Of whom he inherited his rich and varied powers we know nothing. The good old English name he bore descended to him from a small tradesman, a hosier established hard by Golden Square, a locality of good repute in those days, at 28 Broad Street. Here William Blake was born, on the 20th November, 1757. There were four other children, sufficient bread and house-room, but scant provision for book learning. William was taught to read and write; that was all.

With little occupation at home, he went out into the streets, for change, and soon learned to roam far afield over Westminster Bridge and on towards Dulwich, Norwood, and the attractive borders of the Thames. Many a quaint old English cottage, rose-trailed or bowered in honeysuckle and clematis, must have touched the artist's instinct in the child's quick eye; many a delicious lane and bye-path must have opened its hidden treasures of rich scent and grand coloring to the budding fancy of the poet that should be; many a day-dream he must have dreamed

beside the charmed river, by shady backwater or full, broad rush of swelling tide, a lingerer in scenes whose beauty was in those days a sealed book to fashion and fame.

In his ninth or tenth year, this strange, solitary boy saw his first vision of angels, by lovely Dulwich Hill. Suddenly, in his walk, he lifted his eyes, and saw a tree filled with their bright wings, shining like stars through every bough. Coming home, he gravely told his waking dream to a practical father, and narrowly escaped a whipping for the lie. His mother's pleading saved him from the infliction, but the moral smart remained; he was punished for the divine gift that was in him, the very essence of his life. As a man, he grew up and lived in close communion with a higher world, a spiritual seer, blind and deaf to the laws and reasonings of common clay.

By rare good fortune, his father was early made sensible of the fact that the child was an artist born. He copied everything he saw, in nature, or on the walls, in every collection to which access could be found for him, helped not hindered by his work-a-day parents. Small sums of pocket-money were generously bestowed, and spent to the last penny for engravings after Raphael — known to him from childhood — Michael Angelo, Albert Durer, so close akin to himself, and others of the first greatest masters of design and color; none less could content the critical sense of the "little connoisseur."

By and by a teacher was sought for him. At ten years old he was "put to Mr. Pars's drawing-school in the Strand," the accepted training-ground for young artists, where he was duly taught to draw plaster casts, after the antique, but no living models.

About this time he began to write irregular, defective verse, but full of broken music and immature promise. As early as his fourteenth year he produced a song, singularly free from those crude defects that never quite left his hasty pen, and rich and sweet with nature's own cunning, like a strain of Herrick or Theocritus: —

How sweet I roamed from field to field,  
And tasted all the summer's pride,  
Till I the prince of love beheld  
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,  
And blushing roses for my brow;  
He led me through his garden fair,  
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet may-dews my wings were wet,  
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;  
He caught me in his silken net,  
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,  
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;  
Then stretches out my golden wing,  
And mocks my loss of liberty.

After four years' tuition from Mr. Pars, Blake was bound apprentice to an engraver named Busire, in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This step was adopted for him as the only way to secure his bread. Engraving was sure of pay as a marketable craft; the higher art of painting spelt starvation, except to a fashionable few, who gained their thousands by portrait work. No other English school of art was recognized in those days. "The old masters" were all in all. Access to the one outlet for native genius could only be furnished to young ambition through golden keys — that is, by a large premium paid to some eminent artist for instruction in his own house. This was beyond the hosier's narrow means, so the boy had to be content with the humble substitute of a journeyman engraver.

Busire was a sound, but not very lucky choice. His style was hard and old-fashioned, and lacked the grace and charm to which Bartolozzi and others had educated the popular eye. Blake grew perfect, by sedulous practice, in all the mechanical correctness his tutor could convey. The firm, bold outline on which he always set much pride, the masterly touches that dug their meaning, rough but powerful, with every trace of the graver, grew readily under the well-broken fingers; the living soul quickened the cold vehicle with its intensity and fire, but the form still lacked the indefinable something that can catch the common observation, and Blake remained to the end of his days, an artist for the cultured few only, a hired mechanic to the ignorant many.

He had missed his chance of better fortunes by his own too keen perception or "second sight." When brought by his father in the first instance to one Ryland, an engraver of far higher genius than Busire:—

"Father," said the boy, as the two left the studio, "I do not like the man's face; it looks as if he will live to be hanged." And so he did, twelve years afterwards, for forgery, after the barbarous law of those bad old days.

Busire had other apprentices, troublesome to deal with. He said of Blake: "He was too simple and they too cun-

ning," and like a judicious master, separated him from their company by sending him to draw the monuments in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere, for a series of engravings ordered by Gough, an antiquary. Blake could be trusted to go about alone, doing this work faithfully for several years; thus he acquired much skill, and an educated taste of a very unusual kind.

His next studio, on concluding his apprenticeship, at the age of twenty-one, was the newly formed Royal Academy, then in an inchoate, unsatisfactory state. He commenced in the antique school, under its first keeper, one Mr. Moser, a venerable teacher, who deprecated the study of prints after Raphael or Michael Angelo as "old, hard, stiff, and dry," unfinished works of art. The lighter style of Le Brun and Rubens was his ideal. Blake characteristically records the circumstances, and notes: "How did I secretly rage? I also spoke my mind." No doubt he did that time, and perhaps once too often in the course of his strange and chequered life.

His training, under such a guide, remained defective and wayward. He never could endure oils, but stuck to his pet paradox, maintaining that all the best works were in water color.

Neither did he take very kindly to copying from life. "Nature puts me out," he would declare, and never painted his pictures from models. He would only copy to learn the language of art, to be remembered by the painter as a poet remembers spoken language. He chose to work afterwards upon the ideal of his own fancy — a bright reflection, based on actuality, as the planet's light is evolved from its earthen frame by the golden kiss of the sun.

After a few years, Blake, having attained to a way of living by engraver's task work, came to the time of love and marriage. His choice fell, after the wont of struggling genius, rather beneath him — in worldly account — on a simple girl, named Catherine Sophia Boucher, daughter of some obscure folk living in Battersea, who could not write her own name, but left "her mark" upon the register of her parish. Her name and surname stand incorrectly filled in by another hand on behalf of the illiterate bride. But her charms were many. Very young and innocent, with a capacity far above the average of her sex — a disposition to be ruled by love. She was no less beautiful than she was good; her dark hair, brilliant black eyes, and tall, lithe form, satisfied the artist's eye, while the noble, loving

nature captivated his heart. They were married on a Sunday, August 18th, 1782. Unlike most such unions of ambition and humility, this proved happy. Catherine could have assumed the very language of Portia:—

The full sum of me  
Is an unlesioned girl, unschooled, unpractised,  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn; and happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Eminently teachable and retentive, she rose by degrees to her husband's level, and grew wise enough to hold her own on equal terms with rare tact no less than unalterable affection. Through their long and chequered days of struggle and grinding poverty, under the cold shadow of the world's neglect, she never sank into the mere household drudge, but proved herself a true helpmeet, sharing her husband's higher life and having part in the labors and aspirations that consumed him to the last.

When the courtship of a year or two culminated in early marriage, the scarcely prudent pair did not build their nest under the hosier's paternal rafters. They migrated to lodgings in Green Street, Leicester Fields, thereafter to be the "square," so much affected by immigrants from sunnier lands than ours. Among his studio friends, Blake was so fortunate as to count the sculptor, Flaxman, and was by him introduced, about this time, at a friendly and sympathetic house, the host being the Rev. Henry Mathews, a popular preacher at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and his wife an elegant woman and accomplished Greek scholar. Both were Flaxman's earliest discoverers and protectors, and on his word, Blake was taken into the charmed circle of the most cultured society then existing in London. They were a quasi-fashionable, wholly "æsthetic" species of art fanciers, as the craze—not the phrase—flourished at that time. We can conceive the terms on which the young genius was made free of their social gatherings, without a bride whom he could not afford to dress; charming them by reading and singing his songs, set, of his own wit, to natural music, often singularly beautiful, which he had no skill to note except by ear. Occasionally, some musical light of the circle would take them down. So deeply was the hostess stirred by his poetic recitals that she prevailed

upon her husband to go halves with the devoted Flaxman in the cost of printing a small book of lyrics in seventy-four pages, octavo, entitled "Poetical Sketches, by W. B., printed in the year 1783."

It was very ill done, apparently without revision by the author or any intelligent reader; the punctuation left to the printer's own sweet will, who judiciously withheld his name from possible publicity. This accomplished, the small edition was offered to Blake, to put into circulation as best he could. It was never published; some copies probably were sold to friends, and a very few are yet preserved—not one in the British Museum.

These youthful verses date from the author's twelfth to his twentieth year. In form, they are among his best. The boy-poet poured them forth from a spirit fed by such reading as the lyrical books of the Old Testament, Shakespeare's poems and sonnets—then rarely studied—as well as his plays, Spenser, and other great Elizabethans, Percy's "Reliques," a revelation of old English word-music, new and strange to that formal age, and perhaps Collins. Once a man, the working engraver found less leisure to bring to perfection the flower and rich fruit of his imagination most dear to his creative soul. In these early gems of song he seemed to have caught the very tone of nature and truth, so long lost by modish English bards. His grasp and hold on the human heart belonged to the unchangeable art that lives.

Besides the song already given as a marvellous effort for a boy of fourteen, we may instance as masterpieces of their kind "My Silks and Fine Array," "Love and Harmony Combine," "I Love the Jocund Dance," "The Mad Song"—disfigured by two impossible rhymes—"dawn" and "scorn," "vault" and "fraught"—the lovely invocation "To the Muses," "To the Evening Star," and "To Spring," "Summer," and "Autumn." Such songs as these, any true poet would endure much sorrow to call his own. Nor can we pass over the fragment of a historical play, "Edward III." Here, the Black Prince and his knightly fellows seem to have drawn anew the breath of life from some spirit akin to Shakespeare's own.

We can well imagine how, between a poet of such mettle and the small public of Mrs. Mathews's drawing-room, a coolness gradually sprang and developed; how his visits in that quarter became fewer and farther between, till he dropped

out of the polished circle altogether. "A mental prince," as he felt and claimed to be, Blake was but indifferently equipped with a stock of patience and submission to the whims of others, while boldly assertive of his own; a glance at his physical attributes will proclaim him one neither difficult nor pleasant to quarrel with. The great, powerful forehead, persistent nose, emotional mouth, and keen, passionate lips were not to be trifled with; his small stature betokened no laggard indifference, even when dispute ripened into blows — as more than one event in his life made manifest. There were times and occasions when he could fall out with his dearest friend. During the early years of marriage his young wife's love had to endure many a hard ordeal. They seriously disagreed, and his will subdued her to inferiority, where the true bond of union requires equal though differing rights. In the course of his struggles for a better means of living, Blake set up shop as a printseller and engraver, his wife helping him behind the counter, while he worked on for his bread and his art, engraving, designing, and sending water-color pictures to the Academy Exhibition. His younger brother, Robert, was taken in as assistant and pupil. One day the brother and the wife had a difference; the lady lost her temper and spoke her mind with too little reserve. The husband sided against her with his own kin, rose, and spoke the harsh command: —

"Kneel down and beg Robert's pardon directly, or you never see my face again."

The poor girl obeyed, woman-like, enslaved by her love, though thinking it very hard to beg pardon when she was not in fault. But when the submissive wife did say, upon her knees: —

"Robert, I beg your pardon, I am in the wrong," the brother, more just than the husband, bluntly spoke the truth: —

"Young woman, you lie; I am in the wrong."

What would have happened had she dared to revolt against such marital tyranny? She is reported to have done so, on graver provocation, and to have carried the day against her whimsical spouse.

It has been said, her strange yoke-fellow took the monstrous notion into his mind of adding a second "wife" to his family of two. Met by tears and reproaches within, and strong remonstrances out of doors, the project, jest or earnest, was dropped, before more harm ensued than the suspicion of a slur upon the name Blake was to leave behind. Who shall

say what any human being will not attempt in some wild moment? Probably the idea was a mere freak of fancy, or, at worst, the desire for some change of female society under the narrow roof, more dangerous to domestic peace than the young brother's had been. Two little poems afford the only color of corroborative evidence existing, and provide rather too slender a clue to seriously discredit their author with bigamous intentions sufficiently formal to brand him as one of the "gross band of the unfaithful."

#### IN A MYRTLE SHADE.

To a lovely myrtle bound,  
Blossoms showering all around,  
Oh, how weak and weary I  
Underneath my myrtle lie.

Why should I be bound to thee,  
O my lovely myrtle tree?  
Love, free love, cannot be bound  
To any tree that grows on ground.

So chafes a man in his slippery youth,  
not knowing when it is well with him.  
Resistance taught a lesson, as these more  
subdued rhymes tell: —

#### MY PRETTY ROSE TREE.

A flower was offered to me,  
Such a flower as May never bore;  
But I said, I've a pretty rose tree,  
And I passed the sweet flower o'er.  
Then I went to my pretty rose tree,  
To tend her by day and by night;  
But my rose turned away with jealousy,  
And her thorns were my only delight.

These aberrations notwithstanding, no hunting after new fancies led to unkindness such as could exhaust the wife's patience and devotion. This curious episode must have occurred some time after the loved brother, having shared the connubial home for a few years, was removed by death. Blake's affection to this youth was more like the strong bond of chosen friend to friend than the common tie of blood. For fourteen days and nights he watched by the dying bed, until he saw, with the seer's vision, the spirit rise from the body and pass up towards heaven through the low ceiling, "clapping its hands for joy." Ever afterwards, he claimed to hold communion with the kindred soul departed, and he ascribed to a revelation from his lost brother the invention of his own special process of engraving his songs, framed in exquisite colored designs. This was his expedient or inspiration, for the production of farther poetic works, when without credit or interest with any publisher to give them to the world. Early one morning, at his bidding, his Kate went

out with their last half-crown, to buy the simple materials he required. This was the beginning of their long labors together, upon sweet poems and dreamy imaginations of "prophecy," engraved in relief on copper, with borders and illustrations of most lovely and wondrous forms of flower and leaf, bird, insect, sea and sky, strange reptile, or divine human shape, or flame of supernatural fire. All was produced on the book-page in a sort of color printing, and was finished off by hand; his Kate proved an apt pupil for the work. Thus were brought out several volumes, sold at more or less fancy prices, amongst the small circle of Blake's appreciators. This brought some measure of daily bread and reputation to the man and woman, during their lives, and left an enduring record to future times.

"Songs of Innocence. The author and printer, W. Blake, 1789," the first of the series, bore much the same character as his boyish poetical sketches; more natural in spirit, they retained the blemishes of form belonging to an imperfect technic training, that ever clung to the finest fruits of his genius. Their complement was given in the "Songs of Experience," engraved in 1794. This comprises, amongst many gems, the earlier version of "The Tiger," a glorious lyric—according to that true poet-soul, Charles Lamb; but this was far excelled by the later reading given to the world along with many posthumous poems, in Gilchrist's comprehensive "Life of William Blake," in 1863.

#### THE TIGER.

##### (Second Version.)

Tiger, tiger, burning bright,  
In the forest of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned that fire within thine eyes?  
On what wings dared he aspire?  
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
When thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,  
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?  
What the anvil? What dread grasp  
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile his work to see?  
Did He who made the Lamb, make thee?

Within the same year as the "Songs of Innocence" appeared, after Blake's new mode of publication, "The Book of Thel," the first of his "Books of Prophecy." It is written in a measure of his own device, unrhymed verse of fourteen syllables. A tender, mystical allegory, showing the frail, despairing creature, Humanity, as embodied in the virgin Thel, the youngest daughter of the seraphim. The flowers of the valley, the little rain-cloud, the clod of clay, the worm of the earth answer her tears with the voice of God's love, telling the great use and blessing of life that "lives not alone nor for itself," but all for all.

In the next year, 1790, came "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," another mystical book, in prose, broken by irregular, unrhymed verse, detached sentences, and "Proverbs of Hell," grains of wisdom—or folly—after the wont of such quaintness of human thought. Here and there break out gusts of humor in unexpected places, like the mocks of a crushed Titan at the injurious gods. The whole is grand and daring in conception; the illustrations, in splendor of coloring and originality of design, surpassing Blake's former works. The book may be taken as a dim, misty protest against the dead form of godliness on the one hand, and the opposite spirit of asceticism that rushes to extremes, condemning every natural instinct, and holding happiness as sin. Blake's Christian creed included the kindly dogma:—

That sweet love and beauty are worthy our care.

Every good gift of nature or grace being accepted by him as from above. This was according to his lights, which may sometimes have led him into bog or fen, like a child waking to watch the wonders of the heavens on a night of wandering fires that mix, indistinctly through the darkness, the meteor's flash across the skies with the coruscation of earthlier lights, bred from the base and tainted dews of mortality. On all things in heaven and earth, Blake thought out for himself the problems of life and death, hence his "madness" to the point of view of common men.

He was a born visionary, and, although "clothed and in his right mind," had his affectations to the contrary, loving any fashion of stumbling-block he could devise to trip up worldly hypocrisy by the heels. On the form of flesh, the vesture of the soul for glory and beauty, he looked with reverence and admiration as the master-piece

of the Maker's hand. Like all true artists, his eye for the nude was single and pure as the babe's, when the tiny hand presses life from the rounded breast. His faith was that what God was not ashamed to make could be innocently shown, unveiled, to the common eye — forgetting that we are no longer the children of paradise. Who could tell what was sin, he asked, in the eyes of the All-pure? and, no doubt, permitted himself a dangerous license of tongue and judgment, while his acts were the most blameless.

At last, a publisher was found daring enough to take the risk of a work of Blake's. A bookseller, named Johnson, of St. Paul's Churchyard, accepted "The French Revolution, a Poem in Seven Books," and actually produced "Book the First" at one shilling. No author's name — the subject being ticklish and sensational, unapt to improve Blake's business reputation, though promising in a popular sense. It failed to interest a nation intent upon the real drama enacting its fierce scenes of blood beyond the Channel, and the course of events so belied the poet's forecast as to bury the remaining books "deep as plummet sound" in the waters of oblivion.

No other writing of Blake's ever found acceptance in the trade. Johnson continued to employ him, as an engraver only, Blake remaining his own printer and publisher.

In 1793, Blake removed across Westminster Bridge to a cottage of his own, No. 13, Hercules Buildings, Lambeth. Here he had a small wainscotted parlor, and a slip of garden boasting a fine vine, which he suffered to run to waste, holding it wrong and unnatural to prune vines. Here, almost in the country, with glimpses over gardens towards Lambeth Palace and the river, he lived seven years of steady, rapid production. In May, 1793, appeared "The Gates of Paradise." Then "Visions of the Daughters of Albion," "America, a Prophecy," "Europe," "Urizen," "The Song of Los," "Ahania." Wild storms, with glints of matchless beauty and deep peace, revealed at intervals, amidst a waste of devastation.

All these waifs, tossed and submerged in the great sea of literature, are worth noticing by the earnest student of the poet and the man.

These were his recreations; the variety of work which constituted his sole rest during many years of incessant activity. The need or desire for a holiday of idleness, he could not understand.

In 1800, came a change of life from London to "sweet Felpham," a Sussex village by a sunny bay, enclosed on the east by the high cliff of Beachy Head, westwards by Selsea Bill, beyond which the Isle of Wight is distinctly visible. Here a somewhat romantic cottage by the sea, at the easy rent of £20, was occupied by the poet and his wife during three or four years — a very peculiar episode in their story. Another introduction of Flaxman's brought Blake once more within the uncongenial air of fashionable dilettanteism. A squire of the name of Hayley sought his acquaintance through the friendly sculptor; a country gentleman by birth, self-styled "The Hermit of Eartham," who built and spent himself out of the ancestral seat, and wrote himself into contemporary reputation — with a small, high-class public. Having sold Eartham, and, by way of retrenchment, erected a "marine cottage," with embattled turrets, and other costly accessories, near Felpham, "that much respected hermit" developed another whim for the close propinquity of his "gentle, visionary Blake;" required mainly, as a skilled engraver, to take in hand the illustrations for Mr. Hayley's "poems," to be copied from designs by tamer artists, amateurs, or, it might be, Hayley himself. The well-bred poetaster, it is plain, discountenanced any verse-making by the born poet, on his own account, and even depreciated the original designs of his "excellent Blake." This was to come thereafter. For the moment, in the heat of their first friendship, patron and artist rushed together like the lips of ardent swain and blushing maid.

Blake came down to Felpham in simple faith, ready to be made happy, and thought he had passed through the golden gates of heaven, out of "the terrible desert of London," into the pure, bright nature he had worshipped from a boy, as a part of his own vital being. Work was pleasure in summer bower, or beneath "thatched roof of rusted gold." Celestial inhabitants were heard and seen in his cottage — the like of it never was in formed house of mortal builder's hand.

Gradually Blake's time was appropriated, for the most part by the literary squire to his own use in his own library, as amanuensis and reader, as well as engraver, engaged in the special labors of his craft under the gentle author's own eye, on the ornamentation of Hayley's thick-coming columns in prose or rhyme. The host, if hugely vain of a small talent, was nothing if not a gentleman, courteous,

kind, and considerate — according to his lights. He promoted Blake's material interests by pushing him into custom as a miniature painter amongst the rank and wealth of the county, besides employing him in the art-decoration of his own villa. Twenty heads in tempera were executed by Blake, and paid for, doubtless, as liberally as the patron's diminishing revenues would allow.

The wilful bard was wearying of the bonds of custom, sighing for the freedom of grimy, dingy London, amidst the wind-swept cornfields by the sea, and bowers of rural paradise, where he was not permitted to call his soul his own, where he was ever oppressed by well-meant, crushing kindness. The galling of the iron chain is betrayed very feelingly in Blake's correspondence with one of his most faithful patrons, Mr. Butts. In January, 1802, he wrote :—

My unhappiness has arisen from a source which, if explored too narrowly, might hurt my pecuniary circumstances; as my dependence is on engraving at present, and particularly on the engravings I have in hand for Mr. H., and I find on all hands great objections to my doing anything but the mere drudgery of business, and intimations that, if I do not confine myself to this, I shall not live—for that I cannot live without doing my duty to lay up treasures in heaven is certain and determined, and to this I have long made up my mind; and why this should be made an objection to me, while drunkenness, lewdness, gluttony, and even idleness itself, does not hurt other men, let Satan himself explain—I am not ashamed, afraid, or averse to tell you what ought to be told—that I am under the direction of messengers from Heaven, daily and nightly. But if we fear to do the dictates of our angels, and tremble at the tasks set before us; if we refuse to do spiritual acts because of natural fears or natural desires, who can describe the dismal torments of such a state? I too well remember the threats I have heard. If you, who are organized by Divine Providence for spiritual communion, refuse and bury your talent in the earth, even though you should want natural bread—sorrow and desperation pursue you through life, and after death, shame and confusion of face to eternity. You will be called the base Judas who betrayed his friend.

In July, 1803, he wrote :—

As to Mr. H., I feel myself at liberty to say as follows upon this ticklish subject. I regard fashion in poetry as little as I do in paintings. But Mr. H. approves of my designs as little as he does of my poems; and I have been forced to insist on his leaving me, in both, to my own self-will; for I am determined to be no longer pestered with his gen-

teel ignorance and polite disapprobation. I know myself both poet and painter, and it is not his affected contempt that can move me to anything but a more assiduous pursuit of both arts.

A tragi-comic incident led to the parting of friends and adieu to Felpham—just in time. One fine day in August, 1803, a private soldier in his Majesty's service was invited into the small cottage garden by a gardener at work therein—without Blake's knowledge. The master politely requested him to go; the red-coat behaved like an unruly demon in that Eden sacred to a poet and an Englishman. The latter laid hold of the blustering intruder from behind, by the elbows, and pushing the fellow before him, bodily put him out of the gate and down the road, by sheer force of will and the power of spirit over inert matter, the big bully all the while raging and cursing, and endeavoring to turn round and hit the small man. "I don't know how I did it, but I did it," was Blake's own version of the fracas.

The soldier, in revenge, got a comrade to stand by him on oath, charged Blake before a magistrate with seditious language against the king, and had him committed for trial on a charge of high treason at the quarter sessions at Chichester, on January 11th, 1804.

Friend Hayley stood by the poet like a man, went bail for him, engaged counsel, and gave evidence to character on the trial; this under some difficulty. He was suffering from a singular accident. His habit was to carry an open umbrella when taking horse exercise, a proceeding resented by the animal, which, on this occasion, had successfully pitched him on the head against a stone. Blake himself startled the court by calling out: "False, false," in a tone that bore conviction, when the two soldiers traduced him from the witness box. The "gentle visionary" was honorably acquitted; the court was filled with an uproar of triumph, "in defiance of all decency," as the local paper described the scene.

It was most fortunate that no compromising antecedents were known to the other side. Blake had been mixed up, as an innocent enthusiast, with a dangerous set of "advanced thinkers." He had actually warned the notorious Tom Paine in the very nick of time to put the silver streak between him and a halter. He had donned the red cap of liberty, and boldly promenaded the London streets so bonneted, dashing it off, later on, when "liberty" became the watchword for blood

—Blake, in his liberal tendencies, drew the line at murder. Mistaken in his associates, he was that rare example, in those days, the honest friend of the poor and suffering; his very mistakes on questions of the common weal were the outcome of a kindly heart that bled to see the weaker thrust to the wall.

That same spring Blake made his final choice, and rejected his opportunity of securing worldly rewards by vulgarizing his art to the painting of miniatures, hand-screens, and so forth, in houses of the great. He went back to his old life in London, and the Hayley friendship quietly succumbed to a painless extinction.

Two engraved "prophetic" books were produced in 1804. The first, "Jerusalem: The Emanation of the Giant Albion, Printed by W. Blake, South Moulton Street"—for in this specially house-bound local habitation the poet made his home for the next seventeen years. This was a large quarto volume, printed variously in plain black and white, or with blue ink or red. A few copies were hand-tinted, the price of these being twenty guineas. This and his next work, "Milton," were, according to the author, merely transcriptions, dictated by a spiritual revelation. Both are remarkable for a deep strain of earnest piety, adulterated with mystic, vain speculation on the incomprehensible.

The following year Blake found a more effectual patron and employer than the fanciful Hayley. An engraver known as R. H. Cromek took to speculating in prints and books, and as his first venture, acquired for twenty guineas the copyright of twelve original designs for an edition of Blair's "Grave," drawn by Blake on the (unwritten) condition that he should have the profit and credit of engraving them for the book, having thus parted with the right of reproducing and publishing them on his own account. A powerful art critic, Fuseli, wrote a high encomium on the designs, which was confirmed by written testimony under the hand of ten Academicians and their president, West. Queen Charlotte was induced to accept a poetical dedication of the book from Blake's pen. But Cromek's eye had the publisher's instinct to discern the public taste, and, having materially helped to push Blake's talent into notice, judiciously chose a more graceful and telling exponent of his ideas in the Italian engraver, Schiavonetti. It was done wisely, but not well; Blake being thrust out into the cold, without compensation, and his complaints met by

insults. Cromek actually boasted not only of having created and established Blake's reputation, but of bringing him food as well, and ended by the taunt, that when the designs were produced "you and Mrs. Blake were reduced so low as to be obliged to live on half a guinea a week."

This, for food, was their narrow limit for many a day—lodging costing about the same sum. Three pounds a week represented affluence, but it was very seldom attained.

Cromek's next move was to steal an idea from a pencil drawing of Blake's on a subject hitherto untouched, the procession of Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims*. Seeing the sketch by chance, he offered to buy it, but Blake refused to sell, unless he were employed to engrave it. Cromek went to another painter, a friend of Blake's, Stothard, suggested the subject for an oil painting, and paid for, puffed, exhibited, and engraved the same with much profit. Blake, stung with natural wrath and emulation, resolved to show his work and "shame the fools" who preferred Stothard's. In May, 1809, the poet painter opened his own exhibition, on the first floor of the old home, 28 Broad Street, kindly placed at his disposition by his brother James, the hosier, who succeeded to the paternal inheritance.

The show was managed between the unsophisticated artist himself and the simple, old-world tradesman, his brother. It was puffed by a "descriptive catalogue," setting forth its contents with much denunciation of famous names and schools opposed to his own, also a "public address," strongly aggressive and envenomed by much rancor towards his personal rivals and detractors.

That the venture proved a gruesome failure goes without saying. Nevertheless, it was such a collection as, could it be brought together in our days, might rival the attraction of the Rossetti exhibition at Burlington House some years ago.

The "pictures, poetical and historical inventions painted by William Blake in water colors, being the ancient method of fresco painting revived," were grouped around the central motive of the enterprise, on the burning subject of Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims*. With much anathema of oils, they were composed and executed in Blake's peculiar medium, arbitrarily styled "fresco," a base or mixture of carpenter's glue with water color. The method was not unknown to the Italians, but was specially revealed to Blake

in a vision by the holy carpenter, Saint Joseph.

"The Ancient Britons," one of Blake's noblest productions, and several pictures, experiments in color, with seven drawings of high merit, strongly marked by the artist's individuality, completed the list.

From this attempt dates the evil report that clung about Blake for the rest of his life; that he was mad.

The Canterbury Pilgrimage found a purchaser in Blake's old patron, Mr. Butts. Otherwise his effort brought little result. Years were creeping on, making gaps in the small circle who valued him at his worth, and once past his prime, new friends were few who could see him, not as he had prospered, but as he had deserved. Best of these was Linnell, a struggling painter of portraits for bread — of landscapes for fame — as yet in the uncertain hereafter. This fellow artist stuck close to Blake and his wife till the end.

"Though art is above either, the argument is better for affluence than poverty; and though he would not have been a great artist, yet he could have produced greater works of art, in proportion to his means." So Blake wrote feelingly of himself. He had ceased to engrave his own writings for the public; by this time his straitened living could no longer afford him the wherewithal to buy the needful copperplates. The long failure of all good results may, at last, have disheartened even him. As long as he lived he wrote. Scores of MSS. were produced, and lost or destroyed — after frequent vain endeavors to find a publisher; the trade would none of his poems or designs. After each repulse, he took comfort in the belief that they were "published elsewhere and beautifully bound" — in that spiritual world which was substance and reality to him, while this transient existence seemed but the dream of a shadow.

Sinking lower down into the vale of years, his steps were closer dogged by poverty and oppressed by the burthen of a message which the world would not receive. "Take it away," such words are reported of George III. when one of Blake's designs was brought before the royal notice, and the cruel or thoughtless judgment of the ignorant multitude was an echo of their king's.

Still Blake worked on with unflinching courage. In his old age were produced his sublime designs to the book of Job, which, through the kindness of his brother

artist, Linnell, brought him in bread for a long time. His closing years were fully occupied by illustrations to the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, under a commission from the same unfailing friend. At the age of sixty-seven, he conquered the Italian language in a few weeks, aided by such Latin as he knew, so as to grasp the spirit at least of the great visionary poet, whom the common race of men call obscure and hard to be understood.

In 1821 he moved, for the last time, going down to No. 3, Fountain Court, Strand. Here he was master of two small, decent rooms on a first floor; the front room was kept for change and visitors; the back was the living, sleeping, and working room of the old couple, seldom parted now for many minutes out of their day in common. Here Blake had his working-table under the window, where he could catch some sort of side glance of the great river; on one side stood their bed, on the other the wife did her cooking on the fire, or sat mending or making, or went about some small duty for the comfort of the man she worshipped with a fondness dearer than their bridal love. The "lovely myrtle-tree" had early faded into the sere under daily drudgery and want of all the refinements that lend a charm to well-cared-for womankind. Evidently she "let herself go," as women say; in her shabby, dirty dress, she looked coarse and common enough, but for the love that spoke through her great black eyes, smiling at the wreck of her beauty with its divine joy.

She had no means to keep herself attractive; little enough to obtain food for the two. Her husband, wrapt in communion with the gods, gave her too little of his company, though in bodily presence so constantly by her side. "Money" was a thing he naturally abhorred; the very word irritated him, even from the lips he loved.

Kind, like a man was he; like a man, too, would have his way.

On this point we have his own recorded testimony of a spiritual revelation: "In eternity woman is the emanation of man; she has no will of her own; there is no such thing in eternity as a female will." This naïve vision may have been hard of attainment in "one flesh" during this mortal state; certain it is, the poet's reasoning instincts grew with age; he dearly loved an argument for its own sake, and would maintain against all disputants that the sun went round the earth — a very

Petruchio to contradict his Kate upon facts astronomical or unacceptable—if she gave him the occasion. As years brought her wisdom she ceased to strive with her tongue, or touch the cantankerous spot that lurked in a sweet and noble nature. What she had she served for meat; when all failed, she would spread their small table and set upon it—an empty dish; the unanswerable appeal that drove him to such work as could bring in the earthly dross by which alone—yet without which, man does not live.

He would often make himself useful to her in her necessary work, lighting the fire and putting on the kettle before she got up, while in every exigency of his art-life she gave good help no less than wifely sympathy. All trials notwithstanding, theirs was a true marriage of hearts, souls, and intellects; her affection, at least, was never divided, and passed the common love of woman. In age the tie grew closer, fonder still. She had borne no children, and the mother yearning of woman's nature clung about her heart's dearest, when dependent upon her in the feeble, failing days. He was her all in all.

Supremely happy in this, the man would never own a conqueror in earthly sorrow, accepting all as good from the hand that gave him being. "May God make this world to you, my child, as beautiful as it has been to me," such were his words of blessing to a lovely little girl who listened, wondering, to the poor, small, shabby old man possessed of nothing, while she had all her rich and doting parents could lavish. Life taught her better.

With the last months Blake's strength failed; not his passionate ardor for work. Propped up in his bed he went on with his labor of love on the Dante designs, and on a colored impression of his own favorite creation "The Ancient of Days," a commission from a friend. Then, as the lamp of life burnt low, his eyes fell on the wife of his youth, and a vision of grace and beauty, never for him altogether changed. "Stay," he said to her; "keep as you are! You have been ever an angel to me; I will draw you." With a hand almost numbed by death, he drew what she seemed to him: "A phrenzied sketch," 'twas said; with power, not physical resemblance.

Gently and gradually, possessing all his mind, he bowed to the inevitable. On a Sunday, 12th August, 1827, a few months before the term of seventy years, he lay chanting low to his Maker songs and melodies the inspiration of the solemn hour.

Most sweet they were to the fond ear that hung over him, drinking in his every breath. With eyes of undying hope bent upon her, he said: "My beloved, they are not mine, no, they are not mine." Then, with the power of vision that was upon him, he told her they would not be parted, he should always be about her to take care of her. Not as a man, but as a blessed angel, he went to that country he had all his life wished to see, happy, hoping for salvation through Jesus Christ.

About his burial, the question came from her lips. He chose the place where his people were laid, Bunhill Fields. He desired the service of the Church of England, being a Dissenter born.

His widow, proud in her grief, refused the offer of a pension from royalty—too late an honor to tempt her—when he was gone. In age and loneliness she chose to work, coloring designs and selling the art-treasures left for her subsistence. She was cared for, too, by several friends: "Nor did she live long enough to test their benevolence too severely," in Gilchrist's significant words. Eating her bread from day to day, she lingered four years and a month or two, always feeling the presence of his spirit very near whose wife she was for five-and-forty years. His only sister drew close to her at the last. She passed away, happily, repeating holy words and calling to her beloved, that she was coming to him and would not be long.

She was laid beside him, with a bushel of slacked lime in her coffin, according to her last request. The precaution was not unneeded, for the ground was since broken up, the graves desecrated, the dead disturbed. What became of their mortal part none can tell, but their labors and the story of their lives will last forevermore.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### SOME LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

IT was my father's good fortune during a great part of a busy life to associate on terms of intimate friendship with many who were eminent in literature and art. Charles Dickens, Robert Browning, the first Lord Lytton, the late Lord Houghton, George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, Wilkie and Charles Collins, John Forster, Sir Edwin Landseer, Barry Cornwall—these are some of the names that I find set down in some stray papers that came into my hands after my father's death. It had been his intention to put together for the

pleasure of his family and his intimate friends his reminiscences. He had begun the task, but illness came upon him before he could carry it very far. Of Dickens, for instance, I find only a few rough notes of this character.

"With Dickens at Crystal Palace performance of Sullivan's 'Tempest.' Walked with Dickens from Crystal Palace to Chorley's, 13 Eaton Place.

"Dickens fond of Americans. But when I returned from America in the spring of '63, and expressed my firm belief in the ultimate triumph of the North, he treated my opinion as a harmless hallucination.

"Sunday walks with Dickens in 1862 (February to June) when he was at Hyde Park Gate. Walked back with him from Star and Garter, Richmond, April 2, after dinner to celebrate John Forster's birthday.

"With Dickens in Paris, Nov., 1862. Course of restaurants."

Wilkie Collins was one of our closest and dearest friends. I say "our" advisedly, for he had known my father and mother before they were married, and we in our turn, as we grew up, came to look upon him rather as a friend of our own age than as the contemporary of our parents. It never occurred to us to call him anything but Wilkie. Of all the delightful companions I can remember he was one of the most delightful. There was a genial though almost old-fashioned courtesy in his manners, a gaiety and ease in his conversation, a sparkle in his stories, and a general kindness in his treatment of us youngsters, which endeared him to us above all our friends. He used to tell us great tales of Tom Sayers which held us spell-bound; for Wilkie, in spite of "Man and Wife," had at one time conversed as familiarly with prize-fighters as he did afterwards with artists, literary men, and actors. Once, too, I remember, Wilkie helped me in a serious difficulty. I had come home from school with a task more than ordinarily difficult. Our form had been ordered to translate the twelfth ode of Horace's first book into English verse. I tried, I think, for an hour, and knocked out four lines of execrable doggerel. Wilkie chanced to be staying with us, and in despair I determined to appeal to him for help. His reply was prompt: "Give me the crib, my boy — I'm no good at the Latin — and I'll see what I can do." The crib was produced, Wilkie took it in hand, and dictated to me almost without hesita-

tion a set of rolling Alexandrines, for which — I blush to own it — I secured high marks on the following morning.

What man or hero, Clio, dost thou name  
On pipe or lute to swell the roll of fame?

So they began, and continued in the same exalted strain to the end.

Olympus trembles, though the gods stand round,  
It needs must tremble when thy chariots sound.

Upon polluted groves thou hurl'st thy fire,  
And teachest man to reverence thine ire.

But of my father's long and unbroken friendship with Wilkie there is no mention in his note-book. Many letters there are both to my father and my mother, and of these I am able to print a few. They will show perhaps better than any other record could, the kind and manly nature of our dear old friend, his power of work, and his courage in battling against pain and illness.

The following pages, then, are made up partly from my father's own uncompleted note-book of reminiscences, partly from letters written to him or to my mother during many years. All I have done is to add an occasional paragraph between brackets [ ].

LORD LYTTON (*Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton*).

DICKENS gave me an introduction to Lord Lytton, then Sir Edward Bulwer, who asked me to stay with him at Knebworth in the summer of 1861. The grounds of Knebworth are lovely, and the house itself is beautifully proportioned; but it is disfigured to my mind by heraldic monstrosities, and a strange jumble of Wardour Street furniture. Lytton himself used to go about all day in the most wonderful old clothes. He stooped very much, and in his frayed, untidy suit looked at least seventy years old. At dinner-time, however, a wonderful change took place in him. It was as though he had taken a draught of some elixir. He appeared in evening dress as spruce as possible, and seemed to have left about twenty years of his age in his bedroom with his ancient garments. During dinner he was animated and most interesting. His wine was claret, a bottle of which stood beside him, and as soon as experience had taught me that this bottle contained the only wine which was good to drink, I contrived to make him share it with me. Immediately after dinner he smoked a large chi-

bouk. We then used to adjourn to the library, a noble room containing fine family portraits. Our host's conversation was most fascinating. In a large party his deafness prevented him from joining freely in the general conversation, but in the midst of a few friends willing and eager to listen, no talk could have equalled his. He was essentially what I call a monologist, but Dickens—the only man who perhaps could have disputed the supremacy with him—used to call him the greatest conversationalist of the age. At about eleven o'clock the power of the elixir seemed to wane; he became again a bent old man, his talk flagged, and he faded away from us to his bedroom, where it may be he sat down to work, for he was the most industrious of men, and was said often to write half the night through. I find in a letter I wrote at the time the following description of my experiences:—

"In fine weather this place would be a paradise. As it is, we are in a very fine old house full of curiosities, a splendid library, and Sir Edward B. Lytton. Yesterday it rained mercilessly all day; we read, talked, shivered, ate, and drank. After dinner Sir Edward was very entertaining. He passed all the principal orators of both Houses in review—Derby, the late Earl Grey, Bright, Disraeli, and Gladstone. He gave us his opinion of Louis Napoleon, anecdotes of Madame de Stael, Richard Owen, Fourierism, and an account of his experiences at Cannes with Lord Brougham, which would have made you die of laughing. Then suddenly he burst out into a splendid recitation of Scott's 'Young Lochinvar.' He thought the 'Woman in White' great trash, and 'Great Expectations' so far Dickens's best novel. He cannot read Tennyson. After a course of Emerson's 'Conduct of Life,' and some other philosophical writer whose name I forget, he happened to read Goethe, and felt like a man escaping from a black hole into pure air. He said he was constantly impressed with the wonderful universality of the Germans, and in particular was amazed at Schiller's knowledge of history, philosophy, and all manner of studies which to Byron, for instance, were a sealed book. He lay on a sofa smoking a chibouk, and Elizabeth\* sang very nicely. He expressed himself delighted, and thus delighted Elizabeth, although she knows he does not hear a note. Just now he has been in and said: 'I cannot bear being idle; if I only had a

grotto to make, or any change in the garden to plan, I should be perfectly happy.' You cannot imagine the desolation and melancholy of this place under the present leaden sky. Poor Bulwer is a lonely and unhappy man, and I was much touched by coming suddenly upon a little ivy-grown monument which stands in the garden, and bears the following mournful inscription:—

Alas, Poor Beau!

Died Feb. 28, 1852.

It is but to a dog that this stone is inscribed.

Yet what now is left within the Home of

Thy Fathers, O Solitary Master,

That will grieve for Thy departure

Or rejoice at thy return?—E. B. L.

"Round the banqueting-hall, high up, runs the following inscription:—

Read the Rede of this old Roof-tree. Here  
be Trust Fast, Opinion free,

Knightly Right Hand, Christian Knee,

Worth in all, Wit in some, Laughter open,  
Slander dumb.

Hearth where rooted Friendships grow, safe  
as Altar even to Foe.

And ye Sparks that upward go, when the  
Hearth flame dies below;

If thy sap in these may be, fear no winter, old  
Roof-tree."

During this visit to Knebworth one of my fellow-guests was a Miss Mattie Griffith from Kentucky. Inheriting a number of negroes, she had set them all free, and had refused their urgent entreaty to be allowed to set aside part of their wages for her benefit. Her act made her not only penniless but drove her from home, her abolitionist views making it impossible for her to continue to live in Kentucky. She had gone to Boston in order to make a living by literary effort, and had come to Lytton warmly introduced by Boston friends. She was enthusiastic for the preservation of the Union, and felt deeply the terrors of war between the North and the South. When, therefore, Lytton spread out a map of the United States, and declared in his most didactic way that if any lesson was taught by history, "such unwieldy empires must fall to pieces and split up into a number of states," I was amused to see Miss Griffith dancing a wild Indian war dance behind his back, and shaking her little fist at him. On this subject I may quote from the same letter.

"Miss Griffith is a poetess. I found in the library a little volume of pretty poems by Mattie Griffith, and in it an ode addressed to Sir Edward, and overflowing

\* The late Mrs. Benzon, my father's sister.

with enthusiastic admiration which probably aroused his interest in her. She is one of the most modest and innately lady-like persons I ever met, but a perfect tigress if America is sneered at or in any way blamed. Her love for her country burst out into some fierce little quarrels with Sir Edward. He thought the Americans would be much the better for a monarch and a few hereditary gentlemen. She scorned the notion, and said that if such a thing ever happened 'it would just break my heart.'

Lytton had a curious drawling manner of speech, his words being interspersed with frequent "erras" to help him out when he was waiting for the proper word. Then, again, he would emphasize a sentence or a single word by loudly raising his voice, a peculiarity which gave his talk a certain dramatic character. I remember once, when I was dining with him *en petit comité*, the conversation turned upon the universality of belief in a divine Creator, and even now I fancy I hear him saying: "When — erra — I had the honor — erra — of becoming her Majesty's secretary of state for the colonies, I made it my first business — erra — to instruct my agents all over the habitable globe — erra — to report to me if they knew of any nation, tribe, or community — erra;" thus far he had spoken in a low, melodious voice, when suddenly he changed his register, shot out the following words as from a catapult, "*who did not believe in a GOD.*" He added that he had only found one savage community with such a want of belief.

In the garden at Knebworth he was fond of pointing out the tree under which "young Robert" \* wrote his poetry.

He was always buying and selling houses in town or places in the country. Among the latter I remember Copped Hall, near Totteridge, in Hertfordshire, a tumbledown old house in which I found him settled one winter with H. W. Ernst, the famous violinist, and his French wife. I am told that in all these purchases and sales Lytton did well.

I remember finding him and his brother Lord Dalling assembled among the guests for a dinner to inaugurate a new house of Sir Alexander Cockburn's, at 40 Hertford Street. As usual with Cockburn, the house contained merely the necessary furniture, but neither picture, engraving, nor indeed any work of art. I could not help expressing to Lytton my wonder at the

extent of bare walls in the house of a man of taste like Cockburn. Lytton looked round and quietly replied: "Just the kind of house — erra — for him to start from after breakfast — erra — *to hang a man.*"

Lytton prided himself upon his knowledge of agricultural matters, and was fond of being consulted about them. When my wife was going to keep cows, and in her total ignorance of the subject rather trembled at the prospect, I advised her to consult Sir Edward Bulwer, and I now possess his reply of nine pages bursting with professional knowledge.

He was very fond of my little daughter, and once actually persuaded my wife to let her accompany us to Knebworth. The little lady was not over five or six, and accepted the most slavish devotion from Lytton as her due. It was touching to see our frail, bent old host in his usual toilet of ancient clothes wander hand-in-hand with his small friend through the gardens, wasting, I fear, much wisdom and good counsel varied by wonderful stories. I tried hard to impress her with the great honor done to her, but I am afraid quite in vain. She pined for her toys and companions at home, and did not care a jot for the glories of Knebworth.

#### SOME CURIOUS QUARRELS.

##### *Sir Alexander Cockburn v. Sir Edwin Landseer.*

AS great nations have often chosen to fight out their wars on the territory of in-offensive neighbors, so some remarkable men have thought fit to explode their animosity at my humble dinner-table or at that of members of my family. The late lord chief justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, was at one time a frequent guest at my house. His innumerable gifts, his fine scholarship, and his animated conversation made his society delightful — when he was in a good humor. But his temper was imperious and vindictive, and his quarrels with intimate friends sudden and unaccountable. I remember Millais saying to me of him, "You should never have that man on your premises without having the fire-engines ready to act," and the point of the remark was forcibly brought home to me on two occasions.

The first was in 1863 or 1864. At that time and for some years afterwards I was living some six miles out of London, near Muswell Hill, and both Sir Alexander Cockburn and Sir Edwin Landseer were among my frequent visitors. They were old and very intimate friends. Sir Alex-

\* The late Earl Lytton.

ander promised to dine with me on a certain Sunday, and upon hearing that Landseer was also to be of the party, he offered to call for him in his carriage and drive him out, an offer which Sir Edwin cheerfully accepted. On the appointed day both arrived in an open phaeton, Cockburn himself driving. As usual, we sauntered in the garden before dinner, and I remember Landseer telling me that he always knew the quarter of the wind from the general aspect and color of the landscape. Then came dinner. I forget who were the other guests, but I recollect that we were very cheerful and that there was abundance of good talk. When the ladies had left the table some one spoke of Shakespeare, and Landseer remarked that even Shakespeare had made mistakes, for in "As You Like it" he makes "a poor, sequestered stag" shed "big, round tears." "Now," said Landseer, "I have made stags my especial study, and I know for a fact that it is quite impossible for them to shed tears." Most of us were inclined to accept this statement as a curious and innocent Shakespearian commentary, but Cockburn suddenly startled us by turning upon Landseer and asking him in a loud voice, "And don't you think you are committing a most unwarrantable impertinence in criticising Shakespeare?" A bomb exploding in our midst could not have created greater dismay than this violent and unexpected exclamation. Poor Landseer, the most sensitive of mortals, turned pale; Cockburn continued to glare at him, and all I could do was to break up the party and bundle my quarrelsome guests into the garden. Cockburn joined the ladies, while Landseer remained with the rest of us almost beside himself with anger at this churlish and unprovoked attack. Now came a great difficulty. How was Landseer to be got home? We were, as I have said, some six miles from town, it was a Sunday evening, and no cabs were to be had for love or money. I therefore made every imaginable effort to bring about a reconciliation. With this view I entreated Landseer to forget and forgive. "Remember, Sir Edwin," I said, "that long after he has joined all the other lord chief justices and is forgotten, your name will remain as that of the greatest English painter of this or any other age." "That's true," replied Sir Edwin, "and I am willing to make it up and ride home with him, but," he added, "begad, sir, he had better know that if he begins again, I am the man to get down, take off my coat, and fight

him in the lanes." All attempts, however, to conciliate Sir Alexander were in vain. When I told him that Landseer was willing to shake hands and to go home with him, he shut me up by replying curtly, "I will not take him." He drove away alone.

*Sir Alexander Cockburn v. Lord Houghton.*

DURING the progress of the Tichborne trial (*i.e.*, the ejectment action before Chief Justice Bovill) Sir Alexander Cockburn dined with me at my house, near Highgate, and Lord Houghton was one of the party. At that time public opinion had begun to go against the claimant; for dear, paradoxical Lord Houghton this was enough. He immediately ranged himself on the other side. On this particular day he came on to me straight from Holly Lodge, where Lady Burdett-Coutts had been giving a garden-party. At dinner the conversation, of course, turned upon the Tichborne case, and I remember that Cockburn expressed his opinion very emphatically to the effect that the claimant was an impostor. Houghton, however, argued upon the other side. Suddenly Cockburn cut him short by saying, "I should have thought this impossible from any one with the very meanest intellect." Houghton paused, apparently overwhelmed, and then replied: "But surely that was very rude;" upon which Cockburn, glaring fixedly at him, merely added, "I meant it to be so."

We got out of the dining-room somehow, but the incident, as may easily be imagined, did not contribute to the harmony of the evening. Lord Houghton, the most placable and amiable of men, never forgot or forgave the affront, and years afterwards, as he and I were going home together from a pleasant meeting at the Century Club, New York, he spoke of this incident as a proof of Cockburn's "terrible temper."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HAWTHORNE was sent as United States consul to Liverpool in 1854, he being one of the many examples of the American government's constant practice of doing honor to their eminent literary men by appointing them to distinguished public positions. I was invited by an American friend of mine in Liverpool to meet Hawthorne soon after his arrival. His appearance was very striking, his face handsome and intellectual, and the large, liquid eyes were full of latent fire and poetical imagi-

nation. He was not only reticent but almost taciturn, and, when he did speak, was apt to pause and then jerk out the rest of the sentence. Americans have, as a rule, a very remarkable facility of expression. Here was a curious exception. I remember condoling with him for having exchanged Boston, the hub of creation, for uncongenial Liverpool, when he replied: "Oh, Liverpool is a very pleasant place" (then a pause sufficiently long for me to look surprised, and then suddenly the end of the sentence) "to get away from."

After Hawthorne left Liverpool we did not meet again until my visit to America in the autumn of 1862, under the following circumstances. Robert Chambers had given me a letter for Emerson, which made him ask me to spend a day with him at Concord. He seemed to be the beau ideal of a contented and virtuous sage. Placidity and serenity were, to my mind, the chief characteristics of his face and manner. His conversation flowed without the slightest effort, copiously and harmoniously. He took me all over Concord, pointing out the lions of the war of independence. He seemed proud of the wealth of his New England orchard, the apple-trees having done specially well that year. All his surroundings, not only his family, but his house and furniture, seemed to fit Emerson, and left upon me the very pleasant impression of my having come in contact with a master mind living in refined frugality. Among others Emerson had asked Hawthorne to meet me. As usual, he hardly ever spoke, and I only remember his breaking his apparent vow of silence when appealed to by a Mr. Bradford. This gentleman, after a fiery denunciation of the South, having come to the end of his peroration, passionately turned to his silent listener with the words, "Don't you agree with me?" Then Hawthorne astonished him by uttering the monosyllable "No," after which he again relapsed into silence.

Emerson told me that Hawthorne's increased taciturnity caused much anxiety to his family. My recollection of him is of one gloomy and much troubled, while I shall always think of Emerson as pellucid and at peace.

#### HENRY F. CHORLEY.

CHORLEY, the musical critic of the *Athenæum*, was in appearance and manners one of the strangest of mortals. His face was all out of drawing, and his high voice and curious, angular movements made him a very conspicuous figure wher-

ever he went. Some thirty years ago music in London really meant Italian opera or Handel's oratorios, for anything else there was an extremely limited public. Good chamber music could only be heard during the season at Ella's Union, and was there heard only by a few hundred people. Arthur Chappell *a changé tout cela*. No single critic could now make or mar a musical reputation, but in the antediluvian days of which I speak Chorley, as the mouthpiece of the *Athenæum*, was master of the situation and ruled supreme. I am bound to add that he was thoroughly honest, and, though he had his favorites, he wrote without fear. But he had neither the natural gifts nor the education necessary for so responsible a position. He took the most violent likes and dislikes, an important matter, seeing that he, so to speak, made public opinion. He cordially disliked Madame Schumann (whom, by the way, he always called "the shoe-woman"). There can be no doubt that by his ignorant but constantly expressed detestation of Schumann's music he for many years prevented that great composer from becoming properly known and appreciated in this country. On the other hand, Chorley adored Mendelssohn, and went so far as to consider any admiration of Schumann a slight upon his idol. All this has now become a matter of history, and in spite of Chorley's well-nigh forgotten efforts Schumann has taken his legitimate place in England as elsewhere. In those days Chorley was a writer of opera books, and he seemed to look upon the composer's part of the business as entirely secondary to his own. For instance, he always spoke of the "Amber Witch," for which he had written the libretto, as "my opera."

At his little house, 13 Eaton Place, West, he saw very good company and gave many pleasant dinners, to which he invited artists and literary men of eminence. At the same time he had a curious way of alluding to those whose rank and means made it unnecessary for them to live by their brains as "real people." I remember once meeting Meyerbeer and John Forster at his table. Little Meyerbeer looked at least a hundred years old. We happened to be talking about age, and I remember that Forster, in tones made most dulcet for the occasion, said to Meyerbeer: "And might I ask, M. Meyerbeer, how old you are?" But Meyerbeer was equal to the occasion, and merely replied: "I think you might, Mr. Forster, but I am not sure whether I would tell you."

I remember a curious instance of the apparent impossibility of French people understanding how differently newspapers are managed in this country. M. and Madame (Miolan) Carvalho were dining at Chorley's with Tom Taylor, who was at that time the art critic of the *Times*, a fact of which madame was aware, but monsieur was not. Something in the musical criticisms of the *Times* had apparently displeased M. Carvalho, and he broke out into a fierce invective against the paper. In vain his wife made signs to him and tried to stop him, until at last she electrified him by saying: "*Mais, mon ami, M. Taylor est du Times.*" I never saw such a transformation scene. Tom Taylor did his best to explain to M. Carvalho that he, as the art critic, had no more to do with the music criticisms in the *Times* than the man in the moon. But poor Carvalho continued to make the most abject apologies, and entreated him to forget what he had said.

Chorley was really a most hospitable man, but his hospitality sometimes took strange forms. Once, I remember, he asked me whether I was engaged upon a certain date, and upon my replying no, he somewhat astonished me by saying that he would come and dine with me on that day. "I shall have a blue-coat boy staying with me," he continued, "and I will bring him with me; it will do the lad good." Chorley was as good as his word. On the appointed day he and his *protégé* dined with me at my house in Westbourne Terrace. The proximity of Westbourne Terrace to Paddington Station, from which the blue-coat boy was to start that evening for his home, was, I fancy, the chief reason for this singular invitation. Chorley, however, was, I am bound to say, profuse in his invitations to dinner at his own house, but occasionally his stream of diners would cease, though he never consented to abdicate altogether the position of Amphitryon. For instance, he would meet you in June and say to you: "I have quite made up my mind to have a little dinner on Guy Fawkes day, will you come?" And through all these intervening months Chorley would never meet you without reminding you that you were engaged to him for the 5th of November. This became a standing joke amongst his intimates, and any proposal to fix a festivity a long way ahead was at once checked by "No Guy Fawkes invitation."

In his later days poor Chorley became very feeble, and used often to forget where he was, and to imagine when din-

ing out that he was dining at his own house.

On one occasion, when Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, and others were dining at our house near Highgate, a curious incident happened. When Chorley arrived before dinner he showed that he was not quite at his ease by saying to my wife: "Dear friend, where am I?" To which she replied reassuringly: "Oh, Mr. Chorley, you must consider yourself at home." I take the following amusing account from a letter written at the time by my wife:—

"At last Chorley didn't in the very least know where he was, and again asked me confidentially if I could tell him. I said he was at Woodlands. He said, 'Where's that?' During dinner he appeared to have settled it in his own mind that he was at home; consequently he kept on ringing the bell, giving Martin all sorts of orders, and calling him Drury (his own man's name). He was quite vexed with me for ringing once and giving an order myself. At the end of dinner he tottered up, held on for a moment as if the chair was a mast and he was crossing the Channel, asked me to be good enough to take care of his guests for him, and particularly to see that Mr. Collins got what wine he liked, feebly said 'Drury,' whereat Martin took his arm—and so vanished to bed. He was all right the next day, and is right now and most delightful, like his fine, bright, old conceited self again. To-night we have a dinner-party in his honor, Charles Reade, Tuckie, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Procter, Mr. Bockett, and one or two others."

Next day. "I told you in my last letter about the dinner we had arranged for Chorley. When we sat down, his delusion of being at his own table came on again. We were all known to him except Mr. Bockett. I saw him now and then puzzling over Bockett, unable to account for Bockett, but in his old-fashioned, chivalrous way with the greatest stranger, sending all the dishes round to Bockett, pressing things upon him. 'Take the champagne to Mr. Bockett, please,' etc., etc. After dinner, when Wilkie was proceeding to light his cigar, Chorley at once interfered, declaring that he never allowed smoking in his dining-room. There was, I believe, a little scene, but matters were amicably arranged afterwards. Afterwards, in the music-room, Chorley asked me how his dinner had gone off, was it good? Then he said, 'I shall certainly ask Mr. Bockett again, he's ver-r-y nice.' 'But,' said Kitty, 'have you ever seen him

before?' 'Well,' said Chorley, meditating, 'no — but then' (with an important little snigger) 'this little dinner of mine has been a complete ——' perhaps he meant a complete surprise to himself, but he waved off the end of the sentence. Every now and then he quite recovered himself, and told us how confused he had been. During one of these intervals he went up to Wilkie and most touchingly apologized to him, but in a short time again he would ring the bell and think himself at home."

ROBERT BROWNING.

[OF Robert Browning I find no mention in my father's note-book. But he too was one of the intimate friends who often gathered round my father, "and tired the sun with talking, and sent him down the sky." One little incident I particularly remember. It occurred on New Year's day, 1886, when Browning dined with us at 15 Berkeley Square. After we had joined the ladies the conversation turned upon eyesight, my father, I think, remarking that he found writing more and more difficult every day owing to his failing sight. Browning, however, declared that he himself found no difficulty whatever, his eyesight being as good then as it had ever been. He offered to prove his statement, and called for paper, pen, and ink, which were at once produced. He then wrote, in an extraordinarily minute but perfectly legible hand, the following: —

Shall we all die?  
We shall die all:  
Die all shall we,  
Die all we shall.

ROBERT BROWNING, Jan. 1, '86.

Afflictions sore  
Long time I bore,  
Physicians were in vain;  
Till God did please  
To give me ease,  
Release me from my pain.

Having done this he paused, then suddenly said, "I'll give you some Greek too," and then, in the same tiny hand, added these three lines, the first three of "The Seven against Thebes": —

Καδμων παλαιον χρη λεγειν τα καιρια  
οστις φαλασσει πραγος εν πρυμνη πολιος  
οιακα νωμων βλεφαρα μη κοιμων νπνρ.

His son, who was standing by, suggested that the lines would be the better for accents and breathings, but Browning refused to add them. There is, by the way, a misquotation of *παλαιον* for *πολιται*, which makes nonsense of the first line, but noth-

ing was said about that at the time. Moreover *πολιος* ought to be *πόλεως*. I ought to add that I can remember nothing that could account for the gloomy character of the English part of this curious manuscript.]

19 Warwick Crescent, Upper Westbourne Terrace, W.:  
October 21, 1867.

MY DEAR MRS. LEHMANN, — "Renew our interrupted acquaintance," is a sadly inadequate expression for *my* share in the matter; say rather that by seeing you again I shall complete the delight with which I heard of your return and restoration to health. I do hope we are past "acquaintanceship" long ago, or your kindness and your husband's kindness have been inconsiderately bestowed. Of course I shall be most happy to go to you on Wednesday.

Ever truly yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

19 Warwick Crescent, Upper Westbourne Terrace:  
July 17, 1869.

DEAR MRS. LEHMANN, — You should not bid me be "like my old self" — because my last self is always the most affectionately disposed to you of all the selves; and I can do myself (honestly to speak) no greater pleasure than to go to you on Monday week. I always think my heart is on my sleeve, and that who likes may see it, and know whether it means kindly or otherwise to them — for all one's excuses, refusings, and misleading stupidity; and unless it play me false indeed, it must beat very gratefully whenever your name is mentioned; with such recollections of long kindness unvaried by a minutest touch of anything like the contrary! So let me have the enjoyment you promise me — if by help of your brother, well — if by my own means and act, still well enough. But, understand that I don't care a straw about seeing anybody but yourself and your husband — for my eyes rather ache just now with such sights as you promise. With love to your husband,

Ever affectionately yours,

R. BR.

19 Warwick Crescent, W.:  
Tuesday Evening, July 27, 1869.

DEAR FRIEND, — I hardly know whether you are quite in earnest, but *I* am, in — more than grieving — being frightened a little at all this ill-luck.

I ought to have started in a cab the moment things grew doubtful; why did I not? Because I was unwell — having been so for some time — and felt the grasshopper a burden all day long in the house from which I never stirred.

Besides, I am of a dull, unadventurous turn in these matters. Of course, to-day I fancy how easily and happily I might have reached you, even if a little late. Don't cast me off next time, if there be a next time, and be sure I will try hard to break the ugly spell. I had no expectation that you would think of arranging for me at all, as I was so long in hearing from you. I supposed you left me to my own resources, as I bade you — and should certainly have reached Woodlands at the punctual quarter past, but for your superfluity of goodness.

Thank you for your beautiful flowers — I can give nothing in return — unless you bear with a photograph? Yes, you will, and here it shall be. Good-bye over again, dear friend. I am ever — so believe it — in all affection yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

19 Warwick Crescent, W. :  
December 4, 1873.

MY DEAR LEHMANN, — See how prettily the story is told in the good old style of Wanley, 1677. "A certain young man came to Rome, in the shape of his body so like Augustus, that he set all the people at gaze upon that sight. Augustus hearing of it, sent for the young man, who, being come into his presence: 'Young man,' says he, 'was your mother ever in Rome?' He, discerning whither the question tended, 'No, sir,' said he, 'but my father hath often;' wittily eluding the intended suspicion of his own mother, and begetting anew concerning that of Augustus." Ever yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

19 Warwick Crescent, W. :  
January 24, 1876.

MY DEAR LEHMANN, — With this note, you will receive the picture.\* What can I say in sending it that you do not perfectly understand? Really, I doubt if anything ever made me more happy than such a prodigious incitement to Pen's industry, and, what he has always wanted, a confidence in his own power of doing good and original work. We can't but believe (all of us here) that your personal kindness had more to do with the purchase than you would desire us to think. Still it is not hard to fancy that you find sufficient pleasure in being the first to bring forward a young fellow who may — and ought — to justify such a distinction by future success. It is simply the truth to say that your approval of the picture

\* My father had bought one of "Pen" Browning's first pictures.

would have been preferable immeasurably to its purchase by almost anybody else; you must know *why*, well enough. There, I shall say no more, but remember this circumstance so long as "this machine is to him." Yours truly,

R. BROWNING.

19 Warwick Crescent, W. :  
November 10, 1884.

DEAR MRS. LEHMANN, — It will indeed be a delight for me to see you again, and dine with you and your husband on the 23rd. Tell him so, please, with my best regards.

As for Pen, "how he is and where" — he has just entered into a good and adequate studio at Paris, unlike the poor holes he has hitherto occupied. His "Dryope" is obtaining great success in Brussels, where they allowed it to arrive a fortnight after the last day for receiving works at the Exhibition, and gave it the best place there. He told me, months ago, that he had painted a little picture as his proper tribute to your Nina. Oh, you dear Scotch! while writing the above bit, I got a telegram asking me to be the rector at Glasgow (as I have more than once refused to let my friends attempt to make me), "by unanimous election" this time! NO, once more, but I am grateful enough all the same. So am I grateful for such scraps as this, by one of their best critics, I hear: —

Un bronze empoignant et qui se fait aisément pardonner certaines lourdeurs, c'est *Dryopée* fascinée par Apollon sous la forme d'un serpent. Voilà qui est grandement vu et éminemment sculptural! Qui donc osera contester encore aux Anglais le sentiment de la plastique? M. Browning renverse victorieusement ce préjugé.

Bear with me, and believe me ever, though "a parent," affectionately yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

19 Warwick Crescent, W. :  
December 29, 1884.

MY DEAR LEHMANN, — Here you have, as well as I can remember, the translation I made impromptu for Felix Moscheles, and which hangs in his music-room: —

In the whole tribe of singers is this vice,  
Ask them to sing, you'll have to ask them  
twice;

If you don't ask them — that's another thing,  
Until the Judgment-day, be sure they'll sing.\*

Ever yours truly,

ROBERT BROWNING.

\* Horace, Sat. i. 3.

WILKIE COLLINS.

[These letters from Wilkie Collins are published by permission of Mr. A. P. Watt, his literary executor.]

Milan: October 26, 1866.

MY DEAR PADRONA, — Are you angry with me for leaving your charming letter so long unanswered? You well might be — and yet it is not my fault. I have been living in a whirlwind, and have only dropped out of the vortex in this place. In plain English the first quarter of an hour which I have had at my own disposal since you wrote to me, is a quarter of an hour to-night, in this very damp and very dreary town. Last night my travelling companion (Pigott) and I went to a public ball here. We entered by a long, dark passage, passed through a hall ornamented with a large stock of fenders, grates, and other ironmongery for sale on either side, found ourselves in a spacious room lit by three oil lamps, with *two* disreputable females smoking cigars, ten or a dozen depressed men, about four hundred empty chairs in a circle, one couple polking in that circle, and nothing else, on my sacred word of honor, nothing else going on! To-night I am wiser. I stay at the hotel and write to you.

Let us go back to England.

How came I to be so dreadfully occupied when your letter reached me? Surely I need not tell you, who know me so well, the particular circumstance in which my troubles took their rise. *Of course I caught a cold.* Very good. I had four different visits to pay in the country, and they had to be put off till I was better. I also had a play (The Frozen Deep) accepted at the Olympic Theatre and to be produced at Christmas. I also had my engagement with Pigott to go to Rome on a certain day. Very good again. It turned out as soon as I was better that all my four visits must be paid together in ten days — in consequence of the infernal cold seizing on me by the nose, teeth, face, throat, and chest in succession, and keeping me at home till the time for going to Italy was perilously near at hand. To make matters worse, the play with which the Olympic season opened proved a failure, and "The Frozen Deep" was wanted in October instead of at Christmas. I paid a visit to the country, and came back to London and read the play to the actors. I paid another visit, and came back and heard the actors read their parts to *me*. I paid another visit and came back to a first rehearsal! I paid a last visit and came

back to see the stage "effects" tried — and went away again to say good-bye to Mama Collins at Tunbridge Wells — and came back again to sketch the play-bill and hear the manager's last words — and went away again to Folkestone and Boulogne, and stopped in Paris a day to discuss the production of my other play, "Armada," on the French stage, with my good friend Regnier, of the Théâtre Français, and went away again through Switzerland and over the Splügen with Pigott, whose time is limited, and whose travelling must not be of the dawdling and desultory kind — and so it happened that to-morrow night, if all goes well, I shall be at Bologna while "The Frozen Deep" is being performed for the first time in London, and the respectable British public is hissing or applauding me, as the case may be. In the midst of all this, where is the time for me to write to the best of women? There is no time but between ten and eleven to-night at the Albergo Reale in Milan. Have I justified myself? Hem?

We shall go all the sooner to Rome, I think, and when we leave Rome towards the end of next month and take the steamer for Marseilles I will write again and say my last word about a visit to Pau.\* If I *can* come, though it may be only for a few days, depend upon it I will. It will all depend on my letters from London and Paris next month, and as soon as those letters are received you shall hear from me once more.

In the mean time need I say how glad I am to hear such good news of you. You know how glad I am, but are you learning to take care of yourself for the future? Don't say "Stuff!" Don't go to the piano (especially as *I* am not within hearing) and forget the words of wisdom. Cultivate your appetite, and your appetite will reward you. Purchase becoming (and warm) things for the neck and chest. Rise superior to the devilish delusion which makes women think that their feet cannot possibly look pretty in thick boots. I have studied the subject, and I say they *can*. Men understand these things; Mr. Worth, of Paris, dresses the fine French ladies who wear the "Falballe," and regulates the fashions of Europe. He is about to start "comforters" and hobnail boots for the approaching winter. In two months' time it will be indecent for a woman to show her neck at night, and if you don't make a frightful noise at every

\* My mother was passing the winter at Pau.

step you take on the pavement you abrogate your position as woman, wife, and mother in the eyes of all Europe. Is this exaggerated? No! A thousand times no! It is horrible—but it is the truth.

Has Fred returned to you? If he has, give him my love, and ask him to bring you to Rome in the middle of next month. Oh dear, dear! how pleasant it would be if we could all meet in the Forum! But we shan't. Kiss Miss L. for me, and give my love to the boys. The lamp is going out, and I must start early to-morrow morning, and there is nothing for it but to repeat that everlasting business of unbuttoning and going to bed. Good-bye for the present.

Yours affectionately,  
W. C.

9 Melcombe Place, Dorset Square, London:  
Dec. 9, 1866.

Injured and admirable Padrona! Observe the date and address!!

What does it mean? Am I a wretch unworthy of your kindness, unworthy of your interest?

I affirm with the whole force of my conviction that I am only the unluckiest of men.

Hear me!

I had made all my arrangements for returning by way of Pau, and was on the point of writing to you to say so, when letters arrived for me from Paris and London.

The letter from Paris only informed me of a difficulty. The letter from London announced a disaster.

My collaborator in the new French dramatic version of "Armada" was at a standstill in Paris for want of personal explanations with the author of the book. He had urgent reasons for wishing to see me as soon as possible. Having laid this letter down I took up next the letter from London. It was from the manager of the Olympic Theatre, and it announced the total failure (in respect of attracting audiences) of "The Frozen Deep!" Not a sixpence made for me by the play (after all the success of the first night!)—the account books of the theatre waiting to be examined by me—and the manager waiting to know what was to be done next! There was nothing for it but to resign myself to the disappointment of missing my visit, and to get back to Paris and London as fast as I could. I caught the steamer at Civita Vecchia, went to Leghorn, from Leghorn to Marseilles, Marseilles to Macon (to rest after ten hours' shaking on the railway), Macon to Paris.

At Paris a long day's work with my collaborator which put things right again. Next day from Paris to London. Next day investigation of the accounts of the theatre—plain evidence that the play has not even paid its expenses—no alternative that I can see or the manager either, but to put "The Frozen Deep" on the shelf by or before Christmas. Such is my brief narrative of disaster. Now you know the facts, will you be a dear good soul and forgive your faithful Wilkie? When a man's affairs are all going wrong in his absence abroad what is the man to do? He can do nothing but go back.

The play is (I am *told*, for I have not yet had the courage to go and see it) beautifully got up, and very well acted. But the enlightened British public declares it to be "*slow*." There isn't an atom of slang or vulgarity in the whole piece from beginning to end; no female legs are shown in it; Richard Wardom doesn't get up after dying and sing a comic song; sailors are represented in the Arctic regions, and there is no hornpipe danced, and no sudden arrival of "the pets of the ballet" to join the dance in the costume of Esquimaux maidens; finally, all the men on the stage *don't* marry all the women on the stage at the end, and nobody addresses the audience and says, "If our kind friends here to-night will only encourage us by their applause, there are brave hearts among us which will dare the perils for many a night yet of—'The Frozen Deep!'"

For these reasons, best of women, I have failed. Is my tail put down? No—a thousand times, no! I am at work on the dramatic "Armada," and I will take John Bull by the scruff of the neck, and force him into the theatre to see it—before or after it has been played in French, I don't know which—but into the theatre John Bull shall go. I have some ideas of advertising next time that will make the public hair stand on end. And so enough, and more than enough, of theatrical matters.

Oh, I wanted you so at Rome—in the Protestant cemetery—don't start! No ghosts—only a cat. I went to show my friend Pigott the grave of the illustrious Shelley. Approaching the resting-place of the divine poet in a bright sunlight, the finest black Tom you ever saw discovered at an incredible distance that a catanthropist had entered the cemetery—rushed up at a gallop, with his tail at right angles to his spine—turned over on his back with his four paws in the air, and said in

the language of cats: "Shelley be hanged! Come and tickle me!" I stooped and tickled him. We were both profoundly affected.

Is this all I have to tell you about Rome? By no means, then why don't I go on and tell it? Because it is five o'clock — the British muffin-bell is ringing — the dismal British Sunday is closing in. I have promised to dine with the Benzons (where I shall meet Fred), and to take Charley and Katie (who is in the doctor's hands again) on my way. I must walk to keep my horrid corpulence down, and the time is slipping away; and though I want to go on talking to you, I must submit to another disappointment, and give it up.

Will you write and say you have forgiven me? The most becoming ornament of your enchanting sex is — mercy. It is the ornament, dear lady, that *you* especially wear! (Mercy on me, I am drifting into the phraseology of Count Fosco!) Let me revert to W. C. again. Will you ask me to come and see you when you are back in the fine weather at Woodlands? Do please — for it isn't my fault that I am in London instead of in Pau. I must work and get some money, now my play has declined to put a halfpenny in my pocket. Yours ever affectionately, W. C.

90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square:  
Jan. 10, 1868.

#### IN VINO VERITAS.

While drinking healths on New Year's Eve  
I promised all you ask'd me.  
Next day excuses you receive  
Which say you overtask'd me.  
"Ungrateful man!" my lady cries,  
"With falsehood's mark I brand him!"  
To which your humble slave replies,  
"Pray, madam, understand him!"  
The wine once in, the truth comes out,  
(This proverb may assist you)  
When sober, I can pause and doubt;  
When *not* — I can't resist you!

W. C.

90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square:  
Monday, Jan. 4, 1869.

DEAREST PADRONA, — I have just seen Fechter — he has called here. The great culinary artist is dismissed in disgrace. You must not think of engaging her. She has done all sorts of dreadful things. Alas! such but too frequently is the fatal gift of genius! I wish I knew of another cook to recommend — but unless you will take *me*, I know of nobody. And I am conscious of one serious objection to myself. My style is expensive. I look on meat simply as a material for sauces. Yours affectionately, W. C.

90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square:  
October 25, 1869.

MY DEAR FRED, — The Stoughton bitters arrived this morning from Liverpool. At the same time appeared a parcel of country sausages from Beard. I sent him back a bottle of the bitters with instructions to drink your health in brandy and bitters, and to meditate on the innumerable virtues of intoxicating liquors for the rest of the day. On my part I suspended an immortal work of fiction, by going downstairs and tasting a second bottle properly combined with gin. Result delicious! Thank you a thousand times! The first thing you must do on your return to England is to come here and taste gin and bitters. May it be soon!\*

Have I any news? Very little. I sit here all day attacking English institutions — battering down the marriage laws of Scotland and Ireland and reviling athletic sports — in short, writing an *unpopular* book which may possibly make a hit, from the mere oddity of a modern writer running full tilt against the popular sentiment instead of cringing to it. The publishers are delighted with what I have done — especially my American publishers, who sent me an instalment of 500*l.* the other day, on receipt of only the first weekly part. I call *that* something like enthusiasm. Produce me the English publisher who treats his author in this way.

I am to meet the Padrona at Procter's on Thursday. And I *did* meet her at Payn's last week, looking very well and beautifully dressed. But two events occurred worth mentioning. The Padrona, assisting the force of a few sensible remarks by appropriate gesticulation, knocked over her glass of champagne, and flooded the table. Shortly afterwards I assisted a few sensible remarks, on my part, by appropriate gesticulation, and knocked over *my* glass, and flooded the table. *And* Mrs. Payn, seeing her cloth ruined, kept her temper like an angel, and smiled upon me while rivulets of champagne were flowing over *my* dress-trousers and *her* morocco leather chair. Excellent woman!

Reade has been here, and has carried off my book about the French police (*mémoires tirés des archives*). He begged me to go and see him at Oxford. I said, "Very well! write and say when." Need I add that he has *not* written?

I had a friend to dinner at the Junior Athenæum the other day. Our remon-

\* My father was in the United States, on his way round the world.

strance has produced its effect. I declined to order *anything* after our experience. "A dinner at so much a head. If it isn't good I shall personally submit myself for examination before the committee, and shall produce specimens of the dishes received by myself." The result was a very good dinner. When you come back let us try the same plan. Nothing like throwing the whole responsibility on the cook.

I had a day at Gadshill a little while since. Only the family. Very harmonious and pleasant — except Dickens's bath, which dripped behind the head of my bed all night. Apropos of Gadshill, your cutting from the *New York Times* has been followed by a copy of the paper, and a letter from Bigelow. I don't think Dickens has heard of it, and I shan't say anything about it, for it might vex him, and can do no good. Why they should rake up that old letter *now*, is more than I can understand. But then a people who can spell Forster's name without the "r," are evidently capable of anything.

Fechter has refused, what appears to everybody but himself, to be an excellent offer from America. He seems determined to go "on his own hook" in December next, and will find the managers whom he has refused his enemies when he gets there. I am afraid he has made a mistake.

Charley and Kitty are back in town. Charley dined here yesterday — no, Saturday. He is fairly well.

Mrs. John Wood has made the St. James's Theatre a perfect fairy palace, and is playing old English comedy with American actors. Scenery and dresses marvellously good. A great success. The other great success I am going to see on Wednesday — monkeys who are real circus riders, jump through hoops, dance on the horse's back, *and* bow to the audience when they are applauded. We shall see them in Shakespeare next — and why not? They can't be worse than the human actors, and they *might* be better.

Where will you be when this reaches you? I am told you have got to San Francisco. That will do. Come back. Leave well alone, and come back. I will describe Japan to you, and take you to see the manufactures afterwards at the Baker Street Bazaar.

Good-bye for the present. Yours, my dear F., ever W. C.

As for my health, I am getting along pretty slick, sir! A third of my book just done. Have seen nothing of Forster. *Shall* see him if we all last till November

21, at dear old Procter's birthday celebration. Reade and Charley send loves.

Buffalo, New York: Jan. 2, 1874.

Strange to say, my dear Fred, I have actually got some leisure time at this place. A disengaged half hour is before me, and I occupy it in writing a sort of duplicate letter for the Padrona and for you.

I hear you have called like a good fellow at Gloucester Place, and have heard something of me there from time to time. No matter where I go, my reception in America is always the same. The prominent people in each place visit me, drive me out, dine me, and do all that they can to make me feel myself among friends. The enthusiasm and the kindness are really and truly beyond description. I should be the most ungrateful man living if I had any other than the highest opinion of the American people. I find them to be the most enthusiastic, the most cordial, and the most sincere people I have ever met with in my life. When an American says, "Come and see me," he *means* it. This is wonderful to an Englishman.

Before I had been a week in this country I noted three national peculiarities which had never been mentioned to me by visitors to the States. I. No American hums or whistles a tune either at home or in the street. II. Not one American in five hundred has a dog. III. Not one American in one thousand carries a walking stick. I who hum perpetually, who love dogs, who cannot live without a walking stick, am greatly distressed at finding my dear Americans deficient in the three social virtues just enumerated.

My readings have succeeded by surprising the audiences. The story surprises them in the first place, being something the like of which they have not heard before. And my way of reading surprises them in the second place, because I don't flourish a paper-knife and stamp about the platform, and thump the reading-desk. I persist in keeping myself in the background and the story in front. The audience begins at each reading with silent astonishment, and ends with a great burst of applause.

As to the money, if I could read often enough I should bring back a little fortune in spite of the panic. The hard times have been against me of course, but while others have suffered badly I have always drawn audiences. Here, for example, they give me a fee for a reading on Tuesday evening next — it amounts to between

£70 and £80 (English). If I could read five times a week at this rate (which is my customary rate), here is £350 a week, which is not bad pay for an hour and three-quarters reading each night. But I cannot read five times a week without knocking myself up, and this I won't do. And then I have been mismanaged and cheated by my agents — have had to change them and start afresh with a new man. The result has been loss of time and loss of money. But I am *investing* in spite of it, and (barring accidents) I am in a fair way to make far more than I have made yet before the last fortnight in March, when I propose to sail for home. I am going "Out West" from this, and I *may* get as far as the Mormons. My new agent, a first-rate man, is ahead making engagements, and I am here (thanks to the kindness of Sebastian Schlesinger) with my godson Frank as secretary and companion. I find him a perfect treasure; I don't know what I should do without him. As for the said S. S., he is the brightest, nicest, kindest, little fellow I have met with for many a long day. He wouldn't hear of my dining at the hotel while I was in Boston this last time. Whenever I had no engagement (and I kept out of engagements, having work to do) I dined at his house, and dined superbly. It is not one of the least of S.'s virtues that he speaks with the greatest affection of *you*. He also makes the best cocktail in America. Vive Sebastian!

The nigger waiters (I like them better than the American waiters) are ringing the dinner bell. I must go and feed off a variety of badly cooked meats and vegetables ranged round me in (say) forty soap dishes. Otherwise I am comfortable here; I have got the Russian Grand Duke's bedroom, and a parlor in which I can shake hands with my visitors, and a box at the theatre, and the freedom of the club.

Write soon, my dear boy, and tell me about yourself and the Padrona, to whom I send my best love and sincerest good wishes. She is happily settled I hope in the new house. I want to hear all about the new house and about the boys. God forgive me! I am writing of Rudy as if he was a boy. Don't tell him! The fact is I am getting to be an old man. I shall be fifty if I live till the eighth of this month, and I shall celebrate my birthday by giving a reading at Cleveland. I wish I could transport myself to London.

Yours, my dear Fred, always affectionately,

WILKIE COLLINS.

Providence (the city, not the Deity) paid me 400 dollars in spite of the panic.

Thursday, October 25 [1883?]

MY DEAREST PADRONA, — Whatever you ask me to do is done as a matter of course. I will lunch with you all to-morrow at 1.30 with the greatest pleasure. N.B. — Please order up a handy stick out of the hall for your own use at lunch — (in this way) — namely, to rap me over the knuckles if you find me raising to my guilty and gouty lips any other liquor than weak brandy and water.

Always yours affectionately,

W. C.

90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W. :  
December 14, 1886.

MY DEAR FRED, — Thank you for your letter. Saturday next at 1.30 — with the greatest pleasure.

When my Fred mentions oysters, he never was more happily inspired in his life. And when I add that I am allowed to drink TWO glasses of dry champagne — "now and then" — I offer a statement which does equal honor to my doctor and myself.

Ever yours,

W. C.

90 Gloucester Place: February 2, 1887.

Oh! what a wretch I am, dearest Padrona, to be only thanking you now for your delightful letter, and for that adorable photograph of the boy. I may tell you what I told his father when I had the pleasure of meeting him at Berkeley Square, that I must be introduced to your grandson at the earliest possible moment after his arrival in England. I brought away with me after our luncheon such an agreeable impression of Sir Guy Campbell that I must repeat my congratulations to Nina on her marriage. There was but one drawback to my enjoyment when I found myself in those familiar rooms again — the dreadful word "Dead" when I asked after dear little "Buffles."\*

If you were only at the North of Scotland — say Thurso — I would rush to you by steamer and become young again in the fine cold air. But when I think of that fearful French railway journey, and of the southern climate of Cannes, I see madness on my way to the Mediterranean and death in lingering torments on the shores of that celebrated sea. We have had here — after a brief paradise of frost — the British sirocco. Fidgets, aching legs, gloom, vile tempers, neuralgic troubles in the chest — such are the conditions

\* A favorite Skye terrier.

under which I am living, and such the obstacles which have prevented my writing to you long since. "The Guilty River" (I am so glad you like it) has, I am afraid, had something to do with the sort of constitutional collapse which I have endeavored to describe. You know well what a fool I am—or shall I put it mildly, and say how "indiscreet"? For the last week, while I was finishing the story, I worked for twelve hours a day, and galloped along without feeling it, like the old post-horses, while I was hot. Do you remember how the fore legs of those post-horses quivered, and how their heads drooped when they came to the journey's end? That's me, my dear, that's me.

Good God! is "me" grammar? Ought it to be "I"? My poor father paid 90% a year for my education, and I give you my sacred word of honor, I am not sure whether it is "me" or "I."

After this the commonest sense of propriety warns me to remove myself from your observation. I have just assurance enough left to send my love to you, and Nina and her boy, and to remind you that I am always affectionately yours,

WILKIE COLLINS.

82 Wimpole Street, W.: September 3, 1889.

MY DEAR FRED,—A word to report myself to you with my own hand. I am unable to receive Martin to-day, for the reason that I have fallen asleep and the doctor forbids the waking of me. Sleep is my cure, he says, and he is really hopeful of me. Don't notice the blots, my dressing-gown sleeve is too large, but my hand is still steady. Good-bye for the present, dear old friend; we may really hope for healthier days.

My grateful love to the best and dearest of Padronas. Yours ever affectionately,

WILKIE COLLINS.

[On the 23rd of September Wilkie Collins died.]

GEORGE ELIOT.

G. H. LEWES was on intimate terms with my father-in-law, Robert Chambers, and I met him first in 1853 at Chalcotts, a house Robert Chambers had taken for the summer of that year at Haverstock Hill. Lewes was then chiefly engaged upon the *Westminster Review*. His more solid works belong to a later period. Through him I became acquainted with George Eliot, and at one time saw a great deal of her. What first struck one about her was the strange contrast between the

large head, the masculine, Dantesque features, and the soft, melodious voice, which always cast a spell over me. One might almost have forgotten that she was a woman, so profound was her insight; but I, at least, could never forget while in her company that I was with an exceptional being.

In the autumn and winter of 1866 my wife and family were at Pau, while I was alone in London. George Eliot was a very fair pianist, not gifted, but enthusiastic, and extremely painstaking. During a great part of that time I used to go to her every Monday evening at her house in North Bank, Regent's Park, always taking my violin with me. We played together every piano and violin sonata of Mozart and Beethoven. I knew the traditions of the best players, and was able to give her some hints, which she always received eagerly and thankfully. Our audience consisted of George Lewes only, and he used to groan with delight whenever we were rather successful in playing some beautiful passage. Now that both he and George Eliot are no more, the scene is to me a strange, sad, and quite unique memory.

Some years afterwards they were kind enough to ask me and my wife to join a very small audience, invited to hear Tennyson read his poetry at their house. I had at first some little difficulty in accustoming myself to his very marked Norman dialect, but that done I thoroughly enjoyed the reading. He would interrupt himself every now and then to say quite naively, "We now come to one of my best things. This has been tried before me, but not successfully," and so on, acting throughout as his own not quite impartial Greek chorus. He read "The Northern Farmer," and almost the whole of "Maud." We were spellbound, and he seemed to enjoy it so much that his son had at last to make him stop by reminding him of the lateness of the hour.

[The following letter was written to my mother, with whom George Eliot and G. H. Lewes had spent some days in Pau before going on to Spain.]

Barcelona: February 3, 1867.

MY DEAR MRS. LEHMANN,—When one's time is almost all spent out of doors in churches or in theatres, it is not easy to find time for letter writing. But I should have wanted to say a few words to you before we go further South, even if I had not promised to do so. Of course you

have been knit into my thoughts ever since we parted from you, and the memory of you would have been a pure addition to my pleasures if it had not been mixed with repentance at my want of consideration in not insisting on saying a final good-bye to you at night, instead of disturbing you in the morning, when you ought to have been resting from extra excitement. I am sure you felt ill that last morning, and I wish there were any chance of my knowing soon that you are as well as ever again. I have only good news to tell you about ourselves. George is much stronger and looks quite well, but he is not yet fat or robust enough to support a slight sore throat without depression. However, he is in excellent circumstances for getting better, enjoying our travel, and breathing every day delicious air, for since we left Biarritz for San Sebastian, on the 26th, we have had perfect weather, weather such as makes even me feel as if life were a good even for my own sake. We stayed three days at San Sebastian, and were only troubled with two smells out of the registered twenty-five. We walked for hours on the fine sands of the bay, and each evening the sunset was memorable among our sunsets. I hope you saw Passages, and were rowed out there in the sunshine, listening to the soft splash of the oar. From San Sebastian we went to Saragossa, and I think we never enjoyed landscape so much by railway as on this journey; the reason probably is that the rate of swiftness is much lower, and objects remain before the eyes long enough for delight in them. Until we got into Aragon I thought I had never seen so many pretty women or people with such charming manners as in the few days after we left France. But at Saragossa the people are brusque and the beauty had disappeared. Still they were not rude; the Spaniards seem to me to stare less, to be quicker in understanding what foreigners say to them, and to show more good-will without servility in the manners than any other nation I have seen anything of. I longed to be able to sketch one or two of the men with their great striped blankets thrown grandly round them, and a kerchief tied about their heads, who make the chorus to everything that goes on in the open air at Saragossa. They and the far-stretching brown plains with brown sheep-folds, brown towns, and villages, and far-off walls of brown hills, seemed to me more unlike what we think of as European than anything I had seen before. Looking at the brown, window-

less villages, with a few flocks of sheep scattered far apart on the barren plain, I could have fancied myself in Arabia. We stayed a night at Lerida, and here we saw a bit of genuine Spanish life, such a scene on the brown slope of the high hill which is surmounted by the fort—groups of women sitting in the afternoon sunshine, at various kinds of small woman's work, men gambling, men in striped blankets looking on, handsome gypsies making jokes probably at our expense, jokes which we had the advantage of not understanding, and which gave us the advantage of seeing their (the gypsies') white teeth. Then the view from the fort was worth a journey to see, no longer a barren plain, but an olive garden; and the next day in proportion as we got far into Catalonia, the beauty and variety increased. Catalonia deserves to be called a second Provence, or rather, I should say, it is more beautiful than Provence.

Barcelona is of the class of mongrel towns that one can never care for much, except for the sake of climate, and this we are having in perfection. For the rest we are at a good hotel, the cathedral is fine, the people strikingly handsome, and we have popular theatres, a Spanish opera, and an Italian opera, where we can always get good seats. Yesterday we saw a mystery play, "The Shepherds of Bethlehem," at a people's theatre in the little Prado. Except that the notion of decorations was modern, the play itself, in its jokes and its seriousness, differed little from what people delighted in five centuries ago. There was a young actor, who played one of the shepherds, with a head of ideal beauty. In the evening we heard a charming Spanish opera, the music really inspiring, and this evening we are going to hear the "Faust" at the great Opera House, to say nothing of our being now in a hurry to be ready for a popular drama at three o'clock. Pray admire our energy. You can imagine that everything of this sort is interesting to us. We watch the audience as well as the actors, and we try to accustom our ears to the Spanish pronunciation. All this morning we have been bathing in the clear, soft air, and looking at the placid sea. If it continues placid till Wednesday, think of us as starting for Alicante in the steamboat, ultimately for Malaga and Granada.

But I am scribbling unconscionably without much excuse—my only excuse is that I like to fancy myself talking to you. George sends his best love, and we both should like the children to be reminded of

us. Please ask the rosebud Nina to accept a kiss on each cheek, and think one is from Mr. Lewes and the other from Mrs. Lewes. Our joint good wishes and regards to Miss Volckhausen. Get strong, and like to think of us kindly.

Ever yours, most sincerely,

M. E. LEWES.

We have found no hardships hitherto. Even at unsophisticated Lerida, the odors and insects are hybernating.

BARRY CORNWALL.

WINTER AT PAU.

32 Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.,  
Nov. 7, 1866.

Will you have me in verse? Will you have me in prose?

My dear Mrs. Lehmann?—Ah! nobody knows

How hard (nay, impossible) it has become To show all my heart in a letter from home, Unless the receiver is able to turn

My phrases from ink into fire—and learn The meaning of each—the *true* meaning I mean,

And then interpose some soft nothings between.

Now *you*—will you do this? Come, Fred is away

And will not hear a syllable—What do you say?

*He's* in love with his fiddle, but *I* am—ah! you

May now give yourself up unto you know whom (who,

If correct, would the better have suited the rhyme).

*He*—he's thinking of nothing but "tune" and the "time."

How bloom you, my Nina? What's Nina? explain.

Caterina? Christina? Nerina? In vain I beat my dull brains. The true versions de-

part, They leave my head empty and sink to my heart,

And there 'tis all "Ina" and "Nina" instead:

These freshen the heart though they injure the head,

My heart therefore—"cœur" or "ma tendresse," what is it?—

Most lovingly wanders to Pau on a visit.

And you, dear, how pass you the day and the night

Since Fred (the deceiver) resolved to take flight?

He came t'other day here—oh, not to see me,

But my wife, whom he meets with detestable glee:

He's going to dine with *her*. Will you believe

She smiled as she asked him, not asking my leave?

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXVIII. 4044

But I'm forced to be calm though I know I'm *de trop*.

Well, patience, I'll pay him off nobly—at Pau;

At Pau, where the sweetest of welcomes (divine

As the beauty of love is) will surely be mine.

Thus far—I can travel no farther, my pen Becomes feeble and inkless. What praises from men,

My dear Nina, can vie with the shout and the jest

That spring from the children you still love the best,

Who cluster around you and tempt you to dream

Of the dear old North country, of mountain and stream.

In dream? Ah! perhaps you may dream of your Fred,

If so, I give up—there's no more to be said.

B. C. aged 77 years. x his mark.

*Postscript.*

November 7.

A letter—you tell me of roses and peas, And of cream and of strawberries quite at your ease,

As if we in honest old England don't know Such words are but boasts—fashioned merely for show,

Not realities. No! the true seasons are here, Fawkes, frost and roast mutton, at this time of the year.

32 Weymouth Street, Portland Place:  
22nd Nov., 1866.

Many thanks, my dear Mrs. Lehmann, first for your pretty verses, and secondly for your pretty flowers. I wish I could send you any verses in return; but I cannot. I am overwhelmed by the melancholy thoughts of old age. In former days—*i.e.*, before you and Mr. Lehmann were born—I used to show my want of wit in divers "nonsense verses;" but to-day I enter upon my eightieth year, and if I could properly offer you anything it would be a sort of paternal (grand-paternal) blessing, that you might enjoy all fruits and flowers (flowers as pretty and sweet as those you sent me) for many happy years to come.

Dear Mrs. Lehmann,

Your obliged and sincere,

B. W. PROCTER.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

ISSIK KUL AND THE KARA KIRGHESE.

WHEN setting out from Tashkend in May for a posting journey in a Russian tarantass, I was favored with perfect

weather. It was not too hot, and the roads were free from dust—that great drawback to central Asian travel—whilst the route was sufficiently hilly to afford abundance of pleasing landscape. This was especially observable in the extensive view from Bekler-Bek, where we crossed the watershed between the valleys of the Keles and Aris rivers.

Two stations beyond was Chimkend, where the Russians have planted abundance of trees, and where we arrived after a drive of fourteen hours. Colonel Blagovidoff, the *uyezdi-nachalnik*, or chief of the district, had kindly prepared for me a bed; but I preferred, after supper at his house, to push forward, posting, as the local manner is, through the night. Accordingly we continued our way over a depression between the Kara-tau Mountains on our left and the Ala-tau on the right. This took us out of the basin of the Syr-daria system into that of the Chu, and other streams running down from the Alexander Mountains into the sandy desert west of Lake Balkash. We had a lovely view of mountains all day. The range was still snow-capped, presenting a very different appearance from that I had seen in autumn on my first visit to central Asia. Besides this, the abundance of water now carpeted the steppes with poppies and other flowers, and afforded pasture for vast herds of cattle not yet driven to the mountains by the heat of summer.

In these "pastures new" a Kirghese nomad brought us a skin full of *koumiss*, or fermented mare's milk, some of which we drank with relish, and thus by posting forward we accomplished about one hundred and twenty miles in twenty-four hours, and drove at night into Aulie-ata, with nothing worse than breaking the hood of the tarantass against the gate-post of the station-yard. Aulie-ata I remembered well as a little town that might be called the capital of the Kirghese, since they form so large a proportion of its inhabitants. The place had increased considerably since my previous visit, and now was all ablaze with illuminations during the Muhammadan feast of Ramazan. I did not stay, however, hoping that I might reach Pishpek on Saturday evening and rest there for Sunday.

Soon we passed into the historical region of "Ming-bulak," or the land of a "thousand springs," mentioned by mediæval travellers in central Asia, where the season was not so advanced as we had found it at Tashkend. The nights were rather cold, and, though we had entered

the second half of smiling May, I was not too warm sleeping in the tarantass in my fur-lined overcoat.

At Merke, one hundred and four miles from Aulie-ata, we passed out of the general government of Turkistan into that of the Steppe, over which rules Governor-General Kolpakovsky. Remembering the kind reception this ruler had given me in 1882, and with a lively hope of favors to come, I telegraphed from Tashkend to his Excellency giving the date when I expected to leave, and intimated that I might like to make a detour to Issik Kul, and, in this case, asked his assistance at Pishpek, where the road turns off to the mountains. On the next day came a telegram from the general according me a welcome to central Asia, and saying that he had requested the governor of Semirechia to help me not only towards Issik Kul, but also Kuldja and Kashgar.

Posting again all night we arrived at Pishpek early next morning, and were speedily inquired for by Colonel Pushchin, upon whom, after a few hours' sleep and breakfast, I called. The colonel said he had sent a messenger to Karakol, the seat of administration, two hundred and fifty miles distant, at the extreme east of Lake Issik Kul, to make special arrangements whereby I could pass from thence to Vierny, and he was now ready to change my *padarojna*, or travelling permit, and, having business in that direction, to accompany me part of the way.

After continuous travel of three days and nights it would have been pleasant to rest; but the colonel's business required haste, and after entertaining me at dinner, he proposed that we should start the same evening, and sleep forty miles distant, at Tokmak. Accordingly, we set out in our two vehicles at dusk, all going well until, about midnight, my jehu drove into a ditch, where we stuck so fast indeed that neither coaxing nor whip would get us out. We had, therefore, to wait until the colonel drove forward to the station and sent back help; after which we reached the Russian village of Tokmak and slept in a semi-official rest-house.

On the next day we drove along the valley lowlands, leaving the Chu on our right, and on either hand, in the distance, mountain ranges still sprinkled with snow—the Ala-tau to the left and the Alexander range to the right. We met on the road in carts several Dungans, from the Ili valley, and, after driving eighteen miles, reached Staro (or Old) Tokmak. Then, crossing the Little Kebin River near the

entrance to the Kastek Pass, we drove south-east to the Chu, which was bridged over not far from its confluence with the Great Kebin, the banks of both rivers here being rocky and precipitous. Beyond this point the road became hilly, and it looked ominous of hard travel ahead when, at the next station, Djil Aryk, they gave us five horses, though asking payment only for three.

We now entered the celebrated Buam defile, nearly fifty miles long, the name of which, according to some, is derived from a Mongol word, *bomo*, signifying "a rift," or, as some prefer, "a pathway over precipitous crags bordering a river." Both are true as regards the facts, and we soon found ourselves toiling up ascents that needed all the powers of our five horses, and then descending with locked wheels a narrow road, and that sometimes of bare rock over a cornice without rails or safeguards, overhanging one precipice after another, at the foot of which roared the torrent of the Chu. There was a new road running along by the stream, but it was just then rendered unusable by landslips after recent rains. This compelled us to take the old upper road, strewn with boulders lately rolled down, which terribly jolted our vehicle, and made the carriage-way — already too narrow in some places to allow another tarantass to pass — so perilous as to cause me afterwards to write that, had I known of the dangers incurred I should not have ventured thereon.

On the other hand, there is much on this journey to interest the artistic traveller, who has been rolling incessantly along the wearisome plains, their dull monotony being now exchanged for the ever-varying landscapes of the pass. The road crosses and recrosses the torrent, which sometimes runs between precipitous rocks, and sometimes through small open valleys with occasional meadows and clumps of willows. As a whole, the defile is too bare of trees to be called pretty, though a few poplars are seen here and there jutting out and clinging to the slopes of the mountains, whilst others of the same family grow on the banks of the stream and dip their foliage in its waters. The scenery, however, is certainly grand by reason of gigantic rocks on either hand, and abrupt slopes covered with débris of various colors — grey, whitish, purple, brick-red, black, and yellow. Hiding here and there in the gorges and ravines are little spots of brilliant green, whilst from this crag and that falls a graceful thread-water. Above the

noise of the torrent is heard the cry of the raven, the shouting of the post-boy to his horses, and the tinkle of their bells. Nor is this all, for I noticed enough of red-legged partridges to delight the eye of a sportsman, whilst of other birds there were abundance in the air, but not easily secured on being shot because of the inaccessible places whereon they fell.

Late in the afternoon we approached a fine bridge thrown across the Chu, the repairs of which were being superintended by Mr. Engineer Kapustin, who was camping close by, and who gave us some tea. Shooting seemed to be his principal pastime, and in his lonely condition it was not unnatural that he should desire us to stay, which the colonel did, whilst I pushed forward on a fairly level road on the east bank of the Chu and through magnificent scenery, and a few trees, such as the wild pistachio, growing amidst what seemed to me a new flora of lilies and irids, to Kok-Mainak, where it was arranged we should spend the night.

We were now in the very heart of the Buam defile, which bisects conventionally the most northerly chain of the huge mass of central Asian mountains called the Tian Shan. Towards the east stretches the Trans-Ilian Ala-tau, consisting of two long, high, and parallel chains, known as the Northern and Southern. The Northern ridge presents an uninterrupted mountain-chain, rising in its central portion to the limits of perpetual snow, with an average height of eight thousand feet, and its highest peak, Tal-Cheku, attaining an elevation of 13,353 feet. The Southern range, called Kungei Ala-tau, has a mean elevation of 8,826 feet. Towards the west from the Buam defile stretches the Alexander range, at the foot of which we had travelled all along from Aulie-ata. Judged from its Alpine vegetation, the Alexander range is from nine to ten thousand feet high. Perpetual snow at thirteen thousand feet appears on it opposite Tokmak, and its highest peaks rise to fifteen thousand feet; but the mountains sink as they advance westwards, and the headland of Tek Turmas, near Aulie-ata, has not an absolute height of more than twenty-six hundred feet, or of one hundred and fifty feet above the level there of the river Talas.

This headland, at the western end of the Alexander range, forms an undulating plateau of black sandstone, over which rise bare hills of porphyritic syenite, or a mixture of small crystals of campestrian spar and hornblende with large crystals of the same kind of stone, whilst at the east-

ern end of the range the Buam rift shows clearly the character of the rocks of which the mass is there composed, namely, crystalline, metamorphic, and sedimentary. The gorge of the river Terekty running into the Buam is remarkable for its coal-fields. There exist four distinct beds, accompanied with sandstone. In the Buam defile also are found rich beds of gypsum (sulphate of lime) covered with conglomerate; and it may be further observed that calcareous, as also in general sedimentary, rocks are seen more frequently here on the banks of the Chu, the Katch-Kara, and Naryn Rivers than in the eastern portion of the Tian Shan system.

The post-station at Kok-Mainak stood quite alone, and on rising the next morning and taking a turn outside, the silent solitude was perfectly oppressive. The postmaster, too, unless I am mistaken, was living alone as a bachelor, though his guest-room was singularly neat and comfortable, made ready perhaps for the reception of his district chief and the English traveller. Colonel Pushchin did not accompany me further, but, after early breakfast, sped me forward fifteen miles to the southern end of the pass, where was, or ought to have been, the station Kutemaldy; but the earthquake of the previous year had shaken down the post-house, and a tent only was pitched for the accommodation of travellers. We were now fairly out of the pass, into the basin of Lake Issik Kul, along the entire northern side of which, for one hundred and fifteen miles, we were to have the felicity of driving—a gratification that has fallen to the lot of very few English travellers.

The dimensions of the hollow containing this sheet of water are about one hundred and ten miles long by fifty broad, the lake measuring from twenty to thirty miles wide and lying at an altitude of fifty-three hundred feet above the sea, and extending over an area of 3,104 square miles, or ten times the extent of the Lake of Geneva. Its depths, where the shores are low, is less than six feet; but where precipitous, more than a thousand; and formerly its level was at least two hundred feet higher than now. The water is greenish and clear, but brackish and almost unfit for culinary purposes, though, by reason of being saline, cattle are said to like it. The lake has no islands but many shoals, and from the bottom is thrown up, after storms, a black slag in the form of sand, which the Kara Kirghesse collect on the shores, extracting therefrom iron of fair quality. Besides the slag there are traces of warm

mineral springs, which bubble from under the mountain strata, and probably account for the high temperature of the water, which does not freeze.

By way of illustrating this last phenomenon, Mr. Gourdet, the town architect of Vierny, told me that in December, 1875, he had occasion to ride from Karakol, a distance of seven miles, through a temperature of 17° (Réaumur), and against a wind that caused much suffering by reason of cold, to the shore of Issik Kul, and there to examine and make a sketch of a boat. On descending to the water, where he was protected from the wind by a high cliff, the temperature was found so warm and agreeable that overcoat and gloves were laid aside, and the needed drawing leisurely made. In returning, however, towards evening the cold had increased on the steppe to 25°, and he reached the house with difficulty, almost benumbed and needing an energetic rubbing and application of alcohol to restore circulation to his hands. The origin of the lake is still a problem, as also the fact that, in some places at the bottom, buildings have been discovered, whilst the waves sometimes throw up human bones and skulls, as well as household utensils and bricks.

Our road to the next station lay about a mile from the water, which in some places is as much as eight miles from the mountains, and we passed over sometimes meadow land, sometimes sedge, but rarely through forest-growth of any kind. Bushes appeared only at the mouths of mountain torrents, and then consisted for the most of *oblipikh* covered with narrow, silver-colored leaves, and dwarf trees of hawthorn, barberry, and various kinds of water willow. We passed a picket of Cossacks, changed horses at Tura-Agir, and towards evening arrived at Choktal, where the good-natured postmaster gave us a roasted wild duck, and whence it was determined we should post on through the night.

The shores continued flat, or sloped gently towards the water, but on the central meridian of the lake cross spurs of the mountains run down from both north and south to the water. Here the road lay over steep cliffs overhanging the lake, and in the small hours of the morning I perceived that we had come to a stupendous hill, which caused the horses to jib, nearly backing the tarantass over a break-neck declivity. This caused me, contrary to my custom, to get out and walk; whereupon, the animals again becoming unmanageable, they, or the driver, turned their heads, and, greatly to our alarm, rushed

down from nearly the top of the hill, I following and shouting that the whole concern would be dashed to pieces. Much to our surprise, however, the *yemstchik*, or driver, on reaching the bottom did not stop, but turned and again charged the hill with perfect fury, my servant Joseph and I following to place stones under the tires until, at last, the animals drew up, and I drew breath to give thanks for what I regarded as a merciful deliverance.

From Ui-tal, a picket post-station, we had a pretty drive through meadow lands occupied by the Kara Kirghese, passing on our right the lately erected Russian missionary monastery, and in the afternoon arrived at our destination, Karakol, seven miles from the lake, and a distance of two hundred and fifty-one miles from Pishpek.

On driving into Karakol we were, to a certain extent, breaking new ground. The late Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who travelled Turkistan so thoroughly in 1873, and wrote upon it so well afterwards, drove only to the western end of Issik Kul. Mr. Ashton Dilke about the same date must have driven along its northern shore, because he told me that, when turned back by the officials at Vierny from proceeding towards Tashkend he "dodged" the opposition by going to Kuldja, and then, passing into the mountains to Issik Kul, descended to Tokmak; but he did not mention having visited Karakol; the only English writer known to me who had pushed on to this out-of-the-way place being Mr. Delmar Morgan.

Karakol may be compared in winter to Siberia, and in summer to the Engadine. From November to the close of February the little town is visited by violent storms, and the snow lies more than four feet deep. Spring brings abundant rains and frequent fogs, whilst in summer, from May to July, the heat goes up sometimes to 40° (Réaumur), notwithstanding which the climate is healthy and agreeable.

The oscillations in atmospheric pressure are more frequent than in the plains, and, according to Lohmann, increase the number of respirations and beatings of the pulse so as to be favorable to organic metamorphosis; in fact, recourse has been made to these variations to explain the therapeutic action of mountain air, but Dr. Seeland, chief of the Army Medical Department, whom I met in Vierny, says he has also observed frequently that these oscillations, when too great and rapid, provoke other morbid symptoms — as, for instance, in nervous persons aggravated

irritability, headache, palpitation of the heart, sleeplessness, etc.

Karakol lies at an elevation of nearly six thousand feet, amid charming scenery, at the foot of a magnificent mountain range called the Terskei Ala-tau, which extends all along the southern shore of Issik Kul and continues eastward right up to Khan Tengri, the monarch of the region, which may be seen from Karakol towering up to a height of twenty-four thousand feet, a virgin peak awaiting the attentions of some knight of the Alpine Club. Directly east of Karakol is the Tasma range, over which passes the postal pack-road to the Tekes valley. At the time of our visit these mountains presented a splendid panorama of snow-clad peaks; but I did not hear that mountain-climbing, pure and simple, was much in fashion.

Calling on the uyezdi-nachalnik, I found that he had been kind enough to place a house at my disposal, with a Cossack in attendance; but, finding the abode rather out of the way and foreseeing that my stay would be short, I preferred to put up at the post-house, where I could better get provisions, make sundry repairs, and have my tarantass put in order. Here Colonel Vaouline, whom I met by chance in the street, kindly came to my assistance, sent to me the battalion smith, and helped in other ways.

In the evening I went to a little party gathered at the house of the nachalnik, and met among the guests Colonel Korolkoff, with whose brother, the governor of Ferghana, I had stayed in 1882 in Samarkand. I found, moreover, that the nachalnik had arranged for horses to take me forward; but learned to my disappointment that my only way of proceeding thence to my destination was by going over the Santash Pass in the snow mountains, where there was no shelter or even tent wherein to spend the night, to Djarkend, and thence doubling back two hundred miles to Vierny. This was a great disappointment — first, because I was not equipped for camping out, and next, having been under the impression that I could get down to Vierny by the road somewhat to the east of the lake, which reaches the plains at Chilik in the Ili valley, the idea of going so far out of the way as Djarkend was out of the question. Had we been on horseback matters would have been easier, since there are bridle paths; but with a tarantass there was no other alternative but to return to Pishpek, which accordingly I determined to do.

Less than twenty-four hours sufficed for

a night's rest and to replenish our larder, thanks in part to the good people at the post-house, who cooked for us three chickens at the cost of a rouble, at that time worth less than eighteen pence. A policeman also, who had been told off to guard me and mine, though excused from watching by night, made his reappearance at sunrise, and helped us in sundry minor arrangements, so that before the sun was high we were ready to start. About ten miles from Karakol we crossed the Jergalan River that runs into Issik Kul at Jergalan Bay. Here may be seen encamped in summer the Karakol garrison, whilst scattered about are the tents of the nomad Kara Kirghese.

On my previous visit to central Asia, a friend in Vierny had been anxious that I should see something of those nomads, but I then succeeded only in visiting the Kirghese of the plains, called Kazaks, of whom I afterwards wrote three or four chapters in my "Russian Central Asia." On the present journey I saw only the Kara Kirghese, concerning whom I would make certain observations, partly from what I saw and partly on the authority of Dr. Seeland.

The Kara Kirghese dwell northward, for the most part in the mountainous districts of Issik Kul and Tokmak, but many are found also in the southern portion of the Tian Shan, on Chinese territory. They spread eastward to the Muzart Pass; westward, among the mountains of Ferghana, to Samarkand; and, besides those dwelling on the independent portions of the Pamir, I met on my way to India a few dwellings as far south as the Kilian Pass.

When or whence the Kara Kirghese settled in their present homes is unknown. In certain places the Kalmuks preceded them, but it is noteworthy that all about the Issik Kul valley have been found vestiges — such as hatchets, lamps, spear-heads, and sickles — pointing to an ancient people further advanced in civilization than either Kirghese or Kalmuk. Neither of these work in copper or brass, and their agriculture is of yesterday, so that seemingly they had formerly no need of the sickle, whilst the bricks and money discovered all point to another stratum of society, an Altaic origin being usually attributed to the Kirghese because of their language.

I had several opportunities of observing their dress, or, I might add, the want of it, for many were very ragged, and the children ran about naked. Next the skin is worn a long shirt of wool or cotton, and

stockings of felt; then wide trousers of cotton or leather, over which is put a long *khalat*, like a dressing-gown, with long sleeves. They have boots of leather, with goloshes; the shaven head is covered with a *tibeteika*, or skull-cap, which in turn is covered with a fantastically pointed hat of felt or a busby of sheepskin. When travelling in winter the busby is replaced by a *malakhai*, or pointed hood lined with sheepskin and furnished with a flap or curtain covering the neck and shoulders. The costume of the women in many respects resembles that of the men, with one marked difference, however, of head-dress, which, in the case of the married women, is an enormous bonnet or series of bandages of white cotton, covering everything up to the sides of the face, the neck, the shoulders, and part even of the back. The women's hair is plaited into small braids, from which dangle at the end coins among the rich, but with the poor various metallic ornaments, some of them being sufficiently grotesque, as, for instance, odd keys and a broken brass tap, which I saw suspended from the tresses of a fair one at the western end of Issik Kul.

In driving along the lake we saw numerous tents, the only habitation known to the Kara Kirghese. The carcase of their tent resembles a cage, the lower portion of which consists of a trelliswork of rods, which can be extended or folded at will; outside, this carcase is covered with felt. The top of the cupola has a hole that serves for window and chimney, unless bad weather requires this also to be covered with felt; whilst the only entrance is closed by a felt curtain suspended from the lintel of a wooden doorway. The flooring is replaced by felts and carpets, and in the middle is lighted the fire, usually of wormwood, coarse herbage, or dried dung, beneath a huge cauldron and tripod. Rolls of felt and wadded cushions are placed against the trelliswork, on which are suspended household utensils, arms, saddlery, and articles of clothing. It is only the rich who possess tables of wood, and I scarcely remember seeing such a thing as a bedstead.

An ordinary number of persons to a tent may be taken at four, to whom belong, on the average, in the district of Tokmak, one camel, one horse, two horned cattle, and twenty sheep; whilst about Issik Kul each tent possesses only half a camel and one horse, but three horned cattle and twenty-five sheep. A man who possesses sheep by hundreds is counted in easy cir-

circumstances; with more than a thousand he is rich; whilst the poor man has but one horse and a few sheep. Formerly the Kara Kirghese were richer, and they now partly attribute their poverty to the occupation of some of their best lands by Russian colonists and Cossacks, as well as Dungan and Taranchi emigrants from Kuldja.

After driving past the Issik Kul monastery we arrived at Preobajensk, where there came out a man asking medical advice on behalf of his daughter, which I was obliged to decline the honor of giving, though perhaps I could have prescribed as well as some of their Kirghese doctors, who are great believers in "like cures like" and the use of symbolical and sympathetic measures. Thus, for an obstinate attack of yellow jaundice, they wear on the forehead a piece of gold, or better, cause the patient to look at it for a whole day, or, if a piece of gold be lacking, which is generally the case, they substitute a brass basin. A singular remedy is adopted against dyspnoea, or fainting, which they call "mountain sickness." This they represent to themselves under the form of a modest young lady, before whom they utter to the patient the most obscene and disgusting expressions, thinking thereby to shock the lady's chastity and drive her away.

As illustrative of symbolical treatment may be mentioned that if the malady reside in the lungs or liver they give the patient to eat the corresponding parts of an animal, thinking, for instance, to cure ophthalmia by administering the roasted eyes of an ox! Again, the treatment of intermittent fever, and difficult parturition by fright, are still more remarkable. In the latter case, if the child does not appear with becoming celerity, the sage women press the mother, a strong man being called in to help. Sometimes, however, they put the patient upon a horse, which they cause to gallop about; or, better, they resolve to frighten out the devil (for, of course, the disorder can be due to no one else) and make him give up his prey. For this purpose the woman is led in front of the tent supported by the arms and there suddenly rushes out before her a troop of horsemen brandishing their *nagaikas* or whips, and uttering screams and noises diabolical. These pieces of medical information are given on the authority of Dr. Seeland, after which his remarks are not surprising that such remedies some-

times end in the death of both mother and child.

Towards the western end of the lake we turned aside from the post-road to a few Kirghese dwellings on the shore. Here we were told some fish would be procurable, and so there were, but suitable for cooking rather than specimens (which was what I wanted), some being salted and others cut up and dried. Prices, however, were not ruinous. Threepence three farthings for half-a-dozen large fish was said to be an exorbitant demand, and three halfpence was nearer what should have been asked. In the present cluster of dwellings we saw the last of the Kara Kirghese, and I attempted a photograph of the western end of the lake, with the Terskei Aja-tau in the distance, and a group of Kirghese women and their ragged children in the foreground.

The Kirghese women marry young, often at fifteen, sometimes at thirteen; and the *kalim* paid for a rich bride varies from forty to one hundred and twenty sheep or more, besides which, presents are tendered of clothing and jewelry such as give the bride on the wedding-day a somewhat splendid appearance.

When this is reduced to the level of every-day life, and children come on apace, the Kirghese wife has no easy time of it, as we saw in the tents at Issik Kul. Entering one of them I found within a number of lambs and kids taken in for shelter, whilst without were some of their skins stretched in the sun and covered apparently with lime, but the whole indicated poverty. They seemed to have no objection to my photographic operations, which finished, and having taken a last look at the beautiful lake, we drove to Kutemaldi, posted again over two stages with five horses, and arrived at Pishpek early on the following morning.

I should have greatly preferred to have gone from Tokmak by the old mountain road over the Kastek Pass, followed, I take it, by the travellers of the Middle Ages; but it was said to be all but unusable for a tarantass, and with no postal accommodation, so that the only alternative was to proceed by the longer road made by the Russians in the plains. Accordingly, after stopping a few hours at Pishpek, and taking lunch with Colonel Pushchin, we started for Vierny, thus bringing to a conclusion a pleasant detour to Issik Kul and the tents of the Kara Kirghese.

HENRY LANSDALL.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
MRS. DRIFFIELD.

## A SKETCH.

OUR house stands in a quiet, almost suburban side street, and it has no area entrance; consequently when Mrs. Driffield calls this is what happens.

First, the garden gate gives a sad, long shriek; it never shrieks for me or my ordinary guests, so I suppose Mrs. Driffield bears heavily upon it, as Goethe said his countrymen did on life. Then there comes an undecided pattering about the doorstep, as if the visitor could not determine whether she were worthy to use the scraper or not. Presently this too ceases, and just as you come to the conclusion that it was a false alarm or a wandering advertisement there is a single helpless "flop" of the knocker, which means Mrs. Driffield, and nothing else in the world. She never disappoints you, never fails to be Mrs. Driffield, after the process of the gate-screaming, the step-pattering, the knocker-dabbing is gone through; the whole thing takes from seven to ten minutes, according to fine or wet weather, and you are glad when you know the worst.

"Mrs. Driffield has called and would like to see you, ma'am."

"Very well. I'll come directly; ask her to sit down in the hall. Ellen" (this confidentially to the maid), "is it just a usual, indefinite visit, or has she something to sell?"

"I am not sure, ma'am, but I'm afraid she *has* something under her shawl."

This is the worst kind of visit!

It is no good sitting down to finish a note or get to the end of a chapter after this. The shadow of Mrs. Driffield lies upon me, the burden of the mystery which she carries under her shawl.

As I look longingly at my book, her reproachful single cough resounds from the hall; I know that I must go down and buy "it," whether it be her own crochet, or her carpenter-son's fretwork, or the shell ornaments from Venice which her sailor-son consigned to her care before drowning, or the "shot violet parasole" which her youngest daughter's mistress at Haverstock Hill gave her as good as new, "The summer the family went to Westgate-on-Sea, which is not suitable, ma'am, for my girl, and more in your line, I venture to remark, as can afford to dress handsome."

Buying old clothes being not really in my line at all, I have stood out against the

"shot violet" so far, deftly turning the conversation in every other direction so soon as it crops up; but nevertheless I feel that sleight of tongue will not avail me forever, and sooner or later I shall be caught in the toils of this violet web.

"I just called in, ma'am, to ask how you was, not having seen you about lately and the weather so treacherous, and I ventured to bring you this to look at."

Then I know my doom is sealed.

Mrs. Driffield is a small person, with a large face, like the face of a sad, old, white horse. She dresses in very deep mourning, save for a crimson paper rose which flames in the forehead of her crape bonnet; she has a pair of black *suède* gloves through which her fingers, crippled with rheumatism, poke ostentatiously. She can do rough needlework and charring with these crooked hands, but their knobs and distortions are a source of unalloyed pride to her.

"Dr. Evans, at the 'Spensary, he's said to me many a time, 'Mrs. Driffield,' he says, 'it's a wonder to me how you holds anything at all, and it's as good as a play to see you pick up a sixpence.' But I always answers him that the wind *is* tempered, ma'am, which it need be indeed to me, for the dear, good man's cut off with this influenzy, and never another sixpence shall I ever have off him. Which brings me back to what I was saying, and what I was a-going to show you."

"Mrs. Driffield," I say severely, "you oughtn't to be reduced to this selling, which is only another form of begging. You are the mother of eleven children, and surely they ought to be able to help you; if not, you know, you ought to make up your mind to go into the House."

"Thirteen, dear, thirteen," corrects my visitor — "thirteen of my own, buried and unburied, not to speak of other people's!" And I recollect myself to accredit her with her lawful (though unattractive) baker's dozen, and to recall that in her day she has been a Gamp of some celebrity, a fact which she somehow always classes with her own claims as a mother in Israel.

"That's where it is, ma'am," she now goes off triumphantly; "if Driffield and me hadn't brought up thirteen and buried five of them respectably" [she seemed to have a notion that the grave was as good a start as any other] "on two-and-twenty shillings a week. I wouldn't have said nothink; but seeing that we have, and him took off at sixty-four with nothing more than a poisoned finger, I do feel it hard that we shouldn't get no better re-

ward than them as has spendthrifted and worse all their days."

Her reasoning is somewhat involved, but I recognize the truth of her argument. Is the House to be the end of thrifty and unthrifty alike, of the toiling parents of thirteen as well as of the out-at-elbows vagabond whose family are "on the parish" all their lives, more or less?

"Doesn't your clergyman help you?" I say, feebly fencing against the "shot violet parasole," which I now see plainly protruding from her scanty skirts.

"Not he, dear, not he! You see I have always gone to St. Augustine's, and dressed genteel in spite of the pinch at home, and St. Augustine's is what you may call a very elegant church. To be sure, I *have* heard them pray for the fruits of the earth in due season; but I don't suppose there's one of the gentlemen there as don't sit down to his forced strawberries and his early peas every day to his luncheon or his meat-tea. Everything's done very high there, I assure you, and nothink much given away, unless it be charity ordinations and such like, which I don't care about myself."

What sort of wholesale means of grace "charity ordinations" comprise I am at a loss to determine, but from Mrs. Driffield's sniff I conclude that they are obsolete or insufficient.

"Since Elisha went, I've not been so regular at church as I might ha' been, I confess," Mrs. Driffield goes on candidly; "but p'rhaps I've done more Bible readin' at home," and she looks at me with her long, old face slightly tilted on one side, to see if I am going to dispute this hypothesis.

"You could not do better," I remark judiciously.

"It's a wonderful book, ma'am; something for everybody in it, and something for every time. There's sad chapters to take you down a bit when you feel cheerful, and merry chapters to pick you up when you feel sad. My favorite chapter of all, dear, is in St. Luke; many a laugh I've had over that christening."

"What chapter is that, Mrs. Driffield?"

"Why, the christening at Zacharias's, dear, when he took 'em all in so about the baby's name! They all thought as he was to be called after the grandpa', an' then Zacharias he ups and says, 'His name is John,' and John it had to be, sure enough! That Zacharias must 'a been a merry man; any way, he's given me many a good laugh when I've been feeling a bit down, — after Elisha went more pertiklery."

I think of our careful, studious vicar who begs we will give our poor neighbors "sound Church principles" to work upon, and I withhold all comment from this new reading of the first chapter of St. Luke.

The "Elisha" to whom Mrs. Driffield constantly refers is a poor, ne'er-do-well daughter, who, after living with her mother a few months of her widowhood, drifted into the surf of London street-life and had not re-emerged. Her real name I presently discovered to be Alicia. "A fancy name," the mother explained, "came to me, sudden-like, while I was pickin' a few winkles the night before she was born; seems almost as if it was a judgment that she should be the one to go wrong; but after all, one out of thirteen don't seem much, do it, dear, when all's said and done? After she left me, I took and sanctified the name, so to speak, and calls it Elisha. Yes, I expects her to come back some day; I'm sure of it, and that's why I stops on at the old place, that she may know where to come to. She always had high notions, poor girl, through bein' deceived by a butler at her first place, so I try to keep out of the house on her account; not to give her a shock, like, if she came back sudden. An' if you *could* find a use for this, ma'am" (suddenly unsheathing her weapon) —

I temporize, for the time being, with a shilling.

One evening, about six o'clock, "by the pricking of my thumb" and other signs, I know that Mrs. Driffield has arrived. Did I mention that she always chooses twilight for her visits, and prefers miserable weather, when she enters with a gust of rain and stands in a puddle of her own dripping? To-night her hands are empty and ungloved, her flaccid face has a gleam of excitement playing on its empty surface, her head jerks restlessly to and fro. "Elisha has come back, ma'am, an' I've made up my mind to go into the House!"

"Why, Mrs. Driffield, this *is* news! But why should you go into the House now that your daughter is back? Won't she live with you, and help you?"

"You see, ma'am, she have brought back a young man — a sailor, I think, leastways a fishmonger — that is willin' to marry her if she'd got but a few bits o' things to start with. An' I thought I'd better let her have my bits o' sticks and go into the House. If I could see Elisha respectably joined together in holy matrimony, it wouldn't much matter what became o' me afterwards, would it, dear? And as you was the only friend I had, I

thought I'd come an' tell you, an' then you'd know why I didn't call again. I'm sure I return you many thanks for all your kindness, and every one in this house, small and great."

"Mrs. Driffield," I say impulsively, with a choking somehow in my throat, "you used to have a pretty purple parasol. If you would like to sell it, I should be very glad to give you half-a-crown for it; you may want a little money to settle your affairs or take with you."

"Thank you, dear," says Mrs. Driffield, shaking her head from side to side, "thank you, but that's gone too! I did think I should like you to have had that — shot violet it were, with old gold underneath — but I gave it over, with everythink else, to Elisha, and she just hollered out with pleasure when she saw it, and put it up over her head in my back parlor, for all the world like a baby. I told her there was nothing so unlucky as puttin' up an umberella indoors; but she says her luck's turned, and she don't care a snap now that she has a home of her own. So once more thanking you, dear, I must be going."

Passing by chance next day through the street where Mrs. Driffield had struggled so long alone, I saw a hand-truck at her door, and a villainous-looking fellow, — who certainly was not a sailor, and as for a fishmonger, I doubt if he were so honest a man — loading it with her "bits o' sticks." Elisha came bawling down the steps, hurling a feather-bed before her, which was piled on the barrow, and then the cavalcade started. As they turned the corner a drizzle of rain was beginning, and Elisha unfurled a purple parasol over the load. I could only hope they were "respectably joined together," as Mrs. Driffield quoted it, and had not got the furniture on false pretences.

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From Chambers' Journal.

#### AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FLEET.

THE arrangement whereby Australia has become possessed of a navy is the first of its kind recorded in history. It is hard to say whether commercial keenness or martial ambition is the leading feature of the transaction. Australia, like other places, suffers from war scares. Russia and China take turn about at playing bogie man, and at these times affrighted colonists turn their eyes wistfully to the blue Pacific. A couple of fast cruisers could pillage the capitals in a day and a night. Yet, as

scare after scare subsided, there was nothing done. A hazy idea of England's protecting presence survived. It was readily enough felt that an attack upon Australia would be made only when England would be herself at war, and that, as a consequence, the amount of protection available would be a risky quantity. Still, where was a way out?

To build and maintain a fleet was too expensive. To go on as a dependent upon the arms of England was beneath the dignity of a country of large ambitions. Under this latter aspect leading colonists were in the habit of conjuring up visions of the toil-worn, poverty-stricken people of Britain paying taxes to support a British squadron in Australian waters for the protection of the interests of comparatively opulent cities; this was the point around which the late Sir Alexander Stuart and Mr. Dalley constructed imperialistic theories. They desired Australia to pay for the use of the British squadron. The opposing theory was that Australia should obtain on terms a fleet of her own.

After many years of discussion and some very close bargaining, this latter theory has been reduced to fact, and a fleet of seven warships are now moored in the waters of Port Jackson.

The terms redound to the credit of the commercial aptitude of the colonies. The Admiralty spent over nine hundred thousand pounds on building and equipment. The colonies had agreed to pay five per cent. per annum on the initial outlay, but set the limit at an estimate of seven hundred thousand pounds. As is usual with estimates, the actual cost turned out almost a third more, so that Australia receives the advantage of an extra two hundred thousand pounds without having to pay any interest. There was a general understanding that the cost of manning and maintenance would be borne wholly by the colonies. In the signed agreement this understanding is reserved. It is there provided that in time of emergency or actual war the cost of commissioning three of the vessels shall be borne by Great Britain. Australia's contribution to the Admiralty will be thirty-five thousand pounds a year for ten years, at the end of which time the Admiralty may take the vessels back. As, at the present rate of scientific progress, the ships of war of 1901 will be in all likelihood very different from what they are to-day, the provision returning the fleet to the Admiralty is cheerfully acquiesced in by the colonies.

Throughout the negotiations, the Ad-

miralty showed a disposition to give the colonies everything they wanted. When monetary matters were determined, the naming of the ships came up. The Admiralty proposed to call one the Pandora. The colonies objected, and at their suggestion she was called the Katoomba. Similarly, the Admiralty-given names of Peloris, Persian, Phoenix, Wizard, and Whiting were changed to Mildura, Wallaroo, Tauranga, Karralatta, and Boomerang. All these are the native names of Australian places, or of articles and implements known to the aborigines.

Thus has Australia possessed herself of a necessary part of her national outfit. It is the first instance on record of a colony and a parent country entering upon an alliance in such terms.

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From Temple Bar.

#### A NIGHT WITH JAPANESE FIREMEN.

NO country in the world, not even excepting Turkey, suffers so frequently and so terribly from the scourge of fire as Japan. The reasons are evident. Owing to the prevalence of earthquakes, the houses are principally built of wood, the constant use of cheap, highly inflammable kerosene oil, the passion for adorning tea-houses and places of entertainment with flimsy paper lanterns, which are generally swinging close to mat blinds and paper windows, and the happy-go-lucky character of the people, being the most prominent.

A fire in Japan is generally a very substantial reality, for, once under way, it scorns to pause after the destruction of a single house, or indeed of half-a-dozen, but speeds with incredible rapidity over entire villages and entire quarters of a town. Hence the remarkable scarceness of really ancient edifices in one of the world's most ancient empires. Matters have changed nowadays, but ten years ago the safeguards against the terrible national scourge were miserably inadequate. The native fire-engines, wooden squirts of antique pattern and of the rudest manufacture, were about as efficacious as so many garden syringes. There was a good deal of pomp and show in the way of mounted officials in picturesque dress, gaudy standards, and mystic insignia; but in nine cases out of ten, when a fire got well alight, it burned itself out, and, for aught the native firemen did to check it, they might have been snugly snoring between their quilts.

In the foreign settlement of Yokohama Western science of course did its best to obviate this state of affairs, for, although the native quarter was most frequently the seat of these destructive visitations, rarely a month passed during the winter months without the record of one or more fires among the more solid habitations of the foreigners.

We had two steam fire-engines, British and American respectively, manned by British and American volunteers, principally the young commercial men of the settlement, active, athletic fellows who joined as much, it must be said, for the fun of the thing, as from any impulse of duty towards the community; and these rival companies throughout the fire season ran a neck-and-neck race for supremacy in the most friendly manner, and together were of more practical value than all the native brigades with ten times the number of men. The Japanese authorities, of course, secretly recognized this superiority, but at the same time the Japanese official, ready as he was beginning to be to let his hair grow in Western fashion, to wear Western shoe-leather, and to appreciate Western liquor, had not yet quite learned to smother his old national pride, and was only toying with these allurements of Western civilization which he now so eagerly and enthusiastically embraces, so that when the fire-bell rang out, forth he came with his plumes and standards, and shouts and excitement, in the good old fashion of his forefathers, and, as often as not, had to submit to the mortification of seeing the errand upon which he was bent performed by these same foreigners whom he affected to despise.

Matters, however, could not go on like this. In two successive weeks two big fires destroyed a section of the city of Tokio, whilst a brand-new steam fire-engine was being veiled in cobwebs in a shed, because the "Yamato Daishi"—the spirit of old Japan—would not permit use being made of it. A meeting of wise men was held as a result, and a long confab gave birth to the following invitation, which was sent to the captain of the American Fire Company, to a French officer, and to the writer of this paper:—

"Kikuchi, chief of the Tokio firemen, offer his wish to Mr. X—, and he can come to food when so likes him at Firemen's office, Shinagawa, Tokio."

"The thin end of the wedge. The old fellow is going to get all he can out of us about his engine," was our unanimous comment upon this extraordinary epistle. To

Shinagawa, a suburb of Tokio enjoying a very ill repute, we therefore went on a bitter snowy evening of December, prepared for possible emergencies by donning waterproofs and big boots.

The Shinagawa fire-station was sufficiently conspicuous by its tall ladder surmounted by a fire-bell, its pyramidal piles of buckets, and its two huge lanterns; and that we were to be the recipients of unusual attention was evident from the appearance of the entire fire company, drawn up in front of the house to greet us.

Smart, active-looking, muscular little fellows these firemen were, attired in coarse overall suits of blue, adorned on breast and back with white hieroglyphics, and wearing hoods over their heads and faces with eyeholes which reminded us of the *cagoules* worn by the Italian brothers of the Misericordia.

The captain and his lieutenant, attired in full war-paint, which made them look as if they had stepped down from an ancient bronze or lacquer tray, received us with the customary prostrations and guttural expressions of abject unworthiness, and showed us round the station, explaining the antiquated squirt-boxes, hooks, ladders, standards, and other paraphernalia, with which we were in duty bound to express ourselves surprised and delighted.

Then we were ushered into a large apartment, made by the simple process of taking down sliding doors and screens and so knocking half-a-dozen rooms into one, wherein there was evidence of a banquet. To describe this banquet does not come within the province of this paper. Suffice it therefore to say, that we disposed of a very satisfactory quantity of viands, commencing with sweet seaweed and winding up with stewed eels, and, had we yielded to the pressing invitations of our hosts, would have disposed of a far from satisfactory quantity of wine, which was hot and of the famous brands known as the wine of the Three Virtues, the wine of the Carp Saltant, and the wine of the Red Arrow.

Then we pulled out cigars, and chatted and joked all the time that our ears were eagerly listening for the weird, solemn voice of the *hanshô* or fire-bell. But hour after hour slipped by, light after light disappeared from the world outside; the watchman with his staff of jingling rings croaked out midnight, a few roisterers alone broke the silence of the sleeping streets with their songs and shouts, and the great alarm-bell hung dark and mute

high up, as it were, amongst the snow-clouds.

Our hosts plied us with questions concerning the manipulation of our fire-engines; that is to say, indirectly they wanted to learn how to handle their own white elephant, and we gave them full information. Still, we had not come all this way in such weather precisely with this object; we began to fidget about catching the last train back to Yokohama. But our hosts would not hear of our departure, and as we were sufficiently versed in the intricacies of Japanese etiquette to be aware that by breaking up the party against the wish of the entertainer we should be committing a heinous offence, we remained, nursing the perhaps villainous hope that the fire-bell would ring. Suddenly our practised ears caught its distant boom. Everybody else heard it, and the effect was electrical. Whilst one of the men ran up the ladder and began to hammer away at our station bell, the officers huddled on their uniforms, and sprang on to their horses, kept ready caparisoned, the captain arming himself with a huge wisp of horsehair, the lieutenant seizing his standard—a spear from the end of which hung a horse-tail. Meanwhile, with much shouting and, no doubt, bad language, the “brigade” had harnessed itself to the three squirts, and the procession was formed—officers leading, engines next, hook and ladder men with us three visitors bringing up the rear.

Out we went into the snow-bound street, up which a fierce north-easter was sweeping. All Shinagawa seemed to have sprung into active life during the few minutes which had elapsed since the first notes of the fire-bell. As if by magic, houses, but a few minutes since dark, silent, and lifeless, burst forth into light and life. Lanterns danced about in all directions like huge fireflies, throwing weird shadows on the white ground, and making the surrounding darkness more intense. Men, women, and children swarmed out of every doorway, clustered about the first-floor balconies, and even crowded the roofs, all chattering, gesticulating, and uttering exclamations of terror and wonder as they gazed at the broad, lurid glare in the sky. Far away as they were from the scene of conflagration, there was no retiring after their first curiosity had been satisfied. A man in Victoria Street, Westminster, who sees the reflection of a fire, say in the City, may go to bed with a certain sense of

security, but because two or three miles separates the Japanese spectator from the burning houses he can be by no means sure that in the course of an hour or so he may not have to rush out of his house with as many of his Lares and Penates as he can gather together.

On we went, stumbling, tripping, blundering through the ankle-deep snow, bursting through the crowd, remorselessly bowling over those who were in the way, urged forward by the wild chorus of the engine coolies in front, who tugged and strained and laughed and chaffed with their characteristic devil-may-careishness and buoyancy of spirits.

When we reached the locality of the fire a striking scene was presented to our eyes. From half-a-dozen houses the flames were bursting forth with almost demoniacal noise and fury. Half-a-dozen more had already been gutted, and were mere shapeless shells of smouldering timber. Hundreds of men and women were staggering out of the houses in the line of fire beneath the weight of their humble household gods, whilst piles of bedding, domestic utensils, stocks in trade, and all sorts of lumber lay about in the snow. More than once a quartette of men swiftly passed us bearing on their shoulders a shapeless something wrapped in dark cloth, and we knew that the fire had claimed other victims than mere shanties of paper and wood.

Our squirts got to work with commendable smartness, and, as there happened to be an abundance of water, were soon pouring their feeble dribbles on the flames. We could see our captain far ahead, waving and gesticulating with his switch, and aloft on the roof of the house next the fire stood out in clear black silhouette against the red light of the flames the figure of the lieutenant brandishing his horse-tail standard. From him the firemen seemed to take their cue, as he took his from the captain, only retreating as he did, which was sometimes, apparently, when the flames were almost around him.

Thud! thud! thud! went the squirt handles; but the flames seemed to roar with laughter and dance as if in mockery of the poor little thin streams of water which were turned on them, and drove the lieutenant from house to house with such rapidity that more than once it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save him.

Meanwhile the hook and ladder corps was hard at work, and if we smiled with contempt at the puny efforts of the "engines," we could not withhold our hearty

applause at the indomitable pluck, the energy and the activity of the poor little fellows who manipulated the hooks and ladders. Salamander-like, they seemed to revel in work where the flames were fiercest and the danger greatest. Here one was swinging from beam to beam like a monkey; here another was fastening a grapnel to a tottering upright with the flames licking his very hands; here a group of half-a-dozen urged to the cadence of a weird chorus a huge, double-pronged pole against the side walls of a house, quite unmindful of falling tiles and timbers, blinding sparks and suffocating smoke, leaping into safety with childish laughter, and cheering as the mass came down with a terrific crash and a scattering abroad of hissing, sputtering fragments.

But *cui bono* all this heroic dash and self-sacrifice unbacked up by common sense? We three representatives of the West watched it all with almost a feeling of anger that, for the sake of a little pride-pocketing, such a wanton destruction of hearths and homes, such a risk of valuable lives should be tolerated by a people in so many other respects advanced thinkers and practical reformers. One engine from Watling Street or a single American fire company could have nipped the fire in the bud an hour before; but we were invited guests, and besides, being quite aware of the delicate grounds upon which the relationship between us and our Japanese hosts stood, were diffident in proffering advice. But at last we could stand it no longer, for the fire, ably seconded in its ravages by a brisk north-east wind, threatened to consume the entire quarter as far as the city boundaries. So we pushed our way forward to where the captain was thundering anathemas and exhortations in a manner which plainly betrayed that he had lost self-control, and with due humility suggested that if the hook and ladder company was to turn its attentions to a group of yet unburnt houses standing in the direct line of the fire, instead of wasting energy worthy of a better cause upon houses which nothing could save, a gap would be created over which the flames, furious as they were, would hardly leap.

The old gentleman did not welcome our suggestion with enthusiasm nor did we expect that he would. Indeed he affected to treat it cavalierly, and, under the plea that we were standing in a dangerous position, motioned us back into the crowd. But we had the satisfaction of observing that the extreme urgency of the situation had prompted him to act on our advice,

## A NEW TASMANIAN TOWNSHIP.

and we presently saw the hook and ladder company limber up and dash off at the double towards the group of houses indicated by us. The inhabitants of these shanties, squatting outside with their heaps of goods and chattels, evidently clinging with true old-world tenacity to the hope that the gods or the firemen or something would stave calamity off their homes, remonstrated warmly when the hook and ladder men told them they were about to take the unheard-of step of pulling down untouched houses; but the captain riding up soon silenced their objections in a harangue which from its sound was evidently very much more forcible than elegant, and the work of destruction, or rather of salvation, commenced, and in a very few minutes the hooks and battering poles had made an open space which was an effectual bar to the progress of the flames. But even they seemed to be imbued with a spirit of patriotism, for they made fierce efforts to leap the gulf and so nullify the counsel of the "foreign devils." But feebler and feebler grew their leaps, and gradually they subsided into a grumbling and snorting and hissing which seemed to express almost in language baffled rage. So at four o'clock in the morning the great Shinagawa fire was stayed, and we returned to the fire station with our hosts and their bruised and singed subordinates. At first the old captain did not seem over-pleased at the successful result of our advice, but a few cups of *saki* thawed him into good humor, and he expanded so far as to thank us heartily, and to promise that if we happened to be present at another fire in his section we should see matters differently managed.

Six weeks afterwards I happened to be in Tokio, and curiosity led me to the shed where last I had seen the steam fire-engine with its cobwebs. Alas! there it was, rusty and forlorn, a grand plaything for the boys, weeds clambering about its wheels, and big cobwebs festooning its ungetatable parts. Had it ever been used? I asked of a bystander. No. But the authorities had made new engines for themselves, with which they were perfectly satisfied, was the answer. But this was twelve long years ago, and I doubt not that if the inhabitants of Japan have advanced in the science of protecting their cities from fire with the same strides they have made in other directions, my old friends the captain and his lieutenant, with their armor and standards and squirts, have long since been relegated to the limbo of curiosities of the past.

ZEEHAN is a recently formed township and mining centre in the county of Montagu, on the west coast of Tasmania. When, in 1642, Abel Janszoon Tasman was despatched from Batavia by Anthony Van Diemen, the governor-general, and the Council of Netherlands-India, on an expedition having for its object the discovery of the reported Great Southern Continent, the first land he sighted, after leaving the then Dutch colony of Mauritius, proved to be the west coast of Tasmania. This land, discovered on the 24th of November, 1642, appeared to be mountainous and clothed with dark forest, and in these respects differed from the low, sandy shores ascribed to the Great Southern Continent by previous navigators. Recognizing it as a hitherto unknown territory, Tasman named it "Anthony Van Diemen's Land;" and to the most prominent summits first visible he gave the names of the two ships Heemskirk and Zeehan (Seahen) which comprised his expedition.

Mount Zeehan, thus discovered and christened two and a half centuries ago, remained until the last decade an absolute *terra incognita*. Though no more than ten miles distant from the western shores of the island, approach towards it, either from the sea-board or from lands lying north, east, or south, was, until lately, almost impracticable, by reason of the impassable nature of the country—alternating with hill and swamp, covered with dense forest and scrub, or equally impenetrable button grass.

In 1884, Frank H. Long and William Johnstone setting out from Mount Bischoff to prospect for tin or gold, entered the district around Mount Zeehan, and discovered silver-lead ore in great abundance; but the news of this discovery was disseminated slowly. In March, 1885, two proprietary companies had established themselves on the Zeehan silver field.

In March, 1888, an extent of country measuring north to south six to seven miles, and east to west two to three miles, had been proved to be silver-bearing; and at the close of that year twenty-five thousand acres had been let on lease by government as mining claims of forty to eighty acres each. Owing to its inaccessibility, only seventy men were then at work on the field. The colonial parliament at this time voted a preliminary sum for the survey of a railway to connect

the field with the port of Strahan, on Macquarie harbor, twenty-nine miles distant. This railway was practically completed at the close of 1891.

In March, 1889, the population of the Zeehan field scarcely exceeded one hundred. In September, 1890, it was estimated at two thousand; and at the close of 1891, at not fewer than seven thousand persons, placing then as the third town in Tasmania.

The township of Zeehan was formally incorporated in 1891, and the erection of hotels and public buildings has proceeded with great rapidity. A tri-weekly newspaper was started in Zeehan in October, 1890; and in October, 1891, it became a morning daily, with a daily evening issue as well.

According to the "Report of the Minister of Mines" on 30th June 1891, the mining claims leased around Zeehan extend over a tract of country from Mount Zeehan north-eastwards for a distance of about twenty miles, with a breadth of about eight miles, and an area of eighty-seven thousand acres. The geological formation of the district proves it to be of Silurian age. In the northern part of the field, around Mount Dundas, carbonated ores of lead are principally found, while around Zeehan, galena is the predominating mineral. Both of these are very rich in silver. The first five hundred tons of galena ore from Zeehan, received in this country during 1891, contained sixty-six per cent. of lead and one hundred and ten ounces of silver per ton.

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From "Greater Britain."

#### IMPRESSIONS OF AN AUSTRALIAN IN LONDON.

THE business aptitude and economy of time displayed by the great majority of London traders are deserving of the highest commendation. But in relation to some of the large houses of even London itself, I have been rather surprised at some of the "slow-coach" hands in the establishments. I fancy Australians could here and there give them a wrinkle or two, sharp as Londoners may consider themselves. One good feature I specially note in most of the houses, and it is the desire to restrict the system of credit. "Cash down" is the safe rule, and many seem to be aiming at that, on the principle of smaller profits with quicker returns. And I cannot help thinking that for every-

day traders the adoption of Franklin's economical maxims and principles will be most advantageous to all concerned. A line or two as to prices. Generally speaking, they are low. But in some places on the Continent the price of similar articles is lower still. In this respect the higher rate of wages in Australia will not enable that country, with many manufactures still in their infancy, to compare favorably.

In politics I am a Radical. I believe in marching forward as the ages move onward. Therefore I oppose the old notion that all things should continue as they are. The divisions and strife and turmoil of political life are happily not so pronounced in Australia as in England. I notice by the press, in meetings I have attended, and in conversation with individuals, numerous instances of the very strong party spirit which exists. An intelligent business man I met is a Conservative. All would probably have gone "merry as a marriage bell," but for one objection. The moment he discovered my Liberal tendencies his manner was entirely changed. That Liberalism was the fly in the pot of ointment which had the effect of spoiling the whole. His bearing became more and more distant, and the temperature of friendliness fell below zero.

There appears to be a well-founded complaint that the parson and squire dominate the political affairs of the country. In Australia it is not so. Whilst I believe in the right of ministers to direct men in religious concerns, and to maintain a high moral tone in society, I object emphatically to electors being dominated at the ballot-box by the power of money and influence of wealth. Great battles will have to be fought ere long in the political arena. The incident of taxation requires radical change. Land laws must be altered. Fixity of tenure should be extended. Freer access must be given to the land, and a right to acquire the fee simple of the land, as in Australia, where the system of leasehold, except for business premises, is extremely limited. And with these reforms must also come speedily a cheap and easy plan of land transfer, such as that prevailing in Australia, and known as the Real Property Act law. The present attitude of the classes must be changed, and the legitimate demands of the masses more fully recognized, or there will be strikes and strifes, or possibly a revolution, on a gigantic scale. But some of these reforms are not far distant.

Notwithstanding all the religious and philanthropic efforts of Churches and

Christian reformers, there is yet a great work to be done. It is appalling in the highest degree to see how vice and shame flaunt themselves by day and night in the great cities of England, and especially in London. Not in Whitechapel, Stepney, and Poplar districts only, but in such fashionable parts as Charing Cross, Piccadilly, and Oxford Street. I have been much impressed, however, by the vast number of Christian agencies in operation in and around London. In the churches, too, I have observed, with much satisfaction, the spirit of devotion and reverence, particularly amongst young men and women, such as I have not seen elsewhere. Certainly this augurs well for the future. But I cannot fail to notice in many of the churches of the established order (Episcopalian) the meagre attendances at the services. Are not these certain signs of disintegration, and will they not assuredly hasten the disestablishment of the Church? I notice that popular services elsewhere, adapted for the multitudes, are well attended, and on several occasions I have been obliged to attend from half to three-quarters of an hour before the ap-

pointed time to obtain a seat, or even standing room.

The poor will, I suppose, always be found in London, but I cannot help thinking some organized effort might be made on their behalf, and after suitable tests they could have a better chance in other lands.

I consider the cost of decent living in London is excessive, and feel more contented to reside in Australia, where provisions, fruit, meat, and bread are cheaper.

The omnibus traffic is wonderful and well regulated in the streets, and the fares remarkably cheap. I am astonished at the extent of parks and reserves in London, considering the high prices of land there; but I sincerely hope no attempt will be made to curtail the privileges of citizens in obtaining access to these beautiful grounds.

Shelters for the poor are doing a good and necessary work. The Salvation Army and others are entitled to much praise for providing these useful places. I cannot help feeling that General Booth and his officers are on the right track for uplifting the fallen and outcast of London.

CHARLES H. MATTERS.

STORIES about the late Duke of Devonshire are few and far between, for the deceased nobleman, unlike many of his brother peers, was of a modest and retiring disposition, and not given to any of those little eccentricities which biographers so eagerly seize upon. One story, the truth of which is vouched for by one who ought to know, is, however, worth repeating. The duke, it may be mentioned, was a man of old-fashioned courtliness, and, like the poet Browning, was invariably the essence of politeness under all conditions. One day a visitor was announced at Chatsworth. The pasteboard of the unknown bore the name "Colonel So-and-So," and the bearer stated that he had come a long journey expressly to see the duke. His Grace, not knowing the colonel, despatched his secretary to interview the unknown, but that functionary soon returned with the information that the visitor, who appeared to be a gentleman, refused to disclose the nature of his business except to the owner of the house. The duke had him sent up to his library, and bowed low when he entered. Then he motioned the mysterious visitor to a chair, an invitation which the colonel did not accept. In fact, he stood bolt upright, and silently scrutinized the duke from head to foot. The strange behavior of the man began to grow embarrassing, and the duke was at

last compelled to ask him to state his business. To this query the colonel replied by begging to be allowed to shake the duke by the hand, a request that was readily granted. Then he exclaimed: "Thank you, I feel extremely obliged to you. I have travelled some hundreds of miles to see a real live English duke, but I never expected to be allowed the privilege of shaking one by the hand. Thank you so much. If ever you should be in Chicago I trust you will allow me to again enjoy your society; my address is so-and-so, Twenty-nine Avenue." Then he took up his hat and departed, the duke bowing low as if *he* had been honored instead of having honored an American military pork colonel.

A LITTLE story is told of the youthful queen of Holland, when she was about six or seven, which proves that the life of a princess is not quite a bed of roses. Once when seated at play with three of her dolls, one of the wax babies misbehaved itself, and the little princess held up a warning finger, saying sternly: "If you are so naughty I shall make you into a princess, and then you won't have any other little children to play with, and you'll always have to throw kisses with your hand whenever you go out driving."

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## LOVE AND GRIEF.

## I.

DEAD Love, dead Love, now shall thy burial  
be!

I give thee rainbowed hope to be thy shroud;  
I lay the beauty that maketh women proud  
On thy dead heart: I set my girlhood's glee  
In that strait bed which now doth compass  
thee,

Immortal as I thought, to mortal bowed,  
With all thy supreme godhead disallowed.  
Dead Love, dead Love, and what shall com-  
fort me?

What new fresh loveliness will yet arise  
From his dear dust and ashes, his that erst  
Made the whole realm of beauty pale and  
dim?

What blossom of glory from his grave shall  
burst?

I will not look and see it with the eyes  
That opened at his kiss, and looked on  
him.

## II.

Alas for the mortality of grief!

Next year, perhaps, and next year I may  
shun

The full sweet life of things beneath the  
sun,

But only now am I of mourners chief.

Too soon I shall have drunken Time's relief!

A little while, and healing will have run  
Through every vein, forgetfulness begun!

O Love, dead Love, that woe should be so  
brief!

And shall this be indeed the end of all?

The sleepy drench of Time to soothe and lull  
Into the calm that now I shudder from?

This hand, which felt thy bosom throb, to  
cull

Flowers from thy grave for memory-coronal?

O Love, that to this fashion Grief should  
come!

Athenæum.

E. H. HICKEY.

## TRANSLATION.

## MY SONGS (DALAIM).

(From the Hungarian of Alexander Petöfi.)

OFT in my musings I am idly tossed;  
Now here, now there, and feel my fancy lost.  
Across our native land my path I trace;  
Nay — earth and sky, and all beside embrace.  
My songs, which from these idle musings  
spring,  
Are but fantastic moonbeams as I sing.

Yet why with mystic dreams in slumber sink?  
Were it not well of future hours to think?  
But mindful of those hours why need I be?  
For God is loving; he will think for me.  
My careless songs mount upward on the wing,  
Like gayest butterflies, the while I sing.

Across my path when some sweet maiden  
strays

My thoughts I dare not utter, as I gaze;  
My eyes from her calm eyes a greeting take,  
Like stars bent o'er the bosom of a lake;  
My songs, which unawares love's transport  
bring,

Are just wild roses clustering as I sing.

Does the maid love me? Let the red wine  
flow;

Loves not? why — then I quaff to quench my  
woe.

Wine in the merry cup will charm my pain,  
And bring some sunshine to my soul again.

My songs, which joy and grief commingled  
bring,

Are wondrous-tinted rainbows as I sing.

But while my hand holds up the cup it drains,  
I look, and on our people's necks are chains.

Merry the clatter of the glass that cheers;

But fetters rattle gruesome in our ears.

My songs, while woful sights the bosom  
wring,

Are heavy clouds about me as I sing.

But wherefore do our people bide the chain?

Let them rise up and burst its links in twain.

Wait they until in our Hungarian land

God grant it falls rust-eaten from the hand?

My songs, which from a tortured soul I fling,

Behold! are angry lightnings as I sing.

Academy.

W. R. MORFILL.

## ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

A HUNDRED paces from the human tide

That fills the Strand; one crooked street,  
and soon

Behold a silent world of waters wide,

Lit by a wandering moon.

The sleeping bridges, mute as in a dream,

The gradual curve of lights on either shore,

A barge that swings across the shifting stream,

The distant London roar.

This alchemy of heaven upon the earth!

The soul of beauty bursts through mortal  
bars;

Night makes her music of the city's mirth,  
And of the gas-lamps, stars.

Ah! would the cosmic powers that rule our  
strife

Perfect even so thy failures, Love, and  
mine,

And weave from out the broken threads of  
life

A tapestry divine.

We know not: only, in these moments rare

When body seems but spirit's envelope,

We look upon the earth, and find it fair,

On heaven, and there is hope.

Spectator.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

From The New Review.

## THE GERMAN CRISIS AND THE EMPEROR.

It has been my general experience to find that foreign nations, even among their most politically enlightened circles, know very little of the political situation in Germany. Hence it is that isolated occurrences which may happen to strike their particular attention are for the most part judged from a false point of view, because taken without reference to their inseparable connection with the underlying element of *dramatis personæ* and conditions. I am almost of opinion that in this deficiency of knowledge the English are greater offenders than the French, whom the last war and its consequences obliged to bestow particular attention on the political events of Germany. What chiefly deters the English mind from following German affairs with any interest is the state of tutelage in which, according to their impression, Germans are kept by their government. They look down with contemptuous pity on the childlike attitude of German representative bodies towards their grandmotherly *régime*, and set little value on their acts. They are all the more impressed by the isolated apparition, which, rising suddenly and clearly defined out of a cloud-capped, turbid sea, rouses their sympathy by this very manifestation of superior power. Thus it is, for instance, that their attention is riveted by the commanding figure of Prince Bismarck. Since he sank into the background, the most striking and conspicuous appearances of late have been the young emperor and the party of the Social Democrats. A few weeks ago these two elements of German politics once more gave occasion for sensational notices and, therewith, for questions as to their significance and importance. As was to be expected from the above-mentioned defective insight into their connection with, and exact bearing upon, the general situation, foreign public opinion formed a distorted and exaggerated estimate of them. The late street riots in Berlin were falsely ascribed to outbreaks of the Social Democrats; and, just as these riots were brought into a false relationship with the Democratic

party, it was also thought necessary to find some connection between the late imperial speech and these occurrences. And so, judging from various information, the prevailing impression of the moment in England is that a Socialist insurrection is impending in Germany, and that the emperor is preparing to overcome it by the introduction of a monarchical dictatorship. Whoever reads these sensational accounts easily falls into such misconceptions, and is led to believe in a critical state of affairs which really does not exist. Let it be distinctly understood, however, that not only is the great party of the Social Democrats far removed from these street riots, but that the same come in very awkwardly for them. Also, and this is an important point, that this party has of late years, and more especially since the repeal of the exceptional laws, withdrawn itself more and more from the revolutionary movement, and its increase in the elections and in its Parliamentary representation has strongly contributed to this. It has gained greatly thereby in consideration and influence, which are too much prized by its political leaders for them to set them at stake by revolutionary methods and proceedings. The thirty-five members of the Social Democratic party (or *Fraktion*, to use the technical expression) play quite a different part in the Imperial Diet than they ever did before, since the foundation of the North German Federation in the year 1867. The very fact that, since the elections of 1890, their places, theretofore high up behind the Mountain in the Chamber of Representatives, have been changed, and that we now find many among them occupying seats farther down, right opposite the front bench of the ministerial side of the House, is highly noteworthy as evidence of the growing prestige of the party. Treated for twenty-five years, more especially by the Conservatives, as a species of outlaws with whom the latter could only associate under strained relations, they have ultimately secured a position of perfect equality for themselves. They form a section which is represented in the committees of the House, and command an adequate number of signatures to enable them to introduce

independent motions. What is more important than this formal extension of rights is that they are treated by the ministers, the federal councillors, and even by their Conservative colleagues, with the same friendly consideration as is accorded to any other party. And as they possess great talent, industry, and zeal, they really inspire respect. It was lately reported that the president of the Reichstag, Herr von Levezow, a staunch Conservative, declared in a private conversation that, in his opinion, Herr Bebel was the first orator in the House. Opinions may differ on the subject, but this utterance is significant as marking the consideration which Herr Bebel's party has succeeded in obtaining for itself. Of course in like measure, with this improved condition, and by a process of mutual reaction, the manners and procedure of the Socialist members have undergone a considerable change. Very seldom, and then only from novices among them, are heard expressions provocative of vexatious and inflammatory speeches. Very often their motions bring important and solid material under discussion. Not a few of them are distinguished by their culture in political economy and by elegance of expression, while others whose social position would hardly justify such an expectation, as, for instance, the former ship's cook, Schwarz, or the workman in cigars, Molkenbuhr, frequently delight the House by a staid, measured, pertinent delivery. There is not a trace of their former truculent demeanor on entering the House. Even in their outer man there is a wholesome change, and the bare-necked, sinister figures of a Hasselmann or a Most never now offend the eye. The House has to deal with quiet, sensible citizens whose idiosyncrasy has no affinity for barricades and rifle-shots, but rather for a peaceful life in the bosom of their families, and who enjoy their celebrity, without on that account renouncing their Socialistic views. *Ils sont arrivés*, as a Frenchman would say. It is true we hear the objection made that behind this party, duly represented and acknowledged in Parliament, there crowds a surging throng which has no cause for similar satisfaction, and which forms the

senseless, fermenting element, eager for violence and destruction, and that at a given moment this insurrectionary contingent would carry away the masses with it and fling the moderate leaders overboard. But this assertion rests on an imperfect knowledge of the actual conditions of the case. In fact, the thirty-five members have by far the greater part of their electors on their side, and their moral ascendancy is in no way imperilled. The latter rests not only on their capital of acquired consideration and influence and on their qualifications, but also most decidedly on the circumstance that the greater part of the constituents do not go so far as their elected members. For out of the number of one million four hundred thousand Socialistic votes recorded in February, 1890 (a larger poll than that of any other single party), probably not more than one-half are thorough-going advocates of the Democratic programme, but simply malcontents, who have no thought of overturning the existing order of things.

Moreover, if the party has attained to a certain degree of repose and contentment, it must not be inferred that this arises solely from motives of self-complacency and personal feeling. It has far deeper and weightier reasons for satisfaction, for it has in effect gained admittance for its principles into the imperial legislation, and in such wise, too, that henceforth it will be difficult to prevent farther Socialistic developments, all the more so because other nations have been tempted to imitate the example of Germany. We learn this from the motions brought forward in the French and English Houses of Parliament for legalized State insurance for the working classes.

German Socialists, therefore, are quite right in asserting that they gave Prince Bismarck the first impulse in the direction of his so-called Socialistic legislation.

In 1878 Bismarck set out with the conviction that there was but one remedy against the Social Democrats, namely, suppression by force carried to its extreme limits. He hoped to utterly exterminate them. As a counter-demonstration for the relief of the public conscience, he offered the various stages of the insurance laws;

beginning with insurance against accidents, proceeding to that against sickness, old age, permanent affliction and infirmity, while in the background there loomed a prospective insurance for orphans and widows. How all this was to be carried into effect he neither knew nor cared. He sought out a couple of well-trained officials, and commissioned them to prepare some scheme or other, his primary stipulation being that everything should remain in the hands of the State; for all spontaneity and self-help were repugnant to him as so-called "Manchesterdom." The project was gilt over with the nimbus of the good old Emperor William, who was for the nonce credited with an earnest wish to solve the Socialist problem before his death. As Bismarck well knew that pronounced Liberals would oppose these proposals, he thereby served his purpose of having an opportunity of accusing them of disloyalty to the venerable monarch. Meanwhile the Moderates, or so-called National Liberals who followed him blindly in all things, laid the flattering unction to their souls that this insurance law would soften the hearts of the Social Democrats and convert them into sincerely thankful adherents of the existing order of things. It is needless to say that the reverse was the case. They were enraged at the persecutions, laughed the proffered benefits to scorn, and turned the logical consequences of State Socialism to their own advantage by declaring that it trenched upon the domain of their own principles. They thus gained a triple advantage, while Bismarck's Socialistic policy made three simultaneous mistakes. But it was only the third law of the series, namely, that which provided for the infirm and the aged, which was entirely based on Socialistic lines by stipulating for a monetary contribution by the State. It had to bear the brunt of the Opposition in the Reichstag, and would certainly not have been passed but that in the final division Prince Bismarck threw all his enormous personal influence and authority into the scale in order to force it through the House. Probably he himself entertained the strongest doubts as to the efficacy of this novel measure, and not long since he let

out in a private conversation, that he looked upon it as a mistake; but he had in so many unctuous speeches officially connected his own and the emperor's name with the glorification of this law and of its "practical Christianity" that it seemed to him indispensable to the maintenance of his personal prestige to carry it through. It never was his way to trouble himself about the after-effects of any measures that could be made to subserve his purpose for the time being. Nevertheless he would not have succeeded in obtaining the twenty votes which turned the scale in favor of the bill, but for opportune help from an unexpected quarter. The Roman Catholic party, the so-called Centre, and more especially its leader Windthorst, were altogether opposed to the bill. But the chairman of the committee of twenty-eight members which passed it through the report stage, Windthorst's second in command in the Centre party, namely, Baron von Frankenstein, was a man of aristocratic position and appearance, if of mediocre ability, which, however, he had the tact to hide under a dignified silence or a suggestive reticence.

As president of the committee his *amour propre* was deeply concerned in the success of the bill with which he had identified himself. Possibly, too, he may have sincerely cherished the belief that some great thing would be achieved under his auspices, and he attached the highest importance to obtaining a majority of votes in its favor. His exertions were successful in gaining over twelve Bavarian members for the Centre party, and their votes decided the matter. Had they voted against the bill with their own party groups, it must inevitably have fallen through. It was simply another illustration of the apothegm that small causes produce great effects. And thus the German Empire raised the standard of State Socialism to gratify the self-love of a distinguished nobleman.

From the moment that, on January 1, 1891, the law came into operation, complaints on complaints have been piled up against it thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. And this is only a beginning, for it may

be safely predicted that if it had to be voted for over again in the Reichstag, not forty members would be got together for the occasion. Probably the Social Democrats, who once voted against it, would now be in its favor, because they then could allow themselves the luxury of leaving others to subscribe to its provisions while professing themselves dissatisfied with it. Quite lately they declared in the Reichstag that they would oppose any attempt to rescind this law, and we may readily believe them, for they are the only people who have any reason to be satisfied with it. However, for the present, there is no question of its abolition. Indeed, it would be a difficult task to improve out of existence such a complicated arrangement which has already entered into many thousands of engagements. Not till, in course of time, the difficulties become intolerable and the cost of its maintenance increases beyond all expectation, will a remedy be sought, and then it will be found no easy matter to discover a way out.

One benefit, however, this bill has conferred upon the country, for what with tardy repentance over its acceptance and gloomy forebodings of a leap taken in the dark, or (as a deputy graphically expressed it) a "spring into the brilliantly illumined abyss," there prevails a growing, deep-rooted conviction that it is not well to proceed any farther in this path. Members will fight shy of troubling the Reichstag with any new proposals for a more extensive application of this insurance principle, and we may safely prophesy that if any member made the attempt he would not get a hearing.

Moreover, the departmental forces which carried the bill through for Prince Bismarck, and displayed the utmost dexterity in the task, are now enfeebled and worn out. This pause, which Socialistic legislation thus brought about, cannot fail to be welcome to the Social Democrats, for it leaves them free to bring forward fresh, unappeasable demands such as are their very life and soul. Hence it would not in any way be good policy on their part to hanker after street disturbances, and Herr Liebknecht obviously told the truth the other day when he wrote to the Paris *Figaro* that in the late disturbances at Berlin he and his friends saw only mischief and suspicious instigation on the part of their political opponents. Besides, no one in Berlin itself ever took these disturbances seriously, and it is only in foreign countries, where all popular ex-

cesses recall the image of former Parisian barricade scenes, that they excited any particular attention. But organized street fights and barricades of this description have seen their day. They will probably never again decide the fortunes of governments. This is more especially the case in Germany. With us the danger of any great upheaval is infinitesimal. On the other hand there exists the far greater peril of a gradual deterioration of legislative enactments through the influence of Socialistic views. The crushing out of individual freedom, responsibility, initiative, and enterprise by government machinery, the enormous expansion of the civil service establishment, the lavish expenditure of energy in bureaucratic functions, which is forced upon private individuals even — all this must, in course of time, bring about a retrograde movement in producing activity and in national savings. Add to that, that the sources of production, labor, and capital are being drained at the same time by the very party that is diametrically opposed to Social Democracy.

Ever since Prince Bismarck resolved, late in the seventies, to cancel the alliance made with the middle class in 1867, and to throw himself once more into the camp of the squirearchy, he has systematically followed his favorite object of procuring by legislative means the greatest possible pecuniary advantages for the impoverished great landed proprietors of the north. The true motive of his protective policy of import duties and general taxation, was to burden the masses and the town populations in favor of the landed interest. His efforts were so far successful as to make the territorial nobility (more especially of the north and east) once again the most powerful in the Reichstag, and in the Prussian Diet, where, for various reasons, he had the good fortune to be supported by the Catholic members.

Such a law as the duty on brandy, for instance, which annually distributes forty millions of marks among a number of landed proprietors, whose ranks comprise the wealthiest magnates, is unparalleled in the history of the taxation of any country. Strange to say these tendencies increased rather than diminished after Bismarck's dismissal from office, when the administration of finances fell into the hands of Dr. Miquel, a man whose whole life history may be regarded as the very incarnation of the spirit of liberal civic free-thought. The fiscal legislation which he has introduced into Prussia is a continuation of the system of taxing middle-class

earnings and savings for the relief and exemption of the landed interest, which enjoys an immunity from its fair share in the burdens of the State. The considerable sums which in future, as in the past, will be paid by the towns are to be diverted to the advantage of the greater and lesser fry of landed gentry, to whom, in the higher regions of bureaucracy and the army, the richest berths are secured. The stamp of the young German Empire, which set out originally in the spirit of civil liberty, has been changed in the first decade of its existence into the sign of a military and territorial aristocracy; and between the aristocratic extreme and the growing Socialist propaganda, the *bourgeois* class stands as a frail partition wall, ever more and more circumscribed and harassed in its political extension and in its industry by these two opposing factions. Herr von Benigsen, not long since, in a very remarkable speech in the Reichstag, showed how it was not by acts of violence, but by the destructive process of gradual undermining, that the prosperity and the very existence of the nation was imperilled, and was loud in his lamentations that the free burgher *genus* was rapidly becoming extinct. If any one can be raised above the suspicion of having prejudiced or pessimistic views on these matters, it is this distinguished man, whose only fault is his too great toleration of the existing order of things.

What we have said so far will we hope give the foreigner a tolerably correct idea of the present situation and preserve him from giving credence to the accounts of sensational proceedings relating to the internal affairs of Germany, such as newspaper correspondents are so fond of getting up. An event which has been creating the greatest sensation lately, more in the interior of Germany, perhaps, than abroad, is the stormy and persistent agitation which the introduction of the new School Bill has evoked. It is, indeed, of far greater importance to the internal interests of Germany than the late disturbances in the streets of Berlin, or the speeches of the young emperor. The Prussian nobility and gentry are, in sooth, very matter-of-fact folk, who in practical politics always make a dash for the nearest object of worldly advantage. None can appreciate better than they the possession of power and the power of possession, while the worship of ideal excellence was never one of their weaknesses. But they have always gone hand in hand with the zealous Lutheran clergy and have fought for them

as uncompromising allies. A hard, gloomy, intolerant Protestant Church forms part of the institutions regarded by them as the inalienable appanage of their class.

Bismarck, who took in every point of the compass, and who, among other things, was rather fond of setting up for a good Christian, made great use of these pious, clerical zealots and also of their mundane backers whenever it suited his purpose. At other times he shook them off with his accustomed roughness. On no occasion did he quite give them their head; that would have been too much to expect from him even towards his most devoted partisans.

Things have gone differently under his successor. He is neither so powerful a wire-puller nor so adroit a strategist in the arena of party strife. Count Caprivi said when he took up the reins of government that he would rule with the help of Parliament and therefore must have a majority. The late Dr. Windthorst, who had already come to terms with Prince Bismarck, offered him the basis of the Centre party, the most numerous in the Reichstag, more than a hundred votes, to which a second hundred is always ready to give in its adhesion provided the main point of the first hundred has been gained. Caprivi felt he could very well fall in with such a proposal, as Dr. Windthorst's shrewdness and moderation were a guarantee against any extravagant claims as the price of such support.

In order, however, not to give offence to Protestant Prussia by thus coquetting with the Ultramontanes it was necessary for him to hold out the other hand to the pious Protestants. These two orthodox parties, it is true, secretly detest each other, but they nevertheless understand that on many points their interests are identical rather than antagonistic. *Clericus dericum non decimat*. Accordingly the majority re-established a strong religious reaction in Prussia. But Caprivi, who is an honorable man of the world, and only accepted this basis because it seemed the only practicable one to him at the time, and who is handicapped by conscientious scruples, was anxious, as a first and important step, to place something less fossilized and more characteristic of modern ideas, side by side with this reactionary necessity. He decided, with his eyes open and *de gaieté de cœur*, to make a clean sweep of the wretched, barbarous exclusive system of Bismarck's ultra-protectionism, and as much in the interest of foreign affairs as in that of the welfare

of the nation at home, to return to the system of commercial treaties.

The sacrifices which he required from the protectionists were very slight; probably he considered that such a serious injury to the parties concerned as pronounced free-trade would be too risky. But he entirely set aside the prohibition against the importation of cattle and meat, which, under the pretext of sanitary policy, had played into the hands of the landlords' monopoly. He also mitigated the harsh treatment of Alsace and Lorraine, and allowed the exceptional laws against the Social Democrats to fall into abeyance. He also resolved to withdraw from its unnatural application, as secret service money, the fund of the Hanoverian crown prince. He poured a cold water *douche* of sober criticism on the fanaticism and utter folly of colonizing enthusiasts, but, of course, he could not quite drop the costly plaything, the idolized object of distinguished political *dilettanti*.

But with these early manifestations the inspirations of the good spirit seem to have been exhausted. For some months past the whole personality of the chancellor has faded into the background, and his colleague in the Prussian ministry, Count Zedlitz, minister of public instruction, has filled up the scene as authoritative stage manager of political enterprise. He advances from the pit, leading the Protestant and the Catholic clergy in either hand, and announces the new play, entitled the delivering up of national education into the hands of the parsons. And hey, presto! down comes a regular hailstorm of maledictions and rotten eggs about his devoted head. Not one of the whole company escapes; above all, not the prime minister. Count Caprivi, who in a chivalrous mood insists on shielding his colleague, the minister of public instruction, with his own stalwart form, thinks it all the more his duty to identify himself with him because the rage of the public is so fiercely kindled against him. From that moment, although no one ever doubted his perfect loyalty of intention, Count Caprivi lost the greater part of his popularity. The most significant symptom of this is that his predecessor, Bismarck, who had hitherto never ceased to persecute him with cutting epigrams, now rests on his oars and suddenly remembers that "silence is golden."

Meanwhile the public and the School Bill supply the jeers and gibes. A considerable portion of the public who had regarded Bismarck's retirement with su-

preme indifference, and had favored Caprivi, now wishes him back again. Those, however, who are thoroughly acquainted with him think anything and everything, even the present trouble, better than a return to the former chancellor. The Caprivi administration has lost the greater part of its adherents in consequence of this bill. In non-Prussian Germany the case is worse. Not only the Cabinet, but the whole Prussian Constitution has lost immensely in the sympathy and public estimation of the rest of the empire. It had been no easy task to inspire a feeling of confidence, the slow growth of which was arrested and turned back by the ill-judged action of a moment. It has always been one of the misfortunes of Germany that, in the State whose superior military organization enabled it to consolidate a united empire, the nobility, the military, and the clerical classes have ever been so supercilious and repellent in their demeanor.

It is singular that so cantankerous a historian as Thomas Carlyle was the only foreigner of celebrity who in the present century could get up any enthusiasm for the Prussian Constitution. Since the foundation of the empire the individuality of the Emperor William and of his son Frederick had done much to soften these repellent features of Prussian high political and official circles. As age advanced upon him, the touchingly venerable figure of the first German emperor and his modest and judicious demeanor won the hearts even of his non-Prussian subjects. His son, too, appears to have been an amiable, philanthropic man, who betrayed no offensive consciousness of his own intellectual superiority, however much he might be impressed with a sense of his high mission. The heart-rending story of his sufferings, and of the unworthy persecution by which he was followed to the very brink of the grave, heightened the national admiration for the handsome, mild-eyed warrior.

When his son succeeded him he was to the greater part of his subjects a closed book which could be taken up in a perfectly unprejudiced spirit. It is true people shook their heads when, on returning from his first European tour, he received, with harsh, ungracious words the representatives of his capital, who came to offer him a loyal address — words to which his youthful years lent double dislike. But this unpleasant impression abated after a time. Then came the dismissal of Bismarck, and simultaneously the repeal of

the exceptional laws against the Social Democrats, and the convocation of the International Conference for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Working Classes. Various were the effects of these innovations. The decided Liberals hailed the retirement of Bismarck as an unmixed good for the country. The Ultramontanes, although no longer in open strife with their "old man of the sea," were by no means sorry to get rid of him. On the other hand, the Conservative element among the *bourgeoisie*, which numbers the National Liberals in its first ranks, was inconsolable.

What most displeased them in the new emperor was his uncalled-for interference with the affairs of the working classes, his attitude towards the strike of the Westphalian miners, and finally, his convening of the International Conference. They reproached him with making the workmen intractable and presumptuous. They were enthusiastic admirers of Bismarck, and saw in his retirement on account of the Conference both the cause and effect of a wrong course of action which filled them with inward rage. The aristocratic Conservatives had no prepossession either for or against the emperor. The Prussian nobleman thinks first of all of himself, and then calmly awaits the course of events.

While, however, the industrial protectionists did not disapprove of the return to the system of commercial treaties, the Conservative landed gentry were exasperated by the reduction in the corn duties. Thus the different groups of the Conservative parties were quite unapproachable on the subject of the new government. The Liberals were neither confident nor yet dispirited. The choice of Caprivi, *rebus sic stantibus*, seemed to them a clever device which did honor to the emperor's penetration and knowledge of men.

But the Education Bill has spoilt everything. And it is a difficult question to say in which party are to be found any warm adherents of the new government. In truth, if questioned on the subject, one would be forced to answer in none. For though the Ultramontanes and the orthodox Lutheran clergy are naturally glad enough to turn the favorable opportunity offered them to their own advantage, it is not to be inferred on that account that they are the devoted admirers of the emperor's person.

Such was the situation of affairs when his speech to the Brandenburgers became known. The impression it made was star-

ling. People had been astonished at many of his former speeches, but none had hitherto produced so unfavorable an effect.

It is not asserting too much to say that it pleased no one, and greatly vexed many among the most influential adherents of the government. Foreign countries took a lively part in this agitation. From all sides up to the present moment there comes the pertinent question: "What are we to think of this?" more especially: "What conclusion are we to draw from it for the future?" It is very difficult to make any reply.

Of any ordinary man one might say: "Words are not deeds." But in the case of the sovereign of a powerful State, who has hitherto shown very little inclination to listen to advice, words may mean far more than mere fugitive thoughts, called forth by the inspiration of the moment.

The next perplexing question that presents itself is: "May not this young emperor some fine day unpleasantly surprise the world by deeds just as he has already done by his speeches? And, if so, is it not to be expected that the deeds would follow the same direction as the speech, and be of an extremely autocratic nature?" That is the question, and a very disquieting one, too. And it is well to calm this uneasiness, even at the expense of these speeches and their significance. The young emperor is a product of the times and of the spirit of the age. As is frequently the case, he has been very little worked upon by his immediate *entourage*. He takes neither after his grandfather, for whom he affects such veneration, nor after his father, Frederick the Noble. What has evidently made the greatest impression on him is the cult of the house of Hohenzollern, whereby some historians and, after their example, many millions of Germans have erected their veneration for the Hohenzollern dynasty into an ecstatic and mystic religion—a species of fanaticism which is without a parallel in history.

Never of the Antonines, nor of the Medicis, nor of the Bourbons, nor of the Hapsburgs was it maintained in such dithyrambic strains that every ruler of their house must, by the mere fact of his existence, be a pattern of superhuman perfection lawfully placed on the throne. The sense of its own power which has increased so greatly in Germany, and more especially in Prussia, since the war of 1870, has become personified in the reigning house and in the wearer of the crown.

If we take into account the important part played by State activity in the tendency of its late legislation, and, further, the enormous success which Bismarck obtained, and which the world attributed less to his acknowledged intellectual superiority than to his strong will—a feeling which found utterance in the appellation of the Iron Chancellor; if we sum up the three forces—Hohenzollern, Bismarck, and energy—taken in their widest sense, and if we picture to ourselves a young man brought up in this atmosphere, prematurely called upon to combine (according to *his* view of the matter) in his own person these three attributes, we shall be able to conceive with what claims on himself and on the world the youthful sovereign mounted the throne. He felt an irresistible impulse to be a great monarch and the self-inspired creator of a great epoch. His disposition, no less than the fashion of the time, more especially the military taste which finds expression in the display of dazzling spectacles, tempted him to symbolize his high calling by the most effective stage surroundings. With the impatience of youth he longed to bring about some great event, and was more bent on a striking beginning than on a slow maturity. He accordingly set out on his travels to foreign courts in order to conquer the sympathies of dynasties and nations at a gallop, and to bring under their notice the magnificence of his Majesty. With the same object he convened the International Conference for the solving of social problems, and inaugurated the reform of public instruction, in which he set out with the notion that the strength of the personal impulses that he followed was the very thing whereby to accomplish the difficult tasks of life, and give them the impress of creative force. An inward activity and craving for excitement and movement, the belief that the will is everything, and the wish to show the world by visible manifestations that his view was the right one, impelled him to restless demonstrativeness.

Even the meeting with a dramatic, popular poet like Ernst von Wildenbruch, particularly adapted for the glorification of such ideas, was not without influence on the natural bent of his mind.

The plays which put on the stage the history of the Hohenzollerns in vivid diction, picturesque *ensemble*, and gorgeous scenic effects, afford an inestimable commentary on the whole of this period.

It is in this connection that we must consider the special character of the imperial

speeches if we are to estimate them aright. There reigns throughout them the same imperious longing to shape the course of events and to impress the world by manifestations of schemes which can never be realized in practice. We should be doing the young monarch injustice to take it for granted that the overflowing feeling of his own power and penetration with which his speeches abound, portends acts of violence. Those who know him personally say that in his mode of life and intercourse with those around him he is a jovial, amiable, simple, and genial man. There is not a sign of a gloomy, despotic nature.

It is only when he appears officially before his people that his countenance assumes that aspect of majestic and almost glorified solemnity which the artists have reproduced in his portraits.

What made the astonishing nature of his speeches cause so much uneasiness in the world was the fear lest a hasty word or a hasty action should bring about a European war.

All who venture to give an opinion of his character, have hitherto agreed that William II., with all his love of military power and pomp, is deeply penetrated with the belief that it is an unspeakably holy duty to preserve peace. If this be really the case, we may calmly leave further developments to time.

L. BAMBERGER.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
MY LAST PROPOSAL.

I HAD made other declarations of love, all of them unsuccessful, I was glad to think, and yet here I was at forty—well, let us say between thirty and forty—shivering on the brink of another proposal. I had just come home to my rooms in King's Bench Walk after dining at the Barndores. Of course, I had met little Mrs. Winterton there; of course, I had taken her in to dinner—the world we both lived in was always bringing us together in that sort of way—and equally of course, I was soon dreaming over the fire, of her slim, taut little figure in its dainty black silk setting. I had always liked the name of Kate, I thought; it was homely, comfortable, and yet not commonplace. Yes, it would do very well. Neither had I any narrow-minded aversion to widows. I felt that if Mrs. Winterton, who had tried the holy state of matrimony

once, cared to try it again, it was scarcely for me, who had no experience, to raise objections. I had always regarded Weller the elder as a dull man of blunted sentiments, who somewhat deserved his fate. The exigencies of his profession, too, were not calculated to promote connubial bliss. In legal slang, his case was not on "all fours" with mine, and I knew that Mrs. Winterton and I could easily refute what one may call the Wellerian fallacy, if we wished to do so. But did we wish to? and why should we wish to? These were the questions troubling my mind at this moment.

I was too old to pretend to a mad, despairing passion, Kate was too sensible. But we were both almost alone in the world, and this, I think, had brought us closer together and made us rather like old friends than new acquaintances.

She was bright, witty, cheerful, and — yes, I think she was pretty. She had a nice little fortune, too, people said, but I had charged myself a hundred times with caring for that, and always acquitted myself honorably with cheers in court. I did not lack money; my wants were few, and I could supply them without painful or anxious labor. No; I was in love with Kate Winterton, that was the fact, let me face it bravely.

Lighting a candle, for the shaded lamp was insufficient for my purpose, I rose and looked in the mirror over the mantelpiece. The candle made the worst of things, I thought; it seemed to bring out all the lines in my face, and there certainly were a good many firmly etched on my forehead. But where is the harm in a few lines in a man's face? They give it character. And when I looked at my features, there was no doubt about it, they were clean-cut, shapely — well, I might almost say — handsome. My mother had said it — I was her only child — over and over again, and there are things that one learns from one's parents that are never forgotten in after life. So far I was passing my examination creditably, if not with honors; but when I lifted the candle above my head it shone upon a wider parting than was either necessary or ornamental. Jackson, the hairdresser, used to say with a professional sniff of sympathy, "Ah, sir, them barristers' wigs do bring the 'air off;" but he knew as well as I did that I did not put my wig on twice a year, having indeed no occasion to do so. So I lowered the candle hastily, and then, stepping back a few paces, took a long look at myself, deciding that my moustache fairly can-

celled the parting, and that I felt happier with my figure in the middle distance than I had in the foreground. I have heard people call me modest; others I know said I was dull; one or two — chiefly those whose books I had reviewed — said I was stupid, meaning by that, honest. Well, well, I said to myself, taking a last look in the glass, things might have been worse for a man who is over for — I mean between thirty and forty.

I made up my fire and lit my pipe again. Kate liked tobacco, I thought to myself with a smile, or the thing would never do. Then I began to dream again. Yes, I would propose to Kate. "Propose!" The very word called up a host of memories. I had proposed before this, I began to recollect, and had been rejected. Well, that too might have been worse. I might have been accepted, and then I should never have seen Kate. I shut my eyes and travelled in memory through strange scenes of the past. I was at Lady Haberly's, standing in the large conservatory that leads out of the drawing-room — it must have been at least fifteen years ago — with a tall, bright girl of two-and-twenty. I could see her brown, honest eyes and truthful face framed in ruddy curls floating before me. Had she led me on, dangling about my quiet paths, or had I rushed out of my native element and jumped at her open-mouthed like a silly trout at a well-made West-end fly? Never mind now. I shall never forget her haughty indignation, her superb astonishment; and yet she was only an earl's granddaughter. I don't think I ever had a pedigree, and I know I cut a very poor figure on that occasion in consequence. She married a wealthy American soon afterwards. I wonder what sort of a pedigree *he* had! As for me, I kept a lock of her hair, and wrapped it up in a newspaper cutting two years after her marriage, when she was the heroine of some sad legal proceedings that many will remember. But it was a cruel, ugly way of keeping the foolish relic, and I burnt it long ago, I am glad to say. I saw her at Brighton quite recently. Her eyes were still brown and beautiful, still honest, perhaps, to those who did not know her story. Why should I recall it? I escaped.

Then there was a tiny, plump, sprightly girl I used to meet at Aunt Harcourt's. She was the miller's daughter. It sounds romantic enough, but it was a steam mill, and is long ago turned into a limited liability company. I cannot remember her

name, nor the color of her eyes, but she sang me "Kathleen, Mavourneen," and I leaned on the piano looking into those eyes, though I have no notion to-day what their color was. And we danced together and sang duets. What pathos I could throw into "My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee," I used to think she felt it; so did Aunt Harcourt, who was very eager for me to "settle down," as she called it, and was always harping on the miller's daughter, and saying, "Ah, James, what a nice little wife she would make, to be sure!" So one evening when aunt had left us alone, dear, foolish old aunt, and we had looked into the fire a long time in awkward silence — I was very young then — I suggested the "Cauld Blast," for we had only one duet, and indeed very little else in common that I can remember. But our hands met in the search for the music, as hands will meet in this world, and then — Well, well; I recollect it all in accurate detail, except the color of her eyes. And she was a very good, kind little girl, and so sorry to grieve me by saying no, but she loved another. And the other was the curate, and after two or three years' waiting they got married, and they have ten or eleven children now, I fancy. I was heart-broken at the time, I know, but perhaps it was as well as it was.

That was not my first proposal, though, for my heart received a severe fracture at a very early age — when I was about fourteen, I think. A pasty-faced, yellow-haired girl captivated my affections in those early days. She was my schoolmaster's daughter. Ah! I *was* in love then. I wrote her verses. Such verses! teeming with fevered passion and perfect marvels of rhythm and orthography. I even produced a set of Latin verses singing her praises, and these cost me infinite toil, though I remember she did not much care for them. But my suit prospered. I bought her toffee and hardbake — sticky emblems of love, and penned her long epistles burning with romantic devotion, and she ate my toffee and wrote me sweet nothings in return. Betsy, the cook, carried our letters, and the postage was a heavy claim on my pocket-money. But then there was no tick with Betsy, so I denied myself other pleasures, as a lover should do. Indeed, I dedicated myself to my mistress's service in the true spirit of ancient chivalry. I ran races and won them for her sake; I swam the Fylde River in flood for her sake, and imagined I was Leander crossing the Hellespont.

If my memory serves me, you couldn't swim in the Fylde at all unless it was in flood. I even punched my dearest chum, Freddy Patterson's head for her sake, for Freddy had said she was a "pasty-faced little sneak." Thinking it over, my dear old Freddy, you were quite right; she was pasty-faced, and she was a sneak. Something was discovered, and she promptly gave up all my letters and verses to her father, and peached on Betsy. Her father was a dry, unapproachable man, as tough and unsympathetic as a Sanskrit root. He sent for me to his study. I had pictured to myself difficulties in my interview with him, but then it was not to come off for about ten years, and by that time I expected to be in command of a regiment at least, having made my name famous in the mouths of men, for I was going into the army in those days. On entering his study I rapidly prepared an appropriate and dignified address. I can remember rehearsing it in the passage. However, there was no opportunity for me to deliver it. My father-in-law that was to have been gave me a short harangue, in which I remember my verses were designated "impertinent trash," and the remainder of the interview was of an entirely practical nature, in which I played a wholly subsidiary part; and in consequence of her father's conduct on that memorable day I considered my engagement with his daughter at an end.

These old memories and dreams were scattered into thin air by a rap at my outer door. I knew the knock, it was Harold Etheridge's. I saw a good deal of Harold at that time.

"I noticed your light, old fellow, and just dropped in."

"You don't intrude," I said, for I was always pleased to see him in those days. "I've only been dreaming over the fire. Sit down and have a last pipe; I must turn in in half an hour."

Harold sat down opposite to me on the other side of the fireplace. He was ten or maybe fifteen, years younger than I was, and a good-looking, dashing, straight-forward man, both in face and manner. There never was such an open-hearted, honest-looking fellow as Harold to all appearance. I had nicknamed him "the Saxon," and the name stuck to him, for it was appropriate. He lived a gay, reckless kind of life, and was always talking of marrying money, or going out to the Cape, as the only alternatives to the Bankruptcy Court; but I believe he was comfortably off. I liked him. I thought him one of

my few friends. I like to remember him as I thought he was, even now, for I believe he was my friend in those days, as far as such a man could be anybody's friend.

I do not know what there is about the small hours of the morning, or whether sympathy is an absolute necessity to a lover, but within five minutes we were talking of Kate Winterton.

"A fine woman? I should think she is," cried Harold enthusiastically; "and a fine fortune, too."

"Bright, witty, good-tempered, and pleasing, if not pretty," I added, continuing my description.

"Why, you might be in love with her, Penrose, to hear you talk."

It was very foolish of me, I know; but lovers *are* foolish, and it was early in the morning, and of course I did not know then that Harold was my rival. Had I suspected it, I think I should have entered a *nolle prosequi* and dropped my suit, leaving him a clear field. After all, it was perhaps only a natural effect of my ailment that I should long to tell some one my secret. The glory of a secret lies in imparting it. Keeping a secret is very poor fun, and I have no secrets at two o'clock in the morning — it is a sympathetic hour. I rose and stood by the fire.

"Harold, old boy, I've something to tell you. I am in love with Kate Winterton!"

The Saxon nearly dropped his pipe. He gave a long whistle and said nothing. I was disappointed; I expected congratulations, pleasant laughter, good wishes — something.

After a moment's silence, he said, with hesitation, "You haven't actually proposed, eh? Have you?"

"No, no! of course not. No one knows but you, and why the devil I told you I don't know," I added testily. His coolness irritated me.

"By George! old fellow, I'm sure I wish you joy. Benedict Redivivus!" He laughed heartily, and shook me by the hand. The Saxon was himself again, and so was I.

"Ah! Harold," I said, "I hardly know whether I shall ever tell her. Let me see, this is Monday night."

"Tuesday morning you mean."

"Yes, yes. I shall not see her until Sunday; I have a week before me yet. Ah, my boy, give me your good wishes on Sunday, 'The better the day —' you know." I shook him by the hand again. He was not very enthusiastic, but he lis-

tened to my garrulous ravings, and that was all that I wanted then. "I feel young again," I continued, "and when I think of her loving face and sweet, grey eyes —"

Gug! gug! gug! It was that confounded lamp; out it went, and put a period to my rhapsody.

"Let us take it as a gentle hint to me, and not as a lover's omen," laughed Harold pleasantly. I groped about, found a candle, and bid him good-night. Then I sought repose and dreamed real dreams, haunted with Kate's bright eyes and silver treble laugh.

I think I have said that I reviewed for the *Slasher* in those days. It was poor stuff, and I had long ceased to be proud of it; but it provided my daily bread, or rather my daily cutlet and pint of claret, and I was at least honest about it. I certainly worked very hard at my learned reviews, and crammed my subjects thoroughly. I was always at work. Etheridge used to say "I worked like the devil, but without his intelligence;" the truth is, they were all a little jealous of my position. For I was the "we" who taught Darwin science, instructed Tennyson in the laws of metre, and patronized George Eliot. It was admitted, too, on all hands that I was excellent at turning out those readable reviews that the public enjoys, and that used to drive weak-minded authors to early graves in my time. Nowadays weak-minded authors are difficult to drive; more's the pity. I was writing something the next evening for Saturday's *Slasher* when Harold came in with a merry smile on his face. I saw no devilry in it then.

"Do you want a subject for one of your real good things?" he asked. "Here is a new volume of poems just out; they are screamingly funny."

"Where did you get them?" I asked.

"I found them in a fellow's rooms and borrowed them for a few days. No one you know," he added hastily.

He handed me a thin volume, daintily got up in a white-and-gold boudoir binding, lettered in scarlet on the cover, "Sighs from my Heart," by Sappho."

"Modest young lady, isn't she?" suggested the Saxon quizzically.

"If she is a lady," I replied sententiously, with the air of one who was too old a hand to jump at obvious conclusions.

"Listen to this, then," cried Harold, snatching the book from my hand, and reading with very comic effect a poem addressed "To my Hero," each verse of which ended thus:—

His locks are gold,  
His looks are bold,  
My Hero!

"Just suits you, Penrose," he said as he finished. "You have red hair and your looks are perfectly brazen."

"Who publishes it?" I said, smiling at his vagaries. "Ah, I see. Well, I'll run through it, and if it is all like that stuff it will come in useful. I've a lot of dull, solemn things here, nothing to make fun of."

"Now do write a good one. Let us have a specimen of your cayenne pepper papers, as Crofts calls them. I shall come in and keep you up to it."

His locks are gold,  
His looks are bold,  
My Hero!"

Etheridge struck an attitude as he recited this, laughed aloud at me in his merry, high-spirited way, and went off, leaving me the volume.

I read the poems, and found them just the weak sort of rubbish I expected, and knocked off a notice of them. I sent down to the publishers to find out why we had not got a copy for the *Slasher*, and was told that it would come in on Friday. I wanted something light for half a page, so I did the ordinary kind of sneering, smart review that the public chuckles over and enjoys. Even as I wrote it I sighed to myself as I often did, for I never grew callous about other people's feelings, and I always blame an author's friends as much as an author for the nonsense he publishes. I shall never forget that review; every wretched word of it is burnt deep into my heart, and when I remember the hundreds of equally cruel, and equally just notices — I must be fair to myself — that I had written, I feel happy to have left the trade to others who have less tender consciences and tougher hearts.

On Sunday morning I rose early. I had not slept well — I do not wish to pretend I had, neither did I eat a good breakfast, but I was awake to the necessity of dressing carefully — particularly carefully — and this I did. I strolled northward towards Park Crescent, where Mrs. Winterton lived; all the good people were coming out of church, and the dinners were coming to meet them out of the bake-houses. It was a clear, frosty morning. Every one seemed cheerful and contented. I had never known London look so bright and happy. As for me, I walked on air, erect, with swinging steps, smiling pleas-

antly at the passers-by, for I did not know what was before me.

Of course Mrs. Winterton was at home to me, just as she had been for the last ten Sundays at this hour. No one was there, and she would be down in a minute. Jane smiled at me as usual, for I was a very regular visitor, and remembered Jane handsomely in my Christmas boxes. I walked through the drawing-room into the boudoir, where I was privileged to enter. She would come there, I knew. A copy of the *Slasher* was lying on the table — cut, too, I noticed. I wondered if she had read my article on "Romola." It was a careful, well-considered thing, I thought. She used often to say she could tell my hand at once. Poor Kate!

I saw, the moment she entered, that something was amiss. Women can hide everything but tears — tell-tale tears. I remember hearing an American girl say she envied a baby its power of crying for an hour or two and turning up fresh at the end of the bout. From a feminine point of view the accomplishment is undoubtedly worth acquiring. We tried to talk, but it was a failure. I dare say I was nervous, but then so was Kate. She was quite *distracte*, and not in the least her own bright self. Instead of our usual frank, open conversation, it was the weather and Disraeli's last good thing. I was determined to break through her reserve. My eye caught the *Slasher* lying open by her side.

"Well, Mrs. Winterton, you have been reading the *Slasher*, I see?"

She darted a keen look at me, and with something of her old fire, but with a trace of bitterness in the laugh that accompanied her answer, she replied, "Oh yes, I have read the *Slasher*."

"Did you look at 'Romola'?"

"No, I only read one thing, a short notice of some poems or something," she said, taking up the paper and looking at it carelessly.

I rose and seated myself on a chair slightly behind her.

"I can show it you," I said; "'Sighs from my Heart.'"

"Did you write that review?" she said, half rising and bending forward to make up the fire.

I could not see her face, or I might have been tempted to tell a lie.

"Yes, I wrote it," I said. "It's smart; don't you think so?"

"It is smart," she replied, after a pause, as though she was reading it over again, — "very smart."

"I'll lend you the book to look at," I continued. "It's the greatest trash you ever read. Awful rubbish."

"Thank you," she answered coldly, still reading the paper, with her face turned from me.

"Such irresistibly comic stuff, that 'To my Hero!' I couldn't help quoting the refrain, —

His locks are gold,  
His looks are bold,  
My Hero!

Ha! ha!"

My laughter stopped almost in its birth. I was looking over her shoulder on to the paper, when a full round tear fell with a "blob," as we used to say in the nursery, on to the page in front of her. That "blob" went straight to my heart. I caught her hand in mine, I may have gone on my knees, I don't know what I did.

"Mrs. Winterton! Kate!" I cried. "What is it? What is the matter? Tell me! I can't bear to see you unhappy. How can I serve you? I came here to-day to tell you—yes, indeed, to tell you I love you."

She tore her hand away from mine, and was speaking to me from the other side of the room. I was half kneeling by her chair, I think, and rose slowly as she spoke.

"You love me! You! Why, you wrote that!" she cried indignantly, pointing to the wretched review.

I looked at her in surprise. Then it began to dawn upon me as I gazed at her dear little figure quivering with indignation.

"Why, you—do you mean—to say," I stammered out, "that—you—are——"

"You great booby, of course I'm Sappho. What a fool a man is!"

She stamped her little foot impatiently, and was almost laughing through her tears at my stupor and amazement. I had never seen her look prettier.

"But—I never knew," I began feebly. "You never told me."

"Of course I didn't—I should have told you to-day. I only got the first copy on Tuesday, and Mr. Etheridge came in and found me with them, and he likes them."

"Did he tell you so?" I shouted.

"Of course he did, and *you* can say so now, you know. Don't get excited. Please go on. Say they are lovely, and beautiful, and soul-stirring, and all the rest of it. Praise me up. Do. They are works of genius, are not they? Worthy of the great poetess herself."

"No, Kate," I said. "I will be quite honest with you; they are rubbish—great rubbish."

She was not prepared for this, and did not know what to say. Something prompted me to cross the room towards her. She allowed me to take her hand.

"Kate," I continued, "I love you too well to tell you a lie. They are rubbish—dreadful rubbish. I did not know whose they were. If you had shown them to me before, they need never have been reviewed at all, here or anywhere. I love you so well I would not have told you a lie about them—no, not to win you for myself forever. Do you believe that, Kate?"

She had let the miserable paper fall into the fender, and her head was turned from me again. "Yes, I believe you," was all her answer. I gathered the paper up and thrust it into the fire. Turning to her, I took her hand once more, and we both stood over the mantelpiece watching the paper writhing in the flame.

"Etheridge gave me your book," I said.

Her hand tightened involuntarily on mine. She was about to say something angry, but I checked her.

"He, too, loved you," I said, "and all is fair in love and war, they say. Never mind him, what about me? Am I to be forgiven? Can you forget this miserable affair? You are the only friend I have in the world. Is this to part us?"

She said not a word, but gazed into the fire.

"Kate, you heard what I said just now. I have told you I love you. May I come back when all this is past and forgotten and say this to you again?"

The ashes had whitened in the flames and were now burnt into nothingness, and she turned her face up towards mine.

"You may stay and say it now, My Hero," she whispered with a smile, and the least suspicion of a twinkle in her bright eye. And it was thus I made my last proposal.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

#### THE STORY OF GIFFORD AND KEATS.

ONE of the inveterate traditions in English literary history is that which ascribes the premature death of the poet Keats to a savage criticism of his "Endymion" in the *Quarterly Review*. It may be worth while to reinvestigate this old story in the light of our most recent information re-

specting the life and character of Keats, especially that supplied by Mr. Sidney Colvin's edition of Keats's collected letters.

It was Shelley that originated the legend. When Keats died at Rome in February, 1821, Shelley, who had seen something of him personally, though they had never been on terms of close intimacy, was residing at Pisa, about a hundred and fifty miles north from Rome; and it was there that, only a few weeks after he had received the news of the too early decease of his young brother-poet, he gave such generous expression to his feelings over the event by penning and publishing his famous elegy and encomium on Keats entitled "Adonais." In a prose preface prefixed to the elegy there was this paragraph:—

The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses was not less delicate and fragile than it was beautiful; and, where canker-worms abound, what wonder if its young flower was blighted in the blood? The savage criticism on his "Endymion" which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind; the agitation thus originated ended in a rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued; and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics of the true greatness of his powers were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

The same story pervades the text of the elegy itself, and is embodied particularly in those stanzas in which Shelley exerts all his powers of language in denunciation of the anonymous reviewer in the *Quarterly*—the "nameless worm," he calls him, the "deaf and viperous murderer"—who had been the cause of all the disaster, and predicts for him a future of execration and infamy. The article having been anonymous, Shelley does not venture to name the man he thus denounces; but, as Gifford himself, the redoubted editor of the *Quarterly* from its commencement in 1809 to the year 1824, was universally credited at the time with the authorship of the criticism on "Endymion," there can be no doubt that it was Gifford that Shelley meant. To this day the belief that Gifford was the culprit has never been seriously disturbed. Dr. Smiles, indeed, in the recently published "Memoir and Correspondence of John Murray," speaks of the article as known to have been "written by Mr. Croker," but without producing the precise vouchers required for such a state-

ment. Till that is done, Gifford who is responsible for the article at all events as having procured it and adopted it, must continue to be held responsible for it wholly.

But, if the legend as to the cause of Keats's death originated with Shelley, it was Byron that helped it into immediate circulation. Byron, who was residing at Venice at the time of the publication of Shelley's "Adonais" at Pisa, had seen an early copy of it. "Are you aware," he wrote on the 30th of July, 1821, to his London publisher, Mr. Murray, who was also proprietor of the *Quarterly Review*, "that Shelley has written an elegy on Keats and accuses the *Quarterly* of killing him?" In the same month Byron had versified the piece of gossip, for his own amusement and Mr. Murray's thus:—

Who killed John Keats?

"I," says the *Quarterly*,

So savage and tartarly;

"'Twas one of my feats."

In November, 1821, Byron removed from Venice to Pisa; and it may have been his companionship with Shelley in Pisa that led to that higher and more serious appreciation of Keats's merits all in all which we find him expressing in a manuscript note on the twelfth of that month. In this note he first repeats Shelley's story, and then proceeds:—

I have read the article before and since; and, though it is bitter, I do not think that a man should permit himself to be killed by it. But a young man little dreams what he must inevitably encounter in the course of a life ambitious of public notice. My indignation at Mr. Keats's depreciation of Pope has hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius, which, *malgré* all the fantastic fopperies of his style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His fragment of "Hyperion" seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus. He is a loss to our literature.

In these words there seems just a hint that Byron, even while repeating Shelley's story, had begun to have some doubts as to its truth. It was too pungent a story, however, to be altogether given up; and accordingly, in the eleventh canto of "Don Juan," published in the following year, Byron reproduced it in this well-known stanza:—

John Keats, who was killed off by one critique  
Just as he really promised something great,  
If not intelligible, without Greek  
Contrived to talk about the gods of late  
Much as they might have been supposed to  
speak.

Poor fellow! his was an untoward fate;

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,  
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

One would have thought that, during the long tract of seventy years through which this stanza of Byron's has been quoted, and that story of Shelley's to which it lent epigrammatic point has continued more or less current, mere natural curiosity would have induced hundreds of persons to make direct acquaintance with the terrible article charged with such tragic consequences. But people are indolent in such matters; and what Byron's shrewd common sense led him to do in 1821—viz., read the notorious article for himself, to test its killing power—seems to have been done by very few since. Any one who chooses, however, may now take down from a library shelf Volume XIX. of the *Quarterly Review*, containing the numbers for April and July, 1818, and there see the article on Keats's "Endymion." It is the seventh article in the first of these numbers; which number, however, was not actually out, both Mr. Buxton Forman and Mr. Sidney Colvin inform us, till the last week of September.

The actual article, I am sure, will considerably surprise those who may have judged of it by hearsay. It will surprise, in the first place, by its extreme brevity and slightness. Instead of being an onslaught in thirty pages or so, as one would have expected of an article credited with such crushing and death-dealing effect, it is a wretched little thing of exactly four pages altogether. It cannot have been the bulk of the article, therefore, that overwhelmed Keats; it must have been the killing quality of the matter of the four pages. Let us see.

Reviewers have been sometimes accused [so the article opens] of not reading the works they affected to criticise. On the present occasion we shall anticipate the author's complaint, and honestly confess that we have not read his work. Not that we have been wanting in our duty—far from it; indeed, we have made efforts almost as superhuman as the story appears to be to get through it; but, with the fullest stretch of our perseverance, we are forced to confess that we have not been able to struggle beyond the first of the four Books of which this poetic romance consists. We should extremely lament this want of energy, or whatever it may be, on our parts, were it not for one consolation—namely, that we are no better acquainted with the meaning of the Book through which we have so painfully toiled, than we are with that of the three which we have not looked into.

A few words of qualified praise are then interjected.

It is not [says the reviewer] that Mr. Keats (if that be his real name, for we almost doubt that any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody)—it is not, we say, that the author has not powers of language, rays of fancy, and gleams of genius; he has all these; but he is, unhappily, a disciple of the new school of what has somewhere been called Cockney poetry—which may be defined to consist in the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language.

Then, after referring sarcastically to Leigh Hunt as the chief of this school, and characterizing the author of "Endymion" as "a copyist of Mr. Hunt," but "more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd," the reviewer glances at the story of the poem.

Of the story [he says] we have been able to make out but little; it seems to be mythological, and probably relates to the loves of Diana and Endymion; but of this, as the scope of the work has altogether escaped us, we cannot speak with any degree of certainty, and must therefore content ourselves with giving some instances of its diction and versification.

The rest of the article, accordingly, consists of an attack upon Keats, illustrated by two quotations, for the occult waywardness and capriciousness of his style, the evident dependence of the sequence of his fancies on the mere rhymes that have occurred to him, followed by examples of what the reviewer considers lines of incorrect and limping prosody and by examples of what he regards as untasteful words and phrases. Among the last he quotes "turtles passion their voices," "men-slugs and human serpentry," "honey-feel of bliss," the "multitude upfollowed," "pantingly and close," "a ripply cove," "refreshfully," and others. Save that it is all done rather stupidly and in an ill-natured spirit, the specification here of Keats's chief faults is not very different from that which has been made over and over again, and would be still allowed, by some of Keats's most ardent admirers.

Bitter and ill-natured the whole article certainly was, and such as could not fail to annoy any eager young author, and depress him for a day or two; but surely, as Byron thought, not such as any author with "a stalk of carl-hemp" in him would have permitted himself to be killed by. Scores of very savage articles on new books appear every month nowadays in our newspapers and literary reviews without killing the authors of the books, or

even putting them in misery beyond the first four-and-twenty hours; and the literary savagery of the world in which Keats lived was more reckless and outrageous than anything of the sort known now. Keats had only to look about him to see poets who had been slaughtered over and over again in reviews surviving the slaughter comfortably enough, or even radiantly and smilingly. For fifteen years, as he knew, there had been a systematic series of attacks on Wordsworth by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* a hundred times more ferocious than this poor four-page article on himself in the *Quarterly*; and yet there was Wordsworth going about in the Lake district of his habitation as hale and serene as ever, climbing mountains and leading otherwise his customary open-air life as heartily as if no Jeffrey existed, and, when he did chance to come to London, welcomed and pressed round in the selectest circle of Keats's own acquaintance there as the greatest English poet of his time, as a sage, a none-such, almost a demigod. So, in varying degrees, with the laureate Southey and others, all of whom had been similarly mauled by the reviewers. Nay—and this is a fact in the history of the case that has been strangely forgotten or overlooked—if Keats could have been killed by a savage review of his "Endymion," he ought to have been dead before this one saw the light. The small article in the *Quarterly*, as we have seen, appeared in the end of September, 1818; but in the preceding month, *i.e.*, in August, 1818, there had appeared a considerably longer, much cleverer, and far more damaging article on Keats and his poetry in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.

*Blackwood* was then in the second year of its formidable existence; and it was in its columns that there had been invented that phrase, "The Cockney school of poetry," which we have seen the writer of the *Quarterly* article using so cautiously, and with such an affectation of ignorance as to the place of its origin. In particular, a contributor signing himself "Z" had taken upon him the business of lashing all those London poets and other writers that *Blackwood* chose to class as of the Cockney school. He had begun a series of papers expressly under the title of "The Cockney School of Poetry;" the series had been broken off after the publication of Nos. 1 and 2; but, after an interval, filled up by independent attacks on Hazlitt, and a special invective in the number for May, 1818, entitled "Letter from 'Z' to

Leigh Hunt, King of the Cockneys," it had been resumed in July, 1818. No. 3 of the series then appeared in the form of another onslaught on Leigh Hunt, the tremendous scurrility of which outran all previous bounds. "Our hatred and contempt of Leigh Hunt as a writer" are the opening words; the article is garnished throughout by such epithets as "offending scribbler against the laws of God and man," "his polluted muse," "guilty of falsehood;" and in the last paragraph there is this threat: "Leigh Hunt is delivered into our hands to do with him as we will; our eye shall be upon him, and, unless he amend his ways, to wither and to blast him." In the course of the article, I have observed, a line implying praise of Leigh Hunt's poetry is contemptuously quoted from one of Keats's early sonnets. This was ominous of the fact that Keats's own turn was coming; and the omen was fulfilled in the following month, when there came forth "Cockney School of Poetry, No. 4," entirely devoted to Keats. The article begins with a reference to the extraordinary recent prevalence of the disease of *metromania*, or passion for verse-making, among all ranks and both sexes—the swarming of poetlings and poetasters everywhere.

To witness the disease of any human understanding, however feeble [it then proceeds], is distressing; but the spectacle of an able mind reduced to a state of insanity is, of course, ten times more afflicting. It is with such sorrow as this that we have contemplated the case of Mr. John Keats. This young man appears to have received from nature talents of an excellent, perhaps even of a superior, order—talents which, devoted to the purposes of any useful profession, must have rendered him a respectable, if not an eminent, citizen. His friends, we understand, destined him to the career of medicine, and he was bound apprentice some years ago to a worthy apothecary in town. But all has been undone by a sudden attack of the madady to which we have alluded.

The reviewer then takes up Keats's first small volume of miscellaneous "Poems," published in March, 1817, a year before his "Endymion." About half-a-dozen quotations are made from this volume, with interspersed banter of the young poet under the familiar name of "Mr. John" or "Johnny," and ironical comments on his connection with Leigh Hunt and the rest of the Cockney set, but with no definite criticism beyond what may be implied in such phrases as "this gossamer work," "the following prurient and vulgar lines," and the italicizing for the eye of one or

two of those Cockney rhymes with which Keats sometimes marred his verse. "So much for the opening bud; now for the expanded flower," says the reviewer, then leaving the early volume, and passing to the "Endymion." Here also he is severe, without showing very distinctly why. The chief theme is still the young poet's connection with the abominable Leigh Hunt.

From his prototype Hunt [we are told] John Keats has acquired a sort of vague idea that the Greeks were a most tasteful people, and that no mythology can be so finely adapted for the purposes of poetry as theirs. It is amusing to see what a hand the two Cockneys make of this mythology: the one confesses that he never read the Greek tragedians, and the other knows Homer only from Chapman; and both of them write about Apollo, Pan, Nymphs, Muses, and Mysteries, as might be expected from persons of their education.

The conception of "Endymion" is declared to be utterly un-Grecian.

No man [it is said] whose mind has ever been imbued with the smallest knowledge or feeling of classical poetry or classical history could have stooped to profane and vulgarize every association in the manner which has been adopted by this "son of promise."

The execution is pronounced no better than the conception.

Mr. Keats [says the reviewer] has adopted the loose, nerveless versification and Cockney rhymes of the poet of "Rimini;" but, in fairness to that gentleman, we must add that the defects of the system are tenfold more conspicuous in his disciple's work than in his own. Mr. Hunt is a small poet, but he is a clever man. Mr. Keats is a still smaller poet, and he is only a boy of pretty abilities, which he has done everything in his power to spoil.

Some specimen quotations are then given, with intimation that they must suffice, and that the reviewer has "no patience for going over four books filled with such amorous scenes as these, with subterraneous journeys equally amusing, and submarine processions equally beautiful."

But the climax of contempt is reached in the last paragraph, where the reviewer takes farewell of his victim with these cutting words:—

We venture to make one small prophecy—that his bookseller will not a second time venture 50*l.* on anything he can write. It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet; so back to the shop, Mr. John, back to the plasters, pills, and ointment-boxes, etc. But, for Heaven's sake, young Sangrado, be a little more sparing of extenuatives and soporifics in your practice than you have been in your poetry.

Such was the *Blackwood* article on Keats in August, 1818. It had the priority of the *Quarterly* article by a whole month, or more nearly two months, and was a much heavier and more cruel blow. It is probable, indeed, that the writer of the *Quarterly* article had read the *Blackwood* article, and merely followed suit. And so, as I may repeat, if Keats was capable of being killed by an unfavorable review, he ought to have been dead or dying already before Gifford lifted his clumsy club against him in the *Quarterly*. At the utmost Gifford can have been but the "Second Murderer" in the tragedy, the part of the "First Murderer" having fallen to the truculent "Z" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Who was this truculent "Z"? Neither has that secret been ever divulged authoritatively; but the natural guess has been that he was either John Wilson, afterwards famous as "Christopher North," or John Gibson Lockhart, afterwards the son-in-law and biographer of Scott. *Blackwood* in those days had no recognized editor, the supreme management being kept by the publisher in his own hands; but Wilson and Lockhart were his two officers-in-chief, the founders of the fame of the magazine, and the contributors, separately or conjointly, of most of those articles of flame and vitriol that spread its early terrors. All the probabilities are that it was Lockhart, the younger of the two—Keats's senior, in fact, but by one year—that wrote the Keats article; and, if so, it is somewhat curious that, of the two attacks of 1818 on Keats, one should have been fathered by Gifford, then editor of the *Quarterly*, and the other and earlier should have been written by the man who was to succeed Gifford in the editorship of the same *Quarterly*.

While the Shelley and Byron legend as to the cause of the death of Keats thus breaks down in its original form, may it not, however, be retained in a modified form? May it not be true that, though the *Quarterly* article was not responsible singly for the death of Keats, that disaster was caused by the effects upon him of the two nearly simultaneous articles of abuse and contempt—the *Blackwood* article stunning him first, and the *Quarterly* article completing the shock? Let us see whether the facts of the case are consistent with that modified hypothesis.

In April, 1818, when "Endymion" was published, Keats was twenty-two years and six months old. "A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth," was Coleridge's curt

recollection of him from one casual encounter; but the accounts that have been left of him by those who knew him intimately, and cherished his memory most fondly after he was gone, are more precise and enthusiastic. Of small stature, but well-built, with an expression of frank courage and eager power in the face, large and lustrous eyes, and hair of a golden brown, he was, they unanimously tell us, one of the most impressive and lovable young fellows ever seen — manly and generous, affectionate and kindly, usually full of frolic, fun, and animal spirits, but subsiding on occasion into the quietly and deeply serious or into a mood of dreamy abstraction; tremulously sensitive also to the beautiful or the noble in every form, and roused always to impetuous wrath by any mention of a mean or dishonorable action. Already for two years he had been a special favorite in that London and Hampstead circle of men of letters and artists — Leigh Hunt the chief of them and the oldest, but the painter Haydon, Charles Cowden Clarke, John Hamilton Reynolds, Charles Wentworth Dilke, Charles Armitage Brown, and Joseph Severn also well remembered, — among whom he had found congenial refuge on abandoning the profession of surgeon-apothecary for which he had been brought up, and for which he had actually qualified himself by some years of apprenticeship and by subsequent attendance in one of the London hospitals. Poetry had become his all-absorbing passion; and, having a small income from his share in a family fund that had been left under trust for the support of himself, two younger brothers, and a sister, he had been able to follow his bent, and devote himself wholly to a literary life. Among the friends amid whom he had been moving the expectation of what he would ultimately be and do had been from the first almost boundless; and it was they that had induced him to publish the little trial-volume of 1817, containing a selection of the small miscellaneous pieces which he had written up to that date. The volume had attracted no public attention at the time, though it is memorable enough now on various grounds, and above all as containing those lines in which the young poet declared his consciousness that it was but a prelude, a mere tuning of the strings, in preparation for something higher and greater: —

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm  
Myself in poesy, so I may do the deed  
That my own soul has to itself decreed!

The "Endymion" was the first consequence of this ecstatic vow. "A long poem," he had said, "is the test of invention;" and, in spite of the dissuasions of Leigh Hunt, he had resolved to put himself to this test, and had chosen the Greek legend of Endymion and the Moon-Goddess for his subject. "It will be a test of *my* invention," he said, "if I can make four thousand lines out of this one bare circumstance and fill them with poetry." Eight months of fitful exertion, partly in seclusion in the Isle of Wight and other retreats in the south of England, but mainly at Hampstead, had produced the four thousand lines; and in April, 1818, as has been said, the poem was out.

At the time of its publication Keats was rustivating in Devonshire; and, though he was back in London in June, it was only to prepare for a long walking-tour in Scotland in company with his friend Charles Brown. Passing through the English Lake district, they were at Carlisle on the 1st of July; and thence, entering Scotland by Dumfriesshire, they zig-zagged for a few days from Dumfries westward into Kirkcudbrightshire and Wigtonshire; after which, and the interruption of a brief run across into Ireland, they recommenced in Ayrshire, and began a toilsome knapsack-tramp which carried them, sometimes in soaking rain, through Glasgow to Lochfyne and Inverary, and so through the west-coast Highlands and the Island of Mull, with visits to Iona, Staffa, and Oban, and past Ben Nevis (which they climbed heroically), to as far north as Inverness. They were at Inverness on the 6th of August, and remained there till the 9th; when a feverish sore throat which Keats had caught in his wet walk through Mull, and which the Inverness doctor whom he consulted thought rather alarming, obliged him to leave Brown to prosecute the journey farther north by himself. Nine days in a Cromarty smack brought Keats to London; where, on the 19th of August, he appeared among his Hampstead friends, as one of them reports, "as brown and shabby as you can imagine, scarcely any shoes left, his jacket all torn at the back, a fur cap, a great plaid, and his knapsack." He might have seen the *Blackwood* attack upon him while he was in Scotland, but does not appear to have heard of it till his return to Hampstead. It was waiting for him there, three weeks after it had been published; and at the end of the following month he had to digest the *Quarterly* attack also.

How did he take them? To all appearance, very quietly. He cannot have liked them, of course, and must have known that they would damage him greatly; but they perturbed him far less than might have been expected. Pride and sound judgment came to his rescue; and, while Leigh Hunt was resenting the indignities he had suffered from *Blackwood* by vehement public retaliation, and Hazlitt was raging over the insults to him in the same magazine, and threatening prosecution for libel, the younger man of genius said little, and seemed rather to be meditating what truth there might be in the criticisms on his "Endymion," and how he might benefit by them. He does mention them once or twice in his letters, and most remarkably in one of the 9th of October, acknowledging receipt of copies of some newspaper articles which friends and admirers of his, indignant at the injustice done him, had published on his behalf.

I cannot [he wrote] but feel indebted to those gentlemen who have taken my part. As for the rest, I begin to get a little acquainted with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* could possibly inflict; and also, when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary reperception and ratification of what is fine.

This is excellently expressed; and there is no reason to doubt that it represents the real state of his feelings. None of the mad "agitation" here which Shelley imagined; no symptoms as yet of the rupture of a blood-vessel.

Following Keats through the rest of his brief life, we still find no trace of the supposed effects upon him of the brutal treatment of his "Endymion." He had anxieties enough; but they were from quite other causes.

For the first three months after his return from his Scottish tour he was in constant and affectionate attendance on the deathbed of his youngest brother, Tom, in whom, at the age of nineteen, the hereditary family malady of consumption had for some time shown itself fatally. He died on the 1st of December, 1818; and there can be little doubt now that those months of close attendance on his deathbed had aggravated the mischief already done to Keats's own delicate constitution by the overstrained exertions of

his Scottish tour. One seems to see, indeed, that it was by this time, or at this time, and by those two causes combined, that the taint of the hereditary malady which had carried off the one brother had been developed in the other to the point of mortal danger. Henceforth, at all events, we hear at intervals of ominous recurrences in Keats of the "sore throat" he had brought with him from the wet moors of Mull, and become aware that, though he made light of these recurring illnesses to his friends, he diagnosed them and their possible portent more and more despondingly, from time to time, in his own private thoughts.

Meanwhile, suppressing such gloomy prognostications, he was sufficiently busy. Even before "Endymion" was quite off his hands he had begun a new and shorter poem in a different vein; in the course of his Scottish tour he had penned a few scraps of verse, suggested by its incidents; during his attendance on his invalid brother he had sketched, and in part written, his "Hyperion;" and before the middle of 1819—living still at Hampstead, but domesticated now in the same house there with his bosom-friend Brown—he had added to his manuscript stock nearly all his other later poetic pieces of chief value. A good deal of his leisure was occupied with letter-writing. His longest and most important letters were to his surviving brother, George, who had married some time before, and emigrated with his wife to America to establish himself in business. More numerous, but shorter, were those to his only sister, Fanny Keats, a young girl of sixteen, then living not far from him in an outskirt of London, but sufficiently far to prevent his seeing her as often as he would have liked, inasmuch as she was under the guardianship of the family trustee, Mr. Abbey, a London tea-merchant, and that gentleman and his wife were unusually strict in their custody of her. Both sets of letters are of singular autobiographical interest, not only as evidence of the strength of Keats's family affection, but on intellectual and literary grounds. In this latter respect those to his brother George—scribbled off in portions, journal-wise, to be dispatched in collective batches as opportunity offered—are the most valuable. Generally wise and full of shrewd sense, as well as affectionate, they sparkle now and then with outbreaks of Keats's whimsical humor, while there are also passages in them of fine poetic conception, and of subtle and brilliant specu-

lation. In the briefer letters and notes to his sister, written in his seasons of illness or when their chances of meeting were otherwise interfered with, it is the brotherly tenderness that we most admire, his carefulness in sending the young girl little advices for her health and for the useful employment of her time in the rather dull life she was leading; but in them, too, he sometimes strikes a higher note, or exhibits his indomitable playfulness. Here, for example, is an extract from a letter to her dated the 17th of April, 1819:—

Mr. and Mrs. Dilke are coming to dine with us to-day. They will enjoy the country after Westminster. O, there is nothing like fine weather, and health, and books, and a fine country, and a contented mind, and a diligent habit of reading and thinking as an amulet against *ennui*, and, please Heaven! a little claret wine cool out of a cellar a mile deep, with a few or a good many ratafia cakes, a rocky basin to bathe in, a strawberry bed to say your prayers to Flora in, a pad nag to go your ten miles or so, two or three sensible people to chat with, two or three spiteful folks to spar with, two or three odd fishes to laugh at, and two or three numskulls to argue with.

No passage of equal length could be quoted from Keats's letters more characteristic than this; and it represents him, months after his supposed agony over the *Blackwood* and *Quarterly* criticisms, as in no agony at all, but languidly passive as ever in that mood of delight in luxurious nerve sensations of all sorts which had been constitutional in him from the first, and which he has transfused into so much of his poetry. The old Shelley-and-Byron legend, therefore, is still discountenanced by the records. It is further discountenanced, however, by what we are told of a remarkable turn which occurred in the affairs and occupations of Keats about the middle of 1819.

About this time it chanced that the family trustee, Mr. Abbey, who, though an honest man, was cautious and obstinate, and had often been troublesome to deal with, was alarmed by the threat of a lawsuit from an interested relative of the Keatses, in connection with his administration of the trust-funds. The consequence was that not only was there a stopping of some advances of money that were wanted by the American brother George for help in his business, but Keats's own finances were brought to a temporary standstill. Obligated thus to bethink himself of some means for his future support, should any future be before him, Keats turned various projects over in his

mind. He thought, among other things, of going to Edinburgh to attend the medical classes there and become a regularly qualified physician. That project, — which would have been the adoption, though after a more considerate fashion, of the advice given him by his *Blackwood* reviewer to return to his gallipots, — was now abandoned; and, following the advice of Brown and other friends, Keats resolved to keep to literature. But why not now take to a more paying form of literature than he had found poetry to be, or at least such poetry as he could produce? The drama promised better results; Brown had already some dramatic experience, and could give him instructions in stage requirements; why not, in conjunction with Brown, write a tragedy, to be acted at Drury Lane Theatre, with Edmund Kean in the principal part? Through the three autumn months of 1819, accordingly, Keats was away from London, first at Shanklin in the Isle of Wight, and then at Winchester, busy over a tragedy on the subject of "Otho the Great," and beginning also an English historical play, to be called "King Stephen," — Brown with him for the greater part of the time, and another friend or two occasionally. Not for a long while had Keats's health been better, or his spirits higher, than during the part of this busy absence which was spent in Winchester. Another idea had then occurred to him, should his dramatic attempts not succeed. Without absolutely giving up poetry, why should he not, on his return to London, betake himself for a subsistence, as so many others were doing, to journalism and contributorship to periodicals? He was sufficiently known to obtain that kind of employment on seeking for it; and Hazlitt could help him to it at once. With this resolution in his mind, and the further resolution that it would be best for his purpose not to keep house any longer with Brown at Hampstead, but to live in lodgings by himself near the newspaper and magazine offices, he was back in London in October, 1819.

Alas, only to break down again most hopelessly! He had not been ten days in a lodging that had been taken for him near the Dilkes at Westminster, when he gave up the experiment as unendurable, and returned to the society of Brown at Hampstead. The attraction thither, as we first learn definitely at this point in his biography, was special and irresistible. In the next house to Brown's at Hampstead lived Mrs. Brawne, a widowed lady of some independent means, with her three chil-

dren, the eldest of whom, Fanny Brawne, nineteen years of age, and described by Mr. Colvin as of the "English hawk-blond type" of beauty, had so fascinated Keats, though at first her style and manners had rather repelled him, that, without the knowledge of any of his friends hitherto, except Brown, he had been engaged to her for the last ten months. The biographers will have it that it was the renewed influence of this love-engagement after his three or four months of absence, the renewed vicinity and sight of Fanny Brawne day after day, acting upon him with the kind of scorching allurements which keeps the moth circling round the flame, that threw him now into the state of wild excitement, alternating with fits of fretful dejection, in which he is found through the winter of 1819-20. Partly they may be right; but the real cause which had evoked this one into such morbid excess of activity was, I believe, nothing else than the suddenly accelerated progress at this time of the disease which was consuming him, — this acceleration bringing with it new physical suffering in the form of a continual burning unrest, and a consequent conviction now, rather than a mere suspicion as occasionally heretofore, that he had not long to live. It is not as if his love for Fanny Brawne was itself his torture; it is as if, feeling the clutches of death upon him, he had fastened with a kind of angry wonder on the fact that to all the other bonds with the living world which had so soon to be snapped the irony of fate had added, too cruelly, this of so futile a love-engagement. Confirmation of this view of the case will be found, I think, in those of Keats's love-letters to Fanny Brawne — they have all been recently published, for nowadays people will publish anything — which he had written to her from Shanklin and Winchester in the immediately preceding months. They do not reveal, as yet at least, anything of that "profound passion" which the biographers have discerned in the relations of Keats to his betrothed; on the contrary, they strike one as coldish, constrained, and artificially gallant; but they contain phrases which do flash out what I conceive to have been the thought secretly preying on Keats all the while. "I have two luxuries to brood over in my walks, your loveliness and the hour of my death: O, that I could have possession of them both at the same minute," he says in one of them, sent from Shanklin; and the words had been significant even then. Now that he was again beside her, there is evidence of a rise in

the fervor of his affection to nearer the pitch of delirium; but this also connects itself, one finds, with the agitation within him of the one central thought of his approaching death, correspondingly raised in intensity as that also had been by the suddenly accelerated ravage of his disease. "I cannot exist without you; I am forgetful of everything but seeing you again; my life seems to stop there; I can see no further; you have absorbed me," he says in one letter just after his return from Winchester; and again, in another: "I shall be able to do nothing; I should like to cast the die for love or death." His thoughts of Fanny Brawne and death together, we can see, had taken the form of a preternatural kind of jealousy. What! in a few months should *he* be in his grave, a kneaded clod, while there should be still a living world overhead, with all its bustling myriads, and *she* should be amongst them, — the beautiful, the wayward, the shallow-hearted, as he half knew her to be, but O, her unsurpassable witchery! — smiling and laughing in carelessness that *he* had ever existed, and maddening others as she had maddened *him*? It is thus that we are to imagine the musings of the poor invalid with himself in that breakdown of his health which had befallen him in October, 1819, and kept him much within doors through the subsequent winter months. There were, indeed, as was the nature of his disease, flickerings of hope and of revived energy, when he would go about again a little, resume his letter-writing, or even set himself to new poetic tasks. To this time belong an attempted recast of his "Hyperion" into a new form, and the beginning of a satirical fairy-poem under the title of "Cap and Bells." In these attempts themselves, however, there seemed to be evidence of decaying powers.

In January, 1820, Keats's brother George was over from America on a brief visit of business; and he had hardly taken his departure again when, late at night on the 3rd of February, Keats, who had been chilled that day by unusual exposure out of doors, was seized, in Brown's presence, by his first attack of hæmorrhage from the lungs. "That is my death-warrant," he said to Brown, after having examined the telltale blood-stain from his mouth. And so it proved, though not immediately. After a week or two of prostration and extreme weakness, he rallied so far as to be able to go out again pretty freely, and even let himself be half persuaded by his medical attendant that he had augured too hastily from the alarming symptom, and

that his malady might not be consumption after all. So things went on for a month or two, his doctor still misconstruing the case so confidently as even to advise his accompanying Brown in another walking-tour in Scotland, to begin in May. Feeling that to be beyond his strength, he contented himself, when the time came, with seeing Brown off by going down the river some way with him in the sailing vessel that was to take him to Scotland, — Brown, who would have thrown his projected walking-tour or anything else to the winds rather than part with Keats had he seen the necessity of remaining, little imagining that this was their final farewell. Meanwhile, the negotiations of Brown with the theatre managers for the production of Keats's tragedy of "Otho the Great," though promising at first, had come to nothing, and the occupation in which he had left Keats in his apparently convalescent state was the comparatively light one of revising and seeing through the press such of his poems, written during the last two years, as appeared suitable for publication. For the completion of this task he had judged it best to remove from Brown's house at Hampstead and the too close vicinity of Fanny Brawne to a lodging in Kentish Town, conveniently near to Leigh Hunt, who was then residing with his family in Mortimer Terrace in that suburb. Here, through part of May and June, he was engaged with his proof sheets, still very recluse and weak, but with the recreation of a drive to Hampstead, or even into town, when the weather permitted. In the last week of June there were two more attacks of hæmorrhage, reducing him so greatly that the Hunts insisted on taking him into their own house to be nursed. He was here, wretched and utterly broken down by his relapse, but trying to underrate its importance in his continued notes and letters to Fanny Brawne, when, early in July, 1820, "the immortal volume," as Mr. Sidney Colvin well calls it, appeared. "Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems. By John Keats, author of 'Endymion,'" was the title of the volume; which included, however, also the "Ode to a Nightingale," the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," the "Ode to Psyche," the stanzas "To Autumn," the fragment of "Hyperion," and some other pieces.

The reception of this, Keats's third literary venture, made amends for that of his "Endymion" nearly two years before. The volume was reviewed with all the cordiality of admiring friendship by Leigh

Hunt; there were other kindly notices of it by the London press; but most important of all was the article in the *Edinburgh Review* which it drew from the dreaded and prim-principled, but really sensitive and generous-hearted Jeffrey. It was published in the number of the *Review* for August, 1820, and is worth some attention now. Jeffrey had doubtless read the attacks on Keats in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* two years before, and may have been predisposed by his political antagonism to those rival organs of public opinion to look into the abused poem for himself, and, if he found sufficient reason, employ a few pages of the *Edinburgh* in giving the young man a much-needed "lift." This, and the fact that the result of Jeffrey's examination had not been satisfaction merely, but an enthusiasm of admiration surprising to himself, the tone and language of the article—which goes back upon the "Endymion" before proceeding to the new volume, and indeed professes to be a review of the former volume and the new one together—make abundantly plain.

We had never happened [Jeffrey begins] to see either of these volumes till very lately, and have been exceedingly struck with the genius they display, and the spirit of poetry which breathes through all their extravagance. That imitation of our old writers, and especially of our elder dramatists, to which we cannot help flattering ourselves that we have somewhat contributed, has brought on, as it were, a second spring in our poetry; and few of its blossoms are either more profuse of sweetness or richer in promise than this which is now before us. Mr. Keats, we understand, is still a very young man; and his whole works, indeed, bear evidence enough of the fact. They are full of extravagance and irregularity, rash attempts at originality, interminable wanderings, and excessive obscurity. They manifestly require, therefore, all the indulgence that can be claimed for a first attempt. But we think it no less plain that they deserve it, for they are flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy, and so colored and bestrewn with the flowers of poetry that, even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments which they so lavishly present.

Jeffrey then goes on, after the very mechanical method which was usual with him in his reviews—the alternate "beauty and blemish" method, as it may be called—to give his judgment of some of Keats's productions individually. The blame is still plentiful enough, but as if he forced himself to it to keep up appearances; and

the praise splendidly predominates. Thus, of the "Endymion," after specifying all that might be said against it on account of its irrationality, the sensation one has in it of moving through an endless entanglement of woody and flowery intricacies, the dependence of the sense on the rhymes, and what not, and after admitting that "there is no work, accordingly, from which a malicious critic could cull more matter for ridicule," he adds bravely: "But we do not take that to be *our* office, and must beg leave, on the contrary, to say that any one who, on this account, would represent the poem as despicable, must either have no notion of poetry or no regard to truth." Gifford and Lockhart might take that home to themselves, if they chose, he seems to say; but he would even generalize the observation for them. "We are very much inclined, indeed, to add," writes Jeffrey, in what is perhaps the most remarkable sentence in the whole article, — "We are very much inclined to add that we do not know any book which we would sooner employ as a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry, and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm." Such is Jeffrey's liking for the "Endymion" that he cannot yet leave it, but devotes several pages more to comments on it and quotations from it, so that he has little space remaining for the contents of the new volume. But on these also he is highly appreciative. After hastily noticing the "Lamia," and quoting some stanzas from the "Isabella" to illustrate its "deep pathos," he quotes a portion of the "Ode to a Nightingale" as "equally distinguished for harmony and high poetic feeling," declares that he knew nothing "at once so truly fresh, genuine, and English, and at the same time so full of poetical feeling and Greek elegance and simplicity," as the address "To Autumn," and falls in love most particularly with "The Eve of St. Agnes," finding "glory and charm" in that poem, "gorgeous distinctness," and "a pervading grace and purity that indicate not less clearly the exaltation than the refinement of the author's fancy." The "Hyperion" fragment was beyond Jeffrey's grasp; and, though he acknowledges that there are in it "passages of some force and grandeur," he likes it least of all, and cannot, he says, advise its completion. Altogether, the article, coming from the powerful critic whose persecution of Wordsworth had been so notoriously relentless, was astonishingly encomiastic, and was calculated to rehabilitate at once, as Jeffrey no doubt

intended, the reputation which *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* had done their best to shatter.

Whether Keats ever saw the article seems uncertain. When it appeared, in August, 1820, he was past caring much for reviews, favorable or unfavorable. He had been growing weaker and weaker every day, and was under medical orders to leave England as soon as possible for a residence in Italy through the coming winter. On the 12th of August, unwilling any longer to tax the hospitality of the Hunts in Kentish Town, he went back to Hampstead — not now into his old quarters there, but, as was natural, to be in the charge of Mrs. Brawne till he should go abroad. The painter Haydon, who visited him once in Mrs. Brawne's house, says he found him there "lying on a white bed, with white quilt and white sheets, the only color visible being the hectic flush of his cheeks." Shelley, on hearing of the probability of his wintering in Italy, had written inviting him warmly to be his guest at Pisa; but, Rome having been thought preferable, the invitation was evaded. His bosom friend, Brown, whom letters sent to Scotland had failed to reach till after some time, hurried back, on receipt of them at last, to be Keats's travelling companion, but arrived too late. The pious office, however, had been undertaken by the young artist, Joseph Severn, whose ardent admiration of Keats led him to throw aside his art-engagements and art-prospects in London, as of no consequence in competition with so sacred a duty. It was on the 18th of September that they embarked in the Thames; a tedious voyage of four weeks brought them to Naples in October; there was some detention there by quarantine and other causes; a renewed invitation received there from Shelley, still urging them to come to Pisa, was again declined; and about the middle of November they were in Rome. The records of Keats's sufferings and of the state of his mind during his journey are inexpressibly painful. He was clinging to life, fighting with death; and Fanny Brawne was continually in his thoughts. "I can bear to die — I cannot bear to leave her," he had written to Brown from Naples on the 1st of November; and the letter ends with these words: —

My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate forever. I cannot say a word about Naples; I do not feel at all concerned in the thousand novelties around me. I am afraid to write to her; I should like her to know that I do not forget her. Oh! Brown, I have

coals of fire in my breast; it surprises me that the human heart is capable of containing and bearing so much misery. Was I born for this end? God bless her, and her mother, and my sister, and George, and his wife, and you, and all!

It was little different in Rome. For a while, indeed, he was able to stroll about in the streets near the lodging that had been taken for him by his medical attendant, Dr. Clark, afterwards known as Sir James Clark; and, the opinion of his case by this eminent physician having been more favorable at first than had been expected, his spirits rose considerably, something of his old playfulness returned, and the sights and social incidents of the famous city had some interest for him. From about the 10th of December, however, when hæmorrhage after hæmorrhage removed all hope, and reduced him to the condition of a bedfast and dying invalid, his restlessness and irritability were at times so great as to make Severn's charge of him a most trying task. He lingered on till the 23rd of February, 1821; on which day, a calmer and gentler frame of mind having come at last, he died peacefully in Severn's arms. He was buried three days afterwards in the lonely Protestant cemetery near the pyramid of Cestius, where his ashes still rest, and where visitors now see also the grave of the faithful Severn, whose honored life was protracted fifty-eight years beyond that of the friend with whose memory his name is imperishably associated. Keats at the time of his death was twenty-five years and four months old. It was two years and five months after the article on him in the *Quarterly*; and, knowing not how much Keats had been doing in the interval, and what a succession of incidents affecting him had intervened between the two events, we can judge how little the one can have had to do with the other.

Although, however, the legend as to the cause of the premature death of Keats has thus to be dismissed as an impassioned hallucination of Shelley's, perpetuated by Byron's epigrammatic version of it, those two articles on Keats's "Endymion" on its first appearance — the *Blackwood* article of August, 1818, and the *Quarterly* article of September, 1818 — retain an infamous kind of interest in English literary history, and cannot be allowed to be forgotten. The recollection of them suggests various reflections. They exemplify for us, in the first place, the horrible iniquity, the utter detestability, of the practice of carrying

the rancor of party politics into the business of literary criticism. Almost avowedly, it was because young Keats was a friend of Leigh Hunt, and was supposed to share the political opinions of Hunt and a few other Londoners of prominent political notoriety at the time, that the two periodicals in question made their simultaneous onslaught on "Endymion." They had vowed exterminating war against Hunt and his political associates, and were lying in wait for every new appearance in the field of a straggler from that camp; and what did it matter to them *who* emerged next or in what guise? Keats had emerged — in reality no party politician at all, but in every fibre of his nature a poet and that only — Keats had emerged; and they bludgeoned *him*! It is to be hoped that in the literary criticism of our day there are, and can be, no such outrages; but I would not be too sure. If there is any advice which one might be permitted to give, to young men especially, in connection with the story I have been resuscitating, it is that they should abhor the intrusion of party politics into higher and finer concerns, and make it their endeavor all their lives, in their own minds and conduct, to keep the spirit of party politics within bounds. But the recollection of those two reviews of Keats's "Endymion," especially when we remember also how many other instances there are of the kind, may well prompt a still more extensive reflection. They remind us of the necessary fallibility of literary criticism, even when it may not be vitiated in the manner just specified. In thinking of them and of analogous cases, we are almost driven into the adoption of Goethe's dictum as to the futility and inexpediency of the habit of controversy and fault-finding on any occasion whatsoever.

The end of all opposition is negation [said Goethe] and negation is nothing. If I call *bad* bad, what do I gain? but, if I call *good* bad, I do a great deal of mischief. He who will work aright must never rail, must never trouble himself at all about what is ill done, but always do the best he can himself.

Excellent as this maxim of Goethe's is essentially, I am afraid it cannot be made absolute practically. There always will be, and always must be, criticism in the world; and, though it is perhaps the best function of criticism to discern what is good and proclaim it to be good, especially where a misguided public are calling it bad, it is a proper and useful function also to detect and denounce what is bad, especially when a misguided public are ap-

plauding and running after it as good. The purification of criticism, therefore, rather than its abolition, is what has to be striven for. Now, the first requisite in literary criticism is honesty—i.e., the determination always to say of a book what the critic really thinks and feels about it, and nothing that he does not really think and feel. But mere honesty is not enough. The *Quarterly* reviewer, I believe, was honest enough, after a rough fashion, when he said he could make neither head nor tail of "Endymion;" and, though I am not so sure of Lockhart (if Lockhart *was* the other culprit), and think that in his case condonation requires recollection of the signal importance of his later services to literature, yet Lockhart too may have really felt some of those objections to the poem which he employed for its public derision. Besides honesty, and a general willingness to approach a book sympathetically, rather than with a face already made up to snap and snarl, there is required in certain cases a peculiar pre-established capability, in the form of such a power of sudden self-enlargement, sudden self-relaxation from old prepossessions, as will enable one to appreciate with immediate enthusiasm any superlatively excellent production of a new and uncommon species. This qualification is rare, and we must not be too severe on the want of it. If a Jeffrey, with all his acuteness of perception, all his sensibility to certain kinds of the beautiful, and all his real generosity of temper, was so wrapped up in a set of narrow, inherited prepossessions respecting what he called "the laws of poetry" as to be incapable of receiving the successive productions of Wordsworth's genius otherwise than with discomposure and a rage of protest, how could a rhinoceros like Gifford have been expected to behave when what was hung in front of him for investigation and report was such an unprecedented invention of sheer phantasy and lusciousness as Keats's "Endymion"? But time brings about the due rectifications. "The world is really served only by the *extraordinary*," is another of the aphorisms of the wise Goethe; and the world, in a blind and stumbling way, becomes itself aware of that fact. Every new instance of the nobly or the finely extraordinary in any department insinuates its own influence gradually into the general mind, modifying the previous standard of judgment in that department, and changing the demands and expectations in it for the future. Thus, in the case of Keats, just as in that

of Wordsworth, a conspicuously b.undering critical judgment at first has been as conspicuously condemned and reversed. It is Keats's "Hyperion," with his "Eve of St. Agnes," and his other later poems of the volume of 1820, that people now almost unanimously agree to regard as the most perfect and splendid things he has left us; but the much-decried "Endymion" of 1818, with all its admitted faults, now counts enormously also in the reckoning with those who know it best; and the earlier volume of 1817 yields some deathless additions. And so it has happened that, in virtue of those bequests to our poetry, not of large bulk altogether, from four years of too short a life, this youth of exquisitely peculiar genius, on whom the robust Gifford or his deputy trampled so savagely because he could not understand him, has been promoted to a zone in the invisible firmament of the departed immeasurably above that tenanted by the robust Gifford and all his kin, and that now, as Shelley has expressed it in his elegy,

The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the eternal  
are.

DAVID MASSON.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
HORACE.\*

THERE is a scene in "Silas Marner" which, though not perhaps the fittest introduction in the world to an article on classic poetry, expresses so well the feeling which is often aroused in us by a particular species of criticism, that we must crave the indulgence of our readers for introducing it on the present occasion. Says Ben Winthrop, the wheelwright, to Solomon Macey, the clerk: "Ah, Mr. Macey, you and me are two folks; when I've got a pot of good ale I like to swallow it, and do my inside good, i'stead o' smelling and staring at it to see if I can't find fault wi' the brewing."

It may be thought that if we carried out Mr. Winthrop's principle to the letter we should find it difficult to justify any kind of criticism whatever. But the reader must take note that this rustic philosopher makes it a condition that the ale shall be good. That point must be established

\* Horace and the Elegiac Poets; by W. Y. Sellar, M.A., LL.D., late Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, formerly Fellow of Oriel College. Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1892.

first; and this much being conceded, he was evidently of opinion that further and more minute examination was only waste of breath. We must confess that some such thoughts as these have occasionally passed through our minds when reading reviews of great writers on whom the verdict of mankind has long since been pronounced; on whom the world has looked and seen that they were good; and whose power over our hearts and minds no change of taste can materially affect while literature and civilization last. To point out the beauties and the blemishes of even the greatest poets whose reputation has endured for ages is a work not unworthy of the highest literary faculties, and one that may be performed with advantage for the benefit of each succeeding generation by writers more in harmony with contemporary thought and taste than those of an earlier period. By this kind of criticism both the poet and the reader profit, and it is one of which we ought never to grow tired. But there is another kind of which we must own to have become somewhat intolerant, and that is the inquiry into the originality, the sincerity, the morality, and what not of the bright particular stars which have shone so long in the literary firmament, and whose lustre can never be dimmed by any discoveries which are likely to be made now touching their possession of these qualities. Nobody derives less pleasure from Virgil because he is indebted to Ennius and Theocritus and Apollonius Rhodius, to say nothing of Homer. And even much of the accepted criticism on Homer himself seems to point to the existence of a previous ballad poetry which Homer wove into a whole, not sometimes without visible indication of the process. If the Homeric poems are the work of a single hand, Homer was not the first who sang the wrath of Achilles and the fate of Hector.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that all the great masterpieces of literature have been preceded by imperfect and desultory efforts in the same direction? Greek tragedy and comedy, the Roman epic and the Roman satire, as we know them in their full bloom, had all been preceded by cruder endeavors of which few remains have been preserved. May we not take it for granted that before any kind of literature culminates in that perfect form which perpetuates its existence and in virtue of which it is called classic, it has put forth many previous shoots which never arrived at maturity, destined only to enrich subsequent laborers in the same field who have

naturally and legitimately incorporated in their own more finely wrought works whatever they found worthy of preservation in the ruder composition of their predecessors? By some such process, at all events, the great works of antiquity were built up; and it seems rather late in the day now to be charging their authors with plagiarism, more especially when we remember that English literature is no stranger to the practice, and that its most conspicuous ornament was also the most addicted to it.

These reflections are suggested by a question which has recently been raised again in a quarter where we are accustomed to look for liberal and graceful scholarship, and that is the originality of the poet Horace, who, according to a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, was more deeply indebted to Lucilius than has been generally supposed, or than even Professor Sellar, our greatest authority on the Roman poets of the Republican and Augustan eras, appears to have recognized. This position is supported with much ingenuity, a copious array of evidence, and a considerable display of learning, leaving, however, the impression, though doubtless an incorrect one, that the reviewer had either not read or had forgotten what Professor Sellar himself says upon the subject in the first volume of his work \* published nearly thirty years ago. He there covers the whole ground now traversed by the *Quarterly* reviewer, and scarcely misses a single one of the points to which the latter calls attention. In the chapter on Lucilius he gives the earlier Roman satirist full credit for all that the reviewer claims for him. Horace's obligations to him are allowed in full; but he does not attach quite the same importance to them as does the reviewer.

The truth seems to be that whatever Horace may have borrowed in the shape of incident or anecdote, or even suggestion, from those who went before him — a question, as it seems to us, of comparative insignificance — his satire in itself was all his own and peculiar to himself. Persius contrasts him with Lucilius in a well-known passage: —

Secuit Lucilius urbem,  
Te Lupe, te Muci, et genuinum fregit in illis.  
Omne vafer vitium rident Flaccus amico  
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.†

\* Roman Poets of the Republic, 1863.

† And yet arch Horace, when he strove to mend,  
Probed every foible of his smiling friend,  
Played lightly round and round the peccant part,  
And won unfelt an entrance to the heart.

Now this is exactly the satire of Addison, with whom Horace has so often been compared. If we take Thackeray's description of Addison in the "Lectures on the Humorists" it may stand *mutatis mutandis* for a description of Horace. Nor is a strong resemblance wanting between Horace and Thackeray himself. A great part of the "Book of Snobs" is compiled quite in the spirit of the Roman satirist—Jenkins the bore, Wiggle the lady-killer, the people who are forever speculating about their neighbors' incomes, the worship of rank and riches, are all essentially Horatian, as well as the Tory foxhunters in "The Freeholder" and the coffee-house politician so deliciously described in No. 403 of "The Spectator." Horace's obligations to Lucilius do not detract in the smallest degree from his title to originality as the founder of that kind of satire which has been most to the taste of modern time. If Lucilius was the father of political satire, Horace was just as certainly the father of social satire. But if we once begin to trace the various rivers of literature to their respective sources we are soon lost among primeval swamps and forests. In the mean time there stands Horace—*terres atque rotundus*—a poet who has delighted twenty centuries, and will delight twenty more if the world lasts so long. Why should we be so curious to know what he is made of? If he has rescued from oblivion portions of the work of writers who would otherwise have perished, we should rather be grateful to him than reproachful. At all events we have got Horace, and we have not got Lucilius. A wise man will take him as he finds him, to do his inside good without asking too many questions about the brewing.

We must remember, too, that both in the satires, epistles, and odes, Horace was doing what we have described in the beginning of this article, imparting form and finish to what had hitherto been rude and desultory. Mark Pattison's introduction to the "Essay on Man" may be read together with Mr. Sellar's new published "Essay on Horace" in illustration of the statement. Mr. Sellar dwells on it repeatedly. "Horace," he says (p. 105), "saw that fervor of feeling and a great spirit which were the gifts of the old writers were not enough to produce immortal works like those produced by the genius of Greece. . . . The work which had to be done in his time could not be done by those powers alone. That work was to find, at last, the mastery of form,

rhythm, and style, the perfection and moderation of workmanship which would secure for the efforts of Roman genius as sure a passport to immortality as had been secured for the masterpieces of Greek literature." In a word, Horace represented and led the literary craving after form which followed an age of lawless and licentious exuberance; these words are Mr. Pattison's who, laying down very justly that form is the condition of all art, describes Pope as the greatest literary artist except Gray which our language has produced. Mr. Sellar, we presume, would say that Horace was the greatest literary artist which the Latin language had produced, not perhaps excepting even Virgil. The admirers of Horace might well be satisfied to rest his claims to distinction on this achievement alone. But we may go further than this. When, after a series of efforts in any one department of literature, vigorous perhaps and even passionate, but raw, harsh, and undisciplined, the man at last appears who takes up the work and succeeds where his predecessors failed, brings symmetry and regularity out of disproportion and disorder, harmony out of discord, and chiselled beauty out of the half-wrought marble, such a man we say is a creator and deserves all the honors of an original writer. If there are any who prefer the rough blocks to the finished palace we would only say to them what Dr. Johnson said, when told by somebody that he preferred Donne's satires to Pope's adaptation, "I cannot help that, sir."

So much then of Horace and Lucilius. Nobody can possibly recognize the obligations of the junior to the senior more fully than Mr. Sellar; but he sees clearly enough that it is no matter of reproach to him. The question of Horace's "sincerity" is closely allied with the above; and here again Mr. Sellar's advocacy is triumphant. That scenes and characters in the satires are not so much direct reproductions of particular incidents or persons as generalizations from what he had witnessed in the varied experience of life may be true enough. He may never have dined with Nasidienus or have met that famous bore in the Via Sacra. He may have taken parts of his descriptions from Lucilius, but Horace we may be sure must have known many such hosts as Nasidienus and must have been present at many similar entertainments. He must have met in his time many such nuisances as the troublesome gentleman from whom he was delivered by Apollo; and moreover in this satire Horace had a special pur-

pose to serve, — to show up the absurdities and falsehoods current in Roman society about Mæcenas's "set," as they are current in all societies about similar exclusive circles. The street Arab in "Sybil" who professed to tell his pal what the "nobs" had for supper was not wider of the mark than the gossips who swarmed at Rome just as they now swarm in London. The bore in Lucilius may have suggested to him a very good way of carrying this purpose into effect. But why linger over this kind of criticism? Did Addison ever see Will Wimble, or that excellent inn-keeper who was three yards in girth and the best Church of England man on the road? Did either Dick Ivy or Lord Potato ever dine with Smollett?

It is sometimes asked whether Horace was sincere in his satire, in his patriotism, in his amatory poems, and in his professed love of nature and the country. As for his satire he was as sincere as a gentleman need be. He had not the *sæva indignatio* of Carlyle, or Swift, or Juvenal. How could he have? He could not break butterflies on wheels. But he was as sincere as Addison. In his "Meditations in Westminster Abbey" Addison says that when he meets with the grief of parents on a tombstone his heart melts with compassion. It did not melt very much, Thackeray thought, and we perfectly agree with him. Are we to suppose that Thackeray himself was inspired by any burning wrath when he drew his pen upon the snobs? Horace had probably just as much and just as little real anger in his heart when he laughed at Catus and Tigellinus. He was sincere enough in ridiculing whatever was ridiculous; and in the satires at all events he aimed at nothing more than this. Mr. Sellar thinks that in the epistles we see Horace in the character of a moral teacher. But we should question whether this object stood first with him in the composition of his letters. Horace had a turn for moralizing. We see it everywhere; and the *savoir vivre* and *savoir faire* are what he was specially fond of dwelling upon. He gives excellent advice to young men, and is evidently rather vain of his own knowledge of society, and of the way to succeed in it.

Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti.

This is the burden of his song, and whenever he recurs to it his name is Horatius, and his foot is on his native heath. But of moral philosophy in the stricter sense of the term we do not see that the

epistles contain much. They are letters which a highly cultivated and accomplished man of the world, whose vocation was literature and whose tastes led him towards ethics, might be expected to write to congenial spirits, whether statesmen, lawyers, or men of letters. But his philosophy is the practical philosophy which lies upon the surface, which most men who combine intellectual power with common sense are prepared to follow, and which has little to do with the learning of the schools. Sir George Trevelyan says that his uncle, Lord Macaulay, was fond of pacing the cloisters of Trinity discoursing "The picturesque but somewhat esoteric philosophy, which it pleased him to call by the name of metaphysics." We should say that if we substitute moral philosophy for metaphysics this was what Horace was fond of doing.

Horace's patriotism was also of the common-sense species. If he could not have the Republic he would make the best of the Empire. He was no irreconcilable. He would not waste his life in sighing like Lucan over a fallen cause and a political system which could never be recalled, and which it is not certain that it was desirable to recall. He must have seen that the two great parties into which the Republic was divided, and which in its better days kept the balance between order and liberty, had gradually degenerated into selfish factions with scarcely the semblance of a principle between them. Was it really the part of a patriot to hope for the restoration of senatorial or parliamentary government? Was not an enlightened despotism a good exchange for Marius and Sulla? Whether any such thoughts passed through Horace's mind or not, he accepted the defeat of his own party as an accomplished fact and with considerable equanimity, and was quite ready to pray for Augustus as the saviour of society. The feeling which must have been entertained by many educated and thoughtful Romans, if not by the whole upper and middle class who had gone through a century of revolutions, is expressed in the words of Virgil:—

Di patrii, Indigetes, et Romule Vestaque mater,  
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim et Romana Palatia servas,  
Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere sæclo  
Ne prohibete!

That was the end of the whole matter. The first necessity for Rome was the restoration of law, order, and permanent

tranquillity. One hand alone seemed capable of ensuring these blessings, and Horace, and Virgil, and the other leading men of letters at Rome became its willing instruments.

Professor Sellar divides Horace's odes into (1) the national, religious, and ethical odes; (2) the lighter poems in the Greek measure, *ἑρωτικά*, and *συμποτικά*, and (3) the occasional poems of Horace's own life and experience. The national odes express the sentiments referred to in the above paragraph. But Mr. Sellar does not bestow unqualified commendation on them. He thinks that the *dulcedo otii* spoken of by Tacitus carried Horace and other honest Imperialists a little too far. In the second ode of the fourth book he detects the first notes of that servile adulation "which was the bane of the next century." Of course we must all admit that settled order, security for life and property, all the conditions in fact under which alone the ordinary business of civilized communities can be conducted, have sometimes to be purchased at a great price. And so it was at Rome. The defence of those who paid it is that nothing else was possible. The mischief was already done. The Roman aristocracy and the Roman populace between them had made free institutions unworkable. Cicero pinned all his hopes on the equestrian order, much as Sir Robert Peel did afterwards on the middle classes. But it was too late at Rome. Public spirit and political faith were dead, drowned in the sea of blood which the great factions had poured out. There was no help for it. Concurrently with this revolution began the decay of Roman character, and the so-called "adulation" which has been so much complained of by modern writers was only what might have been expected. Moreover, a great part of it was purely formal, and meant no more than the words in the liturgy, "Our most religious and gracious sovereign," while part of it was legitimately based upon an article in the pagan creed which even Tacitus did not entirely reject. It seems to us that Mr. Sellar's use of the word "adulation" is a little inconsistent with what he says elsewhere of the deification of the emperor.

It is in the Odes expressive of national and imperial sentiment, that we seem to find most of real meaning in the religious language of Horace. The analogy between Jove in Heaven and Augustus on Earth is often hinted at; and the ground of this analogy is indicated by the emphatic stress laid on the triumph of Jove over the Giants,

Clari Giganteo triumpho (iii. 1).

It is the supremacy of order in the world of nature and human affairs which the imagination of Horace sees personified in that Jove,

Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat  
Ventosum, et urbes, regnaque tristia,  
Divosque mortalesque turbas  
Imperio regit unus æquo (iii. 4).

Augustus is regarded as the minister and vice-regent on earth of this supreme power, —

Te minor lætum reget æquus orbem —

and it is on this ground that a divine function is attributed to him.

If it was the popular belief that great heroes and statesmen were admitted to the company of the gods after death, it was a very short step from this belief to the conception of the head of the Roman empire, the ruler of the modern world, as a god designate, and entitled therefore even before death to some kind of worship.

Of Horace's own religious belief he makes no secret. He was at heart a Lucretian. But he looked on the poetical superstitions of the pagan world with the eye of a man of taste; much as many men at the present day may regard the saints and angels of the Romish Church, which bring mankind into such close communion with another world and appeal so powerfully to the imagination. Horace could not have been insensible to the charm. He did not fail, says Mr. Sellar, —

To recognize in the religious forms and beliefs of the past a salutary power to heal some of the evils of the present, and also a material by which his lyrical art could move the deeper sympathies and charm the fancy of his contemporaries. Nor need we suppose the feeling out of which his world of supernatural beings and agencies is recreated altogether insincere. Though the actual course of his life may be regulated in accordance with the negative conclusions of the understanding, the imagination of a poet like Horace and Lucretius is moved to the recognition of some transcendent power and agency, hidden in the world and yet sometimes apparent on the surface, which it associates with some concern for the course of nature and human affairs, and even of individual destiny. It is natural for the poet or artist to embody the suggestion of this mysterious feeling which gives its transcendent quality to his poetry or art, in the forms of traditional belief into which he breathes new life.

Horace might have been conscious of some such feeling as is so beautifully expressed in these well-known lines: —

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion,  
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
That had their haunts in dale, or piny moun-  
tain,

Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have  
vanish'd.

They live no longer in the faith of reason!  
But still the heart doth need a language, still  
Doth the old instinct bring back the old  
names.

And to yon starry world they now are gone,  
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth  
With man as with their friend; and to the  
lover

Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky  
Shoot influence down; and even at this day  
'Tis Jupiter that brings whate'er is great,  
And Venus who brings everything that's fair.

Along with the apology for the Empire which the literature of the day was called on to supply was the further object of reviving a belief in the old Italian religion and the old Latin deities. How exquisitely Virgil performed his share of the task no scholar requires to be told. But he was less under the influence of Greek ideas than Horace. And there is a reality and "a reverential piety" in his treatment of the subject, which we miss in the lyric poet, who "surrounds the gods and goddesses of Italy with the associations of Greek art in poetry." It was because he found these divinities in his favorite Greek authors that he was willing to people the groves and valleys of Italy with the same order of beings. Mr. Sellar is seen at his best in this part of his subject.

Horace's poetical conscience—if we may use the phrase—held him clear of all blame in writing as he did of the nymphs and the fauns, of Pan and Bacchus. He lived, we may believe, like many other eminent men of letters, two lives. Walking about the streets of Rome, playing at ball, looking on at the jugglers, or dining with Mæcenas, he was the shrewd man of the world, the Epicurean sceptic to whom the creed of his ancestors was foolishness. Far away amid the solitary scenes of nature, other thoughts and other ideas may have taken possession of him. He may have asked himself whether the old mythology was not, after all, something more than a beautiful dream; whether the forces of nature might not sometimes assume the shapes which religion had assigned to them; and whether such a belief was not more soothing to the human spirit than the cold negations of the atheistic philosophy. Then it is that, as he strolls along the Sabine valley or approaches the Bandusian fountain, the *genius loci* casts its spell upon him, and he hears the reed of Faunus piping in the distant hills and catches a glimpse of the Naiad as she rises from the sacred spring.

It is not difficult to believe that Horace may at times have projected himself into the past with sufficient force of imagination to bring himself under the influence of the old faith, and to prevent his recognition of the pagan deities from being open to any charge of insincerity. Or, if we reject this hypothesis, there is nothing discreditable to Horace in supposing that he merely took up the rural traditions where he found them, and used their more picturesque and graceful elements as materials for poetry. He must have known that whatever he wrote in this manner would be read by the light of his avowed scepticism, and that, as nobody could be deceived by it, so nobody would suspect him of hypocrisy. We should prefer to believe, however, that Horace was at times accessible to the reflection that there might be more things in the world than were dreamed of in his philosophy, and that however much he may have disbelieved in the intelligible forms of old religion, he may not have been entirely devoid of some sympathy with the religion of nature.

The amatory and convivial poems of Horace speak for themselves. Nobody ever supposed that in writing of the Lages, Neæras, and Glyceras, who were asked to the elegant little supper-parties given by the Roman men of wit and pleasure, Horace was using the language of real passion, which he was probably incapable of feeling. But Mr. Sellar scouts the notion that these poems were merely literary studies addressed to imaginary personages. He thinks that some of them, like the scenes and characters in the satires, may be generalized from Horace's experience not to represent individuals. But he believes that many of them were well known to the poet, though his relations with them may have been Platonic. He goes further than this and thinks that the women themselves "were refined and accomplished ladies leading a somewhat independent but quite decorous life." What then made them so difficult of access? Why do we hear so much of the janitors, and the bolts and bars, and the windows? That many of them were educated and refined women and capable of inspiring gentlemen and scholars with the most ardent affection we may learn from Catullus and Tibullus. But there is never any talk of marriage with them. No; it is pretty clear to what class they belonged, and Horace was not the man to break his heart for any dozen such. Women in his eyes were playthings, and no sensible man

ought to give himself a moment's uneasiness about the best of them. For good wine he had a much more sincere respect. He held with Cratinus that no water-drinker could write poetry. He resembles Addison again in both these particulars; in his high opinion of the flask and his low opinion of the sex. But he does not resemble him at all in another characteristic which Mr. Sellar thinks is one of his most strongly marked traits; his love of nature and of country life, "The dream of Roman poets," as Newman says, "from Virgil to Juvenal, and the reward of Roman statesmen from Cincinnatus to Pliny."

How any doubt can have arisen with regard to Horace's sincerity when he writes on these subjects passes our comprehension. A man who only pretends to be a lover of the country never ventures beyond safe generalities. Horace specifies each tree, streamlet, and hill with the touch of one who knew them intimately; he had a Roman's eye for the picturesque, and reproduces it in his verse with an easy accuracy which nothing but long and loving contemplation could have enabled him to attain. He differs from Virgil no doubt to this extent—and it is a very important difference—that while Horace loved the beauties of nature, Virgil loved nature herself. Virgil loved the country like Wordsworth, Horace like Thomson. There is nothing to show that Horace took the same pleasure as Virgil did in natural history, or in contemplating the operations of husbandry. But he never pretends that he does. In the second epode he is not laughing at such tastes; he seems simply to be illustrating the ruling passion exemplified probably in the behavior of some well-known character at Rome, who was perhaps just then the subject of conversation in Horace's set. The sincerest lover of country life would be the first to ridicule this affected enthusiasm. The genuine worshipper of the rural gods would be irritated and disgusted by this desecration of his idol; he would feel his sanctuary polluted and vulgarized by the intrusive admiration of this cockney tradesman thinking it a fine thing to prate about the pleasures of the country and especially about country sports. This no doubt was the offence of which Adolphus had been guilty, and which had been duly reported to Horace by one of his comrades. And the second epode was the consequence. To suppose that it was really meant as a covert satire upon country life seems little short of monstrous. It was exactly the

reverse; it was a satire upon the sham admiration of it, prompted by an outrage on the real.

But whatever difference of opinion may exist with regard to Horace's originality and sincerity little or none is to be found on the question of his style. In his satires and epistles he did for Latin verse composition what Addison did for English prose composition. This is Mr. Sellar's dictum. "It was as great a triumph of art to bend the stately Latin hexameter into a flexible instrument for the use of his *musa pedestris* as to have been the inventor of a prose style equal to that of Addison or Montaigne. The metrical success which Horace obtained in an attempt in which Lucilius absolutely failed is almost as remarkable as that obtained in his lyrical metres." Here then at all events Horace has an indisputable claim to originality. At the same time it must be remembered that Horace had greater difficulties to contend with in bringing down verse than Addison experienced in bringing down prose to the level of "refined and lively conversation." He could not get rid of metrical conditions, and the consequence is that he is more frequently guilty of what Conington calls "the besetting sin of the Augustan poets," that is, excessive condensation, than any one of his contemporaries. Horace was conscious of it himself; *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio*. In endeavoring to avoid what Pattison calls the "diffuse prodigality" of an earlier school Horace fell into the opposite extreme, and omitted what was necessary to connect one train of thought with another. This was not the result of any indifference to the thought. The theory, which we have seen advanced, that Horace in his odes was contented with writing something like nonsense verses, and let the meaning take care of itself so long as he was satisfied with the music, is contradicted by the fact that we have just the same condensation and obscurity in the satires and epistles, where Horace was certainly not aiming at perfection of sound or metre. We find also precisely the same fault in Pope, proceeding from the same cause. Take one instance:—

In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who  
lay,  
How happy those to ruin, these betray.

And scores of such examples might be quoted. The most conspicuous instance of this defect in Horace is briefly referred to by Mr. Sellar, who however offers no explanation of it. It occurs in the "Ode

to Fortune" (*O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium*, i. 35) Horace, addressing the goddess, says:—

Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit  
Velata panno nec comitem abnegat,  
Utcunque mutata potentes  
Veste domos inimica linquis.

Now if Loyalty clings to a falling house when Fortune has deserted it, how can Loyalty be said to follow Fortune? If she accompanies Fortune and deserts those whom the goddess deserts, how can she be called Loyalty? We all know what Horace means, of course. Hope and Loyalty continue to wait on Fortune whether she smiles or frowns; whichever side of her face she turns towards their friends, Hope and Loyalty are constant to them. But the word *linquis* implies that Fortune flies away, and *nec comitem abnegat* that Loyalty goes with her. But there is no other passage in Horace so unmanageable as this; though his meaning is often packed so closely in such a very small parcel that it takes some time to find it out.

Quintilian says that there are some passages in Horace which he would rather not try to explain. But that Horace habitually sacrificed sense to sound is a proposition which can hardly be accepted on the strength only of such passages as we have seen brought forward in support of it. As, however, we do not profess to understand Latin better than Horace did himself, we shall say no more about it. But of the exquisite melody and perfect finish which he imparted to his lyric metres we may perhaps speak with less presumption. Horace's chief claim to the homage of posterity rests on his position as one of the great literary artists of the world. Here he stands alone; nobody else has been able to play upon that instrument; as Munro has well said, the secret of its music was lost with its inventor.

Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur  
Majestas et amor,

says Ovid; and these two qualities, so rarely united, Horace has combined in perfection. The Alcaic ode with its combination of strength and beauty is Horace, and Horace is the Alcaic ode. The rise and fall of the metre, culminating in the third line on which the whole stanza seems as it were balanced or supported, and then falling away in the more rapid and dactylic, but less emphatic movement of the fourth, is one of the greatest triumphs of the metrical art which poetry

has produced. The Sapphic is equally his own property, and occasionally equals the Alcaic in the mellowness of its tones; but its general effect is that of liveliness and vivacity, though it sometimes rises to the majestic also; it is to the Alcaic what the fife is to the flute. Horace broke them both as he was laid on the Esquiline Hill beside the bones of his patron, and no man was heir to that matchless gift, the like of which only appears at rare intervals in the history of literature.

Objection has been taken to the designation of Queen Anne's and the early Georgian epoch as the Augustan age of England. But in one respect it is apt enough. What Pope was to the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that were Horace and Virgil to the poets of the Republic. If in many respects—in the quality of his satire, in his good-nature and moderation—Horace resembled Addison, in his metrical capacity and in his methods also he resembled Pope. Hear Thackeray again. "He [Pope] polished, he refined, he thought; he took thoughts from other works to adorn and complete his own; borrowing an idea or a cadence from another poet as he would a figure or a simile from a flower or a river or any object which struck him in his walk or contemplation of nature." Are we reading of the English or the Roman poet, of the reign of Augustus or the reign of Anne? Is not this Horace himself, the very man?

Another point of resemblance between the two periods is the demand which arose in both for the political support of literature. As Horace and Virgil were called upon to uphold the new government at Rome, so Addison and Steele were called upon to uphold the new government in England. We cannot indeed compare "The Campaign" or "The Freeholder" with the "*Quæ cura Patrum*" or "*Divis orte bonis*," which last reminds us more of Shakespeare's compliment to Queen Elizabeth; but both had their origin in similar political exigencies, and in each case alike the champions of the existing order were liberally rewarded.

But besides the imperishable specimens of literary art which he has left behind him, Horace has other claims on our respect which many readers may think of equal value. A man may be a great poet without being a man of letters, as he may certainly be a man of letters without being a great poet. Horace was both. He was deeply read in all the literature then extant; and next to the woods and the hills

which he loved so well, his daily delight was in his library. The picture which he draws of himself in his country home affords us a delightful glimpse of such literary leisure as is only possible in the golden days of good Haroun Alraschid. Horace goes to bed and gets up when he likes; there is no one to drag him down to the law courts the first thing in the morning, to remind him of any important engagement with his brother scribes, to solicit his interest with Mæcenas, or to tease him about public affairs and the latest news from abroad. He can bury himself in his Greek authors, or ramble through the woody glens which lay at the foot of Mount Ustica, without a thought of business or a feeling that he ought to be otherwise employed. In the evening he returns to his own fireside, to his dinner of beans and bacon and the company of his country neighbors, who were men of education and intelligence, competent to bear their part in the conversation of which he was so fond, concerning the good of life, the value of riches, and the motives of friendship. The entertainment, we may presume, was not always on so very moderate a scale. The dinner-table of Ofellus (Satire ii. 2) was probably more like Horace's when he entertained a friend from town, or a country acquaintance who had dropped in for shelter from the rain. The *olus* and *perna*, corresponding perhaps to our ham and peas, or else the *faba Pythagora* and the *uncta oluscula lardo* seem to have been standing dishes at the tables of the yeoman and smaller gentry of Horace's time when they were alone and on ordinary days. But on festive occasions a joint of lamb and a roast fowl could be added to it, with a dessert of nuts, grapes, and figs, at which they sat pretty late over their wine. How modern it all seems! Pope had no difficulty in turning the *menu* of Ofellus into a dinner given by himself at Twickenham, with hardly the alteration of a word.

It is difficult to imagine any life more delightful than was led by this accomplished man for nearly thirty years; in easy circumstances, with all that fame could give, admitted to the closest intimacy with the high-born and highly cultivated society which formed the court of Augustus, and which has been equalled only at a few choice epochs of the world's history; free to employ himself as he pleased, to enjoy all the luxuries, and all the intellectual intercourse of a great capital, or to retire, as he chose, to his beautiful rural home and his well-stocked

bookshelves — *ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ*. It is probable that at one time he was something of a sportsman, and varied his researches into what was even then called ancient literature, with the occasional pursuit of stag, hare, or boar. He was unmarried, it is true; but if he lacked the happiness which springs from the affections he probably did not miss it, and he escaped its concomitant anxieties. Yet with everything else to cheer him, with every elegant enjoyment at his command, with no taste ungratified and no ambition disappointed, we still see that Horace was subject to that undefinable melancholy which the sceptical philosophy grafted on to the poetical temperament can hardly fail to engender. In the *linguenda tellus*, and the *æternum exilium* he is not merely converting to poetical uses feelings which are common to mankind in all ages of the world. The same reflection recurs too often to allow of our doubting that it was habitual, and that it colored all his views of life. The frequency of suicide among the ancients had its origin in an intensified form of this despondency. Horace doubtless did not experience it in its severest shape; he was too well fitted by nature for the enjoyment of life and society to give way to any deep or permanent depression. But it forced its way on his mind at intervals, and is a haunting presence in many of his writings when there is no open expression of it. As has been said of great wealth so we may say of such a life as Horace's, that it was calculated to make a deathbed very painful. Modern scepticism for the most part contents itself with asserting that we have no evidence to justify belief in a future state, but each man may think what he likes about the immortality of the soul. Horace was scarcely at liberty to do this. He must have looked on death as annihilation. The question may be asked whether if he had believed in a future state of rewards and punishments, he would have been any the happier. It is a question beyond the scope of this paper. But Newman has a passage in the "Office and Work of Universities" not altogether remote from it, and so singularly applicable to the life of Horace that we cannot do better than close our own remarks with one of the most charming specimens even of Newman's style that can be found:—

Easy circumstances, books, friends, literary connections, the fine arts, presents from abroad, foreign correspondents, handsome appointments, elegant simplicity, gravel walks, lawns, flower-beds, trees, and shrubberies,

summer-houses, strawberry-beds, a greenhouse, a wall for peaches, *hoc erat in votis*; nothing out of the way, no hot-houses, graperies, pineries — *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus* — no mansions, no parks, no deer, no preserves; these things are not worth the cost, they involve the bother of dependants, they interfere with enjoyment. One or two faithful servants, who last on as the trees do, and cannot change their place; the ancients had slaves, a sort of dumb waiter, and the real article; alas! they are impossible now. We must have no one with claims upon us, or with rights; no incumbrances; no wife and children; they would hurt our dignity. We must have acquaintances within reach, yet not in the way; ready, not troublesome or intrusive. We must have something of name, or of rank, or of ancestry, or of past official life, to raise us from the dead level of mankind, to afford food for the imagination of our neighbors. . . . To a life such as this a man is more attached the longer he lives; and he would be more and more happy in it too, were it not for the *memento* within him, that books and gardens do not make a man immortal; that though they do not leave him, he at least must leave them, all but "the hateful cypresses," and must go where the only book is the book of doom, and the only garden the Paradise of the Just.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

CAMP LIFE AND PIG-STICKING IN MOROCCO.

THE sun was shining down brightly upon us, as we left the hotel that stands outside the walls of white Tangier, and rode along the stony pathway that would take us up to the pig-sticking camp, some sixteen or seventeen miles away.

For fully three weeks past this pig-sticking expedition had been discussed and arranged and re-arranged, while for the last few days it had become a perfectly absorbing topic, to the exclusion of everything else. Who was going? and with what horses? Were Bruzeaud's or Ansaldo's tents to be used? What luggage would be allowed, and what had it best consist of? These and many other small particulars became burning questions, and had been discussed unweariedly, backwards and forwards; indeed, there had been so much indecision that at one moment I foresaw the ghastly possibility of finding myself provided with a double set of tents, and having to pay both Bruzeaud and Ansaldo. But all this had at last been satisfactorily settled; so far as we were concerned, Ansaldo had undertaken us; and we were promised to find our

double tent pitched, and everything in order, on our arrival at the camp.

I was riding Sultan, my own confidential and quite good-looking barb; Violet another; and on a strong mule, which we had been advised to add to our stud, in case of anything befalling our two horses, was perched Mahomed, our Moorish servant, whom I had been told I might find useful in camp life. I do not know that I did find him especially so, but still he certainly brushed our riding-skirts, and removed the mud from our boots. It had been arranged that every one should join the camp at the hour that best suited themselves. So with Violet and myself went the charming Duc de Frias, of the Spanish Legation, and the head and manager of the expedition, who had undertaken to show us the road; M. Bosch, also of the Spanish Legation. Mrs. J——, widow of a well-known African explorer, with a girl she was chaperoning, and two officers of the 60th Rifles stationed at Gibraltar, made up our party.

The stony pathway very soon came to an end, and we were on one of the usual roads in Morocco, merely a broad track of mud, or, where not mud, a track of deep, heavy earth, going up and down across the open country; now over a hill, now along a ravine, now across a stream, now over a plain; no trees anywhere to be seen, but here and there on the hillside, a brown village, with its blue-green hedge of prickly pears and aloes, its dogs that barked loudly as we passed, and strange-looking figures sitting and lying about, draped in dirty white garments or in brown hooded cloaks. Every now and then we meet a few loaded mules, or some solemn-looking camels, always with the inevitable bare-legged Arab in his brown hooded cloak or dull white draperies. The young green corn was springing up all over the country, and quantities of magnificent purple iris, striped with orange, gave a delightful bit of color.

But the horses wearily pulled their feet out of the heavy ground, and both riders and horses were slowly picking their way, striving to choose those parts of the track where sticking fast seemed less probable. Scarcely ever was there the chance of a trot, and the sun beat down hot and glaring over the treeless country. All this pointed to luncheon, and at a nice green spot we joyfully dismounted; the mule with the luncheon was called up, and we established ourselves for a delightful rest of an hour. When we started again, the character of the country began to change,

and became more varied. We passed occasionally through straggling cork woods, and came on large lakes, along the shores of which we cantered gaily, till we came in sight of the sea; no longer the Mediterranean with the Spanish coast clearly in sight — we had left all that behind at Tangier; this was the open Atlantic, looking now calm and smooth enough. The sun was getting lower and lower — it was certainly a long ride to Isawara, and our camp. At last we came in sight of a hill crowned with tiny brown native houses and the inevitable prickly pear, over the brow of which we were told we should find our camp, and we rode in among its little white tents, just as the sun was setting.

There must have been sixteen or seventeen tents of varying shapes and sizes, and there was a perfect labyrinth of tent-ropes and tent-pegs; all traps for the unwary, who, in a hurried moment, might wish to strike out a short cut to any particular tent; trouble was sure to follow — especially after dark. In the middle was the dining-tent for Ansaldo's party, which was much too small for the number who had to dine in it — much grumbling ensued in consequence. Several of the old stagers at pig-sticking had brought their own tents; some of these messed with Ansaldo, while others had brought their own cooking arrangements. Violet and I were enchanted with our little tent, which had a double covering and wings, so as to be waterproof. We had heard such tales of tiny tents that you could barely stand upright in, that ours seemed, in comparison, quite a vast and well-furnished apartment. Two little trestle beds, a bright colored rug on the ground between them, a table at the head with a candle lamp, bright-colored Moorish blankets on the beds; at the foot of one bed, our portmanteau; at the foot of the other, our carpet bag; outside a rickety stand, with a waterproof bag as basin, made up our tent furniture. That stand with waterproof bag I cannot call a success; it had a habit of collapsing on no sort of pretext, and deluging the place with water; after it had done this twice, we bore the thing a bitter and permanent hatred. When we had done a little unpacking we went out into the camp again. There was a lovely crescent moon and the stars were coming out fast; a few lanterns were lit here and there. We wandered about paying visits to the other tents, watching the fresh arrivals, seeing that our horses were properly looked after, pitying them for being hobbled — pitying

them more, probably, than they pitied themselves, as they took to it very quietly and as to the manner born; no doubt it reminded them of olden days before they belonged to these fair-skinned people from the north.

Then at seven o'clock came dinner, fifteen of us sitting down at a long table in the narrow dining-tent; a polyglot assemblage of hungry people: America, England, France, Spain, Austria, and Switzerland all represented. There were the Duc de Frias and M. Bosch, of the Spanish Legation; M. Seigué, of the French; Baron Pereira, of the Austrian; two American ladies, a Swiss baron and two ladies, and six English people; truly they made the veriest Babel! After dinner we gathered round the big camp fire and were joined by those from the other tents, making up our numbers to twenty-four, twelve being ladies! Every now and then the flames burst out afresh with a blaze and a roar; the ladies sat around toasting themselves, the men came and went with cups of coffee in the glow, every one talking and arranging for the next day; and there were wonderful tales of former hunts, of charging boars, of wounded men or horses, and of hair-breadth escapes. By degrees the company round the fire grew fewer and fewer; one by one they said good-night, and disappeared out of the firelight into the darkness; lanterns were moving about the camp, the tents were lighting up; and we, too, judged it best to remember our early rise and to try how we liked our tent beds. With the lamp lighted, our tent looked almost cosy; it felt rather like a cabin on board ship, only with no terrible screw thumping away incessantly and with no dread of waking to find a rough sea on. Among other evils we had been warned of, was the cold in a tent, but I cannot say we suffered from it; perhaps we were too well provided with rugs, or perhaps it was our hot-water bottles, which were simply invaluable. So we crept into our narrow little beds, really not at all bad ones, and lay comfortably talking to each other and listening to the wind in the trees, to the distant sea, and to all the unaccustomed noises of the camp. By degrees silence fell more and more; only the dogs kept up their snarling and barking, and the curious guttural talk of the Moors seemed never to cease. It was all very odd and weird, and there was a delightful feeling of airiness without being cold; presently our remarks grew fewer and fewer, and soon we too were asleep.

At 6.30 we woke with a start, a dim light was in the tent, and a voice outside asked if we were awake, and promised to send us hot water. Dressing in a narrow space with none of one's usual comforts is never an exhilarating process, and I don't know that it was pleasanter in our tent than elsewhere; still we got through with it, and were ready for breakfast at a quarter to eight, while the start for pig-sticking was to be at 8.30. Then came the preparations and stir at starting, every one looking to their girths and saddles, the men hunting for their spears, the ladies looking for chairs or big stones to mount by; and then in good time we were off. The ladies, and three of the men not hunting that day, were stationed near the top of a hill, overlooking the ground to be beaten; five hunters went with the beaters, and four (in case the boars broke back) were placed in pairs at the foot of the hill on which we were. We could see the whole hunt beautifully. We had dismounted, and our horses were led round the hill out of sight, and we ourselves were told to hide away among the bushes as much as possible. We could see the long line of beaters forcing their way through the bushes, and could hear their wild cries; every now and then there was a puff of smoke, followed by a sharp report—this meant that a pig had been sighted; but no pig broke back, so that our four hunters stationed below perforce remained as idle as ourselves. At last a pig did break cover. A black object came out of the wood and adventured itself on the sandy swamp below; great excitement among us on the brow of the hill, especially as the hunters below evidently did not see the animal. But the pig did not appear to like the look of the swamp, as presently it turned itself round and toddled gently back into the wood.

Another long wait; the clouds were gathering and over the sea it looked terribly disagreeable and threatening. But now, again, a black object appeared below, and this time it kept steadily on across the sand, evidently making for our hills; this time, too, the horsemen below saw it, and prepared themselves to give chase; two of them getting lower down, ready to start across the sand, when the boar should be near enough for them to show themselves. Steadily the boar came on and was now half-way across; then the two horsemen, lance in hand, spurred on to meet it as fast as might be across the sand; the animal saw them and turned—it was a race now as to which should reach

the wood first; the sand seemed heavy and the horses labored, but they gained on the pig. Now one was up with it and the pig turned; the second horse reared and plunged—it would not face the beast; and then, for a few minutes, there was a wild skurrying backwards and forwards; the pig charging at the horses, and the horses backing and plunging, and then again pursuing. And then presently it was all over, and a black object lay still on the sands; and the rain that had been threatening for the last hour came down in perfect sheets. There was nothing for it but to get back to the camp; there would assuredly be no more pig-sticking that day unless the weather changed. The horses were brought up, mackintoshes and umbrellas produced, and a bedraggled and damp company started back for the tents. To speak of personal experience, my mackintosh was a delusion; it was of a shape invented by myself for the occasion, by way of keeping my skirt dry, and it entirely declined to do anything of the kind. The flap intended for that purpose waved gaily in the wind, leaving my skirt to get drenched through and through, while it undertook to blow about and scare my horse with its playful vagaries. I was reduced to holding it quiet with one hand, which was also struggling with an umbrella, while with the other I tried to guide my horse over the rough, stony ground and through the bushes and undergrowth—altogether sadly uncomfortable and inconvenient. What with wind, rain, umbrella, mackintosh, and wet reins, I was heartily glad when I bumped slowly at a heavy trot into the camp.

And now the next few hours, I must allow, had their drawbacks. It rained hard and steadily, only occasionally varying the monotony by coming down in a solid sheet; the camp became a swamp, and the move from one tent to another anything but pleasant. We gathered together in the dining-tent, and had luncheon. By degrees the other men arrived, who had been in the detachment with the beaters; they, too, wanted luncheon, and we heard how two pigs had been killed by them, and who had got the first spear, and who the second; and from that we got to other pig-sticking expeditions, and then to other subjects, and so the afternoon wore on. And towards sunset the sky cleared up in a half-hearted kind of way; glimpses of sunshine, and a rainbow, and a golden, though watery-looking, sunset. Then we paddled out to look after the horses; fed them with bread and sugar, got the Moors

to wipe the wet from their heads and ears; unhobbled my dear Sultan and had him led off for a walk. Then we looked in on our neighbors; heard into whose tents the rain had made its way; found a fire on which cooking was going on, and rushed off to fetch some of the wettest and most essential of our wet garments, to see if we could dry them. And so the sunset faded away and night came on, with all the usual difficulties of avoiding ropes and pegs, to which were now added mud and puddles. Then there was dinner, and, joy of joys, the rain still kept off, and we were able to have our camp fire and rejoice in a thorough toast; it seemed to me I had never really enjoyed a fire before. All through that night we could hear, at intervals, heavy showers of rain beating down on our tent, and felt sadly anxious about the weather for next day; but at 6.30, when the camp began to bestir itself, although the day looked doubtful, no rain was falling; and by breakfast time we began to hope the weather would hold up. It looked still so unsettled, though, that six of the ladies and several men decided to return to Tangier; the rest of us made up our minds to stay another night.

By nine o'clock, when we were all in the saddle ready for the start, the day had cleared up and the sun was out. I and another woman and two men were sent with the beaters, while the others cantered on to take up positions ahead, where it was supposed likely that the pigs would break over. Down the hill, therefore, I rode with the motley assemblage of Arabs and dogs, till we came to a strip of shrubs growing in detached clumps (rather like rhododendrons) along the seashore; here we found more beaters waiting with their dogs, and the sheik mounted on a ragged-looking mule. And now came the oddest sight I had yet seen in this queer land of surprises. The Arabs gathered together in a semicircle with their dogs at their feet, and the sheik rode forward to address them. With much gesture, and in a loud, clear voice, he prayed in his strange, guttural language that Allah would bless the sultan, and all the men piously touched their fingers together and cried Amen; then that he would give them fine weather and good crops, and again they cried Amen; that he would bless their sport and give them many pigs—and again Amen—and then he exhorted them to beat well, and not to quarrel, but to be peaceable and friendly, and that Allah then would bless them, and their crops, and their families, and their sport, and all

would be well; and he bade them depart and begin. And once more they all cried Amen; and the dogs sprang to their feet, the men gathered up guns and sticks, and we were all ready for the fray.

The Arabs kept a very good line, shouting all the time their strange, quavering Arab cry, encouraging the dogs, adjuring the pigs—we on horseback following as well as the stones and bushes would allow; but no pigs showed themselves. Everywhere we came upon traces of the pigs having recently turned up the ground in search of roots—but there it ended. All the morning it was the same thing—the day was beautiful, the ride delightful, but no pigs. By luncheon time only one pig had been found; it was very disheartening.

After luncheon we started afresh, still with the same result; and I began to think the pig must have become a very rare animal. We had now gone over a good deal of ground; it was three o'clock, and we had reached a cork wood with thinly scattered trees, many low shrubs, and a quantity of something like our broom in glorious flower. Suddenly one of the beaters fired his gun—he had seen a pig! Then another and another fired; it was going along the line; it was breaking back! Away past me through the bushes spurred the Duc de Frias, shouting to me to follow. Other horsemen, spears in hand, dashed past; the Arabs yelled, the dogs gave tongue; it was a wild skurry, every one choosing that path through the bushes that seemed best and safest; Sultan, to my utter dismay, now clearing a bush, now skipping a bit of morass, very much guiding himself at his own sweet will, and quite determined not to be out of it. Then presently the sounds died away; and shortly, one by one, the hunters returned; the pig had been lost, had got into some bog or impenetrable bush, and we were all to rejoin the beaters as fast as we could. I turned my horse and, rather breathless from my unaccustomed exertions, trotted quietly after the others, meditative about many things, and settling that I would now quietly stick with the beaters, and have no more wild gallops. But before I had reached that would-be haven, there was again the report of a gun and wild yells from the Arabs, and then, straight through the bushes, about twenty yards ahead, on the rising ground in front, came bursting a huge, unwieldy, black thing, jumping from tussock to tussock, looking to me more the size of a cow (I should *like* to

say an elephant!) than a pig. By its side, striving to keep up with it, with his lance ready to strike, rode Colonel Hibbert, close by him raced the duc, and all bearing down straight on me. Every story I had heard of boars attacking and ripping up any and everybody that came in their way rushed into my head, mingled with English traditions of heading the fox; I pressed my spur hard against Sultan's side, and inwardly breathed a prayer that a gracious Providence would for this once grant that Sultan should obey the rein. I rather think that Sultan himself was terrified; we swerved; past us shot the boar and the two hunters; we turned and followed; others came galloping up. Again a wild skurry and hunt, more prolonged this time as the pig did *not* get away. Colonel Hibbert got the first spear, and the Duc de Frias the second; or was it the duc who got the first?—this I did not clearly make out, as some said one and some the other. But it did not matter much to the pig, who lay dead far on in the wood; while the hunters galloped back to rejoin the outpaced ladies, and to catch up once more with the beaters.

That wood was alive with pigs. Thirteen of them did we start in those two hours we were hunting in it, though only five were killed; and as we all collected together again, to make the best of our way with tired horses to the far-distant camp, we all agreed that we had had a most successful hunt. And as I stumbled up the last hill in the dark, it was delightful to think how soon I should be able to take my wearied self off my equally weary horse.

That was our last evening in the camp. Once more after dinner we sat round the camp fire, now a reduced party—so many had left in the morning. Of course we talked over the day's adventures, till, as the ready-cut branches began to fail and the fire to die down, we went off early to our tent, and, very tired, crept into our narrow beds, and so went quickly to sleep with the sounds of camp life still stirring round us. In the night I woke up. A heavy shower was rattling down on the canvas, two dogs were snarling at each other just outside the tent, and the Arabs were chattering as usual; but I felt a delicious indifference to it all, and quickly dropped off to sleep again. In the morning it was pleasant to feel that there was no occasion for a great scramble in dressing, as there was no hunting start at 8.30. The pig-sticking was to go on for two more days, but this was to be an off-day to rest

both beaters and horses; the sky looked very threatening, and we couldn't help feeling that a house over our heads might have its attractions. Everybody had been most kind and attentive and nice. Our two captains from Gibraltar had been unwearied in their care of us, hammering in our tent-pegs, looking to our tent-ropes, lending us their shooting-boots (such *boots* as they were, but so delightfully dry as they kept us), their rugs, their waterproofs. The weather had been against us, but we had gained an experience; had seen pretty well both the pleasant and unpleasant sides of camping out, and had had a most successful hunt. We had enjoyed the open-air life and the gallops over the wild country; had revelled in the sun when it shone, and had discovered it was best to see the humor of the thing when, on the contrary, everything was damp or soaking. And so at eleven o'clock that morning our little caravan of horses and mules set out once more across country under the charge of M. Bosch, and late that afternoon we had returned to civilization, or at least such civilization as may be found at Bruzeaud's Hotel, just outside the walls of white Tangier, in Morocco.

HENRIETTA GREY EGERTON.

From The New Review.

LETTERS OF CARLYLE TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

THE letters here published for the first time do not require more than a few introductory words. As testimonies of Carlyle's mind and genius, they speak for themselves.

The originals have been found among the manuscript treasures of the Royal Library at Berlin, where the whole literary inheritance of Varnhagen has been deposited since his death in the year 1858. Of his own letters Varnhagen, usually so careful in such matters, had taken no copies; and it is doubtful whether it be possible to find the originals, or whether they exist at all.

It was a happy idea of Varnhagen to send, in the year 1837, the first four volumes of his collection entitled "*Denkwürdigkeiten meines Lebens*" to Carlyle. It seems that he wished to have them reviewed in England. At least Carlyle devoted to the "*Denkwürdigkeiten*," as well as to the former writings of Varnhagen relating to his wife Rahel, a long article in the *London and Westminster*

*Review* (1838). Subsequently the connection became important for both these men. After the death of Goethe Carlyle's personal relations to Germany were almost confined to occasional and withal rare meetings with Germans living in London. He received, from time to time, letters and messages from Germany, but they were, as he wrote to Emerson, of no great moment. When the message of Varnhagen came, the "History of the French Revolution" was about to be published, and the trouble of supervising the press, as well as the preparation of his lectures on German literature, may have retarded the answer to Varnhagen's letter. But at length he wrote; and thus the apostle of German genius and German literature in England entered into direct communication again with a German writer, and with that writer who was in the very centre of the literary life in Germany at that time. Thence a continuous correspondence arose, which was maintained by occasional messages from both sides. Varnhagen sent to Carlyle the later volumes of his "Denkwürdigkeiten" and other German books the latter was in need of; Carlyle sent to Varnhagen his writings and autographs of English authors and public men, for autographs became more and more the great passion of Varnhagen. On two occasions the two men met each other in the course of years: first in 1852, and again in 1858, not long before the death of Varnhagen, both times at Berlin, whither the historian of Frederick the Great was led by the wish to see the residence of his hero with his own eyes.

Hearty thanks are due to Mr. James Anthony Froude, the friend and literary executor of Carlyle, for his kind readiness in authorizing the publication of these letters.

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5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London:  
December 31, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR, — Will you accept, after too long delay, my hearty thanks for your kind and estimable gift, which, a good many weeks ago, on returning hither out of Scotland, I found awaiting me here? The name Varnhagen von Ense was long since honorably known to me; in the book "Rahel's Gallery," as in a clear mirror, I had got a glimpse of the man himself and the world he lived in; and now, behold! the mirror-image, grown a reality, has come towards me, holding out a friendly right hand in the name of the ever dear to both of us! Right heartily I grasp that

kind hand, and say again and again, "Be welcome, with thanks."

If it were suitable or possible to explain amid what complexity of difficulties, engagements, sicknesses, I struggle to toil along here, my slowness in answering would not seem inexcusable to you. I wished to read the book first. A book unread is still but the *offer* of a gift; I needed first to take it into me, and then tell you with proper emphasis that it had in very truth become mine. Not till these late days was the leisure and the mood for such an enjoyment granted me. The two volumes of "Denkwürdigkeiten" remained like a little kindly inn, where, after long solitary wandering in bad weather, I should find repose and friends. Once more I say to you, and now with proper significance, Many thanks.

Insight, liveliness, originality, the hardy adroit spirit of a man who has seen and suffered and done, in all things acquitting himself like a man, shines out on me, in graceful coherence, light, sharp, decisive, from all parts of this as of your other books. It is a great, and to me a most rare, pleasure in these times to find that I agree wholly on all important matters with a writer; that in many highest cases his words are precisely such as I should wish to hear spoken. But, indeed, your view of Goethe being also mine, we set out as it were from a great centre of unity, and travel lovingly together towards all manner of regions. For the rest, nothing pleases me more than your descriptions of facts and transactions, a class of objects which grows continually in significance with me, as much else yearly and daily dwindles away, in treating which a man best of all shows what manner of man he is. I read with special interest your Doctor Bollmann, a name not altogether new to me; I could read volume after volume of such autobiography as that you give us — such Halle universities, such Battles of Wagram, such Fichtes, Wolffs, Chamisso's, and the high, tranquil-mournful, almost magical spirit of your Rahel shining over them with a light as of stars! You must not cease; you must continue. That we might *see*, eyes were given us; and a tongue, to tell accurately what we had got to see. It is the Alpha and Omega of all intellect that man has. No poetry, hardly even that of a Goethe, is equal to the true image of reality — had one eyes to see that. I often say to myself, the highest kind of writing, poetry or what else we may call it, that of the Bible for instance, has nothing to do

with fiction at all, but with beliefs, with facts. Go on, and prosper.

If you see Herr Criminaldirector Hitzig, pray remember me very kindly to him. Your friend Chamisso is also one I love. Dr. Mundt will mourn with me that the brave Rosen, his friend and mine who brought him hither, has been so suddenly summoned forever away. He is one whom many regret. Do you know Friedrich Rückert? If you stand in any correspondence with him, I will bid you tell him that I got acquainted altogether unexpectedly with his "Hariri" last summer, and rejoiced over it for weeks as over a found jewel.

Perhaps you sometimes write to Weimar; if so, pray offer our peculiar regards, my wife's and mine, to Madame von Goethe. I sent Dr. Eckermann a packet and letter, six months ago, to which there is yet no answer. His "Gespräche" and your remarks on them were right welcome.

No such book had I seen for years; it set me searching, though with little effect, through "Sylvestre de Sacy" and others; it remains a distinct acquisition for me that I shall never part with.

His Chinese Song-book I have been enjoying in these very weeks. He is a man whose heartiest friends must lie wide-scattered in such an era as ours, and ought to speak out as they have opportunity.

I have been writing a book on the French Revolution, which will perhaps get to Berlin by and by. German literature diffuses itself here and in America, rapidly, lustily, without further effort of mine. Its consequences, as I calculate, will be great and beneficial, on the new generation now rising into activity. *Deutschland* will reclaim her great colony; we shall become more *Deutsch*, that is to say more *English*, at same time.

The *Deutsche Stamm* is now clearly in the ascendant; seems as if it were destined to take the main part of the earthly globe, and rule it for a time! *Tapferkeit*, their characteristic according to Goethe, deserves to do it.

With true esteem, with thanks and affectionate wishes, I subscribe myself in hopes of meeting again some time, my dear sir, heartily yours

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: Nov. 7, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR, — A fair traveller from your country, who has done us the honor and pleasure of a visit, reminds me that I ought to write, that I ought to have writ-

ten long weeks ago. Weeks, or even months; for on looking at your last note I am shocked to discover that it must be almost half a year since it, and the new volume accompanied by it, arrived here! Why I have shamefully delayed so long were now hard to say. Certainly it was not for want of thankfulness; neither was it for the rather common reason, that I had not read the book and so knew not how to speak of it. The new volume of the "Denkwürdigkeiten" was eagerly read in the first days after its arrival here, and with a pleasure which is still vividly present to me. Alas, you are a sickly man like myself; you know well enough, I doubt not, what *Procrastination* means! One of our poets calls it the "thief of time." After long months one is suddenly astonished, some day, to find how much of life, and of the best uses of life, it has stolen from us.

The most striking piece in this fifth volume was, to me, the "Congress of Vienna." All was good, and very good; but this best. At the risk of speaking things which, in a rapid, hollow time like ours, were perhaps as well unspoken, I must express my real admiration (that is the word) of the talent, skill, and faculty of many sorts displayed in such a composition. That is what we call the *art* of writing — the summary and outcome of many arts and gifts. The grand secret of it, I believe, is *insight* — just estimation and understanding, by head, and especially by heart. Give a man a narration to make, you take in brief the measure of whatsoever worth is in the man. The thing done lies round him, with length, width, depth, a distracted chaos; he models it into order, sequence, and visibility; justly, with whatever force of intelligence is in him. So far could *he* see into the genesis, organization, course, and coherence of it; so truly and far, no trulier and farther; it is the measure of his capability, of his *Taugend*, and even, if you like, of his *Tugend*. I rejoice much in such a style of delineation; I prefer it to almost all uses which a man can make of the spiritual faculty entrusted him here below. Let us understand the thing done; let us see it, and preserve true memory of it; a man has understanding given him, and a pen and ink, chiefly for that. In the name of the present and of future times, I bid you continue to write us "Memoirs."

Your proposed visit to London did not take effect last year. In another year perhaps you may execute it. You will find some persons here right well-affected

towards you; much to see and consider; many things, I may suppose, which at first, and some which to the last, will afflict and offend you. We are near two millions in this city; a whole continent of brick, over-arched with our smoke-canopy which rains down sometimes as black snow; and a tumult, velocity, and deafening torrent of motion, material, and spiritual, such as the world, one may hope, never saw before. Profound sadness is usually one's first impression. After months, still more after years, the method there was in such madness begins a little to disclose itself.

I read few German works at present; know almost nothing of what you are doing. Indeed, except your own writings there turns up little which a lover of German literature, as I have understood the word in old years, would not as soon avoid as seek. In these days I have read a new volume of Heine's with a strange mixture of feelings. *Heine über Börne*—it is to me the most portentous amalgam of *sunbeams* and brutal *mud* that I have met with for a long while. I remember the man Börne's book, in which he called Goethe the *graue Staar* that had shut into blindness the general eye of Germany. Heine seems to have given up railing at Goethe; he, Heine himself, it seems, has now become a "Column of Luxor," *aere perennius*, and a god does not rail at gods. *Eheu! Eheu!*

If you stand in any correspondence with Dr. Schlesier of Stuttgart, will you take occasion to signify, with many thanks on my part, that I have received his third volume of "Gentz's Writings;" that I did make some attempt to get the book *reviewed* here, but, having now no connection with that department of things, could not find a proper hand to undertake the business. Indeed, I apprehend Gentz has altogether passed here. I can remember him as a popular pamphleteer with a certain party in my early boyhood; but the party has now disappeared, the ideas of it have disappeared; and nobody will now recollect Gentz in the old light, or recognize him in a new. To myself I must confess he hitherto will by no means seem a hero. The only portion of his writings that I have read with any entertainment is that historical piece delineating the prologue to the Battle of Jena. What you somewhere say about him I can read; hardly what any other says. A lady here, daughter of the late Sir James Mackintosh, remembers him at Vienna: "a man in powdered ceremonial hair, with a red nose," seemingly fond of dining! *Edidit monumentum!*

The fair Sophie kindly undertaking to carry any parcel, I send you a little pamphlet of mine published last year. *Chartism*, whether one hear the word or do not hear it, is the great fact of England at present.

Did any one ever write an adequate life of your Frederick the Great? Is there anywhere a legible life of Luther, so much as an attainable edition of his "*Tischreden*"? I fear the answer is "No" in all these cases.

Farewell, dear sir; be, I do not say happy, but nobly busy, and think of us here as friends.

Sophie promises to see us a second time to-morrow. I do not rightly know her name yet, but she has a bright *gemüthlich* face, and laughing eyes of that beautiful *German grey!*—Believe me, yours ever truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: May 16, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—Some six weeks ago, while I was just running off into the country, your very welcome and most friendly letter reached me here. An ugly disorder, which they call *Influenza*, had altogether lamed me, in the cold weather of spring; the doctors, and still more emphatically my own feelings, declared that I could not shake the drug of it off except in the quiet of the fields. Always, after a certain length of time spent in this enormous never-resting Babel of a city, there rises in one not a wish only, but a kind of passion, for uttermost solitude; were it only some black, ever-desolate moor, where nature alone was present, and manufacture and noise, speech, witty or stupid, had never reached. I prolonged my excursion, which at first was only a visit to Yorkshire, into the south of Scotland, my native region, where brothers of mine, where an aged, good mother, still live for me. I myself, to all other persons, am now as good as a stranger there. It is a mournful, solemn, nay, almost preternatural place for me now, that birthland of mine; sends me back from it *silent*, for there are no words to speak the thoughts and the *unthinkables* it awakens! Arriving here, ten days ago, your Berlin books, one of the most interesting gifts, lay all beautifully arranged on a table for me. I had heard of their safe arrival in my absence, and here they lay like a congratulation waiting my return.

You forbid me to *speak* of this altogether extraordinary gift; accordingly I shall say nothing of it, how much soever I must naturally feel, except that, under penalty of my never *asking* you again

about my book, you must not *purchase* for me any more than these! No, that would never do; for I shall want perhaps to ask about many books. I will put them on my shelves, having once more read them through; there let them stand as a peculiar thing, a memorial to me of many things. All my days I have labored and lamented under a fatal lack of books; as indeed England generally and London itself would astonish you in that particular; think only that in London, except it be the garbage of new novels and such like, there is no library whatever from which any man can borrow a book home with him. One library alone, in our huge *Empire*, that of the British Museum here, is open to the public, to read *in it*; thereat first I went to attempt reading, but found that in a room with five hundred people I could do no good as a reader. A German, a Frenchman, can hardly believe the existence of such a state of things; but it is a lamentable fact. We are a strange people, we English; a people, as I sometimes say, with more *inarticulate* intelligence and less of articulate than any people the sun now shines on. Speak to one of us, speak to almost any one of us, you will stand struck silent at the contractedness, perhaps Cimmerian stupidity of the *word* he responds; yet look at the *action* of the man, at the combined action of twenty-eight millions of such men. After years you begin to see through their outer *dumbness* how these things have been possible for them; how they do verily stand in closest continual communication with many a power of nature, clearest insight into that; how, perhaps, their very dumbness is a kind of force. On the whole, I grow to admire less and less your *speaking* peoples. The French are a speaking people, and persuade numbers of *men* that they are great; but coming to try veracious nature, the ocean for example, Canada, Algiers, or the like, nature answers, "No, Messieurs, you are little!" Russia again, is not that a great thing, still speechless? From Petersburg to Kamschatka the earth answers, "Yes, I love the English too, and all the Teutons, for their silence." We *can* speak, too, by a Shakespeare, by a Goethe, when the time comes. Some assiduous whisking "dog of knowledge" seems to itself a far cleverer creature than the great quiet elephant or noble horse; but it is far mistaken!

However, this of the lamentable want of books in London (owing to that "outer stupidity" of the English) has now brought about some beginning of its own remedy.

What I meant to say was, that the generous Varnhagen *need* not send me any more books, because any good book, German or other, has now become attainable here. Some two years ago, after sufficiently lamenting and even sometimes execrating such a state of matters, it struck me, Couldst not thou, even thou there, try to mend it? The result, after much confused difficulty, is a democratic institution called "London Library," where all men, on payment of a small annual sum, can now borrow books; a thing called here "Subscription Library," which in such a city as London, appetite growing by what it feeds on, may well become by-and-by one of the best libraries extant. We are democratic as I said, or rather we mean to be; for as yet only the elect of the public could be interested in the scheme. Prince Albert, good youth, is patron, by his own free offer; has given fifty pounds of money, and promises "a stock of German books." Varnhagen's are already there. *Faustum sit.*

You give an altogether melancholy account of your health; in which, alas, I can too well sympathize! It seems to me often the one misery in this world. But the supreme powers send it: we are to work under such condition; we cannot alter that condition. Perhaps there is even much good in it: I often feel so. Your response to the poor pamphlet "Chartism" is that of a generous human heart, *resonant* to all human things, never so remote from it. We are struggling as through thick darkness, in this England of ours, towards light and deliverance as I do believe. Adieu, my dear Sir; better health of body to you, and no worse healthy brotherliness of soul. With affectionate esteem, yours always,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: Dec. 19, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — For several months now I have been a great defaulter; defrauding you of a most indispensable reply to a kind message, and myself of a great pleasure in imparting it! How this has been, by what foolish combinations of sickliness, idleness, excessive work, you, who, alas, are yourself too often a sick man, will perhaps well enough understand. Suffice it now, better now than still later, very penitently and very thankfully to say that your most welcome gift, with the kind written remembrance in it, arrived safe here in due course; that I have read the books, especially your own part of them, a good while ago, with agreeable results

then and since, and that now when you are home again (as I hope) refreshed and recruited by the bath waters and summer recreations, I knock again at your town door with a grateful salutation.

Your "Denkwürdigkeiten" are again, as ever, the delightfulest reading to me. Truly, I think, were I an absolute monarch I should decree among other things that Varnhagen von Ense be encouraged, ordered and even compelled to write and ever to continue writing Memoirs! It is authentically my feeling. Always, alas, as one grows older, one's appetite for books grows more fastidious; there is now for me very little speculation and almost nothing of the so-called Poetry that I can bear to read at all; but a man with eyes, with soul and heart, to tell me in candid clearness what he saw passing round him in this universe—is and remains forever a welcome man. Speculations, poetries, what passes in this or the other poor human brain,—if it be not some most rare brain of a Goethe or the like; this is often a very small matter; a matter one had rather *not* know. But what passes in God's universe; this only is a thing one does wish to know, if one adequately could! In truth, I have not for years read any writings that please me, solace and recreate me as these "Denkwürdigkeiten" do. It is beautiful to see such a work so done. A Historical Picture of the living present time; all struck off with such light felicity, such harmonious clearness and composure; such a deep, what I could call *unconscious* soul of Method lying under it: the work of an Artist! Well; I will thank you; and wish you long heart and strength to continue, for my own sake and the world's; for the sake of this Time, and perhaps still more of the Times that are coming.

Your Russian Kartoptschin is a terrible fellow; a man in the style of Michael Angelo! One begins to understand how what I often call "dumb Russia" may be a kind of dumb Rome, one of the greatest phenomena on the Earth present, with such souls in it here and there. We have to thank you, at least I have, for showing us a glimpse of actual Russia face to face for the *first* time. By your help I got a real direct look at the wild Poet-soul, Puschkin; and said to myself, Yes, there is a Russian man of genius; for the first time, I *see* something of the Russians! We begin here, the better heads of us, to have a certain true respect for Russia with all its "Barbarism," real and imaginary; to understand that though the Rus-

sians have all journalists in the world against them, they have Nature, Nature's laws and God Almighty, partly in their favor! They can drill wild savage peoples and tame waste continents, though they cannot write Journalistic Articles. What a contrast with our French friends! *They* can prove by the precisest logic before all men that they were, are, and probably will always be, in possession of the true light! *Voilà*, this is the key to all arcana, *this* of ours. And then take a look at them in Algiers and elsewhere!

My own studies and struggles, totally ineffectual as yet, have lain principally for a long time back in the direction of Oliver Cromwell and our great Puritan Civil War, what I call the "Apotheosis of Protestantism." I do not count with any certainty that I shall ever get a book out of it: but in the mean while it leads to various results for me; across all the portentous rubbish and pedantry of two centuries I have got a fair stout view, also, of the flaming sun-countenance of Cromwell,—and find it great and god-like enough, though entirely *unutterable* to these days. Our Histories of him, contemporary and subsequent, are numerous; all stupid, some of them almost infinitely stupid. The man remains imprisoned, as under Aetna Mountains of Rubbish; unutterable, I suppose, forever. But the meaning of this preamble was, that I had an inquiry to make of you. Whether, namely, there exists in German any intelligent and intelligible Book about the military antiquities of Gustavus Adolphus's time? Much in our Cromwell's method of fighting, &c., remains obstinately obscure to me. I understand only that it was the German and Swedish method; the chief officers of our Civil War, especially great multitudes of Scotch, had served in the Thirty Years' War. Often have I reflected, in gazing into military puzzles of that period, "Would that I had Varnhagen here, the soldier and thinker, to tell me what this means!"

I decide on asking if there is any German Book, at least. But I fear there is none. We have a late "Life of Wallenstein," by a very intelligent Scotch soldier, Colonel Mitchell, but Mitchell, too, says he cannot understand *how* they fought with their pikes and muskets, or matchlocks; in short, I find he knows no more of it than I do.

There is a "Life of Jean Paul" come to me from over the Atlantic; by one Mrs. Lee, of Boston; an entertaining little book, and curious as coming from the other

hemisphere. I think of sending you a copy by some opportunity, if I can find one. Pray write to me by and by; do not imitate my sluggishness! Yours ever, with true regard,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London den: 5 Febr., 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks again for your kind present of Books; for your two kind letters, the latter of which arrived with Asher's book-parcel, duly, a few nights ago. The only unfriendly news you send is that of your own health, which I wish you had been able to make a little pleasanter to me! Summer weather at the baths, and no permission to enjoy it except through carriage windows, is very sad work. And you are still a prisoner in Berlin, or nearly so;—yet, thank heaven, not an idle one, not a discontented one: this, too, is something to be thankful for. We have to take the Light and the Dark as they alternate for us here below: and try to make the right use of both. I say often of myself that if I had suffered no ill health, I should have known nothing. The stars shine out, as Friedland's did, when it has grown rightly *dark* round us! Yet I hope to hear, as the summer advances, that you emerge again, and see good under the sun. Nay, so long as you can continue writing, with whatever pain it be, how many sons of Adam are there who ought to *pity* you; who are not rather called to envy you? I know not if I ever reported with what pleasure I read that little Delineation of the Prussian Field-Marshal Schwerin. One has pleasure in it because it *is* a "Delineation," which so many books only pretend to be: one *sees* a certain section of Human Life actually painted, rendered credible and conceivable to one. That last Battle is clear to me as if I had fought in it: there is a kind of gloomy, dumb, tragic strength in the Phenomenon, as in some old Norse-Mythics, for me,—as if I looked into the old Death-Kingdoms, whereon living Prussia, with what it can say and do, reposes and grows! Those long ranks of speechless Men standing ranked there, with their three-cornered hats and stiff hair-queues and fighting apparatus; dumb, standing like stone statues to be blasted in pieces with cannon-shot;—there are "inarticulate meanings" without end in such a thing for me! Surely I much approve your further biographic projects; and bid you *Frisch zu!* How true also is that of Goethe in his advice to you: I have felt it a hundred times;—indeed, it is properly the grand difficulty with my own poor

*Cromwell* at present; that he lies buried so deep; that his dialect, thought, aim, whole costume, and environment are grown so obsolete for men. What an English Puritan properly *meant* and struggled for in the seventeenth century: I say to myself, "Is all that dead? Or is it only *asleep* (not entirely with good consequences for us); a thing that can never die at all?" If it be *dead*, we ought to leave it alone! "Let the dead bury their dead" is as true in Literature as elsewhere. Hence indeed so few *Histories*, and so many *Pedantries* and mere Sham Histories,—which, if men were resolute enough, they would verily fling into the fire at once and make an end of!

Stühr, as you predict, is heavy; but I find him solid and earnest, I believe I shall find it well worth while to travel through him. One's *desire* to know about the old days is so unquenchable; the average of *fulfilment* to it grows at length so very low! Stühr is very far indeed above what I have to call "far" in late times.

Some fortnight ago I sent off the "Life of Richter" by the channel you pointed out. There was not another copy readily procurable; so I sent you the one we had ourselves been reading here. There was a Mitchell's "Life of Wallenstein" added, which, perhaps, you may find partly interesting even in its very shortcomings. Mitchell is an honest man; but his indignation against much inanity that he has to witness here throws him into somewhat of a cramped antagonism now and then. He is distinguished here by his deadly enmity to the bayonet, which he declares to be a total chimera in war,—false, damnable, heretical, almost in the old ecclesiastic sense! My stock of autographs which I have had much pleasure in gathering for you is of much more bulk than value! Hardly a half-dozen of men very interesting to you will you find here; the rest are transitory notabilities—on many of whom, as they are like to be entirely unknown out of their own Parish, I have had to mark some brief commentary in pencil. Pray use your *Indian rubber* there where you find needful; for it is of the nature of the speech to a trusted friend, not of *litera scripta*. Perhaps, even through the Trivial, you with your clear eyes will get here and there a glimpse into our English Existence: the great advantage is, that you can and ought to *burn* some nine-tenths of the bundle so soon as you have looked it over. As occasion offers I will not forget to gather you a few more autographs: Byron, Fox, Pitt I do not yet give

up; indeed the first of those, with some others, are already promised me.

I am very busy; and hope to tell you about what (it is a poor Volume, perhaps preparatory to something farther) in a month or two. Adieu, my good Friend: better health to both of us; unabated heart to both of us. — Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: Dec, 4, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR, — Will you accept from me this new packet of mostly worthless *Autographs*, if perchance it may amuse you for an hour? The collecting of it, as opportunity spontaneously turned up, has been a real pleasure to me, not a trouble or employment in any sense. We will keep the lion's mouth still open; and when I find any contribution accumulated there, I will continue to send it you.

Several of these autographs, I think, are duplicates; but you can burn the second or the first, whichever you find the more worthless, and retain the other. The best part of them, as you will perceive, came to me from Mr. Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, Editor of our chief Review, a man of sound faculty and rather important position here, — who has lately made acquaintance with your writings, and is glad to do any civility to such a man.

It is now about three weeks since a new Gift of Books from you arrived safe, through the assiduous bookseller Nutt. Many thanks for your kindness, which never wearies! They are beautiful volumes, the outside worthy of the interior, these of your own: they stand on my shelves, in a place of honor; and as I look at them or re-examine them, shall remind me of many things. Nyerup too seems an excellent work of its kind; and shall be well read and useful to me one day. I wanted precisely such a lexicon, for those *Norse Mythics*. The business has had to postpone itself for the present; but is by no means finally dismissed; nay, it is likely to return, on occasion, for a long course of time. I often feel it to have been a great mistake this that we Moderns have made, in studying with such diligence for thousands of years mere Greek and Roman *Primordia*, and living in such profound, dark inattention to our own. Odin seems to me as good a divinity as Zeus, the Iomsburg is not a whit less heroic than any Siege of Troy; — the Norse conceptions of this universe, the Norse operations in this universe, were as well worth singing of, and elaborating, as

some others! But Greeks and Romans, I suppose, did not found Colleges for studying the *Phœnician* languages and antiquities? In how many ways are we ridden as with nightmares, we poor Modern Men!

After long sorrows and confused hesitations, I have at last sat down to write some kind of book on Oliver Cromwell and the English Civil Wars and Commonwealth. It is the ungainliest enterprise I ever tried; grows more and more bewildering, the closer I look into it; many times I have wished it had never come athwart me; stolen already various years of ugly labor from me. But in many enterprises years of sore labor are to be sunk as under the foundations. I say and repeat to myself: St. Petersburg is a noble city; and there had to perish 170,000 men in draining the Neva bogs, before the building of it could begin; under the first visible stone of Petersburg there lie 170,000 lives of men! Courage! I must not forget to thank you for the good *Stühr*; some gleams of military illumination I did get from him, which is more than I can say of several more pretentious personages.

The *Musca volitans* is not unknown to me; I had, for some five years, and still occasionally have, a very pretty one, — which I call the "French Revolution," that book having brought it on me! Ill health is a most galling addition to one's burdens. But here too we must say, Courage, Courage! You have long been a sufferer under this foul Fiend; and you have wrenched some good hours from it too, and have some right brave work to show for yourself nevertheless. *Festina lente!* that is the important rule. May I hear that you are better; that you are again victorious and remember me! And so adieu, dear Friend, from your affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: Febr. 16, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am delighted to hear from you again, to taste of your old friendliness and forgiveness again. I have behaved very ill, — or rather seemed to behave, for the blame is not wholly mine, as the penalty wholly is. These many months I have not, except upon the merest compulsion, written to any person. Not that I have been so busy as never to have a vacant hour, — alas, very far from that, often enough; — but I have been, and am still, and still am like to be, sunk deep down in Chaos and the Death kingdom; sick of body, sick of heart; saddled with

an enterprise which is too heavy for me. It is many long years now since I began the study of Oliver Cromwell, a problem for all ingenuous Englishmen; it is four or five long years since I as it were committed myself to the task of doing something with it: and now, on fair trial, it proves the likeliest to any *impossible* task of all I ever undertook. The books upon it would load some waggons, dull as torpor itself, every book of them; the pedantries, diletantisms, Cants, misconceptions, platitudes and unimaginable confusions that prevail upon it, — drive one to despair! I have read, and written and burnt; I have sat often contemplative, looking out upon the mere Infinite of desolation. What to do I yet know not. I have Goethe's superstition about "not turning back"; having put one's hand to the plough, it is not good to shrink away till one has driven the furrow through in some way or other! Alas, the noble seventeenth Century, with a God shining through all fibres of it, by what art can it be presented to this poor Nineteenth which has no God, which has not even quitted the bewildering *pretension* to have a God? These things hold me silent, for of them it is better not to speak; and my poor life is buried under them at present.

However, I suppose, we *shall* get into daylight again, sooner or later! After a good deal of consideration, I decided on gathering together all that I could yet find of Oliver's own writing or uttering; his "Letters and Speeches" I now have in a mass, rendered for the first time legible to modern men: this, though it must be a very dull kind of reading to most or all, I have serious thoughts of handing out, since men now *can* read it; — I would say, or in some politer way intimate, "There, you unfortunate *Canaille*; read them! Judge whether that man was a 'hypocrite,' a 'charlatan' and 'liar,' whether *he* was not a Hero and god-inspired man, and you a set of sniggering 'Apes by the Dead Sea.'" This you perceive will not be easy to say! All these things, however, plead my excuse with you, who know well enough what the like of them means in a man's existence; and so I stand absorbed in your thoughts, and am pitied by you, and tenderly regarded as before!

Your beautiful little Books came safe to hand above a week ago. The reading of them is like landing on a sunny green island, out of waste endless Polar Seas, which my usual studies have resembled of late. I like Derfflinger very well; and

envy you the beautiful talent of getting across a wide dim wilderness so handsomely, delineating almost all that *is* visible in it as you go! Your Elector of Brandenburg, Derfflinger's Elector, was an acquaintance of my Oliver, too; this is a new point of union. I had read Lippe already; but grudged him not a second reading, neither is this perhaps the last. I have known the man always since Herder's Biography by his Widow; and regarded him with real curiosity and interest. A most tough, original, unsubduable lean man! Those scenes in the Portuguese War which stood all as a Picture in my head were full of admonition to me on this last occasion. I said to myself, "See, there is a man with a still uglier enterprise than thine; in the centre he too of infinite human stupidities; see how he moulds them, controuls them, hurls them asunder, stands like a piece of human Valour in the middle of them; see, and take shame to thyself!" Many thanks to you for this new Gift. And weary not to go on working with great or with small encouragement in that true province of yours. A man with a pen in his hand, with the gift of articulate pictorial utterance, surely *he* is well employed in painting and articulating worthy acts and men that by the nature of them were dumb. I on the whole define all Writing to mean even that, or else almost nothing. From Homer's Iliad down to the New-Testament Gospels, — to the "Goethe's Poems" (if we will look what the essence of them is), — all writing means Biography; utterance in human words of Heroisms that are not fully utterable except in the speech of gods! Go on, and prosper. Though all kinds of jargon circulate round the thing one does, and these days no man as it were is worth listening to at all upon it; yet the *Silences* know one's work very well, and do adopt what part of it is *true* and preserve that indestructible though eternal time! Courage!

I have sent you here a few Autographs; they are worth almost nothing; they came without trouble, and will testify at least of my goodwill. If I had any service useful for you, very gladly would I do it.

You ask what Books, &c., you can again procure for me? At present no Books; but there is another thing perhaps, — though I know not certainly. The case is this. Booksellers are about republishing a miserable little "Life of Schiller" by me; and want a *Medal* of Schiller which they could engrave from. A good likeness; an autograph in addition is

hardly to be looked for. I have here a small cameo copied from Danecker's Bust, by much the finest Schiller's face I have seen. But perhaps there is no such Medal? Do not mind it much, I pray you! And so farewell and wish me well!

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: April 7, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR, — About a week ago I had your very kind letter with the Autograph of Schiller, which latter I shall take care to return you so soon as it has served its purpose here. The Medallions, and the Portrait of Schiller will arrive in good time for their object; we shall certainly be able to make out a likeness of Schiller from the combination, unless *our* part in it be mismanaged; yours has been performed with all imaginable fidelity! I could regret that you give yourself such a quantity of trouble to serve me; really a far too liberal quantity of trouble! — but I suppose you find a satisfaction in it; so I must let you have your way. To-day is my extremity of haste; with Printers chasing me, and paper litter of every description lying round me in the most distracting way, I must restrict myself to the one little point of business which your letter indicates; that matter of the "Behemoth." Your great Frederick is right in what he has written there, at least he is not wrong, — though I suspect he has but consulted Book Catalogues, or some second-hand Criticism, rather than the Work itself which he speaks of. "Behemoth" is the name of a very small book of Thomas Hobbes, Author of the "Leviathan," as you have guessed; I think the big "Leviathan" was published about 1650 or shortly after; and this little "Behemoth" not till about 1670, though probably written long before. I had a copy of it, and read it twice some years ago; but at this moment it has fallen aside, and I must speak from memory. It is properly a *historical Essay* on the late Civil War which had driven Hobbes out of England; it takes a most sceptical atheistic view of the whole Quarrel; imputes it all to the fury of the Preaching Priests, whom and indeed all Priests and babbling Religionists of every kind Hobbes thinks the Civil Power ought to have coerced into silence, or ordered to preach in a given style. In this manner, thinks he, the troubles had all been prevented; similar troubles may again be prevented so. He speaks little about Cromwell; rather seems to admire him, as a man who did coerce the Priests, though in a fashion of his own; — this

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leads me to suspect that your king had never seen the actual book, but spoken of it from heresay. It is a most rugged, distinct, forcible little Book, by a man of the Creed and Temper above indicated; I remember it gave me the idea of a person who had looked with most penetrating though unbelieving eye upon the whole Affair, and had better pointed out the epochs and real cardinal points of this great quarrel than any other contemporary whom I had met with. I know not whether this will suffice for Herr Preuss's object and yours: but if you need more precise instruction, pray speak again; it is very easy to be had to any extent. Nay, I think it would not be difficult to pick from the Old-Book stalls a copy of the book itself: but indeed there is a new Edition of all Hobbes' works lately published, in which the "Behemoth" is duly included, — Sir William Molesworth's "Edition of Hobbes;" which is probably in one of your Public Libraries by this time.

I send you an Autograph of Thomas Babington Macaulay, a conspicuous Politician, Edinburgh-Reviewer, Rhetorician, and what not among us at present. The note is addressed to me; the subject is perhaps worth mentioning. An old foolish story circulates concerning Oliver Cromwell: how when the king in 1647 was negotiating between the Army and the Parliament, he had promised to make Oliver an Earl and Knight of the Garter; how Oliver did not entirely believe him; got to understand that he was writing a letter to his Queen, which was to go off on a certain afternoon, sewed into the pannel of a saddle, by a Courier from an Inn in London: how Oliver thereupon, and his son-in-law, on that certain afternoon, *disguised themselves as troopers*, proceeded to the specified Inn, gave the Courier a cup of liquor, slit open the saddle, found the Letter, and there read, — "Fear not, my Heart; the *garter* I mean to give him is a hemp rope." Whereupon, &c., &c. This story, of which we have Oil Pictures, Engravings, and a general ignorant belief current among us, I have for a long time seen to be mere *Mythus*; and had swept it, with many other such, entirely out of my head. But now a benevolent gentleman writes to me that, for certain, I shall get evidence about it, in Sir James Mackintosh's papers, — sends me even a long memoir on the subject. Macaulay has Sir James's Papers at present: I forward to Macaulay the long memoir; requesting *him* to burn it, if, as I conclude, he has and can have no

evidence to confirm the story. This is his answer. It is astonishing what masses of dry and wet rubbish do lie in one's way towards the smallest particle of valuable truth on such matters! I was in Oliver's native region two years ago; and made sad reflections on the nature of what we call "immortal fame" in this world!

Peel is considered to have done a great feat in getting a Grant of Money (a much increased Grant) for the Catholic College of Maynooth in Ireland. I do not wonder your King is in a great hesitation about setting up Parliaments in Prussia. I would advise a wise man, in love with *things*, and not in love with empty talk *about* things, to come here and look first! Adieu, my dear Sir,—in haste to-day.—Yours always truly, T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: June 8, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am still kept terribly busy without leisure at any hour: but no haste can excuse my neglecting to announce the safe arrival of your bounties, which arrive in swift succession, and ought to be acknowledged in word as well as thought.

The tiny Package of the Schiller Valuable had survived without damage the hazards of its long journey: it arrived here, after not much delay, several weeks ago,—just as the Printing of the Book was about completed: still in time. We admire much the new Portrait of Schiller. It was put at once into the hand of the Publisher; who with all alacrity set about engaging "the best Engraver,"—whose name I do not know; whose quality I much insisted on; and whom, accordingly, I suppose to be busy with the operation even now. Hitherto I have heard nothing farther; my Publishers live far off in the heart of the City and its noises; and all my locomotions at this period direct themselves towards the opposite quarter. But of course I expect to see a Proof before they publish: If the Artist do his duty, it will not fail of welcome from all parties. I would thank you and the kind Madame von Kalb for all your kindness: but you will not accept even of thanks. I suppose this must be the real likeness of Schiller, in fact; whosoever spreads this abroad to the gradual extrusion of the others, is doing a good thing! We have hung up the little Medallions on the wall, where they shall many times remind us of you.

Your "Life of Blücher" came next which shall solace my earliest leisure;—and which in the mean while does not lie

idle, but gets itself read with acceptance in the house. I forwarded the copy to Mr. Lockhart: I had by chance seen him the night before. He is not, and has not been, so poorly in health as your news had reported: a man of sharp humors, of leasible nerves; he complains somewhat, but is recovering;—a tough, elastic man. It is a strange element for a man, this town of ours; and the voice of what is called "Literature" in it gets more and more into the category of *Jargon* if you be a little in earnest in this world! Were there not something better *meant* than all that is *said*, it were a very poor affair indeed. "Verachtung, ja Nichtachtung": that really is the rule for *it*.

My poor book on Cromwell will, if the Fates permit, get itself disengaged from the Abysses by and by. It is very torpid, after all that I can do for it; but it is authentic, indisputable; and earnest men may by patience spell out for themselves the lineaments of a very grand and now obsolete kind of man there! What else is the use of writing? To explain and encourage grand dumb acting, that is the whole use of speaking, and Singing and Literaturing! That or nearly so. Good be with you, my dear Sir. With many thanks and regards, yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: August 19, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—Once more I am to trespass on your good nature for a little bit of service you can do me. A distinguished lady here, the Lady Harriet Baring, has seen lately, in the house of some country friend, an "Illustrated Life of Frederick the Great," just imported from Germany, a copy of which she is very desirous to possess. It is "in one stout volume 8vo, the woodcuts are beautiful;" recently published; where, by whom, or of whose authorship, I cannot tell! This is somewhat like the Interpreting of Nebuchadnezzar's Dream, the Dream itself not being given; however, I hope your sagacity will be able to divine what is meant. It is evidently some "Pracht-Buch" for Drawing-room Tables: "Leben Friedrichs mit Holzschnitten;"—the Woodcuts, moreover (or perhaps they were not *wood*-cuts at all) were "in the manner of Retzsch." Does this define it for you? *Wood*-cuts or not, they were interspersed among the Letterpress—part of a page printed, part engraved.

If you can find with certainty what Book it is, and get me a Copy well bound, and send it over by the Berlin and Fleet-Street

Bookseller, I shall be really obliged. One might have it bound here; but the foreign binding will be more piquant. It should be done *anmuthig*, yet with much modesty: we will trust to your taste for that. On the outside of one of the *boards* (of course not on the *back*) there should be legible, within a border, the letters "H. M. B." which mean Harriet Montague Baring) and "Addiscombe" (the place of residence). These are rather singular duties to impose upon you! Nevertheless I will trust to your goodness for doing them even with pleasure. And pray observe farther: I cannot consent to the operation at all unless you leave the whole *money* part of it to be settled by myself with the bookseller here; that is an absolute condition, a *sine quâ non*.

Another lady has employed me in another somewhat singular thing of the Book kind, — which also, when your hand is in, I may as well ask you to do. It is to send a copy of the established "Domestic-Cookery Book" of Germany! We wish to see what the Germans live upon; and perhaps to make incidental experiments of our own out of that. Any *Gnädige Frau* acquainted with her duties will direct you what the right Book is. It need not be bound; it is for use; to get the right Book is the great point. I hope you will so far approve this International Tendency, and new virtuosity on the part of high persons here, as to lend due help in the matter! "Absolute condition," or *sine quâ non*, as in the former case.

I sent by a private hand, some two months ago, a couple of Copies of "Schiller's Life," with the Autograph you had kindly lent me. My Messenger reported that you were gone to the Baths; where I suppose you still are. I hope, well?

In November you will get "Cromwell's Letters;" which I hope you will be able to read. I have had a really frightful business of it with that book, which grew in my hands into rather unexpected shape; — which still detains me here, now that all the world has quitted London. Accept many salutations and kind wishes from yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: Octr. 22, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR, — You have again, as you are on all occasions doing, deserved many thanks from me. The German Books, all right and fit according to the requisition, were announced to me as safe arrived, three weeks ago, while I was in Scotland on a visit to my native place

there. They were sent straight to the fair hands to whom they now belong; and due thanks, the real ownership of which was *yours*, were paid me by return of Post. The "Friedrich der Grosse," I find, was perfectly correct; not less so, I will hope, the "Geist der Kochkunst"! In fact you have very much obliged me by your goodness in this matter; and now if the Bookseller will send his account, it will complete the favor; and this important little matter, more important than some greater ones, will be well and kindly finished.

A few days after I wrote last, there came to me, from Lewis, your Book on "Hans von Held." Lewis had been unwell; had hoped always to bring the Book, and never till then decided on sending it. For this Book also I will very heartily thank you. It is like a Steel Engraving; has vividly printed on my mind the image of a *Man* and his Environment; and in its hard outlines, bound up by the rigours of History and Authenticity one traces indications enough of internal harmony and rhythm. As in the Tirynthian walls, built of dry stone, it is said you may trace the architectural tendencies that built a Parthenon and an Iliad of other materials! I found much to think of in this life of Held; new curiosities awakened as to Prussian life; new intimation that the soul of it as yet lay all dumb to us English, perhaps to the Prussians themselves. They begin to seem to me a great People; a kind of German-English, I sometimes call them; great *dumb* Titans, — like the *other* Mecklenburgers that have come to this side of the Channel so long since.

In my Scotch seclusion I read Preuss's two books on "Friedrich," which you sent me a long time ago. The liveliest curiosity awoke in me to know more and ever more about that king. Certainly if there is a Hero for an Epic in these ages — and why should there not in these ages as well as others? — then this is he! But he remains still very dark to me; and Preuss, though full of minute knowledge and seemingly very authentic, is not exactly my man for all purposes! In fact I should like to know much more about this king; and if of your own knowledge or with Herr Preuss's help, you could at any time send me a few names of likely Books on the subject, they would not be lost upon me.

About the middle of next month, the "Cromwell," which is waiting for a Portrait, and also for the return of London

Population from the Country, is to make its appearance; and your Copy shall have the earliest conveyance I can find. You will, of course, try to read it; and if you can get across the rind of it, will find somewhat to interest you. *Glück und Segen* always! — Yours most truly,

T. CARLYLE.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### A GOOD WORD FOR THE SPARROW.

I HAVE lived through three or four mad-dog panics. I remember a gentleman's housekeeper being bitten by a pampered pet dog which she was trying to make eat contrary to its inclination, persuading herself that the dog was mad (it was the time of one of these panics), becoming very ill, going to bed, persuading herself that she was suffering from hydrophobia, and barking accordingly (it was the correct thing to do in the circumstances), and yet getting well when the doctor (whom I knew) succeeded in persuading her that the dog might not have been mad after all. She lived for years afterwards. I remember a very valuable pointer being shot because it had the misfortune to be bitten by a dog reputed to be mad, which had snapped at a female who menaced it as an intruder with a stick, and in passing the pointer in its effort to escape just rased the skin with its teeth. I remember being told that two pigs said to have been bitten by one of these dogs-with-ill-names went mad, "barked like dogs," and were slain. Nay, I remember hearing that the young onions in a bed which was crossed by the said unlucky dog as it leaved after biting the pigs, went mad too, and showed it by jumping out of their places in the bed! — I never heard what their roots had to say to it — and departing this life in consequence, as sane onions would not have done. Nay, I even heard, — it was in the same county where I used to hear an unsuccessful attempt had been made to get the moon out of the water wherein she had been clearly seen by credible deponents — that the same dog bit a wheelbarrow in passing, and that it was thought safer to chain the wheelbarrow up. But that, I think, must have been of the nature of making fun of some person or persons not named. But first and last, I think I have known of fifty to eighty dogs slain in the course of these panics, simply because they had got the bad name of having possibly been bitten by a possibly mad

dog. And I am afraid my dear old familiar friend, the sparrow, has got a like bad name, — perhaps no more deserved than nineteen out of the twenty ill names those poor unlucky dogs had got.

We are told that he is a thief, a burglar, and a bully; that he takes action of ejectment without being backed by a legal writ that he dispossesses the harmless martin of the snug mud domicile he has built for himself and partner; that he drives away the softer-billed birds, and banishes the weaker ones; that he damages the flower-seeds, and utterly ravages the labors of the kitchen-gardener; that he is such a ruffian that no bird of his own size dare attack him. Nay, even his personal looks, mien, and gestures show what a mean rascal he is; he is ugly and ill-plumaged, his movements are "graceless, heavy motions," and his note is a "monotonous chirp."

I wonder who is responsible for the charge of robinicide which hangs over the sparrow's head like a black fog over a smoky city. It is true he is made to vaunt himself of the deed; but I think, while it accounts for one of the divers ill names credited to him, still it must be looked upon as at least, what the Scottish law courts call, not proven. For, waiving the little difficulty of the bow and arrow, having still, and having had for well on to threescore years and ten, a very large and almost as intimate an acquaintance with both robins and sparrows, I have never once seen the latter act as the aggressor in any quarrel between the two birds; but I have seen the robin attack the sparrow a hundred times, and again a hundred, and the latter turn tail, — rather ignominiously moreover, if the weights of the two parties be taken into account. Nay, even the meek, apologetic cuddy, or hedge-sparrow, holds its own if its house-brother so far forgets the dictates of prudence as to try to act the bully. And I am bound to say that in all my acquaintance with birds driven by stress of weather, or induced by the abundant and easily obtained supplies of food at my study window or on the terrace below my dining-room window, I have never seen my much-abused friend attempt to molest the stray chaffinch, larger tits, or any other bird less, or less powerfully armed than himself. Frankly, I do not hold with the doctrine that dubs him a bully. He is not half nor a quarter so much of a bully as the robin, and as regards the nuthatch, why, it is Oliver Twist matched against the Beadle. No doubt his motto, like that of other nature-

led creatures, is practically, "Every one for himself and God for us all;" but I have never seen him act as if it was, "Nae halves or quarters! Haill o' my ain."

Certainly he is as independent a fellow as any bird I know. I see him sometimes in long-continued snow and persistent hard weather, on my terrace, coming and going, in parties of half-a-dozen, half-a-score, fifteen, or twenty. This year, though the snow was deep and the thermometer low, I have seldom seen more than six or eight in all. No doubt the ready explanation is that the truculent sparrow has driven him away. Still, that sounds strange; he can't very well have driven himself away! But he is not there in his wonted numbers, and he has not been in the ivy above during the past nesting-season, in his wonted numbers; though there has been no sparrow persecution here, nor anything that I know of calculated to lessen their numbers. This seems to me to betoken not exactly that the sparrows are the active agents in the lessening of the numbers of small birds, but rather that they themselves are subject to the same decimating law as the house-martin, the beam-bird or spotted flycatcher, the white-throat, and the other little birds alleged nowadays to be the victims of the sparrow's high-handed behavior and injurious usage.

But this is a digression. What I was saying was that the sparrow is an independent sort of fellow. One day, not far back, when putting down a few meat-bones, not very closely picked, had influenced the shivering and not too ravenous disposition of a pair of starlings for the customary bread-crumbs so far as to multiply the one pair by four, in flew the vivacious sparrows among the hungry lot, just as friendly as the members of a well-to-do club. They took no particular notice of the starlings, and the starlings returned the compliment. I did not even see a single nod exchanged. There seemed to me just the same sort of tacit understanding as exists among the occupants of the same table in a refreshment-room at a duly frequented railway-station. Put into our language, it would be: "Ah, you are hungry as well as we. All right; pitch in; there's plenty for all of us." As to hustling, pushing, pecking, driving away, I see ten times more of the real thing among my chickens and my pigeons when the food is just newly thrown down to them, than among the hungry birds I have fed all these years at my window.

I can fancy some one saying to me, with

that peculiar and entirely pleasant tone and look adopted by the friend who intends to "shut you up" with his coming remark: "Ay, but how about those partitioned boxes you put up in the ivy for the accommodation of the starlings, some of which have been piratically appropriated by the sparrows; a proceeding which leads, as you admit, to a good deal of 'differing' and bickering between the sparrows and the starlings when nests and eggs are about?" Well, I wonder, if it had so happened that instead of thinking a little about the sparrows as well as the starlings when those boxes were put up, I had thought entirely about the sparrows and not at all about the starlings and their little wants and comforts, whether it would have occurred to my friend, who is taking now "my contrary part," to charge the occupying starlings with being the aggressors and usurping plunderers. According to the universal bird-law—the law of nature, in fact—the one species of bird has just as much right to those convenient apartments as the other. Even if I could have posted notices in "monotonous sparrow-chatter" and mocking-bird starling lingo, "These boxes are for the exclusive use of the starlings," or *vice versa*, I could not thereby have annulled bird-law any more than King Canute could abrogate tide-law.

But this is what sentimental writers and observers (most fallaciously so-called) habitually ignore. From the vituperations lavished upon him the sparrow must be as systematic and as deliberate a scoundrel as the scientific burglar of to-day, and with precisely the same amount of active conscience. What he does is not only done too effectually and well, but it is done through want of principle, out of mere wickedness, regardless of the right, even unfeelingly or brutally. That is really what a great deal of the clap-trap about the sparrow in his dealings with other small birds comes to, if one takes the trouble to analyze it. He is not only a bully, an oppressor, a plunderer or usurper; but he knows he is, and continues to be so in spite of his conscience, and in fact revels in his own heartlessness.

But, for my own part, while I entertain somewhat grave doubts as to the recognition among birds generally of the dictates of morality, or any delicate perception of the difference between right and wrong, and of the nice distinction to be drawn between *meum* and *tuum*, I own to a very great doubt whether the sparrow ought to be relegated to the "criminal classes"

any more than the robin, the bunting, the chaffinch, the starling, the hedge-sparrow, or any other of the birds he is supposed to be injurious to—even the pathetically pictured martin itself. If either of these birds—or any other birds whatsoever in fact—finds a site suitable for its nest, it annexes it forthwith, whatever and wherever it may be, and maintains it unless dispossessed by superior force. Thus, in the way of illustration merely, the beam-bird, or ordinary fly-catcher, has not only built its nest in the ivy almost by prescription sacred to the sparrows and starlings and rarely occupied by less than twenty nests of the two species, but has, once at least, placed its nest in one of the compartments of my partitioned boxes fixed up in the midst of the said ivy. Nay, only last year I saw the nest of a pair of these birds in a sort of way-side private letter-box, into which it was customary to drop newspapers, notices, and matters of that kind. Yet, strange to say, the owner of the quasi-pillar-post in question, who showed me the nest, did not accuse the small intruders of burglarious, usurping, or even larcenous dispositions or intentions. Equally strange too it is that, although the shieldrake, the stock-dove, and the puffin often, and quite as villainously as ever sparrow with a martin's nest, dispossess the poor, inoffensive rabbit, without even a beak or claws to defend himself with, of his laboriously grubbed-out burrows, just simply to place their nests,—at least, their eggs (or egg) therein, no one seems inclined to make moan for poor bunny or affix hard names to his plunderers. That treatment is reserved for the sparrow. Indeed, I should like to send one or two of the most virulent among the sparrow's backbiters and the most pathetic retailers of the story of his evil doings to the touching vignette on p. 365, vol. iii., of Yarrell's "British Birds," wherein an inoffensive rabbit is portrayed sitting up in the attitude of a little dog taught to beg, fore paws held out in suppliant-wise to a puffin with menacing beak and extra-hyper-passerine impudence, whose mate is actually winking (at least the picture makes it look so) as it occupies the entrance of the burrow her mate so unceremoniously declines to cede to its rightful owner. And this is the accompanying letter-press: "Rabbit-warrens are not unfrequent on our coasts, and where this happens, the puffins often contend with the rabbits for the possession of some of the burrows." Oh, wicked puffins! to reduce yourselves thus to the

level of the thieving, violent, burglarious, rightful-owner-evicting, caitiff sparrow!

Indeed, if we make our reference to common sense and ordinary observation—I don't mean "observation" of the amateur or popular description—I doubt very much if, within certain limits to be named presently, any of the standard allegations to the discredit of the sparrow, whether sentimental or matter-of-fact, would be held by an impartial jury to have been made out. By aid of a sort of flighty, haphazard, hand-to-mouth calculation (based, however, on local and personal knowledge of every farmstead, cottage, dwelling, hamlet, group of houses, or village, in my own wide parish, the only certainty about it being that it is under, not over the mark), I make the assumption that, at this present moment, there are in the parish not less than five hundred pairs—or, to avoid misconception, I will say couples—of sparrows maintaining themselves from day to day. About these five hundred couples of sparrows, if I canvassed the parish round, going to every one of the multitudinous occupiers of land (considerably over one hundred in all), and asking each in his turn if he felt or thought that he had been sensibly damaged to the extent even of one penny by the dishonesty or other peccadilloes of the sparrows during the months of October, November, December, and January just past, I do not believe that I should find one in every ten who either could or would answer my inquiry in the affirmative. If I were to go on with my catechism and ask if, during the past season, they had frequently or even occasionally seen or known of the sparrows as bullying and ill-using other birds, evicting them from their nests or nest-places, and usurping the same for themselves,—well, I think the reply would be in the form of a look and a laugh,—the look to see if I was joking, the laugh if they saw I was in earnest. But suppose I continue my calculation, and extend it to the county, and after that (as I in reality did) to the kingdom, I arrive at a total of certainly not under, and most likely greatly above, five millions of couples of sparrows, I wonder how many cases of violence, oppression, plunder, usurpation over and upon the weaker small birds could be alleged, and, much more, established. And suppose we carry the "wondering" further back, and carry it as far as the date of the first pathetic tale of evicting the martin, or any like villainy (or say for the last half century only), I wonder how many alleged—not authen-

ticated but alleged — instances could be produced. Is there one in a million — I will not say one in ten thousand, one in a thousand, or one in a hundred — but is there one in a million, or one in ten millions, that has ever been heard of, or that possibly could be ferreted out?

Again, I wonder what we should think of an observing foreigner coming to England for the first time, and recording his observations, and prominent among them the note, founded on the fact that among the first natives he had seen on landing, two or three very swarthy individuals had come under his observations: "The English are singularly dark in complexion; indeed, they might be described as tawny rather than fair!" Yet that is the way the sparrow's character is writ, wide generalizations based on two or three, or a few separate instances.

When the charges against an accused person or party are found on examination to resolve themselves into random aspersions, or, at least, misrepresentations, it is usually held to be unnecessary to proceed very much further with the defence. Still there is the old saying, "Throw plenty of mud, and some of it is sure to stick;" and, as it seems to me, few birds have been so thoroughly well bespattered as the sparrow. Now I am not going to bring witnesses to his character, as I saw done the other day in a periodical, where the Reverends F. O. Morris, J. G. Wood, Mr. Harting, and others, were put into the witness-box, but simply to state what the general result of the observations made during a period of more than sixty-five years' close if not intimate acquaintance with him really is, as regards his character and conduct. I have seen a good deal of mischief done by him in wheat-fields when the grain was ripening. But even here I think it would be fairer to qualify the charges brought against him. According to my observation the area of his depredations is not as wide as the area of the wheat-lands said to be affected. He does not find the wheat-fields out, and fly to them on pilfering intent, in whatever part of the farm-hold they may be situated. The fields near home, within easy flight of the farmstead, are the feeding-grounds that he affects; and even then it is not the whole breadth of the wheat-field that is injured by his plundering propensities. I remember when I was first big enough to be trusted with a gun (the adequate dimensions seem to have been attained in the course of my twelfth year) the field separated from my father's garden by the hedge

out of which I shot my first blackbird was a wheat-field; and I think I never saw a field in which the still standing wheat was more damaged by the sparrows than that field. It was a large one, twelve or fifteen acres, the upper part of it being not more than a hundred yards from the barnyard, stabling, and other offices. But the sparrows did not spread themselves indiscriminately over the whole area of the field; their attentions seemed to be limited to its upper part, and to the strip of it adjoining the aforesaid hedge. The "stetches" lying alongside that hedge (a nice bushy one, affording plentiful shelter for them if disturbed), and for about half down the side of the field, were verily and indeed subjected to "visitation of sparrows." The rest of the field was not touched. I have noticed the same thing again and again within the last half-score years; only here the inclosures are few of them of any great size, and even in these smaller fields the damage done is limited to the lands near the hedge. Yet to read the tirades against the sparrow and his mischievous propensities, one is left to infer that it is the great total of the wheat-field that is harried and wasted by his unscrupulous maraudings.

Again, he is charged with dire mischief on the flower-beds, and still worse in the kitchen-garden. My experience in a large garden is that half-a-dozen slugs do more mischief among the springing flower-seeds than all the birds I have about the place, inclusive of the fifteen to twenty pair of sparrows that nest in my ivy, the starling-boxes, and the fir-trees near the house. In the kitchen-garden it is true much damage is (or would be, if I permitted it) done by the small birds; but I candidly own I should not have thought of incriminating the sparrows as the principal agents. What I have found is, that the three or four pairs of greenfinches which annually nest in my shrubs do five times the mischief in stooking up the germinating seeds they affect, than all my sparrows put together. I don't say these last are entirely innocent; but I do say that, if I had only the sparrows to contend with for the integrity of my drills of radish-seed, cabbage-seed, and that of other members of the *brassica* family, I should not have to trouble myself greatly. As it is, I find that my mustard and cress, radishes, and so forth, are most safely and efficiently protected by a few lengths of wire pea-guards, as they are called, but which might just as well be termed seed-guards from their extensive utility when so em-

ployed. I don't deny that mischief is done by the sparrows, and in the garden as well as in the field; but I do say that they are credited with a great deal that they are not responsible for, and that very much of that mischief, by whatsoever birds effected, is easily preventible. My raspberries are under galvanized wire netting, and my strawberries, gooseberries, currants, red and black, are under herring-nets spread over rough frames, or low posts and wires; about a quarter of an acre of the old nets named having been procured at an expense of less than twenty-five shillings.

I have noted above that, during the last four months the sparrows here have been practically innocuous, and I may add that they are quite safe to continue so for some time to come, even in the ways that they are so unjustly blamed for. But in the mean while, as in the past, and prospectively, they are "maintaining themselves." But how? If they are not living on the farmers' corn or the gardeners' seed, how are they keeping body and soul together? The ornithologists say they live on grain, seeds, insects, soft vegetables, and so on. But if we eliminate the grain and garden-seeds, as we must for so great a portion of the year, what have they to fall back upon for their subsistence? Well, I go into a farmyard, and, as I let the gate clash behind me, I disturb a flock of five-and-twenty or thirty sparrows, which fly quickly up into some adjoining tree, or to the roofs of the farm premises close at hand, from the middenstead or dunghill, or manure-heap, or from the long litter in the fold-yard, or some such like place; and, if they are not further disturbed, in a minute or two you see them dropping down again by ones and twos to the place they had flown from. Disturb the surface of the middenstead or dunghill, always warm from the natural "heating" going on below, and even in the winter's day you see, if not "any amount," yet certainly no small amount of animal life in the shape of insects in some stage or other of their development. Or see the flock of sparrows again at or near the barn door, or wherever the dust and sweepings of the barn floor are thrown out; any one who knows the nature of that refuse—that, for one grain of corn (probably imperfect at the best), it contains a hundred seeds of plants that are certainly no good to the farmer—knows also what the sparrows find there to reward their sharp-eyed and diligent search. That is the way the sparrow lives through

no small part of the entire year, doing no appreciable harm, utilizing what otherwise would be wasted, consuming what would, if left uninterfered with, have been more or less noxious to the land and its cultivators.

But further, I have the sparrow close under my eye and actual observation any day or every day, but especially in times of continued frost and snow, and also when the cares and occupations of the nesting season are upon him. What I am told by the sentimental or perfunctory observer is one thing; what I see is another. I am told he is a bully and injurious to other small birds, that he is a feathered dog-in-the-manger and usurper, that he is bellicose and pugnacious. Of course he is pugnacious and fights; he would not be bird if it was otherwise. But it is with his own kind, and I really don't think that he is worse than other birds, or different from them in that respect. I have seen his neighbors in my ivy, the starlings, so resolute and so bitter in their hostilities one with the other, that they did not in the least mind my quoting good Dr. Watts to them from the window, but kept on with their scrimmage, grappled together in a struggling, dishevelled, feather-mass till I had had time to leave the room, tread the passage to the door, and go round most part of two sides of the house, stoop down and almost touch them with my outstretched hand before they would give over and try to escape from a man's clutch. The sparrows, on the other hand, are much more amenable; the gentle reminder that

Your little claws were never made  
To scratch each other's eyes,

addressed to them from the window, has generally a soothing effect. One day too, in this garden, I saw a triangular duel between three cock partridges for the love of one lady partridge, who sat calmly by on a flower-bed, taking no apparent interest in the issue of the fight. Perhaps she took a pride in being fought about; perhaps she was totally indifferent as to who got the mastery, thinking them all equally game birds. Any way she sat there, stolid and immobile, save that now and then she preened a feather or two. But the three combatants fought heroically on, although I had advanced within four or five yards of them, and but for the fact that Miss P. felt shy at my approach, they might have been fighting still for all I can tell. Often too, in the old days before driving was, and when old grouse had the dominancy of the moor, I have seen from

three to five old cocks holding a private tournament as to which of them should win some as yet undeclared moor-bird queen of beauty. They wheeled and they flew in wide circles, but never in a straight course, never heeding me or my gun, sometimes two only, then three or four, then all in a rough-and-tumble together, so that if I had been sanguinarily inclined I could have bagged the whole lot with a couple of well-considered shots. And certainly the sparrows are no exception to this bird-rule; though (probably from their more intimate acquaintance with humanity) they never lose their presence of mind in such cases to the same extent as the starling, partridge, and grouse do.

But as to the rest of it: in the hungriest times I never see the sparrow attack his marrows in size or nearly so; and, what is very much more to the purpose, I never see, nor ever have seen, any signs of apprehension, of even striking recognition on the part of other small birds, occasioned by the advent of one or a dozen sparrows. If a cat or a kitten, or even a dog, shows itself anywhere near, up fly the birds, some into the ivy, some to the neighboring thorn, the blackbirds and so on to more distant shelter. If I show myself abruptly at the window, much the same sort of stampede takes place. But the advent of a whole troop of sparrows makes not the slightest apparent difference to the company assembled, hedge-sparrows, chaffinches, robins, or what not. To be sure, if one of the new arrivals seems to affect a morsel to which a robin has already attached himself, or even appears likely to direct his attention that way, the robin, in nine cases out of ten, gives him a decided hint with his sharp bill to "keep out of that;" and I never yet saw even the pawkiest sparrow venture to stand up to the aggressive redbreast.

As to what I have seen well called "the ridiculous notion of his driving other birds away," or "displacing other birds more valuable than himself," or having to do with the diminution in the numbers of whitethroats, chaffinches, and tits, and all the rest of that farrago of nonsense, I do not so much question the alleged facts on which it is made to depend, as deny them altogether. It is a fact that during the severe snowy weather we had a few weeks ago my usual number of pensioner sparrows had dwindled down to four or five couple in place of the pristine ten, twelve, or fifteen couple. But I do not allege it as a fact that these diminished numbers are due to a league of the starlings (who

were present to the number of four pairs, contrary to all precedent), robins, cuddies, chaffinches, etc., formed against the sparrows; although if I did, it would be just as reasonable and just as well supported as these contrary statements under notice. I used to see great flocks of greenfinches, numbering many scores, sometimes even two or three hundreds, in our corn stubbles during the late autumn and early winter, while of late years the numbers are strangely reduced. But I think there is another way of accounting for such diminution, besides attributing it to any cause analogous to the alleged hostile action of the sparrow,—a cause too much more in harmony with the ascertained laws of nature. There are fewer slovenly farmers than there used to be. The greenfinches had, what a gardener of mine once termed, "a lavishing time of it" when whole farms had their cornfields yellow with charlock while the corn was growing, and strewn with its seed after harvest. And real observers know well enough that the questions of adequate supply of food and varying climatic influences have more to do with the presence or absence of birds in successive seasons than any such utterly inadequate causes as the alleged hostility or usurping aggression of some other, and especially only a single, species of birds.

As to my friend the sparrow's "graceless, heavy motions," his "monotonous chirp," and (to put it gently) painful lack of beauty, one would think that ordinary dwellers in the country have neither ears nor eyes. And yet, I used to think that "monotonous" was hardly the word to apply when a dozen or two of sparrows were having, as they so frequently do have, a good lively little squabble among themselves. Their gamut seemed to me to be one of very considerable range. And besides, although I should be sorry to claim for them the merits of distinguished vocalists, still there are to my ear few country sounds more pleasant than the soft chirp of a flock of sparrows when the day with all its occupations and excitements is ended, and they are just cosily talking it over before bidding good-night with mutual assurances of good feeling.

As to his vesture, it may not be a Joseph's coat; nor am I quite sure that the matutinal walking-dress of a certain distinguished character when about to "visit his snug little farm," entirely commends itself to my taste. Certainly the sparrow is not arrayed like that particular "old gentleman," and, for one, I had rather that he was not. I have as delicately

painted a portrait of the cock sparrow as any that, so far as I know, exists in any gallery, now before me; and as I look at the well-chosen shades of his costume, so harmoniously arranged and so good in themselves, chestnuts, and browns thrown up and relieved by pure whites and good blacks, and himself so well groomed and nattily arranged, I think I admire him considerably more than the great majority of those lords of the bird realm whose court-dress has given occasion to the somewhat sarcastic remark that "fine feathers make fine birds." Of course I may be, very likely am, only manifesting my bad taste, or showing that I have "no eye for beauty." Indeed, I am almost afraid that I may have no eye at all, because I have never yet perceived the "graceless, heavy motions" of these inferior and reprobate birds. In my blindness, or at least incapacity to see clearly, I had fancied that the movements of the "pert," the "impudent" sparrow were the reverse of heavy; were, rather, active, brisk, alert. The motions of a toad are possibly somewhat graceless and heavy; nor would I call those of a gawky Cochinchina fowl, as it hurries out of the way of an advancing vehicle, either light or graceful. But then, the imperfection of my vision is such that I cannot compare the quick, brisk flight of the sparrow, his natural, easy equilibrium as he alights, his perfect self-possession as with bright eye he surveys the scene, to the movements of either the chicken or the toad.

J. C. ATKINSON.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

## A CHAPTER ON PLATO.

BY WALTER PATER.

### I.

WITH the world of intellectual production, as with that of organic generation, nature makes no sudden starts. *Natura nihil facit per saltum*; and in the history of philosophy there are no absolute beginnings. Fix where we may the origin of this or that doctrine or idea, the doctrine of "reminiscence," for instance, or of "the Perpetual Flux," the theory of "induction," or the philosophic view of things generally, the specialist will still be able to find us some earlier anticipation of that doctrine, that mental tendency. The most elementary act of mental analysis takes time to do; the most rudimentary sort of speculative knowledge, abstractions so

simple that we can hardly conceive the human mind without them, must grow and with difficulty. Philosophy itself, mental and moral, has its preparation, its forethoughts, in the poetry that preceded it. A powerful generalization thrown into some salient phrase, such as the *πᾶντα ῥεῖ* of Heraclitus, may startle a particular age by its novelty; but takes possession there only because its root, all along, was somewhere among the natural though but half-developed instincts of the human mind itself. Plato has seemed to many no less than the creator of philosophy; and it is an immense step he makes, from the crude or turbid beginnings of scientific inquiry with the Ionians or the Eleatics, to that wide range of perfectly finished philosophical literature. His encyclopædic view of the whole domain of knowledge is more than a mere step in a progress. Nothing that went before it, for compass and power and charm, had been really comparable to it. Plato's achievement may well seem an absolutely fresh thing in the morning of the mind's history. Yet, in truth, the world Plato had entered into was already almost weary of philosophical debate, bewildered by the oppositions of sects, the claims of rival schools. Language and the processes of thought were already become sophisticated, the very air he breathed sickly with offcast speculative atoms. In the "Timæus," dealing with the origin of the universe, he figures less as the author of a new theory, than as already an eclectic critic of older ones, himself somewhat perplexed by theory and counter-theory. Some of the results of patient earlier thinkers, even then dead and gone, are of the structure of his philosophy; not like the stray, carved corner of some older edifice, here or there amid the new, but everywhere in it, like minute relics of earlier organic life in the very stone he builds with. The central and most intimate principles of his teaching challenge us to go back beyond them, not merely to his own immediate, somewhat enigmatic, master—to Socrates, who survives chiefly in his pages—but to various precedent schools of speculative thought, in Greece, in Ionia, in Italy; beyond these into that age of poetry, in which the first efforts of philosophic apprehension had hardly understood themselves; beyond that unconscious philosophy, again, to certain constitutional tendencies, persuasions, forecasts of the intellect itself, such as had given birth, it would seem, to thoughts akin to Plato's in the older civilizations of India and of Egypt as they still exercise their authority over our-

selves. The thoughts of Plato like the language he has to use (we find it so again, in turn, with those predecessors of his when we pass from him to them), are covered with the traces of previous labor and have had their earlier proprietors. If at times we become aware in reading him of certain anticipations of modern knowledge, we are also quite obviously among the relics of an older, a poetic, or half-visionary world. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that in Plato, in spite of his wonderful savor of literary freshness, there is nothing absolutely new; or rather, as in many other very original products of human genius, the seemingly new is old also, a palimpsest, a tapestry of which the actual threads have served before; or like the animal frame itself, every particle of which has already lived and died many times over. Nothing but the life-giving principle of cohesion is new; the new perspective, the resultant complexion, the expressiveness, which familiar thoughts attain by novel juxtaposition. In other words, the *form* is new. But then, in the creation of philosophical literature, as in all other products of art, form (in the full signification of that word), form is everything, and the mere matter is nothing.

## II.

THERE are three different ways in which the criticism of philosophic, of all speculative opinion whatever, may be conducted. The doctrines of Plato's "Republic," for instance, may be regarded as so much truth or falsehood, to be accepted, or rejected, as such by the student of today. That is the dogmatic method of criticism; judging every product of human thought, however alien or distant from one's self, by its congruity with the assumptions of Bacon or Spinoza, of Mill or Hegel, according to the mental preference of the particular critic. There is, secondly, the more generous Eclectic, or Syncretic, method, which aims at a selection from contending schools of the various grains of truth dispersed among them. It is the method which has prevailed in periods of large reading but with little inceptive force of their own, like that of the Alexandrian Neo-Platonism in the third century, or the Neo-Platonism of Florence in the fifteenth. Its natural defect is in the tendency to misrepresent the true character of the doctrine it professes to explain, that it may harmonize so much the better with other elements of a pre-conceived system. Dogmatic and Eclectic criticism alike have in our own

century, under the influence of Hegel and his predominant theory of the ever-changing "Time-spirit" or *Zeitgeist*, given way to a third method of criticism, the historic method; which bids us replace the doctrine, the system, we may be busy with, or such an ancient monument of philosophic thought as the "Republic," as far as possible in the group of conditions, intellectual, social, material, amid which it was actually produced, if we would really understand it. That ages have their genius as well as the individual; that in every age there is a peculiar *ensemble* of conditions which determine a common character in every product of that age, in business and art, in fashion and speculation, in religion and manners, in men's very faces; that nothing man has projected from himself is really intelligible except at its own date, and from its proper point of view; in the never-resting secular process; the solidarity of philosophy, of the intellectual life, with common or general history; that what it behoves the student of philosophic systems to cultivate is the "historic sense;" by force of these convictions many a normal, or at first sight abnormal, phase of speculation has found a reasonable meaning for us. As the strangely twisted pine-tree, which would be a freak of nature on an English lawn, is seen to have been the creature of necessity, of the logic of certain facts, if we replace it, in thought, amid the contending forces of the Alpine torrent that actually shaped its growth; so beliefs the most fantastic, the "Communism" of Plato, for instance, have their natural propriety when duly correlated with those facts, those conditions round about them, of which they are in truth a part. In the intellectual, as in the organic, world the given product, its normal or abnormal characteristics, are determined, as people say, by the "environment." The business of the young scholar, therefore, in reading Plato, is not to take his side in a controversy, to adopt or refute Plato's opinions, to modify, or make apology for, what may seem erratic or impossible in him; still less, to furnish himself with arguments on behalf of some theory or conviction of his own. His duty is rather to watch intelligently, but with strict indifference, the mental process there, as he might watch a game of skill; better still, as in reading "Hamlet" or the "Divine Comedy," so in reading the "Republic," to entertain for its dramatic interest the spectacle of a powerful, of a sovereign intellect translating itself, amid a complex group of conditions which can

never in the nature of things occur again, at once pliant and resistant to them, into a great literary monument. To put Plato into his natural place, as a result from antecedent and contemporary movements of Greek speculation, of Greek life generally — such is the proper aim of the historic, that is to say, of the really critical study of him.

### III.

AT the threshold, then, of the "Republic" of Plato, the historic spirit impresses upon us the fact that some of its leading thoughts are partly derivative from earlier thinkers, of whom we happen to possess independent information. From that brilliant and busy, yet so unconcerned, press of the early Greek life, one here, another there stands aside to make the initial act of conscious philosophic reflection. It is done with something of the simplicity, the immediate and visible effectiveness, of the visible world in action all around. Among Plato's many intellectual predecessors, on whom in recent years much attention has been bestowed by a host of commentators after the mind of Hegel, three emerge distinctly in close connection with the "Republic," whose ideas, whose words even, we really find in the very texture of Plato's work: Pythagoras, the dim, half legendary founder of the philosophy of number and music; Parmenides, "My father Parmenides," the centre of the school of Elea; Heraclitus, thirdly, author of the doctrine of "the Perpetual Flux;" three teachers, it must be admitted, after all, of whom what knowledge we have is to the utmost degree fragmentary and vague. But then, one way of giving that knowledge greater definiteness is by noting their direct and actual influence in Plato's writings.

Heraclitus, too, the first prose-writer of philosophy — a philosophy, half poetic figure, half generalized fact, in style crabbed and obscure, yet stimulant, invasive, not to be forgotten — he, too, might be thought as a prose-writer, one of the "fathers" of Plato. His influence on Plato, however, was by way of antagonism or reaction; Plato's stand against any philosophy of motion becoming, as we say, something of a "fixed idea" with him. Heraclitus of Ephesus (what Ephesus must have been just then is denoted by the fact that it was one of the twelve cities of the Ionian League), died about forty years before Plato was born. Here then at Ephesus, the much frequented centre of the religious life of Ionia, itself so

lately emancipated from its tyrants, of ancient hereditary rank, an aristocrat by birth and temper, amid all the bustle of still undiscredited Greek democracy, he had reflected, not to his peace of mind, on the mutable character of political as well as of physical existence; perhaps, early as it was, on the mutability of intellectual systems also, that modes of thought and practice had already been in and out of fashion. Empires certainly had lived and died around; and here, in Ephesus as elsewhere, the privileged class had gone to the wall. In this era of unrestrained youthfulness, of Greek youthfulness, it is one of the haughtiest of that class, as being also of nature's aristocracy, and a man of powerful intellectual gifts, Heraclitus asserts the native liberty of thought at all events; becomes, we might truly say, sickly with "the pale cast" of his metaphysical questioning. Amid the irreflective actors in that rapidly moving show, so entirely immersed in it, superficial as it is, that they have no feeling of themselves, he becomes self-conscious. He reflects; and his reflection has the characteristic melancholy of youth when it is forced suddenly to bethink itself, and for a moment feels already old and the temperature of the world about it sensibly colder. Its very ingenuousness, its sincerity, will make the utterance of what comes to mind just then somewhat shrill or over-emphatic. Yet Heraclitus, thus superbly turning aside from the vulgar to think so early in the impetuous springtide of Greek history, does but reflect, after all, the superficial aspect of what actually surrounds him, when he cries out — his philosophy was no matter of formal treatise or system, but of harsh, protesting cries — *πάντα χωρεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει*. There had been inquirers before him, of another sort, purely physical inquirers, whose bold, contradictory, seemingly impious guesses how and of what primary elements the world of visible things, the sun, the stars, the brutes, their own souls and bodies, had been composed, were themselves a part of the bold enterprise of that romantic age; a series of intellectual adventures, of a piece with its adventures in unknown lands or upon the sea. The resultant intellectual chaos expressed the very spirit of gifted and sanguine but insubordinate youth (remember, that the word *νεότης*, *youth*, came to mean rashness, insolence), questioning, deciding, rejecting, on mere rags and tatters of evidence, unbent to discipline, unmethodical, irresponsible. Those opinions, too, coming and going.

those conjectures as to what underlay the sensible world, were themselves but fluid elements on the changing surface of existence. Surface, we say, but was there really anything beneath it? That was what to the majority of his hearers, his readers, Heraclitus, with an eye perhaps on practice, seemed to deny. Perpetual motion, alike in things and in men's thoughts about them; the sad, self-conscious, philosophy of Heraclitus, like one, in that barely adolescent world, knowing beyond his years and so eager to instruct it, makes no pretence to be able to restrain that. Was not the very essence of thought itself also such perpetual motion?—a baffling transition from the dead past, alive one moment since to a present, itself deceased in turn ere we can say, It is here? A keen analyst of the facts of nature and mind, a master presumably of all the knowledge that then there was, a vigorous definer of thoughts, he does but refer the superficial movement of all persons and things around him to deeper and still more masterful currents of universal change, stealthily withdrawing the apparently solid earth itself from beneath one's feet. The principle of disintegration, the incoherency of fire or flood (for Heraclitus these are but lively figures of movements, subtler yet more wasteful than those obvious cosmic ones), are inherent in the primary elements alike of matter and of the soul. *Λέγει πον 'Ηράκλειτος, writes Aristotle, ὅτι πάντα χωρεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει.* But the principle of lapse of waste, was, in fact, in one's self; *εἰμέν τε καὶ οὐκ εἰμέν.* "No one has ever passed twice over the same stream." Nay! the passenger himself is without identity. Upon the same stream at the same moment we do, and do not, embark; for we are, and are not. And this rapid change, if it did not make all knowledge impossible, made it wholly relative, of a kind (that is to say) valueless in the judgment of Plato; and "man" the individual, at this particular vanishing-point of time and place, "the measure of all things"

To know after what manner [says Socrates in the "Cratylus," after discussing the question in what proportion names, fleeting names, contribute to our knowledge of things], to know after what manner we must be taught, or discover for ourselves, the things that really are (*τὰ ὄντα*) is perhaps beyond the measure of your powers and mine. We must even content ourselves with the admission of this, that, not from their names, but much rather themselves from themselves, they must be learned and looked for. . . . For consider, Cratylus!—a point I oftentimes dream on—whether or no we may affirm that what is

beautiful and good in itself, and whatever is, respectively, in itself, *is* something? *Crat.* To me at least, Socrates, it seems to be something. *Soc.* Let us consider then, that in itself; not whether a face, or anything of that kind, is beautiful, and whether all these things seem to flow like water. But, what is beautiful in itself—may we say?—has not this the qualities that define it always? *Crat.* It must be so. *Soc.* Can we then, if it is ever passing out below, predicate about it: first, that it *is* that; next, that it has this or that *quality*; or must it not be that, even as we speak, it should straightway become some *other* thing, and go out under on its way, and be no longer as it *is*? . . . Now, how could that which is never in the same state be a thing at all? Nor, in truth, could it be an object of knowledge to any one; for, even as he who shall know comes upon it, it would become another thing with other qualities; so that it would be no longer matter of knowledge what sort of a thing it is, or in what condition. Now, no form of knowing, methinks, has knowledge of that which it knows to be no-how. *Crat.* It is as you say. *Soc.* But if, Cratylus, all things change sides, and nothing stays, it is not fitting to say that there is any knowing at all. . . . And the consequence of this argument would be, that there is neither any one to know, nor anything to be known. If, on the other hand, there be that which knows, and that which is known; and if the Beautiful *is*, and the Good *is*, and each one of those things that really are, *is*, then, to my thinking, those things in no way resemble that moving stream of which we are now speaking. Whether, then, these matters be thus, or in that other way as the followers of Heraclitus affirm and many besides, I fear may be no easy thing to search out. But certainly it is not like a sensible man committing one's self, and one's own soul, to the rule of names, to serve them, and, with faith in names and those who imposed them, as if one knew something thereby, to maintain (damaging thus the character of that which is, and his own), that there is no sound ring in any one of them, but that all, like earthen pots, let water.

## IV.

YET that there was another side to the doctrine of Heraclitus, we may understand from certain fragments which name already the eternal *Logos*; an attempt on his part, after all, to reduce that world of chaotic mutation to *Cosmos*, to the unity of a reasonable order, by the search for and the notation, if there be such, of an antiphonal rhythm, or logic; which, proceeding uniformly from movement to movement as in some intricate musical theme, might link together in one those contending, infinitely diverse impulses. It was an act of recognition, even on the part of a philosophy of the inconsecutive,

the incoherent, the insane, of that wisdom which, says the son of Sirach, "reacheth from end to end, sweetly and strongly ordering all things!" Yes! That musical spirit might be heard, though faintly, singing in the distant background. But if the Weeping Philosopher, the first of the pessimists, finds the ground of his melancholy in the sense of universal change, still more must he weep at the dulness of men's ears to that continuous strain of melody throughout it. In truth, what was sympathetic with the hour and the scene in the Heraclitean doctrine, was the boldly aggressive, the paradoxical and negative tendency there, in natural collusion, as it was, with the destructiveness of undisciplined youth; that sense of rapid dissolution, which, according to one's temperament and one's luck in things, might extinguish, or kindle all the more eagerly, an interest in the mere phenomena of existence, of one's so hasty passage through the world.

The theory of the Perpetual Flux was indeed an apprehension of which the full scope was only to be realized by a later age, in alliance with a larger knowledge of the natural world, a closer observation of the phenomena of mind, than was possible, even for Heraclitus, at that early day. So, the seeds of almost all scientific ideas were dimly enfolded, it might seem, in the mind of antiquity; and fecundated, admitted to their full working prerogative, one by one in after ages by good favor of the special intellectual conditions belonging to a particular generation, which, on a sudden, finds itself preoccupied by a formula, not so much new, as renovated by new application. It is in this way that the most modern metaphysical, and the most modern empirical, philosophies, alike, have illustrated emphatically, justified, expanded, the divination (we may make bold to call it under the new light now thrown upon it) of the ancient theorist of Ephesus. The entire modern theory of "development," in all its various phases proved or unprovable, what is it but old Heracliteanism awake once more, in a new world and grown to full proportions? *πάντα χωρεῖ, πάντα βεῖ*: it is the burden of Hegel on the one hand, to whom nature, and art, and polity, and philosophy, ay! and religion too, each in its long historic series, are but so many conscious movements in the secular process of the eternal mind; and on the other hand of Darwin and Darwinism, for which, "type" itself, properly, *is* not, but is only always *becoming*. The bold paradox of Heraclitus

is, in effect, repeated on all sides, as the vital persuasion, just now, of a cautiously reasoned experience; and in illustration of the very law of change which it asserts, may itself presently be superseded as a commonplace. Think of all that subtly disguised movement, *latens processus*, Bacon calls it (again, as if by a kind of anticipation), which modern research has detected, measured, hopes to reduce to minuter, or ally to still larger, currents, in what had seemed most substantial to the naked eye, the inattentive mind! To the "observation and experiment" of the physical enquirer of to-day, the eye and the sun it lives by reveal themselves, after all, as Heraclitus had declared (scarcely serious, he seemed, to those around him), as literally in constant extinction and renewal; the sun only going out more gradually than the human eye; the system meanwhile of which it is the centre, in ceaseless movement no-whither. Our terrestrial planet is in constant increase by meteoric dust, moving to it through endless time out of infinite space. The Alps drift down the rivers into the plains, as still loftier mountains found their level there ages ago. The granite kernel of the earth, it is said, is ever changing in its very substance, its molecular constitution, by the passage through it of electric currents. And that Darwinian theory—that "species," the identifying forms of animal and vegetable life, immutable though they seem, now as of old in the Garden of Eden are fashioned by slow development, while perhaps millions of years go by—well! every month is adding to its evidence. Nay, the idea of development—that, too, a thing of growth, developed in the progress of reflection—is at last invading one by one, as the secret of their explanation, all the products of mind, the very mind itself, the abstract reason,—our certainty, for instance, that two and two make four. We have come gradually to think, or feel, that primary certitude. Political constitutions, again, as we now see so clearly, are not made, cannot be made, but grow. Races, laws, arts, have their origins and end, are themselves ripples only on the great river of organic life; and language is changing on our very lips.

#### V.

IN Plato's day, the Heraclitean Flux, so deep down in nature itself—the flood, the fire—seemed to have laid hold on man, on the social and moral world, dissolving, or disintegrating, opinion, first principles, faith, establishing amorphism,

so to call it, there also. All along, indeed, the genius, the good gifts of Greece to the world had had much to do with the mobility of its temperament. Only, when Plato came into potent contact with his countrymen (Pericles, Phidias, Socrates being now gone), in politics, in literature, and art, in men's characters, the defect naturally incident to that fine quality had come to have unchecked sway. From the lifeless background of an unprogressive world — Egypt, Syria, frozen Scythia — a world in which the unconscious social aggregate had been everything, the conscious individual, his capacity and rights, almost nothing, the Greek had stepped forth, like the young prince in the fable, to set things going; which, however, to the philosophic eye generally, about the time when the history of Thucydides leaves off, seemed to need a regulator ere the very wheels wore themselves out. Mobility! — we do not think that a necessarily undesirable condition of life, of mind, of the physical world about us. 'Tis the dead things, we may remind ourselves, that, after all, are most entirely at rest; and might reasonably hold that motion (vicious, fallacious, infectious, motion, as Plato inclines to think) covers all that is best worth being. And as for philosophy, — mobility, versatility, the habit of thought that can most adequately follow the subtle movement of things, that, surely! were the secret of wisdom, of the true knowledge of them. It means susceptibility, sympathetic intelligence, capacity, in short. It was the spirit of God that moved, moves still, in every form of real power, everywhere. Yet to Plato motion becomes the token of unreality in things, of falsity in our thoughts about them. It is just this principle of mobility, that, with all his contriving care for the future, he desires to withstand. Everywhere he displays himself as an advocate of the immutable. The "Republic" is a proposal to establish that indefectibly in a very precisely regulated, a very exclusive community, which shall be a refuge for elect souls from an ill-made world.

That four powerful influences made for the political unity of Greece was pointed out by Grote; common blood, common language, a common religious centre, the great games in which all alike communicated. He adds that they failed to make the Greeks one people. Pan-hellenism was realized for the first time, and then but imperfectly, by Alexander the Great. The centrifugal tendency had ever been too much for the centripetal tendency in

them, the progressive elements for the element of order. Their boundless impatience, that passion for novelty noted in them by Saint Paul, had been a matter of radical character. Their varied natural gifts did but concentrate themselves now and then to an effective centre, that they might be dissipated again, towards every side, in daring adventure alike of action and of thought. Variety and novelty of experience, further quickened by a consciousness trained to an equally nimble power of movement, individualism, the capacities, the claim, of the individual, forced into their utmost play by a ready sense and dexterous appliance of opportunity; herein, certainly, lay at least one-half of their vocation in history. The material conformation of Greece, a land of islands and peninsulas, and broken up by repellent lines of mountain this way and that, nursing jealously a little township of three or four thousand souls into an independent type of its own, conspired to the same effect. Independence, local and personal — it was the Greek ideal! Yet of one side only of that ideal, as may be seen, of the still half Asiatic, rather than the full Hellenic ideal, of the Ionian ideal, as conceived by the Athenian people in particular, people of the coast who have the roaming thoughts of sailors, ever ready to float away anywhere amid their walls of wood. And for many of its admirers, certainly, the whole Greek people has been a people of the seacoast. Lacedæmon, however, as Plato and others thought, hostile, inaccessible, in its mountain hollow where it had no need of any walls at all, there were resources for that discipline and order which constitute the other ingredient of a true Hellenism, the saving Dorian soul in it. Right away thither, to that solemn old mountain village, now mistress of Greece, he looks often, in depicting the perfect City, the ideal State. Perfection everywhere, we may conceive, is attainable only through a certain combination of opposites, Attic *ἀλεια* with the Doric *ἄσος*; and in the Athens of Plato's day, as he saw with acute prevision, those centrifugal forces had come to be ruinously in excess of the centripetal. Its rapid, empiric, constitutional changes, the subdivisions of parties there, the dominance of faction as we see it steadily increasing, breeding on itself, in the pages of Thucydides, justify Plato's long-drawn paradox that it is easier to wrestle against many than against one. The soul, moreover, the inward polity of the individual, was the theatre of a similar

dissolution; and truly stability of character had never been a prominent feature in Greek life. Think of the end of Pausanias failing in his patriotism, of Themistocles, of Miltiades, the saviours of Greece in a kind of consecrated age, actually selling the country they had so dearly bought to its old enemies. It is something in this way that, for Plato, motion and the philosophy of motion identify themselves with the vicious tendency in things and thought. Change is the irresistible law of our being, says the Philosophy of Motion. Change, he protests, through the power of a true philosophy, shall not be the law of our being; and it is curious to note the way in which, consciously or unconsciously, that philosophic purpose shapes his treatment, even in minute detail, of education, of art, of daily life, his very vocabu-

lary, in which such pleasant or innocent words, as "manifold," "embroidered," "changeeful," become the synonyms of what is evil. He, first, notes something like a fixed cycle of political change; but conceives it (being change) as, from the first, backward towards decadence. The ideal city, again, will not be an art-less place; it is by irresistible influence of art he means to shape men anew; by a severely monotonous art, however, such art as shall speak to youth, all day long from year to year, almost exclusively of the loins girded about.

Stimulus, or correction! One hardly knows which to ask for first, as more salutary for our own slumbersome, yet so self-willed northern temperaments. Perhaps all genuine fire, even the Heraclitean fire, has a power for both.

THE VANISHED CITY OF VEII. — It is the fresco work upon the walls of the sepulchre which give it its chief interest. For aught that probability can urge in opposition, here we have paintings contemporary with those of Phidias or Zeuxis. It is no uncommon thing to see a statue a couple of thousand years old; but a picture of the same age, the fragments of which have still a certain freshness, is a rarity indeed. Alas! however, this vault is likely soon to be quite inapplicable to the Grotta of Veii. When the tomb was first disclosed, the colors were really vivid. Fifty years of partial exposure to the air has done much to obliterate both the colors and the outline of the drawing. As for the subjects of these pictures dedicated to the dead, conjecture has it all its own way. You distinguish the naked forms of men and boys, and the spotted bodies of divers nondescript beasts, all marching in procession; but there is no clue to the story they might unfold. One of the animals has the characteristics of a sphinx; another may be a curious long-legged horse, upon which a very small boy is set astride. There are suggestions of the tiger and the dog about certain of the other beasts; but suggestions only. There is no key to the riddle, however. All we can do is to call them venerable grotesques in red, yellow, and black. They may symbolize events in the life or after-life of the persons who were buried there, or they may not. We therefore locked up the Grotta and again ascended to the plateau of Veii. For a few yards we trod upon — nothing less than a pavement of basaltic flags, like those of the Roman roads in the Forum of Rome. This was an eloquent testimony of past power; but the tangle of

briars and ilex scrub had covered the rest. Fancy, however, picked out the road for a mile or more under stones and superincumbent earth. A rock, too, with divers niches chiselled out of the face of it seemed to argue that here, at one time, was a place of votive offerings in the vicinity of the temple. We were soon to have ample witness of another kind that there were temples in Veii in the old days. After a weary trudge we came upon a cut in the surface of the plateau. Several peasants were in the hole, and a clerk of the works was superintending their labor. What think you was the composition that they had thrown out of this hole in their burrowing? There was a little earth, but a much greater heap of fragments of earthenware, moulded into representations of heads, arms, legs, feet, rude figures of the internal and external human organs, and the like. It was as if the old inhabitants of Veii themselves were being brought to light in pieces. There could be little doubt that the clerk of the works was right in his surmise that they were excavating upon the site of one of the chief temples of the old city. The various models of heads, legs, etc., were votive offerings dedicated to the gods of the Etruscans, even as in our day the present inhabitants of Etruria dedicate the same kind of offerings done in wax or silver, to the Virgin or their favorite saint in acknowledgment of some petition accorded to them. Here was material for soliloquy, with a vengeance! From one pit I passed to another, and beheld the bases of columns which once, no doubt, were part of the temples of Veii. The men dug and quarried in the ruins, and the red earth and every spadeful of *débris* contained a part of the vanished city.

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## TOO LATE!

SHE lies so still the livelong day,  
 She doth not move or speak;  
 The roses long have died away  
 Upon her dainty cheek.

I spoke her harshly yestermorn —  
 Her agonized surprise,  
 It haunts me now — and for my scorn  
 The lovelight in her eyes!

And now each bitter word I said  
 Accentuates my pain —  
 Each taunt I levelled at the dead  
 Has burnt into my brain.

Who is the wiser? I, whose feet  
 Must tread an earthly hell?  
 Or she who hears that welcome sweet,  
 "Fair spirit, all is well"?

Though God forgive me in his grace,  
 When I have "crossed the bar,"  
 When I shall meet her face to face  
 Beyond the morning star,

I dare not think that even there,  
 Within the gates of gold,  
 My soul will show to her as fair  
 As in the days of old.

The dear dead days of long ago,  
 Whose tale was told above,  
 When in our hearts we felt the glow,  
 The rosy dawn of love!

Public Opinion. F. B. DOVETON.

## LITTLE HE AND SHE.

BIG is Phillis, four years old,  
 Slender she and tall,  
 Lightly cast in fairy mould;  
 Paul is fat and small,  
 Yet tho' such a tiny one,  
 Counting years but three,  
 All by Phillis said or done  
 Say or do will he.

Sometimes her ambition foils  
 All his care and pain,  
 And like panting Time he toils  
 After her in vain.  
 Then he tries and tries the feat,  
 Till his zeal has won it;  
 Satisfaction how complete  
 Breathes his grave "*I done it!*"

To her mother Phillis o'er  
 Ocean sends a call:  
 "Tell her come back quick, before  
 I get big and tall;  
 Quickly, big ship, bring her home,  
 Small I want to be,  
 So that, when dear mother's come,  
*She can carry me.*"

Stockings new and locks of gold  
 Made her proud, but then  
 All things good (so she'd been told)  
 Come from Heaven to men.  
 "Auntie," thus with thoughtful air  
 Said she, "is it true  
 God gave me my yellow hair,  
*And my stockings too?*"

Hung a spider by its thread  
 Near the nose of Paul;  
 To himself, "I'm big," he said,  
 "And the spider's small."  
 So to fright it, in so far  
 As words may, cries he,  
 All a-tremble, "*Cobbler, are  
 You afraid of me?*"

Lo, a frog along the floor,  
 Toy mechanic, flops:  
 Both, all eyes, intently pore  
 O'er it, while it hops.  
 Stopped, Paul pounces on the thing,  
 Turns it up and shows it;  
 Pointing to its motive spring  
 With a loud "*That goes it!*"

Nature wrapt in wintry glooms  
 Has of flowers bereft them;  
 Yet for children earth has blooms,  
 Still "green flowers" are left them.  
 What tho' only leaves they be,  
 Forth, in spite of weather,  
 Paul and Phillis roam with glee,  
 Plucking them together.

Merry Phillis, winsome Paul!  
 What quaint echoes dear  
 Of your happy voices fall  
 On my distant ear!  
 I have treasured them a while,  
 Till to song they grew;  
 Now o'er many an ocean mile  
 Toss them back to you!

W. TREGO WEBB.  
 Hobart, March, 1892. Spectator

## FULFILMENT.

ALL things fulfil their purpose, low or high;  
 There is no failure; Death can never mar  
 The least or greatest of the things that are;  
 Until our work is done, we cannot die;  
 When it is done, it matters not how nigh  
 May be the night-time that is never far,  
 That long ere sunset lights the evening star,  
 Throws its still shadow up into the sky.

To-day shall end what yesterday begun;  
 What we are planning others yet may build;  
 The leaves may wither, but the tree shall  
 grow;  
 And though, at last, we leave our work undone,  
 Our life will not the less be all fulfilled,  
 Our work will all be even finished so.  
 Chambers' Journal. A. ST. J. ADCOCK.

From The Quarterly Review.

STATE PENSIONS FOR OLD AGE.\*

THE numerous proposals, which have been made from time to time, that the State should provide a pension fund for the benefit of the poor in old age, have recently been brought within the range of "practical politics" by Mr. Chamberlain's scheme. But before discussing this scheme we must briefly allude to a few of the other plans that had been previously laid before the public. Canon Blackley has been laboring for the last thirteen years to convert the nation to his views.† His system, expounded at length in "Thrift and Independence," has been recently modified. He proposes that the whole of the population shall contribute to a State pension fund in order that those who survive the age of sixty-five, and are in need, shall reap the benefit of the subscriptions of those who die, and of those who are too independent to require relief. He thinks that 10% paid between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one, and made compulsory upon everybody, would suffice to enable the State to pay five shillings per week for life to all who survived the age of sixty-five. Nearly one-half would reach that age. He relies, on the death of one-half the insured, on the accumulation of compound interest, and, if need be, on some assistance from the State. Canon Blackley's scheme has been examined by select committees of the House of Commons, and been rejected as unworkable. Its financial unsoundness has been frequently exposed, notably by the Rev. F.

Wilkinson, in the work cited at the head of this article.

Mr. Charles Booth, the editor of "Labor and Life of the People," in a paper read at a meeting of the Royal Statistical Society on December 15th, 1891, argued in favor of a universal national pension scheme. He estimates that to pension all, without exception, in England and Wales, of the age of sixty-five and over, with 5s. per week, would require 17,000,000*l.* per annum; and, if everybody were taxed in proportion to income, the sum would amount to a heavy tax upon each person's income. Mr. Booth's proposal is therefore a compulsory poor-law rate under a new guise. It would fall heavily upon those professional men who are largely mulcted already in income tax, and in return for the hundreds they would have to pay away, they would be entitled to 13*l.* a year after the age of sixty-five! By far the greatest burden would fall upon those who would never be likely to take advantage of its provisions. It is therefore unjust to the middle class. For the poor it would be relief in a new form. Further, it would still leave all the financial difficulties due to want of employment and sickness, unprovided for. For these ills, men would have still to fall back upon their friendly societies and trades unions; yet these would become to some extent weakened by the State subvention of pauperism. And worst of all, perhaps, such an impetus would have been given to State socialism that the working classes would begin to look to a paternal government for relief in sickness, and support during lack of employment, until in time all sense of independence would be sapped. Mr. Booth allows nothing for the cost of collection of the special tax, and for the distribution of the 17,000,000*l.* He has also not taken Scotland and Ireland into account, which would increase the estimated expense by the sum of 2,500,000*l.* for Scotland, and over 4,000,000*l.* for Ireland.

Mr. Fatkin's scheme, elaborated in the *Leeds Mercury* of Dec. 9, 1891, is superior in all respects to those already named. It is purely voluntary, and instead of being national, is municipal. Since every town has its municipal debt, this, he

\* 1. *Thrift and Independence, a Word for Working Men.* By the Rev. W. L. Blackley, M.A. London, 1885.

2. *The Blackley National Provident Insurance Scheme; a Protest and an Appeal.* By the Rev. J. F. Wilkinson, M.A. London, 1887.

3. *Working Men's Annuities for Old Age.* By Thomas Fatkin. *Leeds Mercury*, Dec. 9, 1891.

4. *Old Age Pensions.* By the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. *National Review*, Feb., 1892.

5. *Old Age Pensions, and Pauperism.* By C. S. Loch. London, 1892.

6. *Self-Help versus State Pensions.* By C. H. Radley, in Third Edition of "A Plea for Liberty." London, 1892.

7. *Mr. Chamberlain's Old-age Pension Scheme.* *Times*, March 17, 1892.

† See *Nineteenth Century* for November, 1878: "National Insurance, a cheap, practical, and popular means of abolishing poor rates."

says, might be constituted a perfectly sound municipal annuity fund; with advantage both to ratepayers and subscribers. The proposal is, in briefest possible outline—that any person under the age of sixty-five shall be at liberty to contribute, in any way that best suits the individual, to this fund; weekly, monthly, annually, or in a lump sum; the principal to bear interest at three per cent., to be added half-yearly; the maximum amount in no case to exceed 468*l.* by the time the subscriber reaches the age of sixty-five. This would entitle the annuitant to 20*s.* per week. But at any previous time, he may withdraw the amount standing to his credit, in which case, however, the interest credited to him would be calculated only on a two per cent. basis. By Mr. Fatkin's tables, 117*l.* saved at sixty-five years of age, will entitle a person to 5*s.* per week for life; 175*l.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per week; 234*l.* to 10*s.* per week; and 468*l.* to 20*s.* per week. Mr. Fatkin's scheme is very complete; containing provisions for all the contingencies of a workman's lot, such as power of withdrawal at any period during life, and the power of bequeathal. The paper is accompanied by various actuarial tables calculated on this basis: That a subscription of 1*s.* per week, or 1*l.* 6*s.* each half-year for forty-four years, will, at two per cent., compounded half-yearly, amount to 182*l.* 2*s.*; or at three per cent., compounded half-yearly, to 234*l.* 12*s.* These tables show the gradual growth of the capital fund year by year; and also the surrender value, and the annuity value for every half-year after sixty-five. This is the only workable and trustworthy scheme which has yet been proposed. But it is difficult to see what advantages it has over the facilities which are already afforded by such friendly societies as those of the Odd Fellows and Foresters.

Dr. Hunter's scheme for Scotland includes contributions from the workman, his employer, and the government. We need give no details, since it has become merged in that of Mr. Chamberlain. It is very much like the German scheme, which also makes the employer and the State supplement the workman's payments. On the 23rd of May, 1889, this scheme of

national insurance, of vast magnitude, was passed into law by the German Parliament. Vast, however, though it is, it does not include all classes. Insurance will not be compulsory on those who are already members of approved benefit societies, nor does it seek to provide an absolute independence for the laboring man, but only "an addition to whatever means of subsistence he may otherwise possess." A translation of the law, consisting of one hundred and sixty-two articles, was, by command of her Majesty, presented to both Houses of Parliament, in August, 1889, and may be consulted by those who desire complete information on the subject. We can only point out the more salient features of this immense and far-reaching measure.

There are four rates of insurance, corresponding with four classes of wage-earners, earning respectively 15*l.*, 25*l.*, 36*l.*, and 48*l.* per annum. Old age pensions commence at seventy years of age, after thirty years of contribution, and range from 5*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.* per annum in the lowest class, to 9*l.* 11*s.* in the highest. The scheme also includes infirm allowances—not to transient sickness—but to confirmed inability through mental or physical causes, to earn more than one-third of the average wages of the district in which the laborer resides. The infirm allowances are considerably higher than the old age pensions. And one feature of the scheme is, that a man not already drawing infirm allowance, can, at the age of seventy, draw instead of the pension rate of pay, the higher allowance for infirmity. After fifty contributory years this will range from 7*l.* 17*s.* in the lowest scale, to 20*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* in the highest. The contributions are paid in the form of insurance stamps, by the employed and employer, in equal one-third shares, the remaining one-third being contributed by the State. The rates of contribution are fixed for the first ten years; after that they will be settled anew every five years, according to circumstances. The State subsidy, beginning with 320,000*l.* in the first year, is calculated to rise gradually to 3,450,000*l.* in the eightieth year, when it is supposed that it will be no longer necessary. Such a scheme as this, affecting

roughly twelve millions of the laboring population, is far too vast for immediate criticism. But we may remark that the casual, floating, industrial population are not mentioned. It seems to be tacitly assumed that every man is in regular work, earning so much every year, until old age.

Mr. Howard Vincent, M.P., moved in April last for a "return of the assistance afforded, or facilities given by the governments of Europe to the provision of the industrial population for old age, whether in the shape of compulsory insurance, State annuities, State guarantee of the security of industrial savings, or grants to friendly or benefit societies, and *sociétés de secours mutuels*. In consequence, circulars to obtain this information were addressed to her Majesty's representatives at European courts; and the reports are contained in a paper published in November last. In by far the largest number of returns the statement is, that no assistance is afforded, or facilities given for provision against old age. In others where no provision is made, there is some kind of support or assistance given by the governments to voluntary societies for combined thrift, more or less akin to our own registration of friendly societies, and our State guarantee of the solvency of post-office savings banks.

There are four countries only where a national pension scheme is either in existence, or in a fair way of becoming law. There is Germany, just referred to; Denmark, with a measure that became law in July, 1891, and France and Italy, where measures of national pensions are at present under discussion.

The law of Denmark engages to provide for the old age of poor persons of good character over sixty years of age who comply with certain reasonable conditions. One-half of the expenses thus incurred by the communes is defrayed by the State. The amount is not, however, to exceed 111,110*l.* yearly. This is a State sustenance absolute; neither the workpeople nor their employers contributing anything to the pension fund.

In France a scheme of insurance, under the patronage and protection of the State,

the Caisse de Retraite pour la Vieillesse, has been in existence for forty years. It has had a somewhat chequered financial history, and has not "played a very great part," according to Mr. Egerton, "in providing for the old age of the persons working for hire in France." But the government last year laid before the Chambers a bill for the creation of a National Caisse de Retraite for workmen. It proposes to impose a maximum charge of a halfpenny or a penny per working day on each income below 120*l.* per annum, putting an equal charge on the employer of labor. And it proposes that the State shall add two-thirds of the amount deposited by the workmen and their employers. The measure is of a semi-compulsory character, every person being assumed to take the benefit of the proposed law, and his employer being required to deduct a halfpenny or a penny a day from his salary, unless declaration to the contrary is made before the mayor. Mr. Egerton says:—

By payment of a halfpenny or a penny per working day, with an equal contribution from the employer — taking, therefore, the average of the double payment at three halfpence per diem — and counting two hundred and ninety working days in the year, the workman will have a credit to his account on the year of 1*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.*, which, with the Government addition of two-thirds, will be increased to 2*l.* 18*s.* Say he begins after his twenty-fifth birthday, at fifty-five he will be entitled to a pension of 18*l.* per annum; should the full twopence per day be paid jointly by workman and employer, the pension at fifty-five would amount to 24*l.* per annum. (Report, p. 24).

The Italian scheme is yet in an embryonic state. Special sums are proposed to be set aside to assist the workman's savings. One of the principal sources will be six-tenths of the net profits of the postal savings banks. Five other sources are named in the report. No responsibility will attach to the government; the scheme is to be carried out by the existing mutual aid societies, under the protection of the great Italian financial institutions for saving and credit; and is thus little more than an extension of our own post-office annuity business.

We come finally to the scheme which is

of the most immediate interest to the British public, — that of Mr. Chamberlain, generally known as the Chamberlain-Hunter scheme. A voluntary Parliamentary committee of sixty or seventy members was engaged during last session in the consideration of its provisions. Some of the tentative proposals offered by that committee were contained in Mr. Chamberlain's article contributed in February last to the *National Review*. A "Draft Scheme" also of a sub-committee was submitted to the members of the general committee on March 16th of this year, and was printed in the newspapers of the following day. Its provisions are embodied under eleven articles or clauses, and are in the main, though not entirely, a digest of the proposals which appeared in the *National Review*. The workman has to contribute 5*l.* before the age of twenty-five. To induce him to save this, the aid of the State might be given in the form of a bonus of 15*l.* The assurer will then be required to make an annual payment of 1*l.* until he reaches the age of sixty-five, at which age he will be entitled to a pension of 5*s.* for life. In the case of a woman, a deposit of 2*l.* (1*l.* 10*s.* is the sum named in the Draft Scheme) would be required before the age of twenty-five, to which the State might add 8*l.* Her subsequent annual contribution would be 8*s.* 8*d.* In return she would be entitled to a pension of 3*s.* weekly, after the age of sixty-five. Every male under twenty-five years of age may insure for a pension larger than 13*l.*, but not exceeding 26*l.*, and every female under the same age may insure for one larger than 7*l.* 16*s.*, but not exceeding 26*l.* In the case of the death of the assurer, after the third annual sum is due, and paid, and before the age of sixty-five, the proposal is made that his widow shall receive a small weekly allowance for six months after her husband's death, and a payment of 2*s.* per week for each child until it reaches the age of twelve years; provided, however, that the total sum payable to the same family shall never exceed 10*s.* per week (or 12*s.* in the Draft Scheme) for the first six months, and 8*s.* per week afterwards. In the case of females, the money is not made returnable. Also, under a lower scale of payments for males, the money is non-returnable. These latter payments for men are: a deposit of 2*l.* 10*s.* in the Post-Office Savings Bank before the age of twenty-five, to which a government bonus of 10*l.* is added, and annual payments by the insurer of 10*s.* until sixty-five. Arrears of contribution

may run on for five years, before forfeiture of claims, but interest at five per cent. per annum will be charged upon them. The case of persons insured for pensions in friendly societies is sought to be met by offering the benefits of the State Pension Fund, under suitable conditions, to those persons, whether they are under twenty-five years of age, or between twenty-five and fifty. Employers of labor may also open State pension accounts for their work-people, and may transfer those accounts to the credit of other persons when the original insurers leave their employment before the pension falls due. Provision is also to be made for payment in a lump sum.

It would be an invidious task to criticise too severely Mr. Chamberlain's proposals in their present somewhat indefinite and incubatory stage. He is confessedly only trying to grope his way to the formulation of a workable scheme. Still, broad outlines have been laid down, and interest has been aroused, and the subject is admittedly one for very general discussion.

Mr. Chamberlain says that the industrious poor have "some claim on the society they have served, and on the State as its representative. After a life of unremitting toil, at a remuneration which has barely sufficed for daily wants, they ought not to be compelled to receive their subsistence at the cost of their self-respect." Then why, it may be asked, should their rate of remuneration figure so low as barely to suffice for daily wants? The evil lies here — that the very poor are so badly remunerated that they cannot make any provision for age — no, not even with State aid. The problem which waits for solution is the major one of chronic pauperism all through life, rather than the minor one of making provision exclusively for an old age which few ever reach. The very poor — *because* they are badly remunerated — live a suffering, degraded, and poisoned life from childhood. An offer of a pension, even a free pension, at sixty-five, will not help them when they most want help. Instead of offering them a doubtful boon for an age which few of them are destined to see, it would be better to try to recover their youth, and manhood, from the nightmare of pauperism. Pensions for old age are but a Tantalus draught for these.

Mr. Chamberlain says the pension scheme "would encourage thrift, for he who has wants more, and the certainty of a moderate pension would raise the standard to which the poor aspire." On the

contrary, there is no doubt that it would encourage thriftlessness. For then, as now, the workhouse would be the refuge for the pauper. And life in the house would be preferable to life in a cottage on five shillings weekly for a man, and three shillings, as he proposes, for a woman. Unless a man had other means he would prefer to take his chance of living to sixty-five, and then, if needs be, go into the house rather than try to live on five shillings weekly. If, however, he seeks charitable aid to eke out his five shillings, then he is still a pauper, and few laboring men, outside of the membership of friendly societies and unions, would be able to make any other provision beyond the five shillings. Before the scheme had been long in operation, the demand would be for a *larger rate* of pension; and this is the way in which "the standard of the poor" would have to be raised. For if maintenance can be got from the State more easily than by independent effort, then State pensions for old age must tend to diminish independent effort, and increase the sum of pauperism.

Mr. Chamberlain points out that the operations of the trades unions who pay superannuation are confined to a very limited class, and so makes that an argument for State-aided pensions. But this affords proof how very small is the number of workmen who are in a financial position to make due provision for superannuation; and also how few in number are those men who think it worth their while to exercise the forethought and self-denial necessary to provide for a slender contingency in the remote future. The same accusation might be brought against the middle classes; and it only illustrates the indifference with which deferred annuities are regarded. But in the friendly societies generally there is an indirect superannuation in the form of reduced sick pay which is continued to aged and infirm members; and this is ignored by Mr. Chamberlain, and by the advocates of State pensions. We shall refer to this subject again presently.

He lays great stress upon the fact that 4,593 indoor paupers had once been members of benefit societies, but had ceased to be so owing to the breaking-up of the societies. But that is one side; in fact, this represents only 0.97 per cent. of the total male membership of friendly societies, or less than one in every 1,022. On the other side, the fact that over ten thousand had ceased to be members, in consequence of non-payment, withdrawal, and

dismissal, shows how very difficult it is for working people to provide for old age by keeping up the payments necessary. He also calls attention to the large proportion of aged paupers. But, after all, as Mr. Acworth pointed out at the discussion on Mr. Booth's paper, it was absurd to spend seventeen millions to meet the wants of four per cent. of the population! Mr. Chamberlain bases his calculations upon the government tables. This, as we shall prove in the latter part of this article, is an economical error, and in itself would be condemnatory of the scheme.

The benefit offered to the widow whose husband dies before sixty-five is more apparent than real. For, suppose a man had paid into the fund until fifty years of age, and had left no children under twelve; and few workmen of that age would have children so young; then if he were to die, his widow would receive 10s. per week for six months, equivalent to 13%, although he would have paid in 30% of principal. Another deterrent is that, if the workman through stress of adversity allows his policy to lapse, he not only loses his promised bonus, but also the 5% originally deposited, and such annual payments as he has subsequently made.

A pension of 6% 10s. is offered to the members of those friendly societies who are already insured to at least an equal amount. An unjust feature of this is, that those who are members of friendly, or other societies in which provision for old age is *not included*, are left out in the cold. Truly in such cases, "to him that hath shall be given." There are friendly societies, the members of which are too poor to pay sufficient to include a pension among their benefits, societies in which the weekly subscription does not exceed a few pence. And outside of these, there are agencies for thrift, the members of which should have as good a claim to the provisions of the clause in question as those who are insured for old age; but they are, nevertheless, precluded from sharing in those provisions. There can be no claim made for the assistance of the State pension if men have chosen to invest their little all in building societies or savings banks, in co-operative enterprises, in life assurance, or in struggling businesses. Surely those who are working in these ways for independence should not be excluded because they do not happen to have made in addition provision for an old age pension. Then with regard to the clauses framed in the supposed interests of those who are already insured

in the post-office, or in friendly societies; is it at all probable that the members of these societies will submit so much of their management to government as would be demanded in order to obtain the small pension (non-returnable) of 2s. 6d. per week, after sixty-five? Besides it must be remembered that it is in the trade unions more than in the friendly societies, that superannuation benefit is provided — it is a very strong feature in the unions — and it is certain that these would not submit to government interference. The clause that relates to the transfer of a policy of insurance from one workman to another would be specially unpopular, and would meet with strong opposition from those classes. Consider what an engine of tyranny it might become in the hands of an arbitrary employer. A man might work faithfully for his firm for twenty, thirty, forty years, and then be discharged in his age on some trivial pretext — by no means an hypothetical case — and his pension, then nearly due, be transferred to another. Those who live outside the arena of industrial life can form but a faint conception of the profound jealousy with which the working classes regard the interference of employers in their affairs. To give one illustration. In February last, Messrs. Horrocks, Crewdson & Co., the cotton spinners, offered to establish a pension fund for their workpeople, and contribute 1,000l. a year towards it. Yet the workpeople decided against the acceptance of the offer by 2,357 to 1,145. And in March last the executive of the London Dockers' Union passed a strong resolution in the following terms: —

That this E.C. of the Dockers' Union hereby declares its opinion that any section of pension fund not being directly controllable by payees should not be countenanced in any way. We are of opinion also that it is an insidious attempt to perpetrate an unjust taxation upon wages; also a means of retaining a large portion of the workers' earnings for employers' own benefit, while the possible good of such a system is so remote, the longevity of the toilers so low an average, and industrial mortality so high, through insufficient wage and unhealthy environment, that we consider it opposed to economic fairness, and a curtailment of remuneration, relieving capital and property of burdens at the expense of the already over-taxed and under-paid workman.

Then further, the eleventh clause of the Draft Scheme runs thus: "Persons desirous to provide for their pensions by payment in a lump sum in place of an annual contribution shall be permitted to do so at any age, according to a table to be

prepared." We are afraid the promoters of this scheme know nothing about the poverty of the very poor. To tell the aged casual hand, the agricultural laborer, the broken-down match-maker, the chemical-worker, the seamstress, the charwoman, in their time of old age, "You may pay for your pension in a lump sum" is a cruel mockery. Yet what is to be done for the aged paupers of to-day — what for those who will become chargeable to the workhouses during the forty-four years that must elapse between the inception of Mr. Chamberlain's proposed scheme, and the falling due of the first annuities?

Lastly, it is a costly scheme. Apart from the expense of the clerical work of the State Pension Department, which would be enormous, people who wish to insure can make better terms elsewhere. The Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows are prepared to give a weekly pension of 5s. at sixty-five for a yearly subscription of 18s. 5d. commencing at twenty-five. The Foresters offer the same benefit for a yearly subscription of 18s. 4d. commencing at twenty. Other societies offer facilities for superannuation, but they meet with scarcely any response. It is therefore quite improbable that people will be attracted by the more costly scheme of Mr. Chamberlain.

We are, then, strongly of opinion that the movement in favor of State-aided pensions, as embodied in the scheme of Mr. Chamberlain, and his committee, is based on false assumptions, and would in its working not merely fail to touch the mass of pauperism which it seeks to lessen, but would affect most disastrously the growth of thrift among that working population, whose friendly societies, trade unions, and industrial assurance companies give *millions* of the working classes a stake in the material prosperity of the country. Old age pensions subsidized by the State, would make the recipients the *pensioners of the State*, would steep them in the spirit of pauperism, and would increase the percentage of poverty, which has been steadily diminishing of late years. It would administer an opiate for the relief of a small section of our social misery instead of seeking to remove the causes of misery. In haste to ameliorate one only of the ills of life, it would inflict deep and lasting injury upon individual, social, and national character. It would foster the idea that, since the State had undertaken to help us in our old age, it should also assist us in all the varied wants of our lives. It would

disturb the relations of employer and employed, and complicate the basis of wages. It would necessitate much costly and difficult departmental work. To prevent personation would be impossible. People emigrate, and remain abroad many years, they die at home, and abroad, away from friends and relatives; many of the lower classes have none who take the least interest in their whereabouts. Who is to prove or disprove the identity of claimants, who is to register the whereabouts, or the existence, or death of millions of the population during the migrations, and the incidents of the next forty-four years? It would be almost necessary to pass an odious law to regulate the migration of laborers, as Chancellor Caprivi proposed to do last year in Germany, and as was actually the case in England previous to 1795. This scheme of State-aided pensions is acknowledged to be tentative, incomplete, open to future development, modification, extension. And because it is so, such a scheme will offer vast potential power to unscrupulous politicians and statesmen. Larger and yet larger demands would certainly be made upon State assistance, demands commensurate with needs real or supposed, demands significantly coupled with the menaces of voters who have the power to disturb parties, and wreck elections. Mr. Chamberlain and some of his lieutenants have already expressed opinions in favor of an ultimate compulsory system, when favored by public opinion. The compulsion might, however, be brought to bear upon the government by the working people themselves.

From these criticisms on the more salient weaknesses of Mr. Chamberlain's pension scheme, we proceed to take an independent view of the subject of State-aided pensions.

This question of provision for old age is no light problem. It is difficult enough in the case of a thrifty mechanic earning good and constant wages. It is almost or quite impracticable where early training has been bad, and where the wages are only those of unskilled labor, and are uncertain. We will consider the problem as it affects both grades of workpeople.

Consider a young mechanic or laboring man with sober desires and tastes, with prudent resolves, and well-formed, steady habits, looking out on life with the desire to make on the whole the best of it, and to win finally a modest competence wherewith to endow his later years. How can he best accomplish his prudent and very

modest desires? The cardinal economic problems which exercise the mind of such a prudent workman are these: What surplus sums are available for investment, and then what particular investments will afford him the best and most secure return, meaning by the best, not so much rate of interest, as of adaptation to the conditions and circumstances of his lot? The precise meaning and force of this will be clear presently.

First, as to the surplus available for investment. At the best it is a small surplus; and some economy and force of will are necessary to create even that small surplus. No average, based on statistics of workmen's weekly wages would be of much value, because of the uncertainty and spasmodic character of employment in so many trades. Another important peculiarity in the remuneration of the workman is, that as a rule he earns his best wages early in life. As soon as, or very soon after, his apprenticeship has expired, he is usually competent to earn the highest wages paid in his trade. Between twenty-one and forty he is at his best as a wage-earner, and, during that period, the amount of wages does not fluctuate materially, because the standard rates of wages are rigidly fixed by the iron rules of custom, and by the jealousy of the unions. From forty to fifty years of age many workmen find themselves unable to keep abreast of younger men, and lose their situations; and after fifty, numbers are discharged on trivial pretexts in order to make room for juniors with less experience but of more physical energy.

A young man who, when out of his apprenticeship, is capable of earning the average wages of his trade, may feel pretty sure that he will be able to retain these wages, except during periods of temporary depression, until well on in middle life. How can a prudent man best face the inevitable? How can he rear a family, enjoy a reasonable amount of pleasure and comfort in life, and meet the period of sickness and age with a mind free from grave anxiety as to personal independence? It is not an easy problem to solve; but thousands try, and some with a fair measure of success, to solve it.

In the early years of a workman's married life, expenses are much less than they are later; and then, we maintain, is the tide to be taken at the flood. If a nest-egg is laid by then, it does not matter so much during the subsequent years of heavier expenses, if little or nothing is saved. Further, there are few men practis-

ing careful habits in early life, who ever lapse, even under the stress and pressure of troubled years, into reckless ways; and therefore it is highly desirable that the best opportunities should be given to small investments, made when men are young.

There are five principal forms of investment practised by prudent workmen: building societies, savings banks, co-operative societies, friendly societies, and trades unions. We can dismiss the building societies at once. They are a highly serviceable and sound, and very popular mode of investment among the superior grades of workmen. House-rent absorbs a large proportion of income, and a house can be purchased when the time of purchase is extended over a period of from ten to fourteen years, for so trifling a sum over and above the rent, that large numbers of men in tolerably permanent employ purchase their dwelling-houses in this manner. Moreover, since these societies deal only in real property, they are very sound investments, and pay higher interest to depositors than savings or post-office banks.

The co-operative societies have, in thousands of instances, been the happy means of creating a nucleus for investment from the profits of the middlemen. But they do not include more than one-fifth, — and those the higher grades of the working population.

Thrifty workmen use the savings bank for the most part for temporary convenience, rather than for large investments. They will keep a few pounds only in these, just to fly to in case of emergency; placing the bulk of their deposits in other investments, such as building societies. To the man of means it would seem the simplest possible arrangement to put the weekly surplus available for investment into a savings bank, and there let it grow at compound interest until the period of old age. But from the workman's point of view this is not at all a desirable form of investment. If the workman regularly saved his weekly surplus at compound interest, he would have a considerable sum standing to his credit by the time of later middle life. If he still lived he might let this go on at interest until sixty, sixty-five, or seventy, and then purchase a small post-office, or other annuity, sufficient to render him barely independent. But, and unfortunately these qualifying "buts" must come in, the workman has to consider a good many contingencies that are not merely possible, but highly probable; and

so likely to happen, that he must take account of them.

Although trustee savings banks are usually sound forms of investment, and the post-office banks are absolutely so, they are not popular or successful forms of investment for working people. They are not adapted to all the peculiar conditions of a workman's life. For though a man may be saving now, or saving a year or two years hence, he may presently be stricken down by sickness and then his income will cease entirely; or he may, even though skilful, fall out of employment, and then also his income will cease. These contingencies so affect the average workman that he cannot afford to disregard them, but must make definite provision for them. The savings, perhaps, of a year or two only, gathered before trouble comes, will not suffice to tide him over a long period of illness, or of loss of employment. Hence the most popular investments of working people are the friendly societies, guaranteeing support during sickness, and the trades unions, affording support during loss of employment and sickness. But when a large portion of the workman's savings, frequently the whole, is thus devoted to provision against sickness and the loss of work, the surplus available for support in old age is correspondingly reduced. This, therefore, is the difficulty that prudent men have failed to solve; and it is the difficulty that will always present itself to those well-wishers of the working-classes who desire to create a sound scheme of workmen's national insurance. You cannot discount the contingencies of the workman's lot, and yet afford him the full benefits of a simple annuity in age.

It is sad to think that two out of five of the total population, or one-half of the industrial population over the age of sixty-five, end their lives in receipt of parish relief. But then the number of working people who do reach the age of sixty-five is not large. The chances of living to sixty-five are so remote, and the difficulties of struggling through life with straitened means are so great, that the struggles of the present and the contingencies of the immediate future, well-nigh efface anxious thoughts of the period of age. "For where the greater malady is fixed the lesser is scarce felt." Anyhow there is always the hope, that by and by, when the children are gone away, a few years of prolonged health and careful saving of wages, will permit the workman to do what he could not continue to do while the children were

all little, and at home, and absolutely dependent on his earnings.

A highly attractive scheme of national insurance must be inaugurated, and conducted in a far different manner from the post-office system of banking and annuities, before the working people will desert their friendly societies and unions, notwithstanding all their imperfections. The peculiar conditions of the workman's life, and his precise requirements, are very imperfectly understood by his aristocratic friends. Leclair said truly: "To know the workman, one must have been a workman himself, and above all remember it." None but a workman knows the imperative pressure of these conditions, knows consciously how they mould the course of his life and action, and the lives and actions of the thousands of his fellows. No matter how æsthetic his tastes and longings, how lofty his hopes and yearnings, so long as he is a workman there stands the Brocken spectre of a possible troubled future, holding him, all his life long, subject to bondage. He pays away a very considerable portion of his poor earnings to guard himself from ills that may never happen, ills, however, that befall very many, and which may also befall him.

Friendly societies and unions, officered and managed for the most part by workmen, and understanding the peculiar and special needs of the workman, do, as a rule, offer every form of benefit. Most of the unions confer superannuation benefit upon their members, in addition to the sick, and out-of-work benefits. Most of the friendly societies pay what is practically superannuation benefit. Thus, a member falling ill receives such and such rates of sick pay. But after a definite period, usually of several months' duration, the sick pay proper ceases, and a small weekly sum, payable for so long as the member is unable to follow his employment, is substituted. In these societies, with few exceptions, the reduced sick pay *runs on for life*. This is one of the reasons why so few take advantage of the superannuation benefits offered by friendly societies. There are already some scores of sound and influential friendly societies and trade unions in existence that afford the workman these excellent facilities for making the best and most prudent provision for all the contingencies incidental to his lot.

What are called the *affiliated* societies are those which have a central office, and "branches," "lodges," "courts," or "tents" in the various towns where they possess membership. To a certain extent

these branches are autonomous, administering their own funds, and transacting their own business in accordance with the general rules. The best known of these societies are The Ancient Order of Foresters, The Independent Order of Odd Fellows (Manchester Unity), The Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, the various other orders of Odd Fellows, The Shepherds, Druids, Rechabites, Free Gardeners, etc.

The *centralized* societies are those which have a central office and board, but no branches; all subscriptions and benefit funds passing through the central office. The Hearts of Oak, The Patriot's National Benefit Society, and The National Sick and Burial Association, belong to this class. Village clubs, local societies, patronized societies, whether of the dividing or the permanent class, are, for the most part, in a stationary condition, or in a retrogressive or moribund state. But more and more the business of industrial thrift flows towards the great registered affiliated orders, and the centralized societies. There are already about three millions of the pick of the British workmen insured in friendly societies and trade unions, and these would, for the most part, be opposed to any government scheme.

We contend, therefore, that no scheme of State-aided pensions that has yet been formulated will be able to do the all-embracing work that these societies are doing. And if, injudiciously advised, government should attempt to enter into competition with any one section of their business, it will be acting most unfairly to the organizations which have been wholly created and developed by the stress and strain of industrial life; organizations which when in their nonage that government met with hostile front, or with unsympathetic coldness. Moreover, absolute insurance for old age will not attract the merest fraction of the investments of the working class. That single contingency is so remote, and the others are so near and immediate, that these latter immensely outweigh the former. Of a lodge of one hundred members at twenty years of age, only thirty-seven would be alive at seventy, with an average duration of life of eight years and a half (Mutual Thrift, p. 309). Mr. Chamberlain thinks it inexpedient to include in his pension scheme any provision against sickness and accident, lest he should thereby discourage or limit the operations of the friendly societies. Just so. But these provisions against sickness and accident constitute the staple

business of these societies,\* without which they would not continue to exist. And any government scheme, which should neglect to include protection against sickness and accident, would probably meet with as little patronage, as the existing system of post-office life assurances and annuities, from the class in whose interests it was devised.

It is, of course, necessary to defer the age at which an annuity commences, to as late a period as possible in life. But to fix a uniformly definite date, and especially so late a time as sixty-five, is alone almost condemnatory of the several schemes of State-aided pensions. Many a man, worn out by physical labor and hardship, is broken down at an age where others more favored are yet in the possession of their ripest vigor. Many a workman is old at fifty. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers fix the period at which members are entitled to superannuation at fifty-five; a few years ago it was at fifty. In some unwholesome trades, men and women age before forty. In almost every modern workshop such workpeople are supplanted by the younger hands eager for employment. What are such people to do? How are they to subsist between the period of their falling out of the industrial ranks, until the age of sixty-five?

Working people with average means have provided against the evils of sickness, old age, accidents, death, loss of employment, and time of exceptional trouble. They would have provided also for old age to a greater extent than they have done, only that the chances of living to be old are almost all against them. They know their own business better than other people do, and are able to manage their small means better than their friends can manage for them. There are whole classes of men working in unwholesome trades, and even in trades usually considered fairly healthy, who know that their chances of living beyond sixty-five are scarcely worth calculating on. It has been stated that the reports of the societies of engineers, bricklayers, boiler-makers, carpenters, printers, and compositors, show that only one in twelve of their members lived to be sixty-five. Out of ninety-eight members of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants who died in 1890, only five had attained the age of sixty-five. The statistics of mortality of

Sheffield grinders, match-makers, paint-grinders, chemical-workers, copper-smelters, dock-laborers, gasmen, and of many other unwholesome trades and occupations, would doubtless justify the wisdom of the course usually taken by the working classes, to insure first against the more imminent contingencies of life, and in the rare event of survival to old age, to rely on continuous sick pay, on the assistance of children, or on being able to do a little casual work.

Further, a comparison of the results achieved by government annuities and life assurances, with those scored by public companies does not warrant the conclusion that a system of government pensions would meet with success. Any government scheme that would be successful must come down to the people and adopt the same humble measures that are adopted by public companies. It must loosen the strings of red tape — it must canvass, make concessions, collect, and make itself all things unto all men, to win the more. But all past experience proves that governments cannot manifest the elasticity of private organizations. Mr. Millar's eloquent impeachment of the evils of State trading, as illustrated in the Post-Office, "A Plea for Liberty" (Ninth Essay), should be a warning to the advocates of State pensions not to put their trust in the State. And it is as well in the rush of the present time towards State help in almost every conceivable form to consider the actuarial basis of the present scheme of the post-office annuities.

Mr. Fatkin, in his paper, before alluded to, shows conclusively that the post-office annuities system is a discouragement to thrift, because the premiums are overloaded to an extent that leaves a handsome profit to the government. Thus, the payment of 38*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* by a male person twenty-one years of age for a deferred annuity of 26*l.*, payable half-yearly at sixty-five, is 5*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.* in excess of what it ought to be, calculated at two and one-half per cent. Again, the yearly post-office payments for an annuity of 10*s.* per week would, at 3*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.* a year for forty-four years, amount, inclusive of interest at three per cent., to 303*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*, while the actual value of the annuity would only be 223*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.*, being an excess of 79*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*! Further, a man who pays 73*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.* at forty years of age to entitle him to receive 26*l.* per annum, payable quarterly, at sixty-five years of age, pays 29*l.* 6*s.* 1*d.* in excess of the rightful charge, calculated at three per cent. The government tables

\* Dr. Watt estimated that the total annual loss of wages by the working classes through illness amount to 13,000,000*l.* (Baernreither, "English Associations of Working Men," p. 138.)

are based upon selected lives, while the lives of working people are *below* the average. Mr. Chamberlain says the contrary, but he takes the friendly societies as a basis. If the lives of the very poor, who should benefit by a State scheme, were taken, they would be found much below the average. The friendly societies enroll only *healthy* workmen.

Thus Mr. Fatkin clearly shows, by many illustrations and figures which we cannot find room to quote, that, while the working people pay interest in the form of rates to the capitalist, who invests in corporation funds, at a rate of about three and three-quarters per cent., they themselves receive only one and one-half per cent. in post-office annuities! And he says:—

If, as some desire, every working man in the country were to subscribe for an annuity upon the existing government terms, the profit to the government would be so great that there would soon be no need for income tax.

Mr. Chamberlain's scheme being based upon the government tables must therefore be condemned as a financial blunder.

But supposing government actuated by the same zeal, and its machinery to be possessed of the same flexibility as that of private companies, let us see what would be the prospects and difficulties of State-aided pensions.

We will suppose a scale of pension premiums to have been drawn up by competent actuaries, and a scheme workable on paper and perfectly solvent, launched on the security of the State. This might be easily done; but, at the outset, the government scheme, unless made compulsory, would not stand on any essentially sounder or better footing than that of many existing properly registered societies.

True, there would be the solvency of the national exchequer to back up and support the scheme; and advocates of State pensions contrast their absolute stability with the insecurity and frequent insolvency of some of the friendly societies. It is an important contrast, but it is one that becomes less serious year by year. When the orders adopted the sweet simplicity of the uniform levy system irrespective of age, and possessed no accurate tables of sickness or mortality, and made no quinquennial valuations, then they were frequently on the verge of insolvency without being aware of the fact. Thousands of little societies, and not a few larger ones, have come to grief in consequence. But the case is different now. Matters are also improving year by year.

The tables of Ansell, of the two Neisons, Dr. Ogle, and Ratcliffe, having superseded the older and incorrect Northampton tables of Dr. Price, and the Southwell and Highland tables, have afforded a sound basis for actuarial calculations; and the variable premium system, based on the variable expectation of life and of sickness at various ages, has largely superseded the older uniform levy system. The system of quinquennial valuations has also revealed discrepancies between calculated and actual results, and has been made the basis for slight modifications in the rules of the societies, all tending to sounder business. The control exercised by the chief registrar also acts as a constant check upon actuarial miscalculation. So that under the present method a society is practically as safe and sound as any government department. A great work is being done by the large orders, a work with which government would be extremely unwise to interfere. They have struggled through their early difficulties—difficulties due to unsound financing, to legislative interference, to want of knowledge and experience, and to disunion. Several of them are in their juvenile branches training the coming race in habits of thrift and independence. There are three hundred thousand children enrolled in connection with the great orders. These great orders are for the most part financially sound, or nearly so. In cases where they are not strictly so, the working out of their ultimate solvency will be brought about by the financial elasticity of their constitution. A casual reader, deriving his only knowledge of friendly societies from Canon Blackley and Mr. Chamberlain, would conclude that a strong case had been made out against the general utility and solvency of these societies, and that our working people are deplorably lacking in forethought. Each of these writers has spoken slightly and with contempt of the existing means of thrift; but they exhibit an inadequate knowledge of the subject. The existing agencies have not failed, but have met with a great measure of success. On one hand statistics prove that pauperism is diminishing, on the other that the societies have a rapidly growing membership. From 1855–9, the percentage ratio of pauperism to population was 4·7, from 1885–9 it was only 2·8. Within the past thirty years the membership of friendly societies has increased *tenfold*; the savings of the working classes during the ten years (1875–85) have increased at the rate of 7,000,000*l.* per annum, being a rise of

eighty-two per cent. since 1875. Omitting trade societies, and making a very small allowance for unregistered societies, there are five millions of members of friendly societies in England and Wales, and funds of the value of 23,000,000*l.* Multiply this five millions by four, to include dependent families, and we have twenty millions of the working population thus insured against the ills of life. Take the trades unions separately. There are fourteen of the largest of these unions, which during the whole term of their existence have paid to their members the following aggregate sums: In sick benefit, 1,840,511*l.*; superannuation, 895,076*l.*; for accidents, 195,434*l.*; in funerals, 653,743*l.*; in out-of-work donation, 3,604,341*l.*; in benevolent grants, 118,025*l.* Yet these are the societies which the advocates of State pensions cease not to declare have failed in their mission.\*

There is now no reason whatever why all registering societies should not become normally and faultlessly sound. We would empower the chief registrar to give the fullest publicity to the financial condition of persistently unsound societies. Time, of course, should be given to an unsound society to make such revision of its scale of payments, and its rules, as would place it in a solvent position. If it failed to do this, warnings should be posted up at government and municipal offices. Power should also be given to the department to take over the affairs of any society found to be financially insecure, and to make the best terms possible for the investors. Thus pressed, unsound societies would soon set their houses in order, and only the best would survive. All public societies, properly constituted and enrolled, and having the responsibility of management distributed among a large number of separate lynx-eyed lodges and officers, are practically safe and sound; and under steady pressure from the chief registrar, might become absolutely so. But even granting that they do not yet offer absolutely sound investments, in the same strict sense as State investments, there yet remains the equally important fact that no State department can ever hope to compete with them in their work, as the following considerations will show:

We presume that the premiums for State-aided pensions would have to be collected, either by compulsion, like rates,

or on a voluntary system. But an army of collectors would be costly. Yet the heavy cost of collection has either been overlooked, or under-estimated, in all national pension schemes. Canon Blackley proposes that postmen should be empowered to sell insurance premium stamps on good commission, and thus bring the system to the doors of the people. This seems a good suggestion. But apart from the very grave objection that this must interfere with their delivery of letters, it is obvious that to make the postmen expert canvassers, they must be paid by good commissions, like the canvassers of existing societies. It is useless to make out an hypothetical table of the cost of collection; we must go to facts. Any collecting society that deals with small sums, must of necessity be very costly. In certain well-known societies of this class, the total cost of management, collection included, is as follows: Prudential, 40·08 per cent.; Pearl, 49·11 per cent.; British Workman, 51·55 per cent.; Wesleyan, and general, 51·78 per cent. (Mutual Thrift, p. 200). In some lesser known societies the cost ranges higher still. This means that, roughly, for every shilling collected towards a pension fund, *sixpence must be paid for management!* The Prudential, a collecting society, expensively managed, has 9,617,484 policies in force; the post-office, non-collecting, and economical, has only 6,661! These are eloquent facts. Any government scheme of assurance whatever, to be successful, must needs work on the same line as the societies of the Prudential type. Persistent and interested canvassing\*—for the collectors receive a high percentage on all new business—and weekly collection of premiums, must be incorporated in any scheme of this kind. In the friendly societies and trades unions, the working people save the cost of collection, by meeting on club nights, and paying in person.

But mere collection is not the heaviest item in a system of insurance. There are officers; as secretaries, treasurers, and managers. In the great orders, and in the unions, these functions are for the most part fulfilled, and fulfilled efficiently, by men whose remuneration is merely nominal; very often amounting to no more than 2*l.* or 3*l.* a year. The cost of management in the affiliated friendly societies is not more than from ten to fifteen per cent. The average remuneration of a secretary in the branch lodge of one of the

\* The records of these societies may be read at length in Baernreither's "English Associations of Working Men;" in Wilkinson's "Mutual Thrift;" in Howell's "Trade Unionism, New and Old."

\* The Prudential employs twelve thousand collectors.

affiliated societies, would not exceed 5% a year. In the trade unions it is very much less. The officers are members of the society, their daily occupation supplies their maintenance, and the trifle paid them for taking office in their branches and lodges, is just a kind of honorarium, to compensate for slight out-of-pocket expenses. Only the chief secretary and treasurer receive substantial salaries; their whole time being given up to the affairs of the society. Can any government department ever hope to compete with such self-interested labor of love? If the post-office is to do the work, it is not the present officials who would have to undertake it, but *an increased staff*.

The only alternative to this is compulsory investment; and the only way in which compulsion can be effectually exercised is by deducting the amount of the premium out of wages, and before the wages are paid, or by making employment depend upon a surrender of the amount of premium out of wages. These alternatives have only to be mentioned to demonstrate their impracticability.

The *social element* is a great moving force in all trade unions, and in all the friendly societies that meet in lodges. The lodge is a cheap and attractive form of reunion for "clubable" men. The regalia of office have a secret attraction for many. The affairs of the local lodge, and the wider life of the society, become invested with as great importance as questions of imperial policy. The meetings afford a mild and healthful form of relaxation from the monotony of daily work. What can red-tape officialism substitute for this innocent and useful form of social influence, that exists in so many friendly societies and trade unions?

Supposing, however, these difficulties surmounted; suppose that either voluntarily, or under compulsion, all the young men in the kingdom were enrolled in a vast system of national insurance against sickness, and against the evils of a poverty-stricken old age, and that no difficulty occurs in the collection of premiums, and that other forms of social reunion might be found, how would matters stand in the course of a few years, or even of a year or two?

What would be the effect of a general depression of trade; what would be the condition of the men who in ordinary seasons can find work only during six or nine months out of the twelve? What of those who regularly employ the summer's wages to pay off the winter's debts? If

there is no bread in the house, if every stick of furniture is gone, and starvation broods over a desolate hearth, whence are renewal premiums to be drawn? In the collecting burial clubs, from two-thirds to three-fourths of the members fall out of benefit through lapsed contributions; an important, though unhappy, source of profit. These are not problematical contingencies, but stern facts, that must be sternly faced. They occur in connection with all the friendly societies and trades unions; and special means are taken for tiding them over. Benevolent grants, or free gifts of cash over and above ordinary payments are voted to assist those who are placed in exceptional difficulties; and permission is given to allow the payment of subscriptions to stand over for a considerable time. But these exceptional measures can be adopted without risk of fraud or favor, only because the element of *personal knowledge* enters into all the relations of local members of the same society, or of the same union. No government machinery would be competent to deal with such exceptional and delicate cases. The great affiliated and centralized societies possess the elements of permanence, since they provide for all the possible contingencies of a workman's life, through age, and sickness, and bereavement. They secure him friends in every town whither the fluctuations of employment may direct his footsteps; the magic pass-word is a sign of brotherhood, a word of welcome throughout the United Kingdom, and in many parts of the colonies. What has the cold, repellant officialism of a post-office organization, for providing old age pensions merely, to offer in comparison with these ubiquitous brotherly orders?

Proposals for State-aided pensions must also be considered with reference to the lower grade of our working population, who seldom belong to either friendly society or trades union. There is an immense population in our midst who could not under any conceivable circumstances avail themselves of the State-aided pension. A journeyman carpenter or engineer could more easily save 200*l.* than these people could save 2*l.* Many of them seldom know the touch of a single piece of gold. They swarm in the purlieus of all our great cities. John Bright called them the "residuum," they are "General" Booth's "submerged tenth," they are the outcasts of England, partly English, partly aliens. We catch glimpses of them in the Lords' "Report on the

Sweating System," in Barnett's "Practicable Socialism," in Charles Booth's "Labor and Life of the People," in "General" Booth's "Darkest England." A gaunt, famished, often unpleasant and dangerous element are they in our midst! Skilful unionist workmen pass by on the other side. Alas, for these, for whom death has little terror, oppressed as they ever are with the terrible, insoluble problem of living! They cannot join the friendly societies and trades unions for immediate benefits, or insure in the post-office. The question as regards these people is far wider than that of pensions in old age. They have not yet solved the problem of how to *live*. Help them to do that, and they will, like their more favored brethren in the higher grades of labor, solve the other problems for themselves. Pensions for these, indeed! Why, they die off like flies at the first approach of winter's cold — die from sheer inanition, want of food and warmth, lack of vitality; pensions at sixty-five for these! Alas, they cannot get enough for daily bread, much less give hostages to a time they will probably never see. They are patriarchs and crones while yet in middle life. They have mostly died long before reaching three score years and ten. If these are to be pensioned, it must be by the poor-law, much as at present. These pension schemes, therefore, would only touch the merest fringe of the vast area of pauperism, leaving its essential features absolutely unrelieved.

We conclude, then, that any scheme of State-aided pensions will not appeal with hope of marked success either to the higher, or the lower grades of our workpeople. Thrifty people, even though they possess but moderate means, will without State aid, contrive to provide something for evil days. Many such people in the lower middle ranks of life, and in the highest ranks of artisans, would probably avail themselves of the aid afforded by the State, to supplement their other investments. But then these are not the classes in whose interests these schemes are proposed, for these are not the people who come to the workhouse in old age. In reference to these last, it seems clear that when working people come to destitution in old age, this must be due to one of two causes, either their never having had sufficient means to put by for old age, which is the case with many; or, that having had sufficient, though perhaps not ample means and opportunities, they have neglected to put them to good use, which is true in many instances. In the first case,

the remedy obviously lies in a general improvement of the means and conditions of life, in the amelioration of a confessedly hard and evil lot, in that better training which enhances the value of a man's services to society, with consequent increase of income. In the second case, the remedy lies in the personal virtue of individual thrift; for a man who is thriftless with 2*l.* a week will also be thriftless with 4*l.*, or 6*l.*; and if the State makes the least movement to shield such a man against the consequences of his own folly, it only intensifies the evil which it seeks to lessen. If, in the other case, the State assists those who cannot do aught for themselves, it perpetuates the evil of insufficient remuneration. It is difficult in any case for workmen to make provision for loss of employment, sickness, and old age; but it is far better that their elevation should be brought about gradually by their own independent efforts, as heretofore, than that the baneful and insidious principle of State Socialism should be once admitted. So great will be the difficulties, and evils engendered by the operation of the State-aided scheme, that in despair the government will soon have to yield to a clamor for State pensions absolute, on the lines of Mr. Booth's scheme. And the end will not be yet.

The thrifty man will usually manage, even though late in life, to secure some little competence, ere passing into the long repose; but no assistance offered to the thriftless man will change his character. He will still spend; and will be an unjust burden upon others. State-aided pensions, by diminishing stern motives to thrift, would lessen the former class, and multiply the latter.

It has been proposed that employers shall contribute to the State Pension Fund, paying a certain amount to the credit of each workman in their employ. Even this, though an odious form of tax, would be practicable, and could be borne in the case of the best workmen who remain for the best part of their lives in the same firm. The natural effect, however, would be the diminution of wages by a corresponding amount. But what shall be done in the case of the fluctuating element, of the men who, because their labor is of poor value, are but casually employed; of the men who work in trades where employment is of a spasmodic character; of the nomadic class who travel the country from irresistible love of change? How shall employers contribute in the case of these?

A government like our own, by virtue of its strong position, can do many things that a private corporation cannot do without falling into bankruptcy. A government can draw fresh funds from the tax-payer; it is also a compelling power not to be easily resisted. It is as well, however, to open our eyes to the drift of the whole affair. It is a manifestation of State Socialism; a gigantic system of out-door relief; a system which, "in the poor-law administration has tended more than any other single measure to pauperize the poor." It is in keeping with the present socialistic desire to tax one portion of the community for the benefit of another. There are tens of thousands of working people who could, by a moderate effort, very well insure against old age, but who, nevertheless, neglect to do so. There are also tens of thousands who could, by a similar effort, insure against sickness and death, but who neglect to do so. If the State should offer assistance to the first to bribe them into thrift, why not to the second, and why not also to struggling professional men and tradespeople, in their efforts to live?

The evils of the poor-law administration have been repeatedly exposed by writers on economics. One of the latest *brochures* on this subject is that prepared by Mr. C. S. Loch, the secretary of the London Charity Organization Society, in opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, and generally to the principle of State-aided pensions. His contention is, and it is essentially the same as that taken up by many poor-law reformers, that the administration of the poor-law encourages, and is directly responsible for, a very large proportion of the pauperism that has existed, and that still exists. And he argues therefore that the institution of old age pensions would become a direct encouragement to old age pauperism. As might be expected from the position of the writer, the subject-matter of the volume consists largely of facts and figures, statistics of unions, excerpts from blue-books, and so forth. He challenges the accuracy of Mr. Chamberlain's figures, showing that the proportion of old age pauperism is rated too highly; and that no sufficient statistics are yet available upon which a correct and proper estimate can be based.

Alluding to the broad and sound principle laid down by the poor-law commissioners in their report of 1840, "that the situation of the individual relieved by 'a compulsory provision' on the whole shall

not be made really or apparently so eligible as the situation of the independent laborer of the lowest class," Mr. Loch argues that:—

In most of the schemes now proposed, this principle is abandoned. By one, to which reference has already been made, a certificated pension-holder, prior to the age of sixty-five, when his national pension is to begin, will have the right to out-door relief till he attains his seniority. Such a pensioner's position will be rendered much "more eligible than that of the independent laborer;" and if it be retorted that *all* will have this boon, and that therefore none can be made paupers by it—a more than questionable argument—it may be rejoined:—

If all take advantage of the boon, all, by whatever name they may be called, will become habitually dependent on the State; and a large part of the population, seduced by their newly acquired right to receive out-door relief, will become actual paupers, and then the State, in self-defence, will have to re-assert the principle of the Poor-law Commissioners, and to make good, at great pain, mischief, and expense to the community, the evils which the pension scheme will have brought into existence. (Old Age Pensions and Pauperism, p. 32.)

Such schemes must treat all the aged pretty much alike; the drunken and the sober, the thriftless and the thrifty. If those whom fortune has favored have been enabled to lay by against old age, why should the unfortunate be excluded? And who is to decide to what extent a man's misfortunes in life have been due to his own negligence, and how far due to the pressure of untoward circumstances; to what extent his thriftlessness and folly have been "a cause or a consequence" of his failure in life? If "larger, other eyes than ours must make allowance for us all," dare we trust the judgment of a human life to a perfunctory government official? And, supposing the unfit and unworthy to have been weeded out by some strange process, what is to be done with them? They will always form a large proportion of the population. Let them go to the workhouse as heretofore? Then those establishments will still have to be kept up, and their funds will not be available for subsidizing State pensions, and *new sources of taxation* will have to be imposed on an overburdened and long-suffering public.

The only forms of pension that will render age independent in the best sense of the term, that will yield comfort and content without weakening the healthful

sense of individual responsibility, which is the backbone of character, are those already in existence. They are those obtained by association in a trade union, in friendly, and kindred societies, and in industrial partnerships between employer and employed. The first are already very largely developed, the second are in their infancy. But both contain the vital elements of success, both are capable of more vast and more perfect development. Both are deeply rooted in individual responsibility, both teach the high and salutary law that sowing must precede reaping. Each of these movements is still extending, each has met with serious opposition in quarters where assistance should have been anticipated. Even the State is not guiltless, as the early history of the friendly societies and trades unions testifies. And now, in the time of their extension and prosperity, when they are gathering in members on every side, and doing a splendid work, it is proposed to bring the State as a *competitor* into the field; the State, whose hands are already full of imperial business that it cannot adequately perform; the State, that would substitute a dull routine of red tapeism for the vital energies and functions, the elasticity and adaptability of the public company; the State, that would wither the noblest growths of individualism, and roll back the tide ere it reached the flood.

And the workmen themselves don't want State-aided pensions. When have they asked this concession? It is significant that the best organs of the working classes have, with few exceptions, received the proposals of Mr. Chamberlain very coldly; in several cases they have met them with scorn and satire. The labor papers boldly denounce these proposals as devised to save the rates from pressing so heavily on the pockets of the rich; and as being calculated to benefit people already fairly well to do, at the expense of general taxation. But on the other hand, the Radical and semi-Socialistic papers have very generally expressed themselves in terms of strong approbation of those of Mr. Charles Booth. These facts alone ought to open the eyes of moderate men to the way in which the question will have probably to be ultimately settled, if the agitation is persisted in.

We need be in no haste to follow the lead of Continental governments. The German and Danish schemes are in their infancy, those of France and Italy have not yet passed the preliminary stage of discussion. Let us wait and see their

issue ere we commit our already overburdened exchequer to new responsibilities. There is with us, more than with any other Continental nation, sound reason why we should wait. We can, thanks to our voluntary associations for mutual thrift, well afford to do so. There is no nation in Europe that can boast such noble voluntary societies for mutual help, as these which are supported by the working population of Britain. They have become a part of our national life. Their roots go deep down into the history of a hundred years. Any hasty measures that will endanger their further development will be a national calamity.

Those who would be the last to discourage the virtue of thrift, or to deprecate any sound method of investment for working people, would watch with pleasure any streak of light that comes with promises of sunshine to cheer the very laborious, and very monotonous lives of our working men and women. But reasonable faith lies in the development of existing institutions, rather than in the best devised and newest theories of philanthropists; in the unfettered development of all that is good in the friendly societies and unions; and in the elimination of that which is unsound and dangerous. These societies are doing a great work; let them accomplish their high mission. The habits of a vast working population are not to be changed by an act of Parliament, however well meant. Slowly, but most certainly, these societies are working out their full salvation. Leave them alone, save for the fullest protection of the law. New and better types of working people are being evolved during these pregnant years. Leave them alone, and do not bear them back to earth by causing them to become the victims of hasty and mistaken legislation.

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From Temple Bar.

#### ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE.

I, CHRISTIAN YUIL, an old man, am a dealer in books; and some years ago the library of a deceased portrait-painter, of the name of Hall, fell in my way. His widow, who was left in good circumstances, was breaking up her establishment and was anxious to get rid of all books and papers. The purchase was made by correspondence. The books were standard works on art; the papers were chiefly original manuscripts on art criticism to which the widow attached little

value, for she sold them at a low price and with the understanding that I might do what I pleased with them.

The lot came duly to hand. The books were packed with old newspapers, pamphlets, and programmes — newspapers containing notices of Hall's pictures; pamphlets in which his name appeared as donor; programmes telling of pleasures past. Yet even the pleasures were most respectable. He was evidently a very worthy and successful man, this Richard Hall, Esq.

The manuscripts were not looked over till I had lost all trace of the woman who had sold them; then I found one among them tied up unlike the rest, and sealed. The date of sealing was written upon it and the seal was not broken. There was no other title or inscription except this date, but it turned out to be a careful record of a short part of Hall's life written by himself. Why written, when, or where, I do not know, but he laid some bits of rosemary between the leaves when he tied it up, and he fastened it with a seal of forty years ago.

This is the story I give you now; there is nothing in it of much interest except to those who believe that reality, wherever we find it, is part of the poem the Creator has written for us. Shall we ponder the metaphors of an earthly poet and call God's figures of speech dull? Nay, man is only a poet as he interprets God's language of fact. Let us have some reverence then for this man's account of himself. He was trained at a time when manners and speech were more formal. He wrote at an age when he and his opinions loomed large on his own horizon. He was, it is true, a dull, pedantic, unchivalrous fellow, but he was a man, and he tells us facts; and are we not all men, living among facts? He had his hopes and regrets, and he is dead; we too must die.

#### CHAPTER I.

I HAVE long held that the wise choice of a wife is one of a young man's first duties. Some men act upon impulse in these matters, but I think it is foolish, when we have been mercifully endowed with the faculty of reason, not to use this power most carefully in a decision which must make or mar our happiness.

I am a Scotchman, a gentleman by birth, and an artist by profession. As I have a small private fortune and have already attained to some professional success, I believe that it is my duty to marry.

For some years I have endeavored critically to examine and carefully to compare the characteristics of all young ladies with whom I have been so fortunate as to meet, in order that I might not be led by the mere illusions of youth and beauty to link my life with one who did not possess those sterling virtues which alone can render marriage a blessing. I am aware that no woman is perfect, and that where there is true love much can be overlooked and forgiven; but I can hardly be wrong in believing that no man could be permanently happy with a woman unless she were religious, truthful, prudent, and affectionate. These virtues I have made the essentials of my standard; other circumstances are of less importance, yet I am not without sentiment in the matter. I do not desire beauty or accomplishment; the first is seldom an index to the soul, and the second is too often a tawdry garment, harmful, not so much because it imposes upon others as because it hides from the mind which wears it the knowledge of its own ignorance. I should prefer also that my wife had no fortune, for gratitude is the basis of love, and all my life I have pleased myself with the idea that my wife should be indebted to me alone for those circumstances which make life most desirable.

While thus seeking a wife I accepted an invitation from my uncle, Mr. Thorold, to spend part of the summer with him in Canada. Mr. Thorold held an office under government in the French district of Lower Canada, and he invited me to spend three months at his house near St. Luc, on the Richelieu River, in order that I might paint a portrait of his wife. Mrs. Thorold was a native of Canada, descended from one of the early French *seigneurs*; her family had, however, intermarried with the poorer Scotch settlers. She was a very handsome woman, although an invalid, and had a French cast of features combined with a Scotch quietude of expression and manner which made her at once striking and interesting. We had seen Mrs. Thorold frequently when she travelled with her husband, and had heard her speak in affectionate commendation of a niece, a young girl called Annabel, who lived with her. This niece was a daughter of Mrs. Thorold's sister and had been early left an orphan, dependent on the care and protection of her uncle and aunt. In looking forward to my visit I naturally recalled all that I had heard concerning her, and the more I considered it, the more it appeared to me not unlikely

that I should find in her the ideal I had hitherto sought in vain.

I frankly confess that I fostered this notion, which I now perceive to have been a very romantic one, until it grew to be something like a purpose. In the first place, Annabel's situation appealed to me. Mr. Thorold was a very busy man, his wife was in very delicate health, which made constant attendance on her necessary, and the only other member of the family was their son, a spoiled boy of seventeen. Set, as this household was, in a half-civilized region, I could not but think that the girl who had been adopted into it must suffer much from lack of pleasures and companions suited to her age and sex. Then again, her educational acquirements must have been of the simplest kind; and this was an advantage, for she would not be ignorant from neglected opportunity, and it would be a great pleasure to me to teach her unsophisticated mind and explain to her all that she required to know. Thus I pictured her, unspoiled by luxury, untutored in the arts of the world, shy and simple-hearted as a fawn in one of her native forests. This was my dream; such dreams are often like the radiant gossamers the elves spread out upon the grass; when we come near to touch them the radiance is gone.

I had a fair voyage, and after a rough bit of railway travel between Quebec and St. Luc, I drove with Mr. Thorold some miles further and reached his house in the clear calm of a summer evening. A flat, green land, a wide, blue river reflecting a cloudless sky, a village of white cottages, and an old stone house standing in a grove of splendid trees, these make up my first impressions of the place. I was astonished at the evident luxury and elegance of the mansion. All the doors and windows were standing open, and the air in the rooms was sweet with the freshness of the verdure outside. There was an atmosphere of comfort and tranquillity everywhere.

After dressing I went down to find the family grouped among the rich but faded colors of a curiously furnished drawing-room. Mrs. Thorold did not rise to receive me, but, a little to my surprise, lifted her sweet face for me to kiss. My cousin Ernest's welcome was bluff and manly. Annabel was there also, a grey-eyed, dark-haired, slender girl. She greeted me demurely, a little awkward and shy perhaps, but gentle and charming. We went in to dinner at once and I sat beside her. I tried to set her at her ease by telling her

some incidents of the voyage. She told me long afterwards that I spoke in a patronizing manner and that she resented it, but I was unaware of this at the time. As Annabel only answered me in monosyllables and Mr. and Mrs. Thorold had not much to say, I was glad when Ernest absorbed the attention of us all by talking about his dog. The animal had distemper, and appeared, from his account, to be in a wretched condition.

"I have often heard," remarked Annabel thoughtfully, "that genius is allied to insanity, but I never believed it until the other day when I was reading that Raphael had painted a picture of the twelve apostles in distemper. It was a very odd idea to imagine them all ill at once, was it not?"

I do not know whether this extraordinary mistake grated upon me more because of the sacrilege toward the great painter or toward the unfortunate apostles.

"Distemper," I said, "is a term used for an old method of mixing paints. The colors were mixed with water and some kind of sticky substance, sometimes the white of an egg. The word is taken from the Italian *a tempera*, and the French *en détrempe*. It is very natural that it should have confused you."

"Oh," said Annabel, who had listened to me with grave interest, "that accounts for it. I thought it was odd."

As she seemed more at her ease now, I fell into conversation with her, asking what she found to employ her time so far from the centres of civilization: "For," I said, "I suppose you have left school?"

"No, I have not left school," she said.

I was surprised at this, for I knew her to be nearly twenty years old.

"Do you still go to school?" I asked.

"No," she replied in the same matter-of-fact tone; "I never went to school, so I could not leave it."

"Then I suppose you study at home?"

"Oh yes, continually; I seldom do anything else."

"That must be delightful. What is your favorite study?"

"Greek."

I was excessively surprised, and looked to see if she were in earnest; but she appeared very much in earnest.

"Is not Greek very difficult? What makes you like it so much?"

"I have not read much as yet," she said; "but the very grammar is interesting because it suggests such a different standpoint. There is a tense of the Greek verb called the *paulo post future*, which of course refers to the time after the death

of St. Paul. A curious thing, is it not, to think of a time when men looked upon a follower of St. Paul as a thing of the future, the coming man in fact, instead of an effete specimen?"

I tried to appear as if I had not noticed her mistake, but the effort was useless, for Ernest and his father laughed. It seemed better to explain the cause of their laughter to her.

"*Paulo* and *post* are Latin words. *Post* means 'after,' and *paulo* 'by a little'; the tense refers to time a little after some other time."

"A little after the death of St. Paul?" asked Annabel.

"No, it has nothing to do with St. Paul. It means a little after anything."

"Or after anybody?" asked Annabel, lifting her grey eyes with a puzzled look.

It would be hard to tell how difficult I found it to form any answer; my ideas became entirely confused.

"I do not think you quite understand," I said.

All the others laughed, even my aunt.

"You had better not try to teach her, Richard," she said gently; "I fear she is hopelessly ignorant."

"The things we do not know are always more than those we do," I replied hastily.

Annabel listened to my remark with serious attention. "I assure you," she said, "I have the most ardent desire to learn everything, and I thank you very much for the help you have given me. Ernest never explains anything to me." This last was said with a very severe glance at her cousin, which caused him to blush and make an effort to control his laughter. Mr. Thorold changed the subject of conversation.

I did not notice what they were talking about for a few minutes, for I was thinking about Annabel. I felt perplexed, although I hardly knew why, and annoyed. At last I observed that she was talking again, and with the same curious composure of manner and voice I had noticed before. All in the room, including the servants, were listening to her with interest.

"So the butcher and baker and candlestick maker, and the barber and carpenter, in fact all the young braves of the village, assembled at our gate last night to calm the wounded feelings of the ghost by unearthing her skeleton."

"I hope, my love, that you were not disturbed by this mob," said Mr. Thorold, looking at his wife anxiously. "I am sorry I spent the night in town."

"I did not hear of it till just now," she replied tranquilly.

"Ernest and I went out," said Annabel. "We heard them talking. They wanted to dig under the stones by Old Bossé's house to see if he had buried his murdered wife there, but he came to the door with his gun under one arm and his bull-dog under the other, and they decided to put it off till another time."

"Did he really murder her?" asked her uncle. "If you understand the story I wish you would explain it."

"Once upon a time," began Annabel, without the slightest hesitation, "here, in this happy, level, farming country, there lived a worthy French couple of the name of Roi, who rejoiced in two children, a girl and a boy. When they died they left their farm, which was very large, to be divided equally between the two. The son, who was much the elder, married, prospered on his farm, and had forty-two children."

"My love, forty-two!" said Mrs. Thorold mildly.

"Well, forty-two more or less," said Annabel. "A dozen at any rate. There is Jean the priest, and Paul the baker, and Eugène the butcher, in short there is one in every trade, and a number of daughters who are well married, but all these have very little to do with the tale."

"Tell it quicker," said her uncle.

Annabel went on much quicker, but in the same soft voice. "Daughter, who had half the land, married young farmer named Desbarrat. Desbarrat died leaving widow and infant son. Son's name was Gabriel. Here entereth the hero of the tale. Widow married old miser called Bossé. Bossé beat his wife. Son grew up badly and ran away. Wife remained with her husband until ten years ago, and then made a will bequeathing her property to him and departed."

"Departed this life?" I asked, as Annabel suddenly paused.

"That is just as you choose to think," she replied. "Her husband says that she went away one morning to find her son and never returned. The old doctor at St. Luc says he met her that day five miles out on the road going to Quebec; but he is old and half blind. All that we know certainly is that she is gone, and since then old Bossé, who lives opposite our gate, has gathered all the stones off his farm and made a heap of them in a certain place near his house. He has shown a morbid dislike to have these stones touched or spoken of, and the peo-

ple think that he buried her there and is trying to hide the grave. If I wished to conceal a grave I should put the stones where it was not, instead of where it was; but the people here do not seem to have thought of that."

"There's the murder for you," said Ernest, who was listening to the relation of this tale with lively satisfaction, "now let us have the romance."

Annabel began again without pausing a moment. "For the romance I must lead your thoughts backward to the household of the brother, whose name is of course like his father's before him, Roi. 'Old Roi' he is commonly called. I told you he had many prosperous sons and many well-to-do married daughters, but I have yet to relate that he has another daughter, the youngest and fairest of all, who still remains in the old homestead, partly to gladden the hale old age of her parents and partly because her sisters have already secured all the available young men. Her name is Therèse, and here entereth the heroine. Therèse is fair, her eyes are blue, her hair is soft and smooth and brown, her cheeks are pink-and-white. She is gentle, truthful, pious, and until quite lately, she was loverless. About three weeks ago, what was this maiden's surprise and joy, upon going out one morning to water the flowers which she tends at her father's door, to find a handsome young man there who kissed her and called her his cousin. What could Therèse do but fall in love with him instantly? This young man went on to explain to the Roi family that he was Gabriel Desbarrat, that he had been living in New York and driving a good trade there until lately, when he had had a vision in which his mother's ghost appeared to him and told him that she had been murdered by her husband, and that her soul could have no rest till he was punished and her son had possession of the land. At that, he had sold his business at a great sacrifice, and had come to his native place to avenge the death of his mother and spend the remainder of his life on the farm. He demanded of his uncle and cousins that they should stand by him and see justice done, and he handsomely offered to marry Therèse as soon as he got the farm. This last shows again a spirit of self-sacrifice with which I am quite struck. The young man seems determined to sacrifice himself for his relatives, dead and alive."

Mr. Thorold's business did not bring him into contact with the country people; his offices were at Quebec. He evidently

knew little and cared less about the affairs of his humbler neighbors. He began in a cold, indifferent way to explain to me the nature of lynch-law, and the possibility of its being used in this case. The regular law could do nothing, as there was no evidence against the old man. The belief that the woman had gone to her son had prevailed until it was too late to find traces of the murder, if murder there had been. Should his neighbors choose to gather at night and hang the suspected man it appeared quite possible that they in their turn would not be punished for the crime, as it would be hard to obtain evidence against any one in particular where all were implicated alike, and the strength of the police force in the country at that time was not such as to grapple with the difficulty. This young fellow, Gabriel Desbarrat, had been doing his utmost to excite the neighborhood to taking the execution of his step-father into their own hands.

"And that's what they'll do," exclaimed Ernest warmly, "and quite right too."

"Nothing could be more barbarous and detestable," replied his father.

"It's the only form of justice that's available," said Ernest, "and nothing is more barbarous and detestable than injustice."

"I am ashamed of you," said Mr. Thorold. We had risen from the table, and, saying this, he conducted his wife into the drawing-room.

"At least I care something for the welfare of the people about me," said the boy sulkily, turning to me. "Father doesn't care whether they all live or die; and there's Annabel"—he lifted his hand and pointed to the girl who had not yet left the room—"there's Annabel, she does nothing but make game of them all. If she saw a man murdering his wife to-morrow, she would stand and quiz him, just as she has been quizzing you to-night."

"Quizzing me!"

"Ernest," said Annabel gently.

He stopped suddenly in the explanation he was about to make. Whatever he might say of her, it was quite clear that she had more authority over him than anybody else. Holding up an admonishing finger she went backwards out of the room into a square, oak-panelled entrance hall, and we followed her. Doors and windows were open wide to the summer evening, to the whisper of trees and grasses, to the breath of dew falling on heated lawns, to the last soft chirp of birds

and the first ray of stars in the serene distance. The darkness was just beginning to gather in the foliage outside and among the stags' horns that were heaped together in the corners of the hall. Annabel preceded us, walking backwards. She was such a slight, grey thing, clad in her soft, grey gown, her white face surmounted by a crown of hair dusky as darkness itself, her grey eyes looking at us with an expression half mischievous, half pathetic, that she seemed like the angel of twilight, calm, inscrutable.

"I shall tell you exactly what I think about it," said Annabel, bringing down the upraised finger on the palm of her other hand in a gentle, business-like way, as if all doubt on the subject must be forever removed by the explanation she was about to make. "One day some years ago Ernest went out riding on a rather mischievous colt. When he did not come home at the right time I jumped to the conclusion that he had been hurt. I went down the road in great anxiety, and as I was going I met old Mrs. McGill. Mrs. McGill was stout. She wore a China crape shawl and gold spectacles. When I told her my fears she looked at me very wisely and said, 'Well, my dear, your cousin *may* have met with an accident,' and after an impressive pause she added, 'and then again, he *may not*.' Since then, whenever I am tempted to form an opinion on a subject of which I am really ignorant, I think of Mrs. McGill."

Ernest gave the rug on the floor an angry kick. "It's all very well to talk that way," he said, "but I tell you, before the summer's out you'll see some changes in this place. You'll see that old wretch hanged and Therèse and Gabriel settled on the farm."

"And you," I added mentally, "may see your favorite cousin preparing to leave you for a home of her own." For at the time, in spite of the fact that she had made game of me, I was completely under a spell.

"Oh! no," said Annabel quietly, with an equal, indifferent emphasis on each small word.

"And why not, oh queen?" I said, for the moment half deluded into the belief that she had answered my thought in answering Ernest's words.

"Because ——" said Annabel.

"'Because' is a woman's reason," I answered.

Annabel paused beside a latticed window, and as she answered she put up her small, soft fingers and touched the glass

as a child would curiously feel an object it did not understand. "Because," she said wistfully, "in real life for the most part things do not happen in a striking manner; they go on as they are. We think we can foresee changes because we take our ideas from romances, but romances are like history, they deal only with the wars and alliances of life and leave out the long decades of peace and unobserved development. When I write a novel I shall truly hold the mirror up to nature's face. It shall be full of ghosts which men create for themselves. There shall be no murder, except that common one when a man hateth his brother in his heart; no will, for no one will have anything worth bequeathing. The woman shall not be beautiful, the man shall not marry her; and there shall be no beginning to the tale and no end, for nothing that is real ever begins or ends."

"I do not know what you mean," I said, for the moment failing to grasp her thought.

She was looking off beyond the dim horizon, where the tinted light, becalmed in earth's air, was melting into the blank of the ether which is to us infinite space. "We are the result of God's past," she said, "and we are going on into his eternity."

There was an echo of weariness in her tone; at that moment she must have been very weary of the monotony of her life. Ernest had left us. My soul mutinied against my reason and rose into my eyes as I spoke to her. "But there are wars and alliances in real life; and the conventional end of the tale, when peace is signed and all is love and bliss, for the hour at least, is on the whole the true one, for what all men seek most men at some time realize, and our lives have climaxes though not conclusions."

She returned my glance with some curiosity, I thought, but she only gave the slight shrug of her shoulders so common among the French, and, with its inevitable "*sais pas*," she went into the drawing-room.

## CHAPTER II.

IN the time that followed, the long, warm days passed on in indistinct succession, like visions in a changeful dream. Mr. and Mrs. Thorold had received me kindly, and the young people had admitted me to their home life with frank good nature, but, beyond this, my entrance had not created a ripple on the smooth surface of their domestic doings. Mrs. Thorold

did not leave her room until noon, and before that, though Annabel flitted hither and thither in her summer muslins, she was never to be found two minutes in the same place. The ladies always drove out in the afternoon and spent the rest of the day with their embroidery in the drawing-room. One day to them was exactly like another. At first Ernest took me with him in all his sports until I knew the country. We went riding, boating, and fishing; the season for shooting was not yet come. The flood of the broad Richelieu, brim to its level banks, flowed just beside the house which was the ancient seignior, little remodelled, and standing on a slight rising ground in a magnificent grove of pine and poplar. For the rest, it was, as Annabel said, "a level, pleasant farming country," where grain in all shades of delicate green grew leisurely around us, squared in fields like a large patchwork quilt, spread out to cover the brown earth. Near us upon the river was the bridge leading to St. Luc, which seemed a dull little town, with some bustle, however, in its business part, where it drove a trade by means of barges which crept sleepily up the river and floated down again, bound whither I neither knew nor cared.

Mr. Thorold spent every spare moment in considering with me the size and style of the portrait. We discussed at much length the subject of the dress and surroundings, and consulted every one. Ernest received every suggestion with enthusiastic approval, Mrs. Thorold with apparent interest and real indifference; but when we appealed to Annabel she replied playfully, that, as she was her aunt's tire-woman, she would dress her exactly as she chose, and she did not care to discuss the subject with us.

The day for the first sitting came at last. A small room at the top of the house had been allotted to me for a studio, and I had spent much time in arranging it, as Mrs. Thorold and Annabel were to spend part of every day there with me. Mr. Thorold had somewhat fussily decided on each detail concerning the picture, and he left for town in the morning charging me with a hundred minute directions; but when Annabel brought her aunt up for the sitting I saw at once that the dress was something entirely different from anything we had ever suggested.

"Is it not right?" asked Mrs. Thorold in tranquil surprise. "Annabel put it on."

Annabel had not only done this, but she went to work instantly to alter the surroundings to suit the dress.

"Stop," I cried. "That will not do. You may claim to know more about other things, Annabel, but I certainly know best about this. Besides, I have my uncle's positive instructions."

"Now," said Annabel, putting a finishing touch to the fold of the garments with a satisfied air, "this lady is ready to be painted. Please begin."

"I shall certainly not take the portrait in that dress," I exclaimed, feeling more provoked than I cared to show.

"Then I shall have to paint her myself," she said. "You came up to be painted — didn't you, dear? — and you shall not be disappointed." And she actually went to the easel and began drawing with the charcoal. I remained standing, leaning my back against the door, and moodily looking at them both.

"The patient is not hard to draw, her nose is straight," remarked Annabel, drawing.

"She is not a patient," I said crossly.

"She would need to be, if you keep her so long waiting," she replied composedly.

"Aunt," I said, "I put it to you, and shall abide by your decision. This is all contrary to my uncle's orders. Shall I begin to draw or not?"

For a moment a look of trouble and perplexity crossed the sweet face of the invalid, and then, with the happy air of one who has come to a difficult decision, she said, "You see I am up here now and I have this gown on, and, as I am seated, it would perhaps be as well that you should go on."

I was forced to take Annabel's place at the easel, and I rubbed off with some asperity the imps of mischief which she had drawn. As I worked she entertained me with pointing out the various excellences of her arrangement. At first I did not answer her, but, as I drew, I was forced to admit to myself that her idea of the portrait, although some alterations were absolutely necessary, was on the whole very well conceived. I did not feel the better pleased with her for this, and the sitting ended with coolness on my side and imperturbable complacency on hers.

I fully hoped and believed that upon his return Mr. Thorold would insist on having his own way, but Annabel won the day. I think it was a perfect equipoise of nerve that made her more than a match for us all. She had such a gentle, convincing manner that I believe she could have convinced the man of average intelligence that the moon was made of green cheese. But in spite of the strong influ-

ence which she had over me, as over every one, I had already perceived that she had great faults, faults to which the unvarying indulgence of her aunt and uncle had opposed no check. The greatest of these was certainly untruthfulness; when she spoke it was impossible to know whether what she said was true or not. For example, after what she had told me the first evening at dinner I was unable to discover that she knew a word of Greek, or that she was in the habit of spending any time in regular study. I began to fear that her character had already received such a strong bias in the wrong direction that she could never make a desirable wife, but I do not readily give up a project I have once formed, and if Annabel had faults she had also virtues. I had ample opportunity to watch her well during that dreamy midsummer weather, and thus in the regular routine of that most indolent household the first six weeks of my visit glided imperceptibly away.

Of all in the household, Annabel alone was not indolent. Night and day she hung over her aunt with never-wearying solicitude and love. Towards Ernest she stood ever ready to act both in the capacity of guardian angel and slave. If there were visitors, it was Annabel who entertained them, and that with a real courtesy and consideration which often surprised me. If the servants were in trouble it was Annabel who bandaged the cut finger or bound the burn. If a hound was ill, or a bird wounded, or a garden plant was drooping, Annabel nursed it back to life or mourned over its loss. She was kind with a large-hearted, generous kindness which embraced everything, but it seemed to me to spring rather from natural impulse than from any principle of virtue; and with this kindness, she seemed to lack the far more common yet more endearing quality of being able to receive kindness. I do not know that I can explain this last peculiar shade of character. It would seem that her position at my uncle's was a dependent one, yet a very little observation would have convinced any one that it was in fact Mr. and Mrs. Thorold who were dependent upon her. Gratitude seemed to move her rather to keep returning than to remain passively thankful. She was not able to hold her mind in an attitude of dependence on any one. Whatever one offered to her of friendship, of affection, of attention, or solicitude, she barely accepted and returned fourfold. When I remarked this I said to myself,

"Poor child, she has never had the chance of learning to depend on or confide in any one. Her relatives are kindness itself, but she is not, and cannot be, first in the love of any of them." Yet when I reasoned in this way I was confronted with the evident fact that she was happy. Her happiness indeed was like a spring which constantly bubbled over in sparkling mirth from some deep hidden well of self-satisfaction. I frankly confess that her character puzzled me. She would listen to a garrulous beggar's tedious tale of woe with a patience and sympathy which in itself was more comforting to the poor soul than the alms she gave; yet the moment the door was closed she would turn in fits of laughter and caricature the whole story for our benefit, with a dramatic effect which was inimitable and an inaccuracy which was to me very distressing.

Her ideas upon religion also were indefinite and somewhat frivolous. She told me one day that she had never been able to make herself want to go to heaven, till it occurred to her that our Father in heaven must himself love fun because he had created the sense of it. "No one," she said, "could look out upon creation with intelligent eyes and not perceive the large element of fun in its composition, and are we in future ages to become wiser than our Creator?" It was not easy for me to give any answer at the moment, and yet it appeared to me that there was a lightness in the way she spoke about sacred things which was hardly becoming. There was, in fact, so much in her nature which was beautiful that her very faults were more glaring on that account. I could not help feeling pained to see so sweet a disposition marred by the results of neglect and ill-training. After some thought I decided that I would venture to show my regard for her more openly, and try, by drawing her into sympathy with myself, to influence her for good. There was certainly no self-denial in this resolution, the self-denial had rather been that hitherto I had restrained myself from paying her any attention which might raise hopes in her mind that I might not be able to fulfil.

Not long after, in pursuance of this resolution, I obtained permission to take Annabel for a walk; and thus it happened that one day we went together out of the old stone house, out into the summer afternoon. The country road was fringed on either side with wild white camomile; at

each step, as Annabel's skirt brushed the starry blossoms, the perfume was wafted into the air around us. We passed old Bossé's house with the ill-famed cairn at the side. Familiar as I had grown with it, I could not pass it without a thrill of horror. A little further we met pretty Thérèse herself, walking and talking with Gabriel Desbarrat. I had often seen Thérèse Roi before, for she played the organ in the little church, and led in the chants, while her many brothers joined in with heavy bass. A fine set of men these brothers were, with their French shaven faces and well-set figures. Honesty and peace were written on each countenance. Gabriel Desbarrat did not please me as well, and I said so to Annabel as we passed the lovers on the road.

"Gabriel is a clever man," she replied, "for he has won the affection of the neighborhood; how long he may keep it is another question."

"I wish," I said, "that you would tell me what you really think about this murder; for it appears incredible to me that a strong-minded woman should sink out of sight like a stone in the sea unless she had been murdered."

"Yes," said Annabel, "it does seem incredible."

"I see no reason why we should try to believe what is incredible when there is the other explanation. It is scandalous that the thing has not been looked into before. Have you any reason for believing old Bossé incapable of the deed?"

"No, so far as I know he may be as complete a villain as one reads of in a book. He is a miser and certainly appears to have cheated his wife out of her property, for it is hardly possible that she should have made a will solely in his favor, except under compulsion. He has, they say, a great kindness for animals. His wife was a good housekeeper and a shrewish woman, and he insisted upon keeping the hens and young lambs in the kitchen during the cold weather. That was certainly trying to a woman with some aspirations after gentility. Once he was nursing a little pig with a broken leg, and his wife in a passion threw it out into the yard. He beat her for this, and that is the story the neighbors tell when they wish to prove that he was able to murder her."

"I cannot make out," I said, "whether you are taking her side or his."

"I have simply told you all I know about them," she replied; but she remarked a few moments after that the couple we had met on the road seemed

excited, and that she hoped, for Ernest's sake, there would be no more trouble.

I exclaimed at this: "You cannot surely fear that he would join in a plot to get rid of the old man!" She did not reply, but there was a look of pain and apprehension on her face.

"Suppose," I said, "that we do not talk any more this afternoon upon a subject which is so fraught with the troubles of humanity?" and I asked her at the same time to turn with me out of the highway into a meadow that lay by the side. I suggested this a little timidly, for I was accustomed to see her manage all things with a high hand, but that happy day Annabel had no will but mine.

It was not a warm day. The wind came upon us in short, rude gusts, and in the sky it tossed the clouds about so that the sunlight fell upon the land in moving tracts. Annabel was habited in a coarse grey cloak which wrapped her from head to foot in its loose folds; a cowl or hood hung from her shoulders. It was a cloak such as was not uncommon in the fashion of the day, but Annabel, clad in it, looked not like a girl, but like a fair young friar come from some order of the past. The meadow was a large, swampy bit of land between the highway and the river, and our path across it was a moss-grown road of logs, running through pasture level, lush and green, in which red cattle browsed. Here and there were reedy pools, and here and there were groves of spreading maple-trees, with a fern carpet at their roots. There were a thousand thousand flowers in the grass, delicate rather than brilliant in their hues, except the irises around the pools, which raised their gold and purple crests among the reeds. Trees and ferns, reeds and grass, shook joyously in the wind, and the pools rippled with it. In spite of all the damp luxuriance there was nothing sickly in the air, it was a wholesome, happy place; and it was all ours, for we two, between flying cloud and flowered earth, walked all alone.

I talked, because I did not care to help myself, of the fierce and foolish hermits of the infant Church, and of the later mendicant friars, yoked, with pious but mistaken zeal, to perpetual vows. As I talked I wondered much if Annabel had any consciousness of the masquerade she was playing. When she turned her head to listen I was astonished to see how perfectly this wayward, frivolous girl could fill the monkish garb, for, by some strange illusion of the dress, it seemed to me that I could trace a holy ardor and an inward

spiritual light which would not have shamed a new-vowed neophyte.

Sometimes a bull-frog intoned a note of solemn warning, as we passed, or a red-breast thrush trilled out his passion to us, and, though Annabel listened to me quietly, I could not but see that she found much more amusement in the bull-frogs and the thrushes. After all, was she not, like them, only a creature of the place? Perhaps this was the clue to her perplexing character. We have not all the same moral responsibility, and may there not be some amongst mortals wearing the dress of humanity yet lacking the immortal part? It might be that her mind was merely the offspring of the wind and sunshine of this Canadian wilderness, a thing as wild, as little to be trained, as the pale convolvulus which hung upon the reeds. I thought this sadly, for I felt that day that I loved her.

Whether a child of the wind or not, Annabel had no knowledge of the art of sauntering. She must walk as though she had an object, although for once in her life she had none; and so, much too soon to my thinking, we reached the end of the road that led to nowhere. There was no shore to the river, for the water had brimmed over into the grass; our path led us to the very brink, and then suddenly lost itself and was not. There was a rude boat lying half in the water and half upon the path; its old grey oars, spread out on either side like wings, moved with the leaping of the river. Very different this from Ernest's graceful shallop, but, as there seemed nothing else to be done, I asked Annabel to get into it. Without a word she took her seat at the stern and drew the rudder cords round her waist. What this unwonted docility might forebode I could not tell; it was not often that Annabel left the anxieties of the household behind, but that afternoon she seemed thoroughly imbued with the tranquil freedom of nature all around her. She did not talk much, she seemed indifferent as to where she went or what she did, but there was a peaceful happiness in her eyes which made me well content that I had brought her.

The wind was falling; white clouds were gathering. A slight shower fell as I pushed off the boat, which made Annabel draw her cowl over her head, and thus she steered me out upon the stream. Our rowing was as aimless as our walk had been. I could not manage the oars as skilfully as Ernest did, and I felt, each stroke that I took, that Annabel noted this.

Pretty soon I laid them down and said, "Annabel, I want to talk to you about something."

"Speak," she said idly.

I began in a playful voice, although I was much in earnest. "I have been living in the same house with you for six weeks, and I cannot help observing that you do not always tell the truth. Indeed, it often seems to me that the greater part of what you say is untrue."

"Yes?" she said, as if sufficiently interested to hear more.

"But surely," I cried, startled, "you cannot be willing that I should accuse you of telling falsehoods?"

"That depends upon what you call 'telling falsehoods,'" she said, dabbling her hand in the water.

"And what do you call it?"

"Suppose," she said — speaking slowly, and evidently thinking out her argument as she spoke — "suppose I were to tell you that the river about here was safe, when all the time I knew it to be full of dangerous under-currents; or suppose you asked me just now what I saw ahead, and I should say that I saw an ostrich on a rock, drinking tea with an elk! From one point of view these two statements would seem equally untrue, yet the one would be wicked and the other harmless because the untruth is evident, it deceives no one."

"But are you sure that all the falsehoods you tell are as evidently untrue as that one? *You* know them to be untrue but are you sure that other people do?"

"If people are stupid enough to believe what is impossible, or very improbable, how can I help it?"

"It seems to me that you could help it by not telling such things," I said. "But there is another evil to be feared which is as great. Do you not think by this constant practice that you will gradually lose your own sense of truth? Are you sure that it is always clear to your own mind what is true and what is not?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am sure that I recognize clearly the difference between what I believe to be fact and what is my own fiction. The border-land between them is not at all misty."

"We have been speaking of stories that are totally untrue," I said, "but when you are telling a true story and exaggerate it, what then? How then are we to distinguish between the true and false?"

"I grant you," she said, still speaking slowly, "that that is a graver fault than

the other, but whether what appears to you exaggeration be an evil or not would depend upon how and why it was done. You are an artist. You know that if two men sit down to paint the same thing the one will fill his canvas with cold browns and neutral tints, while the other will have a hundred bright colors in little dashes here and there. Is it that one man is untrue, or is it that, with a keener eye, he sees more truth than the other? If we have a photograph of a scene and a drawing of it by some great artist, no educated person will deny that the drawing is the truer of the two; yet the photograph is the copy, the drawing is only an inaccurate suggestion. The rocks are not in the same places, the foliage is differently composed, the shadows are not where they are now, but where they were an hour ago; but the true character, the soul of the scene is there, and the drawing is true."

I was a little at a loss to know how to answer this sophistry. In a few minutes Annabel spoke again, as slowly, but with a sadder tone, as if more determined to express her meaning than to express herself well.

"You know what our house is, and how dull and monotonous the days are, one after another, all alike. Aunt is too ill to find occupation for herself, and if she were not amused I think she would die. It is very dull for Uncle Thorold, when he comes home in the evening, and Ernest" — she paused — "Ernest is not a child now, and there are other places besides home; and I am not clever, I am not pretty as some girls are, and I can keep them all laughing day after day with this nonsense; may it not be the least of two evils?"

"Annabel," I said, "you are kindness itself. I know well that your whole life is given cheerfully for others, but you cannot seriously think that it is right to do wrong that good may come."

"But it is *not* wrong," she said, in that gentle tone of conviction against which I felt it was useless to argue.

"I shall not say any more just now," I said, "I am sure you will think it over, and perhaps come to see it as I do. And now," I added, taking up my oars, "you may lecture me on any subject you like; I promise to take pattern by you, and bear it meekly. I await thy lecture, oh queen."

But Annabel had no lecture to give, and we rowed in silence up the milky river, which was quieting itself as the wind was falling. It would be impossible to de-

scribe how well the monk's hood became Annabel; the wind had given some faint color to her cheeks, and her calm grey eyes looked out at me from the deep shade of the hood, like the eyes of a spirit which had not learned to understand its own existence. The whole artist's soul that was in me was taken captive by the place and the hour and my strange companion. Sometimes it seemed to me that I was in very truth rowing up the lovely stream with a gentle eremite of solitary piety, and again I could hardly divest my mind of the belief that my companion was neither hermit nor woman, but some wild spirit of the place who had donned the holy garb in order to deceive my human weakness. "She is like Undine," I thought, and then I remembered with a sudden sense of joy that Undine had received her soul by union with a Christian knight.

As we were rowing, the sun had been setting. The cloud canopy raised itself from the horizon with a fringe of flame, and the sun went down like a scarlet ball. It left a ruddy band half encircling the earth, and warm shadows gathered everywhere upon the landscape. On either side of the level banks we saw the peaceful farm-lands stretching back, and beyond was the Canadian forest, with its sky-line broken, as it always is, by the sharp spikes of giant pine-trees lifted here and there above the rest. My attention was suddenly arrested by seeing Annabel's little hand stretched out to point at something behind me. I turned and saw that the rays from the colored cloud had so fallen upon the water that, a few yards ahead of us, it was dappled with an evanescent silver and red, like the old shot silks our grandmothers were wont to wear.

"Please row me into that pretty water," said Annabel.

I rowed on, for a moment beguiled into the fancy that I could grant her request, but came no nearer the color. "Do you not know, dear child," I said, "that it is in the very nature of a reflection that it cannot be touched?"

"Oh! do please row me into it," was the only reply.

So I rowed, and Annabel steered, and we chased the radiance till it suddenly faded. Then, noticing that darkness was coming quickly, I turned and hastily pulled into the mid-current, which swept us rapidly homeward. But Annabel was pouting.

"You are not really disappointed, are you?" I said.

"Yes, I am," she replied wistfully. "It looked so blessed there. I wonder why it always seems that blessedness is just where we are not. I am sure we should have reached it if you had rowed faster."

That evening I sat watching Annabel as she knelt in a white lace dress before the log fire, holding up her hands to be warmed by the blaze. When I thought how sweetly and seriously she had answered me in the afternoon I felt sure that we had come to a better understanding, and that she had laid aside forever all her odd, contradictory ways towards me.

Mr. Thorold spoke to her.

"I hope you enjoyed your walk with Richard."

"Richard enjoyed it," said Annabel.

"And did not you?" said he, very much amused.

"I never, never" — she paused, giving each word the emphasis of great deliberation — "*never* was so badly treated in my whole life."

The whole family laughed, as they usually did when Annabel spoke. "What on earth did he do?" asked Ernest, with the greatest curiosity.

"He took me out into a lonely place, into a very lonely place, away up the river in an old cockle-shell of a boat, and there —" Annabel paused and amused herself by closing one eye and looking at the rosy glow through the chinks of her fingers.

"Well, what there?" they cried.

"There he lectured me," she said, shaking her head slowly.

They all laughed again.

"He told me" — she continued, speaking quite seriously, but half preoccupied in watching the effect of the firelight upon her little hands — "he told me that he was grieved and distressed to observe that I sometimes said what was not quite true."

Ernest gave a shout of laughter, in which it was evident that Mr. Thorold would have joined had he not feared to wound my feelings. "Did you deny it?" they asked.

"No," she said, "alone in that little cockle-shell of a boat, it would not have been safe to contradict him, you know." She went on to give an account of many incidents which had and had not happened to us, interspersed with fabled conversations of the most ridiculous sort. We all laughed, it was impossible not to laugh, and we parted for the night without comment on my side. I was not in the best of humors. Whether the untruth and exaggeration of what she had said were evident to the others or not I could not tell.

From The Fortnightly Review.

#### JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

THE influence of Japan has made itself felt in the last quarter of a century throughout our Western civilization. As time goes on, so potent is it, that it will reach the deep waters of our existence. In the world of art, for reasons which are now beginning to be fully known, the admiration was spontaneous; the onslaught of the new ideas on the old was too vigorous to be withstood. But one is apt to think that Japanese influence has spent its force, that the area of its activity in the West is confined to art and has already been fully covered. One does not realize that a national spirit which has spread so far in one direction is at least likely to spread in other directions, if there are equally strong impulsive forces. Of these forces we know next to nothing at present. We still have curious ideas about the discovery of these distant islands, and fancy that they are inhabited by strange quasi-cultured barbarians. We still visit Japan to feel the fascination of a superficial attraction, and do not as yet comprehend that we are there in the presence of a perfect and complex civilization. We are interested in the progress of the nation towards what *we* call civilization, and take note of it with a kind of affectionate contempt; but we ignore the existence of a law of gravity which governs national intercourse, and is no less sure in its operation than the universal law which governs terrestrial and celestial bodies. By this law of mutual attraction Japan will influence Europe as surely as Europe is influencing Japan. A critic lately wrote of Japanese art in these terms: "On the whole, the effect of Japan on Europe in art has been civilizing and improving." Civilizing! Yes, that is the dominant note of the whole question. There is an attractive force on both sides in that aggregate of customs, manners, arts, and application of sciences which is termed a civilization and which exists in Japan as strongly developed as in Europe and America. In Japan this force is not confined to art; the repose of a civilization, perfect in its conception and logical in its carrying-out, is everywhere visible throughout the land; and it is impossible for us to come in contact with it without receiving very marked influences from it; without, as the critic says, being "civilized and improved." At first, as one comes to notice the characteristics of Japanese civilization more in detail, it reveals itself to cynical minds as something quite pre-

posterous, as an altogether topsy-turvy, cart-before-the-horse sort of civilization. When cynicism gives place to thought, the more respectful term, *ύστερον πρότερον*, suggests itself; respectful, I mean, as suggesting the possibility and necessity of reasonable examination and comparison with that other civilization of which we who serve and teach form part.

Concerning one of the most valuable contributions to our stock of knowledge of the Japanese, a patient and exhaustive study of their homes, a foolish critic once wrote: "It must be admitted by candid criticism that the Japanese house is only a step or two above the savage's wigwam, and that the Japanese temple has the strongest resemblance to a large, thatched barn. . . . There is also in the Japanese house a uniformity of arrangement which seems to indicate a civilization checked forever in its earliest stage. . . . Mr. Morse has much to say on the luxury of unsuperfluity in a Japanese house; but this luxury is obviously the result of an extremely limited civilization which knows few wants. That which distinguishes Japanese art and house-building from those of real savages is, that, as far as they go, the former are products of true artistic consciousness." Concerning one of the products of that "extremely limited civilization," the lustre of those mysterious metals, *shakudo* and *shibuichi*, another critic has written: "It is one or other of these agencies" (which he had accurately described) "that gives the patina to all Japanese metals, and they are understood by that nation in a way never arrived at by any other people."

These two short extracts from contemporary criticism are illustrative of the two ways — the foolish and the wise, the ignorant and the learned — in which we are accustomed to see Japan dealt with. I should like to know what he who wrote about the "few wants" knew of them. It has taken the patient author of the "Arts of Japan" many months of arduous study to unravel the means whereby one of those wants is satisfied, and he himself would be the first to admit that his investigations have but brought him to the threshold of the underlying science which is far more highly organized than that which creates the means of providing for similar wants in Western countries. The lustre of metals is only one example among the many delightful ways in which the want of things to charm the eye is satisfied.

Civilization, then, means the satisfaction of the wants of existence; but as they

vary with every change of latitude and longitude, and some form of satisfying them exists everywhere (for necessity begets her children all the world over), the term, as we understand it, has come to mean the highest form of satisfaction of the greatest number of wants.

Now, nothing, I think, is more astonishing with regard to Japan than the appreciation of her characteristics by Europeans when they at length understand them. Nor is it only the case with regard to wants peculiar to Japanese, but to those common to them and to us. Sir Edwin Arnold, publicly recording the first impressions of his visit, said: "I feel that the impression will be enduring when I say that Japan astonishes, absorbs, delights, fascinates, and wholly contents me." We were disposed to cavil at what seemed the exuberance of post-prandial oratory; but what he said was absolutely and entirely true, and not of himself alone, but of everybody. The more we see and know of Japanese civilization, the less we are able to deny that its methods, in a great number of points, are wholly satisfactory and entirely contenting; that they will be missed when we get back to "civilization;" and that we shall probably introduce them for our own comfort and recommend them to our friends.

Of the pictorial art of Japan I need say nothing here. It came to us as something not far short of a revelation. I appeal to the judgment of the friendly critic. It has "civilized and improved" us, it has long since ceased to be merely curious, and though the pictorial art of Japan has limits, its decorative and ornamental art has none. In the West, in spite of Gothic masters and Renaissance pupils, in spite of fantastic æstheticism and Queen Anne revivals, we have long been compelled to admit that for beauty and grace, for flowing curves, for imagination and wealth of fancy, we are not the swift ones in the race. And of that other branch of decorative art which concerns itself with the setting-off of beautiful things in a beautiful way, a week in Japan is enough to teach the veriest Philistine that it is a subject of which we Westerners know next to nothing. The fancies and follies of our "high art culture" are only the germs, the barest rudiments of an exact science which the Japanese have created, and which is so widely diffused among the people that the coolie who draws you through the street is a past-master in it.

This art, which is the embodiment of all that is graceful in the national charac-

ter, derives not a little of its charm from its power to weave into its purposes everything in nature which has a line of beauty. The simple, natural wood decoration, which is so common in the Japanese house, is at the same time one of its most charming and attractive features. It is one of the things one longs to transport, and, not find, but make, a fitting place for in the wilderness of a modern British house. How strange it must sound to some ears! These houses, only one remove from the hovel of the ancient Briton, without a chimney, too, with much clay plastered on the walls, and straw strewn upon the floor in the shape of delicate white mats, have not one but twenty attractive features. With our bazaar-like tastes we possibly find something wanting in its unadorned simplicity; and yet, after two or three days spent in this "hovel" there is not a traveller who has been to Japan but will descant by the hour on its perfections and the supremely harmonious taste of the whole.

When I pass through the sliding paper windows on to the verandah, and find the stepping-stones set just where I want them to lead me to the garden, I at once lose myself in admiration of the mysteries of that science which trains the trees and flowering shrubs, and sets in order the features of the landscape garden. The principle which pervades it all is assuredly not an uncivilized one, namely, to let the eye wherever it may wander rest on something beautiful; not to ignore the smallest of nature's works, and to seek to obtain from everything something to add to the sum of a day's delights.

A beautifully ordered garden, a house whose claim to our admiration lies only in its severe simplicity, relieved perhaps by a single spot of vivid color, by flowers in a costly vase, and by an occasional suggestion of a hidden and neglected magnificence as the sunlight catches the mellowed gold of a screen, are these all? Surely the eye must weary in the end of these things; the lust of the eye must have been subjugated out of all existence if it can rest content here. Well, the Japanese know better than we do what is wearisome to the eye and what is restful. We have decided in favor of a heterogeneous accumulation of things, wherein the beauties of shape and texture are lost, where the colors annihilate one another, and where the skill of the individual workman yields to amazement at the length of purse which enabled the individual purchaser to "get together" so motley an

assortment. The Japanese idea is the very reverse of this. If you would wonder at his purchasing power, he may by chance open for you the doors of his godowns, where you may count the wooden boxes by the score; but his analysis of pleasure has led him to the conclusion that by emphasis alone can we arrive at the due appreciation of beauty in form and color, and of the skill and craft to which texture of surfaces, minuteness of manipulation, and fineness of weaving bear witness. The treasures of the godown are not forgotten; they wait their turn to be set out and then receive their due meed of praise from honored guests.

I pass rapidly from the arts to social intercourse, the degree of polish to which it attains being no small index of the perfection of the system which produces it.

A very little intercourse with the Japanese reveals one essential feature of civilization, the existence of a system of social rules. When a greater familiarity with the people has been arrived at, the system is seen to include almost every conceivable subject, and to be worked out with an astonishing precision and minuteness; and, what is most remarkable, an universal acquaintance with, and obedience to it are observable on all sides.

We are fond of attributing characteristics to different nationalities: politeness to the Russian, vivacity to the Parisian, a certain liquid capacity to the German body, insularity to the British mind. Englishmen, too, are prone to consider certain peculiar habits and virtues as essentially their own, not exactly in the manner of the Pharisee, for they are impressed, as he could never have been, with the fact that their unlikeness to other men is admitted by their friends of the civilized world. But there is nothing strictly accurate about these generalizations; they cannot be made the premiss of any argument. We cannot safely draw conclusions from them. Of the Japanese people, however, so general is their acceptance of the established rules of conduct, that it is possible to predicate with tolerable certainty how such an one will act on such and such an occasion, and how on another occasion he will not act. When, for example, we say that an Englishman would not sell his country for gold, we speak with hope; but when for Englishmen we substitute Japanese, we speak with certainty.

Now the standard of polished social intercourse has been raised among the Japanese to so high a pitch that we are disposed to scoff at it, regarding it more

as an eccentricity, charming for the moment, than as evidence of the existence of a highly cultured civilization. The questions suggested by it are two: firstly, Is it well to have rules of conduct at all? secondly, Is it possible to have too many? The answer to the first query is, "Of course it is well." It is the boast of our system of education that it sets manners as high as learning. The leisure of a schoolboy's life is properly devoted to having "good form" knocked into him. There are many who not unwisely think that the social training of Alma Mater is worth many of her degrees. In our one word, "gentleman," a hundred mysterious unwritten rules of conduct lie hidden; one who has learned them without tears we call "nature's gentleman." We deny the axiom of some, that it is within a man's right to do what he thinks proper; and, *a fortiori*, that it is within a woman's right. We do not admit that every one may be a law unto himself; we assert that we are the judges of conduct; that gentlemen, as well as officers, should "conform." Every profession has traditions of its own honor, their observance being enforced by well-known sanctions, of which "to be disbarred," "to be struck off the rolls," "to be unfrocked," "to be cashiered," "to be expelled," "to be cut," "to be sent to Coventry," are the familiar examples. The offences themselves bear no other definition than the military one, "conduct unworthy of an officer and a gentleman." In England we carry this principle into the official life of the nation, reposing in the queen, aided by her ministers, the power of dismissing her servants without cause shown or given; or, as the turbulent would say, "without rhyme or reason."

The examples given above of our own rules in these matters are but germs of the real science. From some cause or other, whether it be greater experience or a more extended power of observation, it has been left to the Japanese to elaborate and practise the exact science of the proprieties of life. A trivial example will explain my meaning. The scene, an English drawing-room; the time, after dinner; the persons of the comedy, an ordinary English family. "Let us have a little music. Sister Anne, sing to us a song of Araby." "I am afraid," sister Anne replies, "my music is in the country." Cousin Edith is nervous and would "rather not." Brother Jack breaks in that "girls always want such a lot of pressing." And so on, and so on; the excuses are made one by one, the music remains unsung, and the

men at last betake themselves down-stairs to the billiard-room, and the pipes which never yet refused them comfort. It is a common enough scene with us; but the Japanese know young female nature better than we do, and in their simple way prevent such things occurring. If you can play the *koto* and do not when you are asked, you are guilty of great rudeness towards your host, and no Japanese (except a young official) likes to be thought, much less to be, rude. The rule for *koto*-players is that they must always be ready "to oblige," and therefore they are taught their little plaintive melodies by heart, with much painful endurance on the part of the teacher and the taught, as I know to my cost. But the *samisen*-player, for reasons which I suppose are well-grounded, is allowed to plead that she has left her music behind; if, however, the host has the music she refuses no longer.

A curious confusion of *post* and *propter* I insert here parenthetically. The rule for *koto*-players never to refuse to play is given as the reason, not only for learning by heart, but also for the absence of any notation for *koto*-music.

Yet another triviality. In the "Ladies' Treasury of Knowledge" a very precise rule is given for the way in which Japanese ladies should eat bean cakes; gentle pressure with the fingers on either side so that the contents of the cake should go into the mouth and not stay by the way on cheek or chin. I wonder how many people would deal successfully with a cream-cake at an English picnic, when spoons and forks are scarce. It is true that we have determined that peas are not to be eaten with a knife, but are we yet quite agreed on the subject of asparagus? The whole etiquette of eating is regulated in Japan in a manner which is almost alarming in its exactness.

Then there is the complicated science of flower arrangements, and those elaborate ceremonies connected with them, which have lately been set forth and explained for our edification by Mr. Josiah Conder, the architect to the Japanese government. The strict injunctions which are laid on one who comes to view a floral composition; the tabulated terms of admiration which he is to use; the duties laid on the host when a guest is invited to arrange some flowers; the correlative duties laid on the guest when the vase is a costly one, or the flowers are few or not all that could be desired, and that special one about leaving the scissors near to the

flower arrangement as a silent and modest request for faults to be corrected — all these elaborate ceremonials provoke a smile, of course. They are unintelligible to us, and seem to be the refinement of a finikin courtesy. They are typical of a hundred other household ceremonies, and are worth a little examination. Some of the details are obviously devised for the purpose of ensuring the flowers being seen at their best, so that both guest and host may receive the greatest pleasure from them. These are but an application of the principles of the larger science of beautiful arrangement. Other regulations again are made so that everything may be done decently and in order, that there may be no fuss or hurry, and that the pure enjoyment of the flowers may not be marred by the want of something necessary at the proper moment. Others again are intended to prevent giving offence to susceptible people.

Should we think it singular if any one wrote concerning the furnishing of a card table, that it should be of a certain size and shape; covered with cloth of a certain texture and color; that the candlesticks should be in one place, the whist-markers in another; that there should be two packs of cards of different colors, and all the rest? As it is, the thoughts of the players are distracted by dirty cards; peaceful reflections concerning the fall of the cards are violently broken in upon when the host gets up, after the first deal, to look for markers, and sometimes finds one and sometimes none. The spirit of the game is lost; revokes, misdeals, all sorts of mistakes, are silently, and often publicly, set down to the offending host.

The Japanese know this just as well as we do, and the remedy better. Is it then ancient wisdom to make so much fuss over cards, and second childishness to take so much trouble over flowers? The Japanese have a soft spot in their nature which enables them to derive infinite enjoyment from the contemplation of flowers. They have studied the laws of beauty through and through, and in exemplifying them have elevated the arrangement of flowers into a fine art.

And, after all, there is nothing very extraordinary about the politeness which is ordained as suitable to the pleasant ceremony. There is, all the world over, a deference due to one who is in the high degree of host. And throughout the world there are laws of hospitality. The Spartan law so commands our respect that it has passed into a proverb. Looked at

closer, there is in these regulated observances of the Japanese, something worth more than a passing smile. If we had so graceful a ceremony in the West, surely the guest would beg to be excused from the risk of breaking a precious vase; and though the excuse is urged on the plea of diffidence, it is not unlikely that it rests on the fear of doing damage. He must not put his host to inconvenience or in an awkward position by asking for more flowers; even a Western barbarian would call that rude. Even a Western barbarian would try to find some complimentary phrases when so pleasant a task was completed, though the results might not be all that could be desired. I have in my mind three manners in which the true Briton expresses his opinion when a friend shows him anything. Firstly, the stolidly indifferent; this usually calls forth the disappointed remark from the friend, "He didn't seem to think much of it after all." Secondly, the conjunctive, as thus, "Yes, very nice. But — you should see Jones's; quite admirable, I assure you. He paid ever so much." And then follows a long dissertation on the virtues of Jones's "beauty." The consolation to be derived from this charming specimen of good manners is that you know your own cherished possession will be praised to Jones to the disparagement of Jones's on the first opportunity. On a par with this is the familiar specimen of drawing-room politeness, which surely must have been invented by the wildest savage who ever exulted in torturing poor human feelings, "How beautifully you sing; and what a charming song! Did you never hear Solvani sing it? Made quite a sensation, I assure you." Lastly, there is your candid critic; and he, without a word of warning, dwells wearily on all the imperfections of your boasted treasure. He is not a nice man. I think he is a "product" peculiarly our own; he does not exist in Japan.

There is, of course, another side to all this regulated politeness. In the presence of it one feels at first like the student of chess after a few weeks with the books. He is fain to exclaim with Jänisch: "After all this investigation and theoretical development, what branch of the game will ever remain, properly speaking, play?" And with what feelings of relief does he come to the sentence, "Here, then, is where, strictly speaking, commences the domain of practical play"! And so it is that in the presence of this great cloud of rules, which bear witness to the culture of Japan, we are tempted to ask: "Where

does true feeling begin; is it not crushed out altogether by the burden of this studied civility?" To a certain extent it must be; and I believe that the Japanese would be the first to admit it, that it is possible to carry rules too far. To begin a visit to a near relative with stereotyped phrases; to receive with the approved formalities stereotyped answers; to rejoin, to sur-rejoin; to rebut politeness with politeness, and after all, perhaps, to leave the business in hand to the next interview, is gradually being recognized as a hindrance to genial intercourse. It is like the Turk who does not let the dentist operate till the third or fourth interview. And yet it betrays a keen insight into human nature. The first moments of visit are never the most enjoyable; there is a certain stiffness in the brain muscles which must be worn off before things run smoothly. The *mauvais quart d'heure* is 'unknown' in Japan; the quaint device of some new sweet gives the much-needed subject for conversation.

Compare, too, that piteous appeal, "What shall I do to be known?" of a householder newly settled in Brixton, which appeared some time ago in the papers, with this Japanese antithesis: "There is another grouping of six houses for social purposes."

But to revert to the rules. They must have sprung from somewhere; they cannot be a spontaneous growth from barbarism. They are crystallized from the behavior of olden times, and they are evidences of the original politeness and grace of the national character, and not of the reverse. They are the product of the national love of precision, and perhaps have been over-elaborated. We are not altogether the best judges of this. Those who have a more intimate knowledge of the people than one who was but as a traveller resting among them, say that the old grace of character does in fact still remain, and really lies at the bottom of the willing obedience to these formal rules of conduct.

But it is not, as I have said, on one thing alone that the perfection of Japanese civilization depends; it is in the fact of the existence of a system which cares for all things, and regulates them on corresponding principles. I have spoken of the floral arrangements—the laws of beautiful arrangement have been carried out even to greater perfection in the garden.

At first sight their gardens appear to us fastidious to a degree. But a better acquaintance with them reveals delicacies

of beauty and suggestion which appeal, though quite unconsciously, to us. They appeal to us because of that secret of presenting perfect rest to the eye, so that they never weary but grow in delight every time we gaze upon them. What is so wonderful about it is that, with such care have the rules been elaborated, that even the coolie can and does convert the square yards of his "back-garden" into a thing of beauty no less than the *daimio* his square acres. I am tempted, even at the risk of being wearisome, to dwell upon these rules, and on the sentiments which they seek to emphasize. In the poet's garden, seclusion, solitude, virtue, self-abnegation; in the philosopher's meditation and patient retirement from the world; in the statesman's, ambition and so forth, to illustration of the fundamental canon of the art, which Mr. Conder gives as follows: "Gardening should be undertaken from a genuine love of nature and with a desire of enjoying the beauties of natural scenery; and gardens should be so arranged that the four seasons may each contribute in turn to their artistic excellence. They should be pleasant retreats for hours of leisure and idleness; places to stroll in when aroused from sleep." The *parterres* of Versailles, the lawns and mazes of Hampton Court, were assuredly not laid out with any more simple view than this. And then we find rules laid down with the same precision as before, showing how the great result can be arrived at; rules as to the use of blank spaces and suggestions of mountains; as to the use of water, and the use of stones; and the same quaint names occur as before. For instance, [those for islands—the Elysian isle, the windswept isle, the master's, and the guest's; and those for stones—the mountain-summit stone, the wayside stone, the angling and the torrent-breaking, the clear-moon and the mist-enveloped, the cave and the propitious cloud. So it is with the lanterns, and with the trees and flowers; and so it is with the stone water-basins, and the bridges, and the stepping-stones; with the walls, the fences, and the hedges.

Is the existence of these rules a mere matter of curiosity, then? why should they excite surprise and often merriment? We have ourselves similar rules and plenty of them on other points. To the student mind, imbued with that strong sense of its own originality, which is genius in the germ, what so irritating as the necessity for a rigid observance, for example, of the laws of harmony? Says the student,

"why must consecutive fifths and octaves always be wrong? Why must the seventh 'rise' if I want it to fall? Why need I remember those terrible rules about resolutions? I am convinced that it is all mere convention, and will have none of them!" And the doctor will answer: "Know this now, young man, or you will know it never. If these long ears cannot tell you of discordant noises, assuredly they will scarcely hearken to what I strive to pour into them. Learn first what the accumulated wisdom of the years has to teach, and then your own small wit may add to the common stock some trifles which shall not be altogether valueless. In your first year, and in your second year, in your third, and even to your last, you must be as a little child in teachableness, and then you may be able to instruct others for a space. This accumulated wisdom of which I have spoken teaches us concerning concords and discords, sequences and resolutions. It says that some things are good, and that some other things are bad. And when wisdom speaks, there is no gainsaying her. Go to, you are not quite a fool—learn and be wise."

The accumulated wisdom of years of patient observation of causes and effects, of effects and causes, has brought the science of flower arrangement—to take one example out of many—among the Japanese to the same pitch of perfection to which it has brought the equally mysterious and pleasure-giving science of harmony—to take one example out of many—among Western nations. And so, when we smile at the deliberate punctilio of the *harakiri*, we forget the polished ceremony of the salute of the duel. Both are a tribute to the god of honor, differing only in the *corpus vile*.

The multiplicity of rules, however, must not be confused with the almost incredible extent to which the giving of names is carried, and which is not the least interesting feature of Japanese civilization. Every single thing, and every detail of everything is the result of critical study and reflection, so that, the resulting idea being presumably worth preserving, it is christened with some fanciful name by means of which it can easily be remembered. Of upright bamboo flower vases alone Mr. Conder has enumerated forty-two principal varieties—the lion's mouth, the singing mouth, the goose's gate, the monkey, the mantis, the icicle, the flute, the cascade, the ascending dragon, and so on. Then there are the boat-shaped hang-

ing vases also of cut bamboo stems, in which streamers of flowers are arranged to suggest oars, masts and sails—the homeward-bound ship, the outward-bound, the ship entering port, the becalmed ship, the ship in a mist, and so on. Then again, the harmony between the flowers and the kind of vessel employed is worked out in ten distinctive characters; and the arrangements themselves in eleven special varieties, among the curiosities of which may be noticed the two styles of arrangements in a sand-basin and "horse-tub" vessel—also the "fish-travelling," so-called when the stems are arranged side by side, and the "fish-sporting," when one stem is lower than the other.

As we turn the pages of Mr. Conder's elaborate studies we find lessons in the science of taste scattered broadcast through them. "Strong colors must be divided by softer colors." "Colors which do not harmonize are separated by green leaves or white flowers." "Flower compositions should partake of the character of the seasons in which they are used." "Spring arrangements should be simple and powerful in line and feeling like the growth of young and early vegetation. Summer arrangements must be full and spreading, while autumn arrangements should be spare and lean, and those of winter withered and dreary." The hundred and one rules of taste which we find here cut and dried, are so true and so simply expressed that the wonder is that we have remained so long in ignorance of them; or, if we are not ignorant of them, that we have so long allowed them to remain in abeyance. There are also elaborate catalogues of "flowers suitable for felicitous occasions," and of "flowers prohibited on such occasions;" of "appropriate and objectionable combinations," of "flowers for a wedding," of "offerings to a deity," of "flowers for the coming of age," "for the occasion of starting on a journey," "for the sick," and twenty others which remind us of somewhat similar poetical ideas which our grandmothers have handed down to us as traditions of olden times.

The elaborate minuteness of these rules is clear evidence of the nervous finish to which the Japanese have brought their civilization. This over-elaboration, as it seems to us, is observable in everything they do. The extraordinary perfection of their lacquer work, the marvellous minuteness of their metal work, in both of which the magnifying glass may detect beauties which the eye cannot see, are referable to the same cause. We may also trace its

influence in the order of their houses, in which the rule of "a place for everything and everything in its place" holds absolute dominion. Again, it is precisely the same cause which has made them masters of that science, to which I am never weary of referring, of beautiful arrangement, which is the chief characteristic of their decorative art. No detail is too minute to be considered, no trouble too great to achieve the end in view, namely, the perfect rest of the eye when it seeks pleasure in beauty.

To mention one small thing among many, this "over-elaboration" has led to that superfluity of wrappings which seems so curious to us. A beautiful silk wrapper is used for a beautiful box, and then a box for the beautiful silk, and then another wrapper for that box, and a box for that wrapper, and then the ante-penultimate box, and the penultimate wrapper, and the ultimate box, and the outside wrapper for it all, each in descending order of magnificence.

It is this perfection of finish which makes the surroundings of their civilization so splendid where splendor is permissible. Again I note a very trifling feature, not only because it is in trifling things, as we know, that character so often reveals itself, but because it is in the multitude of such trifling things that the Japanese so greatly differ from ourselves. This feature is the voluptuous use of silken cords and tassels, which in turn has led to a regular science of knot-tying. The lacquer clothes-boxes are tied with great ropes of red or orange silk. The exquisite painting on the long letter-boxes is more than half hidden by the cords which are bound round it. Weights are hung on *kakemono* by bright colored tassels. The *kokyu* bow has a great purple and white knot and tassel which sways with the motion of the dainty hand that wields it. The *samisen*, too, has its purple cords; the reading-desk its pale blue tassels. The crossed poles, on which flags are hung at every door on national holidays, are tied with an elaborate bow of purple cord. The picture on the wall has its two bright cushions to rest on, and they in turn their tassels. From this characteristic it came about that honor was in old times attached to the different colors of these silken appendages. Two or three kinds of small drums are tightened with orange silk ropes; but the drummer of the first rank was accorded the privilege of having lilac silk, while he of the second rank had pale blue.

The curious side of Japanese civilization

still remains—the topsy-turvyness of a great deal of it—the *υστερον πρότερον*, to which I have already referred. Of this I may call attention to the following contrarieties with which one comes in contact almost every day.

The greater number of carpenter's tools, such as saws and chisels, are set on a principle precisely opposite to ours. The workman, too, planes towards his body, not away from it. I fancy this is one of the first things noted by the stranger as evidence of the "cussedness" of the people. The seamstress is contrary too; she stitches away from her. The fiddler bows with a great bundle of loose horsehair, instead of with a few tightly stretched. In classification the first is the lowest class, and not the last, as with us. The first string, too, of the *samisen* and *kokyu* is the lowest, and not the highest. The first volume of a book is at the right, and not at the left. In the language of the hands, when they beckon we dismiss.

In their sports and games, too, many of which resemble ours, the same radical differences always prevail. Wrestling is loose, and training induces the formation of great mountains of flesh, to be hardened afterwards with much pummelling. And even in the human "cock-fight," mirth-provoking pastime of lazy hours, the trussing-stick is dispensed with, the fighting leg being left entirely free. Japanese archery is point-blank, the arrow being shot from below the centre of the bow. In chess, the pieces taken come over to the captor's army and fight their former fellows.

Now, in all these cases, reason, or sport, or good workmanship, are in favor of the Eastern principle. Their joinery work is without equal in the world. Their arrows fly with unerring aim from a hundred feet at a target three inches in diameter. You can watch the ponderous forms of the wrestlers, *instar montis*, tumbled in the sands, or thrown about like very shuttle-cocks, for six hours at a stretch, with scarcely a feeling of weariness. The cock-fight is altogether excellent. The *kokyu* is not a Cremona, but the loose horsehair produces a tone not much inferior to that drawn from a Western fiddle by ordinary mortals, though the Japanese have little skill in the science of sound-producing bodies, woods, and varnishes. The arrangement of the volumes of a book comes to them naturally, because their books begin where ours end, and, as we should say, work backwards. But let any one who loves the symmetry of well-ordered book-

shelves ask himself whether he has not over and over again been puzzled as to the proper position of volume one. Put it on the left in the shelf, and the pages run, for example, thus: From left to right, 359 to 1, 744 to 360, 1090 to 745, and so on; and when the books are laid on the table, either volume three comes to the top, or this curious sequence of pages must be preserved. At least the logic of convenience is not on our side.

And then look at our system of classification; it is undetermined yet. The sixth form and the first class may both be at the top of the tree, the first form and the twelfth class at the bottom. I think the "form" — classification is the only example of *ὑστερον πρότερον* commonly adopted in the West. But, then, is not logic in its favor? When we assume that the first must be the best we assume that there can be nothing better. If anything better should be found, the whole classification must be degraded; the original first, being no longer the best, must become "number two," to allow room for the new degree of merit. But, on the other hand, if we begin with the lowest first, then we get the true, at least the natural, degrees of comparison, bad, better, best, instead of the unnatural, good, worse, worst.

I am bound to confess, however, that there is a sort of invertible quality in the Japanese which comes into marked prominence when they have anything to do with Europeans; the quality which makes them, for example, train their horses to gallop up-hill, and impels the coolie invariably to select of two roads the wrong one. This is not, however, the true principle of *ὑστερον πρότερον*, but only a mongrel offshoot from it. If there is a straight road and a crooked one in front of him, one which clearly leads somewhere, and one which apparently leads nowhere, the coolie does not take the crooked one or the one which leads nowhere simply out of the sheer perversity of his mind, but because in his dealings with foreigners he has come to realize that they always do things topsy-turvy. They insist, for instance, on walking up hills to ease the *jinrikisha*-man of his burden, which no Japanese would ever think of doing, much less two Japanese riding in the same *jinrikisha*. So the coolie sees at once that foreigners are curiously constituted; that they do and require curious things; and he cannot bring himself to believe that they would wish to do so simple a thing as travel along the straight road. Many strange daily occurrences are therefore attributa-

ble to the fact that both my coolie and myself have made the same observation with regard to each other, namely, that our actions are influenced by one principle alone, that of *ὑστερον πρότερον*.

But the "to-day" of Japan contains a problem of greater moment to her than the business of proving the excellence of her past. She is up to her old tricks, and she is borrowing from the West as she borrowed ages ago from China and Corea. The question is, What will she do with her loan? Will the old graciousness of the past die utterly away? There are some Japanese, very young blood indeed, who earnestly desire it. With what we lend her, will she make anything at all worthy to be preserved? There is many a young Japanese who will tell you, though he wears broadcloth and a white necktie, that in a few years the foreign craze will pass away and the result will be nothing.

F. T. PIGGOTT.

From The Nineteenth Century.

#### LORD LYTTON'S RANK IN LITERATURE.

ON the 24th of November, 1891, Lord Lytton, diplomatist, Indian administrator, and poet, after a six weeks' illness of great physical pain heroically borne, died at Paris, where he was ambassador. To the last, and in spite of bodily infirmities, he retained his full clearness and activity of mind, and was able not only to transact official business, but also to busy himself with that higher intellectual work which had been the true motive of his life. His very latest care was given to the correction of the verses which are the text of this paper. He called them "*Marah*,"\* for the waters of bitterness were at his lips; and the morning of the day he died was spent in setting down on paper its concluding lines, which he had thought out in the night. It was a fitting ending to a life brimming over with the romance of politics, of social success, and of literature.

As his very intimate friend, of twenty-six years' standing, I may perhaps be allowed to say a word or two at the outset about this life on its personal side, for it is that I knew best; and when all is said and done, it is the personality of those who have played a great part in the world that interests us most. I saw it in its most striking phases, and what I did not

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see, I learned in our long intercourse from his lips.

He had an unhappy childhood, a Bohemian home where bitter quarrels were rife, and poverty, or something very like it, stood often at the door. Of his two parents, whom he equally tried to love, the great novelist, his father, with all his brilliancy of wit and literary sensibility, was a mere egotist in domestic life, and from first to last fulfilled almost no duty of a parent towards him; while his Irish mother was what the world has seen her, and what she has herself published to the world. Lord Lytton's tenderness towards his father was a touching trait of his affectionate character, and in all his many talks I do not remember to have heard a single word of bitterness escape his lips about him. It is pleasant to think that this filial piety was rewarded late in the unbounded love of his own children, for nothing really is lost to those who give freely, and their bread cast on the waters returns to them always though it may be after many days. His one absorbing affection, however, in childhood was for his sister, a year older than himself, whom he had the misery of losing when he was still a boy, and under circumstances which made her death most bitter to him. I do not think he ever quite forgot this early grief, and traces of it may be found, if I mistake not, throughout his writings.

He was launched early on the world. At seventeen, his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, afterwards Lord Dalling, obtained him his first nomination in diplomacy, and he was sent abroad to shift as he could for himself on a very insufficient allowance, which for a while even ceased entirely. Lord Lytton has told me that at the time he was writing "Lucile" he was without money resources of any kind, and I know that at another earlier period he was within a little of committing suicide, as an escape from miseries greater than he could bear.

What saved him through all was his poetry. His first volume, "Clytemnestra," published when he was twenty-four under the name of "Owen Meredith," was a very clear success — as much so as Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta" — and the public praise it won gave him his first feeling of self-confidence, and so the courage needed by his timid and sensitive nature to fight out his life's battle. It was followed closely by "The Wanderer," written for the greater part at Florence, and under the double influence of a first passionate love and the intellectual companionship

of the Brownings, with whom he long enjoyed the most intimate and affectionate relations. "The Wanderer" was at once recognized at its worth, and established his poetical fame above that of any of his young contemporaries, and to the extent that for the first time his father, who had hitherto underrated his son's abilities, became aware of them, and was even, as I have heard, jealously annoyed at his popularity. It was indeed a wonderful volume, the most wonderful perhaps in lyric poetry of any published in the present half-century, and I am constantly astonished that it should not be more widely acknowledged as such by the present generation of critics. Its only rivals seem to me to be Swinburne's first volume of "Songs and Ballads," and Rossetti's volume containing "The House of Life." But of this later. "Lucile," published in 1861, completed "Owen Meredith's" popularity, and literature opened wide to him her fairest fields for his assured ambition. It was about this time that I first remember to have seen him, a young man of twenty-nine, with a beautiful, dreamy face and curly hair. I was passing through Vienna, a young unpaid *attaché*, on my way from Constantinople, and had called at the Embassy, and found him there with his friend Julian Fane and others in the Chancery. It was but a passing glimpse, but I like to recall it and the picture which remains in my mind of him as he sat writing, with one hand busy with his work and the other caressing his black poodle's head. There was something typical in the attitude and the act. He and Fane had just published their joint metrical version of "Tannhäuser," and his volume of "Serbian Songs" was in the press.

Our real acquaintance, however, and friendship were not to begin till five years later. In the interval he had married, most happily as the world knows, and indeed his marriage proved to him the one great, unchanging blessing of his life. He had now an assured position, for his father had been obliged to make him a proper settlement, and he had risen to the rank of secretary, or, as we should now say, first secretary of legation, and was temporarily in charge of the mission at Lisbon. It was perhaps the happiest time of his life — certainly that of his greatest poetical activity, and politics had not yet begun to engross him. I will try to recall the exact circumstances of this our second and more eventful meeting. It was in the month of August, 1865. I had been sent to Lisbon in a kind of disgrace from Paris,

having been banished by the paternal care of Lord Hammond, then omnipotent at the Foreign Office, from that city of delights, where I had lived not wisely, but too well, to what I considered a terrible and undeserved exile at Lisbon. I was miserably unhappy about this and about other circumstances of my life, which need not here be explained, and stood, in fact, just at that parting of the ways in youth where a little sympathy, more or less, of a certain kind means a whole world of difference in its choice of a road — on this side to salvation, on that to perdition. Lisbon is the mournfullest, as well as the most beautiful of grass-grown cities, and on landing there in the burning heat of summer, my spirits had sunk to their lowest point of depression. I found the legation deserted, the minister in England on leave, and no one to receive me at my new post but the Chancery servant. I was the only *attaché*, and my only colleague, Mr. Lytton, was living in Villégiatura, he told me, away in the hills at Cintra. I took a ramshackle hack carriage and set out to find him; and, as we toiled up the dusty road in the afternoon sun to where Cintra lies perched beneath the eagle's nest of the Pena, my misery seemed to have reached its full. Weary and dispirited I fell asleep in the carriage. I shall never forget the sensation of waking in the cool mist at the top of the pass, or the sweet, fresh smell of the cork woods dripping with rain as we stopped at the door of the little country inn (kept by an ancient Welsh landlady, once bumboat woman to the fleet) in which Lytton had established himself in solitude for the summer. He ran out to meet me as soon as I was announced, and with that prodigality of affectionate kindness which was so great a charm in him, welcomed me in. I had hardly been half an hour with him before I felt that, like the pilgrim to the Delectable Mountains, the burden of my sins was falling from my back, and that I had found a guide and friend to show me a way out of my misfortunes. And so in truth it proved. All that evening, and till late into the night, we sat talking of things divine, poetry, philosophy, and sentiment, and many an evening afterwards, till the hours grew small and the candles burned low in their sockets, and a new world of hope was opened to me by his sympathy, and wisdom, and encouragement. If I have had anything in me since of intellectual ambition, the desire to achieve something in literature, and not wholly to waste my life on idle griefs and pleasures,

it is to him I owe it, and I am glad to record my debt to him here.

We spent three months together almost alone in those Portuguese hills, for his wife was away in England and there was no society, and every day my admiration for him and love grew greater. On diplomatic business I do not remember that we wasted a single word or a single thought, for there were no questions pending, but we spent our mornings writing poetry, and our afternoons wandering on donkey-back through the cork woods, and our evenings in readings and recitations. He was a wonderful reciter, almost an improvisatore, and would seize upon any story he had heard or read, and show in admirable words and with fragments of half-impromptu verse how it could be turned into a poem. In these moods he was as one inspired, and having listened to him one went away impressed with the idea that one had heard something greater and more beautiful and more dramatic than any written drama. Thus, too, it sometimes happened that, reading the same poem afterwards in its final form, one was a little disappointed. The extreme brilliancy was gone with his words, and the effect, though still beautiful, had become paler and less vivid. The truth is, that while his imagination was wonderfully quick and facile, as is the case, I believe, with all poets of a high order, he lacked somewhat of that rigid self-denial and labor in the choice of words and phrases which produces the absolutely best finished work. He allowed himself, how often, to be led aside, as it were, by butterflies from his path, following a rhyme here and a fancy there to the less perfect rendering of the main idea. In recital these digressions seemed in their place, being lightly passed over, while the main points had all their due prominence. The suddennesses of changes were only a new charm which carried the listener on. In reading, however, one was more critical, and the poems became poems only. It was in this way that I had the good fortune to assist at the birth of a number of those admirable half-dramatic pieces which were published later under the name of "Chronicles and Characters," — "Genserich," "Licinius," "The Botanist's Grave," and "The Apple of Life."

How wonderful, too, were his readings from Browning and Victor Hugo, his two favorite poets then! I had never read a line of Browning till I knew Lord Lytton, and his interpretation of the subtleties of that master of riddles has remained to me

like a flash of lightning seen on a dark night, making the subsequent darkness only the more perplexing. "The Grammarian's Funeral," "The Morgue," "Caliban," and "Paracelsus," were, I think, the pieces he liked best, and, of Victor Hugo, "Le Crapaud" and "La Rose de l'Infante." His admiration for Browning was at that time almost unbounded, though he considered Victor Hugo, and justly, the greater poet of the two. To Tennyson I do not think that he was in those days quite just, for it was the dramatic quality that attracted him most, even in lyric writing, and the monotonous blank verse of the "Idyls of the King" irritated him, and the emasculated paraphrasing of Malory's grand old prose.

Our afternoon rides were a special delight, for there are few more lovely hills in the world than those of Cintra, and they are enshrined for me forever in the verses he published about them many years afterwards in his volume called "After Paradise." I consider them his best descriptive lines, for as a rule description was not the strongest point in his verse. He lacked, I used to think, something of the correctness of the artist's eye; and it was always the human interest rather than nature's which stood prominently in his foregrounds. The physical world lent him similes and illustrations of human passion, rather than the subject itself. In this he resembled Byron much more nearly than our more modern poets, and it is distinctly to the Byronic school that his place belongs. I rejoice to think that these delightful days, which were to me the first I had ever enjoyed with an intellect of the highest order — a kind of intellectual honeymoon — were but the prelude of a true and constant friendship maintained unbroken between us till he died. Neither absence, nor growing age, nor diverging political opinions, were ever able to change it from the romance it was when it first began.

Of his later life what shall I say? Though such sole companionship as that of our three months together at old Mrs. Lawrence's inn was never renewed, I had the good fortune to be with him at most of the important epochs of his eventful career; at the time of his father's death; when he made his first acquaintance with the literary world of Paris as secretary under Lord Lyons; when political ambition was first set before him with the offer of the governorship of Madras; at Simla, after his first successful war, when he was signing the treaty of Gandamak and de-

spatching the mission to Cabul; on his return from India a year later, when he was preparing his defence for the House of Lords; and at Knebworth, when he was writing "Glenaveril;" lastly, in the scene of his final diplomatic triumphs at Paris; alas! too, on his deathbed in the green drawing-room of the embassy there, when, with stoical courage, he lay face to face with his approaching end. No man, a poet born, has ever had so wonderful a career, and no public man has ever maintained his individuality so free, so absolutely unaffected by official circumstance. Honors and dignities were unable to turn his head, or official routine to dull his sensibilities. He was always, and under all circumstances, essentially the man of imagination, of feeling, of wit, the hunter of the ideal, the dreamer of romantic dreams, the lyric poet he was born. As such he will live in his written works long after his work as a statesman and diplomatist shall have been forgotten; and as such it was his persistent ambition to live. I think he cared nothing for his fame in public life, though he was conscious of having done his duty to his country on divers trying occasions, according to his rather old-fashioned ideas of patriotism. But the fate of his books was a vivid and enduring interest, and perhaps the chief sorrow of his life was the comparative failure of "Glenaveril" to take the public fancy.

"Glenaveril" was his greatest — indeed, a gigantic effort, being a rhymed novel of some fifty thousand lines in eight-lined stanzas, the fruit of his maturest intellect, and written in the delightful atmosphere of his happiest home life at Knebworth. On it he had built his hope of taking a first rank among English poets, and had it been the full success he hoped for it, the tone of despondency so visible in his later writings would not in all probability have gained its ascendancy over him. There had been nothing morbid up to this point in his muse, and "Glenaveril" itself was pre-eminently healthy. Unfortunately, the poem had peculiarities of form and circumstance which damned it with the general public. It was inordinately long, and was made to appear longer by the unfortunate experiment of bringing it out in monthly parts. The plot was a very intricate one, far too intricate in my opinion for a poem, and the public could not carry its attention from one number to another, so that the later volumes, which were the best, were hardly read at all. The poem, too, contained

political digressions which, good though they were as such, were unnecessary for the story's development, and raised against its author the bitterness of party feeling, and party feeling is unsparing and unjust. Thus it failed of the expected appreciation, and not even his nomination to Paris, gratifying though it was to him in other ways, could quite console him for the literary disappointment.

To this I attribute the sadness of all his later poems and a growing weariness of life, which was very evident to his intimate friends. In politics an ultra-Conservative, and so almost of necessity a pessimist, he found it difficult to find comfort in the affairs of the great world he was called to administer. His official ambition had been satisfied and cloyed with the viceroyalty of India, where he had spent his best energies, and his work at Paris, congenial as it was in many ways, and performed with marked success, never quite absorbed him.

During the last four years of his life he withdrew more and more into a world of shadows, where he sought the phantom of his lost youth and grasped only the realities of age. All men of imagination go through some such experience, but few have had the courage to record it, or to leave behind them in any tangible form the history of its bitterness. "Marah" is the record of Lord Lytton's last deception in the world of sentiment, and it stands as such almost unique in English literature. Indeed, I know of nothing which can exactly be compared with it, for our passionate poets have seldom been long-lived, and Goethe's romance of old age has remained without an English imitator. On this account "Marah" will be found of supreme interest as well as inexpressibly touching by all who knew Lord Lytton either personally or as the young love-poet he was to readers in his days of "Owen Meredith." What a world of astonishing experiences has filled the interval between the publication of the two volumes, "Marah" and "The Wanderer;" what grandeurs of ambition, what sublimities of power enjoyed, what dealings with princes and potentates, what honors reaped, what public obloquy endured—the Durbar at Delhi, the Afghan War, Cavagnari's death, his great success at Paris, all in the eye of the universe, and to end in the same hankering after an ideal happiness which could not be attained, the same grief at life's little meed of pleasure, the same tears, only how much bitterer!

## 1.

Roll waves! To rest refused I too aspire.  
Weep clouds! I too shed tears that fall in  
vain.  
Lightnings, illumine ye my drear desire!  
Thunder, be thou the echo of my pain!

## 2.

Black shrouded midnight, shuddering with  
cold sighs,  
And fearful with faint creepings, gather all  
Thy ghosts and spectres! Bid them each  
devise  
New horrors to adorn thy sable hall!

## 3.

For the drear drama the drear stage prepare,  
Deck it with deluge, garland it with storm,  
Assemble all the Powers of Darkness there,  
And what I suffer let them then perform!

## 4.

Not long will they their fleeting parts sustain  
In the fixt misery I endure alone.  
To-morrow's sun will scatter to-night's rain;  
When comes the dawn the darkness will be  
gone.

## 5.

To-morrow will the storm have spent its force;  
But mine will be to-morrow, and to-morrow  
The same unutterable discontent,  
Stung by the same intolerable sorrow!

These are among the latest of the lines he wrote, and all the best in "Marah" are in the same despairing key. They might have been written by a very young man at odds with life before he had known it—for in age we learn to conceal our griefs—yet Lord Lytton was nearly sixty years old. How pathetic, too, is this other.

## RUBIES AND PEARLS.

## 1.

All I had to give, I gave her. First my kisses,  
then my tears.  
But the little one would have them not.  
"What use are they?" she said.  
Sad I went away, and dwelt among the tombs  
where days are years,  
With the witch that gathers herbs there,  
and her children who are dead.

## 2.

They and I became companions; and their  
dusky shrouds were wet  
With my flowing tears, and warm beneath  
my kiss their white lips burned,  
Till the witch, whose graveyard gatherings  
rare miracles beget,  
Wrought my kisses into rubies, and my  
tears to pearls she turned.

## 3.

But she drained into each ruby's heart from  
mine a drop of blood,  
And a purity my spirit lost with every pearl  
that fell.

Then she laughed, "Good pearls thy tears are  
now, thy kisses rubies good,  
And the proper use of precious stones thy  
little one knows well."

## 4.

So I took my pearls and rubies to the little  
one I love,  
She that loves me not. And, when her  
pretty eyes beheld them, wild  
Beat her little heart with eagerness its pride  
in them to prove,  
And she kissed and kissed me, weeping  
tears of pleasure like a child.

## 5.

Still she wears them, still she shows them to  
her lovers with delight,  
And her little heart would break, I think,  
if one of them were lost;  
For the sweetest of its pleasures is the envy  
they excite,  
And 'tis spoilt by no suspicion of the price  
that they have cost.

Heine might have written this, but  
surely no other poet of our time or country.

Of Lord Lytton's place permanently in  
literature I desire to say a word before  
closing this notice of his latest work. I  
would ask myself, What is his true poetic  
rank? How will he stand in history among  
the singers of his generation, the poets  
of the Victorian age? Will his name be  
quoted as representative of these and of  
English letters? Will his work live?  
Does it deserve to live?

In answering these questions, I would  
say at the outset that, while generally  
sceptical about the future of modern taste  
in most arts, I have with regard to the art  
poetic a very fair confidence that the critical  
faculty of the intelligent few (and these  
alone in our time read poetry) is being  
developed in the right direction, and that  
its judgments are sound. It happens of  
course, now and then, that mistakes are  
made. Critics in the press are hardly  
ever quite candid or quite unbiassed about  
their living contemporaries. Writers of  
an inferior order are sometimes puffed for  
a while if they are personally liked, and  
there is a not unnatural reverence for  
great living names which carries even  
their worst work through the press in a  
chorus of applause. But the *claque* is  
quickly recognized, and the readers of  
poetry are not persuaded to persevere long  
with the admiration forced upon them.  
Again, really good writers do not always  
gain their full meed of appreciation at  
once, or during the period of their best  
production. Look at Browning, who had  
written all that was really of the first order  
while he was almost an unknown man

living abroad, and who became famous in  
London when he had ceased to compose  
anything but intellectual puzzles thrown  
at the heads of his admirers. Look at  
Keats and Shelley. I am old enough to  
remember the time when it required some  
courage to admire either of them without  
grave reserves. The few great classics  
then stood on an unassailed pedestal; and  
a man would have been considered absolutely  
mad who should have preferred  
"The Cenci" to "Paradise Lost," or the  
"Ode to a Grecian Urn" to the "Penseroso." We have more courage now, and,  
as I think, a better canon of criticism, and  
are more just. If any one doubts this, let  
him look through any library, public or  
private, and try if he can discover a readable  
volume of verse by an unknown author  
of more than fifty years ago. None  
such, I venture to say, exists, and we may  
rest assured that all supreme merit will  
continue to be recognized, all true poetry  
to find its proper level.

With Lord Lytton's poetry, I am, therefore,  
in no pain as to its ultimately ranking  
according to its worth. For the moment,  
however, it seems to me that the political  
part played by the man has vitiated somewhat  
the public judgment in its estimate  
of the writer.

Politics and poetry are in the English  
mind antagonistic things, and it is considered  
that high merit in the one implies a  
corresponding lack of merit in the other.  
In our system, too, of party warfare every  
organ of criticism, even those most exclusively  
devoted to art, is obliged to have  
its side declared or half declared in politics,  
and so we see poets extolled or belittled  
in large measure according to their  
supposed political opinions. Mr. Swinburne  
has been a favorite of the *Times* since he  
became known as the enemy of Irish  
priestcraft. Mr. William Morris, the  
Socialist, finds his best applause in the  
*Pall Mall Gazette*; Mr. Lewis Morris, the  
Gladstonian candidate, in the *Daily News*.  
This is only natural, and it would be  
folly to complain of it, but still it needs  
to be considered if we are to estimate  
things fairly. In Lord Lytton's case, I  
think, he has suffered doubly as a poet  
from his political attitude. He has incurred  
the resentment of the Liberal press for  
being too strong a Tory, and at the same  
time his high public position has caused  
his political friends to treat his poetry  
as no more than that holiday flirtation  
with the Muse which statesmen are  
allowed. By neither side has he been  
treated according to his full literary de-

serts. Now, however, that the grave has closed over all contentious matters in his public career, I anticipate a wiser and less partial judgment of his poetic work. Each year as it goes by will withdraw him politically further from our gaze and bring him as a poet nearer to us. Then we may expect to see him take the high rank he deserves.

My estimate of what this rank will be is that, as a lyric poet, the position given him will be next among his contemporaries after Tennyson, Swinburne, and Rossetti. He has neither Tennyson's full perfection of lyric style nor Swinburne's wealth of musical rhetoric. Rossetti I personally should place before any of them as master of the purest English perhaps in our literature, but it is doubtful whether, his masterpieces being nearly all in sonnet form, the concensus of criticism will give him so high a place. Apart from these three I see no contemporary who is likely to be placed as Lytton's equal. Not Browning, with his tortuous method of thought and disjointed diction; not Matthew Arnold, with his intellectual melodies always a little flat in the rendering; hardly even William Morris, great singer though he be, in the purely lyrical field. Lytton's lyrical style is brilliant, direct, personal, and essentially modern. It treats of nineteenth-century things in a nineteenth-century way, and this, I venture to think, will be held in the twentieth century a permanent and pre-eminent merit. Archaisms and reproductions of other ages and modes of thought please the generation for which they are written more than those which come after, and what we ask most of the poetry of the past is that it should be true to the genius of its own time and its own people. This quality cannot fail to be valued in Lord Lytton's verse when the Victorian age is finally reviewed.

Dramatically, and in our English dearth of dramatic power, Lord Lytton, too, ranks high. Compared with contemporary French poets, with Hugo, or Musset, or Coppée, I should not, of course, claim for him a place in the first line; Browning alone of our metrical play-writers could pretend to this; but "Orval" is a noble dramatic poem, as, in its classic way, is "Clytemnestra," while the dramatic element in "Chronicles and Characters" and in "The Wanderer" is more strongly marked than in any modern English writer, Browning and perhaps Henry Taylor only excepted. As a novelist in verse, Lytton stands absolutely alone. "Lucile" is the most brilliant piece of light narra-

tive since "Don Juan," and "Glenaveril" the most splendid failure. Nor in his philosophy, the philosophy of the man of the world, is Lytton to be approached by the writers of our day. His "Fables in Song," in two volumes, are a mine of latter-day wisdom, as will be, when it is published, his "King Poppy," a political satire which he considered his masterpiece, and left behind him finished, the concentrated result of his experience of mankind.

I leave, therefore, the maturity of his fame confidently to time to accomplish. His work is imperishable, but, alas! how should we perpetuate the memory of his personality, which has perished from amongst us? This was more wonderful and rare than all his work. We can only weep and hold it dear to our hearts, for in truth he was the brightest, best, and most beloved of men.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

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REMINISCENCES OF E. A. FREEMAN.

THERE can, I think, be few men who have occupied so commanding a place in the literary world, but whose names have been so long and so prominently before the public, of whose early life so little is generally known as is the case with that great master of historical science, the late Professor Freeman. To the irreparable loss of all students in the wide fields he had made so peculiarly his own, and to the grief of the many friends to whom the genuine warmth of his heart, the fidelity of his affection, and his sterling virtues had endeared him, he has been sadly, and we may say, prematurely — for he had not yet reached the allotted threescore and ten years — taken from us in the very act of gathering materials for that "History of Sicily" which was to be the *magnum opus* of his life. It is destined, alas, like that of his master of style, Macaulay, to remain an *opus imperfectum*, and the body of its author is now lying in a Spanish grave, far from the Somerset home he loved so dearly.

Even to those who knew Freeman best, all his life before his Oxford days is pretty much of a blank. He was singularly reticent as to the details of his boyhood. In an intimate friendship of more than thirty years I cannot remember ever

hearing him speak of his parents or his home, or make any allusion to the events of his schoolboy days. We have to go to the newspapers to learn that he was the son of Mr. John Freeman, of Pedmore Hall, in Worcestershire, and that he was born at Harborne, in Staffordshire. But they supply nothing more to fill up the blank between his birth and his election as scholar of Trinity in 1841. Others of his friends have remarked on the same reticence. One whose intimacy was of the closest from his college days, referring to his silence as to his early life, says, "I don't believe he had any." He means that the boy Freeman was not as other boys. To this the few facts about those days I have been able to glean distinctly point. His boyhood seems to have been lonely and self-contained. Without brothers or sisters, never at any great public school, and only a day-boy at the schools he did go to, seldom joining in the games of his schoolfellows and only associating with them in school hours, he was an omnivorous reader, and even in those early days indefatigable in gathering the materials which formed the groundwork of his wide, accurate, and solidly built learning. That this solitary boyhood was a distinct injury to him there can be no doubt. His mind was too much thrown back upon itself, and he suffered permanently from the want of that daily friction which might have rounded the angles and smoothed the roughnesses of his really fine and generous character, and tempered the fierceness which in after days rendered him so formidable and so uncompromising an antagonist. Freeman's personal reticence as to his early life, when "the child was father to the man," is, however, partially redressed by the graphic details supplied to me by one\* who was his schoolfellow at his first school, in February, 1831. This school was at Northampton, and was kept by a Rev. T. C. Haddon. It stood in Sheep Street, facing the then sorely dilapidated "Round Church," or St. Sepulchre's, from which and the other glory of Northampton, St. Peter's, the observant boy would draw his first object lessons in architecture. Freeman must by this time have lost both his parents, for he was residing with and anxiously tended by his grandmother, described as "a worthy old gentlewoman, living a very retired life in a pretty house at the end of St. Giles's Street, abutting

on the Elysian field of delight to all children, the green slope of the Cow Meadow, running down to the Nene at its foot;" the gentle Lady Throckmorton, "parted in her widowhood from the shades of Weston-Underwood and the meadows of Olney," being her near neighbor. Mr. Field's reminiscences give us a thank-worthy glimpse of his personality, then, as in after life, too striking and unconventional both in countenance and form and in attire to be readily passed over. "A slight figure, blonde and freckled cheeks, long curly flaxen locks streaming over his head and face, with a somewhat hardset look in his keen grey eyes, strangely attired in a long blue frock coat, buttoned and fashioned much after the Blue Coat boy fashion, rather short nankeen trousers, fully displaying his white cotton stockings, and low shoes"—he was as unlike the ordinary type of school-boy in form and outward garb as in the character of his mind. It goes without saying that such a boy was at once pounced upon as "a speckled bird" by his schoolfellows, and had to put up with a fair amount of rough handling from them. My friend's first impression of him, fresh and vivid after sixty years, was of "a singular-looking and more than singularly dressed boy, heaved up on the shoulders of a wriggling pack of other small boys, tossing and lugging him about for an oddity, while he, with no seeming sense of their rude sport, save a kind of odd enjoyment, was laughing with wide mouth, and roaring out with strong, almost rough voice, 'Do you know, my boys, there's a game at marbles called *pyramides*.'" Whether he succeeded in freeing himself from his young persecutors by the promise of teaching them the new game Mr. Field cannot remember. But indeed he had little opportunity of doing so. He was, as I have said, a day-boy, only with his few schoolfellows at lesson-time—"he just coom'd and he goed," and rarely stopped to play. Of his schoolwork there is little to record. "There was a sort of independent originality and decision about him" writes my friend, "which seemed to augur well for his strength in lessons. My impression is that he was good at them all round, but there was but little in this to lay hold of the memory, and that little would soon fade."

Within a year or two of this time his grandmother left Northampton for Cheam, for the sake of the long-celebrated school there conducted by Dr. Mayo on Pestalozzian principles. Here Freeman stayed

\* The Rev. Thomas Field, formerly fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, rector of Bigby, Lincolnshire.

some years, completing his education at Seagrave, in Leicestershire, under the Rev. Mr. Gutch, whose daughter he subsequently married, the union being one of singular happiness. Having inherited a comfortable property, Freeman adopted no profession, but lived independently, first in South Wales, then at Dursley in Gloucestershire, and ultimately at Somerleaze, near Wells, in Somerset, devoting himself to his favorite studies of architecture and history.

To pass from these reminiscences of Freeman's early days to my own personal knowledge of him, I was first introduced to him at the meeting of the Archæological Institute at Chichester, in July, 1853. I had known him at a distance previously at the annual gatherings of the same body, at which he early became a regular attendant, and of which he ultimately became one of the most conspicuous members. On several occasions he presided over the historical section, and contributed masterly summaries of the history of the town or district in which the meeting was held, of which those delivered at Cardiff, Taunton, and Carlisle are notable examples, always bringing his vast stores of accurate knowledge, gathered from all quarters, to bear on the illustration of the architecture and history of the various buildings and localities visited.

This Chichester meeting was memorable for Freeman's first public appearance in the historical field in which he was destined to gain his greatest distinction. All his previous communications to the Institute had been on architectural subjects. Indeed, it was as a clear-headed and large-viewed student of architecture that his name first became known to the world, and on this subject his first books were written. His "History of Architecture" was published in 1849, and soon after his "Window Tracery," in which, with marvellous acumen, he followed the development of this special characteristic of the Gothic style, from its earliest rudiments in the Lancet period to the soulless monotony of the Perpendicular and its extinction in the Renaissance. He also in this earlier period published architectural histories of the cathedrals of Llandaff and — in conjunction with his college friend, Basil Jones, now, with special propriety, the bishop of that see — of St. David's; and contributed memoirs to the *Archæological Cambrensis* and the *Archæological Journal*. At Chichester he presented his first fruits as an historical student, in a memoir on two of his favorite historical

characters, Earl Godwine and his son Harold, which may be regarded as the embryo of his monumental work on the Norman Conquest. This was subsequently published in the *Archæological Journal*, but such periodicals have not many readers, and it was received with a somewhat mortifying coldness. But he had faith in himself, and like the late Lord Beaconsfield, though such a comparison would have made him furious, he bided his time, feeling sure that a day would come when the world would hear him and read him. We were both at that time pretty regular attendants at the Institute meetings, and so we frequently met, and as our tastes were similar, our studies congenial, and we personally liked one another, our acquaintance gradually developed into intimacy, and intimacy into a deep-seated friendship, on which it is now a melancholy pleasure to look back. Rough as he could be with others — too rough, in truth — he was never rough with his trusted friends, and would bear from them criticisms and corrections which a less generous nature would have deeply resented. He might blurt out a loud "What d'ye mean?" accompanied with a fierce look, and would contest the point vehemently; but he was always amenable to reason, and gave in when he was shown to be in the wrong. But towards those who professed a knowledge, which he saw to be merely superficial and destitute of that groundwork of painstaking accuracy which characterizes all his work, — "impostors" as he called them, — he sometimes manifested an intolerance which was not always kept within the bounds of courtesy, and was painful to his victims and distressing to others. He used to say of himself that he could not "suffer fools gladly," and that if they "came in his way and gave themselves airs it would be the worse for them." In a letter to me on the prospect of some such collision he writes: "Doth not one of the prophets say that there is a rod for a fool's back? If he invites the rod he must feel it; if he has the sense to kiss it he may go home with a whole back."\* I am afraid, if I remember rightly, that all the warnings he received failed to produce the desired effect, and that the rod was administered publicly on the person of a deservedly esteemed Church dignitary, certainly no "fool," for some heretical views on the origin of

\* His knowledge of Scripture, though marvellously wide and correct, and woven into the very texture of his English style, here for once failed him; the words occur in Proverbs xxvi. 3.

"long and short work," to the indignation of the bystanders, and the serious disturbance of the harmony of the occasion. Indeed, it was no light responsibility to have such a cranky vessel in tow at one of these archæological gatherings. With the most careful steering there was a constant danger of collision with some one, perhaps some liberal patron or local magnate whom it was important to propitiate, to the serious damage of the success of the meeting.

After he had become a notability, people would at these meetings worry him with questions, not always very pertinent ones, to which they were in danger of getting somewhat brusque answers; others would call off his attention from something which really interested him to something else for which he cared nothing, to their own speedy discomfiture. One had to be constantly on the watch against serious misunderstandings, and do our best to smooth down his rough speeches, to minimize his apparent rudeness, to explain that "it was only pretty Fanny's way," and generally to keep the peace, only too thankful to get him off dangerous ground as speedily as possible. As with most of us, when at work he liked to be alone, or with one or two who could really be a help to him, and woe be to those who intruded on him at such times with their well-meaning but distracting chatter. "Don't you see I am busy?" "Can't you leave me alone!" and, if telling his mind thus plainly was not enough, he would stalk off in high dudgeon and leave his persecutors in blank amazement. More than once or twice this hatred of interference has been near landing him in serious scrapes. When in 1883 he was examining Battle Abbey, in preparation for that wonderful discourse, one of his greatest triumphs—in which, with flashing eye and thrilling voice, he made the great fight of Senlac—as he loved to call it, discarding the later name—which changed the fortunes of England and made her what she is, live and move before his hearers, he found himself dogged by a person who, as he thought, somewhat officiously obtruded his offers of assistance. After vainly trying to shake him off, he broke forth with, "I don't want your help. The Duke of Cleveland promised that I should not be interfered with by the gardeners." "Exactly so," was the reply; "I hope they have obeyed my orders. I am the Duke of Cleveland." It is needless to say that the *amende honorable* was at once made, and his Grace's intelligent aid gratefully

accepted. But I am afraid that Freeman was not always so placable. He too often forgot that if he had "giant strength" it was "tyrannous" to "use it as a giant." When irritated, he was at one time too careless of the feelings of others, and inflicted blows which left their traces even on his friends. "Which of us," writes his old and honored friend, Professor Earle, "does not bear the scars of Freeman's wildly wielded war weapons?" But time had its mellowing effect on him. As years went on such ebullitions became less frequent, and the bitterness of feeling of his victims towards him, also softening with the lapse of years, gave place to an appreciation of his many great qualities and real admiration for his consummate learning.

A word or two must be said as to Freeman's connection with the *Saturday Review* and its sudden severance. For several years in the best days of that powerful literary and political organ he was one of its most regular contributors, and helped largely to give it its character for unflinching and sometimes ferocious criticism. His victims, it is true, generally well deserved his scalping knife, and, though on occasions it was used somewhat recklessly, it was never used maliciously. At one period he had an engagement to contribute three articles a week—generally a review of some book, an article on some topic of the day, and an account of some town or district or some historic building, known in the "shop" of the *Review* as "middles," *i.e.*, coming between the leading articles in large type and the reviews. In such articles Freeman was at his best. They were written, as a rule, after a personal visit to the place, and with a conscientious examination of all its recorded history. Many of these masterly papers were published in his delightful and instructive volume, "Towns and Districts." Others have appeared, almost simultaneously with their author's premature decease, in the recent volume of "Collected Essays." But by far the larger number are still unpublished, a selection from which we hope his literary executors will give to the world, illustrated with some of the sketches to which reference will be made hereafter. His divorce from the journal of which he had been so long a mainstay was not one to be lightly entered on by either editor or contributor. But the cleavage on the Russo-Turkish question, which separated so many chief friends, became too decided to allow of continued union. Freeman, as everybody

knows, was a vehement "anti-Turk" and "philo-Russ." Another powerful contributor, chiefly of political articles, now also deceased, was as strong on the other side. It was out of the question that one should contradict the other in the same paper, and yet each was equally decided in the expression of his own views. Neither would budge an inch. So it was necessary, for the credit of the paper, that one should go, and Freeman went. At the time, November, 1878, he wrote to me: "I have cut *Sat. Rev.* I bore up a long time, but at last I could not stand the yoke-fellowship of X., or endure that such a mass of ignorance, bad English, and slandering against everything good should appear side by side with my articles, and as the editor clearly thinks him much more valuable than I, and would do nothing to stop him, I cut the whole concern, and I hope they are the happier for it." The public was not the happier, for the loss of Freeman's always piquant and often instructive weekly articles was a great one. Nor was Freeman the happier, for though he sometimes found the weekly debt rather burdensome, he liked the work, and it gave him the opportunity of speaking his mind plainly on many things, which he liked also. Besides, the pecuniary loss was not small. He told me he was between £300 and £400 a year the poorer for resigning his place on the staff. In every point of view it was a regrettable affair.

To return to Mr. Freeman's drawings, to which I have already referred. He was a very ready and accurate architectural draughtsman. He worked rapidly and effectively with a broad-nibbed pen and ink, much after the manner of another architectural amateur whose breadth of view and power of comparison of widely distant buildings much resembled his own, the late Rev. J. L. Petit. Without any pretensions to artistic power or any attempt to make a finished picture, he seized on the salient points of a building and, with a few touches, put them on paper with a strength and accuracy which left little to desire. Somewhat roughly sketched in at first, it was one of his favorite "leisure labors" — often on Sunday evenings, after the religious duties of the day were over — to bring out his portfolio and give these drawings some finishing touches. There must be hundreds upon hundreds — I had almost said thousands — of these bold drawings, taken in widely distant lands, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Greece, in Dalmatia, in his dearly loved Sicily,

besides an abundant store from England, Scotland, and Wales. The publication of a selection from these (perhaps, as I have suggested, as illustrations of his *Saturday Review* and other articles) would be a welcome boon to the increasing number who take an intelligent interest in comparative architecture.

Freeman was the most industrious and painstaking worker I ever knew. I am certain that he never knew what it was to be idle. From early morning till the afternoon meal, and then again, after a period of exercise and relaxation and the society of his family, deep into the night, he was always either writing or gathering materials for his writings. He had a happy power of snatching ten minutes' sleep, which rested his sorely taxed brain, and from which he woke "like a giant refreshed with wine," ready for fresh labors.

One element of Freeman's remarkable literary strength was his faculty of absolutely putting aside anything not vitally connected with the subject on hand, and concentrating himself wholly for the time on that. Marvellously wide as was the range of his studies, they had their self-imposed limits. "Non multa, sed multum," was his motto. When the late J. R. Green was his companion on a visit to northern Italy, undertaken for the purpose of tracing the development of Romanesque architecture, he complained that he could not get Freeman to attend to anything else. For the paintings and statues and other works of art he had not then an eye. Even the historical interest of the world-famed towns he was passing through were for the time little to him. He came for Romanesque architecture, and to that and that alone he would give heed — "totus in illis." No wonder that such a man became master of his subject. And again, in his favorite study of architecture, he concentrated his attention on a building as a whole, its history, the development of its parts, its form and outline, its likeness or unlikeness to other buildings of the same sort. The ornamental details, the shrines and monuments, painted glass or frescos, the stall work and screens and the like, he completely passed over. When asked questions about them, he would say, "They are not in my line; I know nothing about them, you must ask somebody else." The ritual arrangements had more interest for him, but only so far as they bore on the general history of the church and its clergy. The apse at Torcello, with its ranges of seats for the presbyters, tier above tier, and the marble throne in the centre, for

the bishop — “*primus inter pares*” — was most precious to him as an historical document. He wrote to me once in great delight from Ravenna, on witnessing the celebrant of the Eucharist, in the Duomo, taking his place on the (speaking ritually) eastern side of the altar, with his face to the people, as the pope has always done at high mass at St. Peter's. But it was historically rather than ritualistically that such things interested him. They were voices from the past, telling of the belief and practices of former ages of faith, and as such, more than for themselves, he valued them. It was much the same in ecclesiastical matters generally. He was a strong Churchman. The Tractarian wave had carried him out of his earlier Evangelical moorings, and though the tide had gone far beyond him, and carried others farther from shore, he always enjoyed a sober but stately ritual and appreciated sound Anglican doctrine. But great as was his interest in Church matters generally, he looked at them mainly on what may be called their secular side — their influence on the character of the people and the wellbeing of the nation — and wisely left their theological side to be discussed by those who made theology their profession. To few men was the Bible more familiar. He had evidently studied it diligently as a child, and it had become so completely part of himself that its words and phrases continually appeared, perhaps unconsciously to himself, in his conversations and in his writings. This employment of Scripture language sometimes gave an air of irreverence to his writings, especially his *Saturday Review* articles, which was offensive to the more devout, though on his part it was far as possible from being intentionally irreverent. Like the great object of his admiration, Mr. Gladstone, when at home he regularly read the lessons in his parish church, with a vigor and emphasis which many clergymen would do well to adopt. The historical chapters he specially delighted in. The new Lectionary was a trouble to him in robbing him of some of the most graphic bits, telling of the fierceness of the Old Covenant heroes. He once lamented to me that he could no longer “hew Agag in pieces” with Samuel, or “put his feet on the necks” of the Canaanite kings with Joshua and his captains. Every line of the Psalter was stamped on his memory, but he had his favorites among the Psalms (as who has not?) and he enjoyed greatly when, on the twenty-seventh day of the month, the

monotonous pietism of Psalm cxix. was exchanged for the “Songs of Degrees,” and he “got among the little Psalms,” the “Psalmikins,” as he grotesquely called them.

As a letter-writer Freeman had few equals, either in the frequency of his letters or the picturesqueness — I know no word that better describes them — of their contents. Of the hundreds of letters I have received from him there was never one in the least commonplace, or which was not lit up with some pungent phrase, some shrewd notice of passing events, some illustration from history, some treasure produced from his stores of knowledge, which were only possible for one whose stores were so vast and so varied, and who had them all so ready at hand for instant use. Many of them read like miniature *Saturday Review* articles. The same charge might perhaps be brought against his letters as that brought against these articles and his writings generally, that they were “too allusive.” One event or place or building would call up the memory of another like it, which, instead of naming, he would describe in periphrastic language, which needed his perfect familiarity with almost the whole range of history and geography to identify. I used often to tell him that, like Ezekiel, he “spoke parables,” and needed some one to interpret them, and that he must speak more plainly if he wished to be “understood of the unlearned.” His letters had one peculiarity, which must have been familiar to all his correspondents. They were written in fragmentary fashion at separate times, each fragment being duly dated, showing when he laid down the pen, often in the middle of a sentence, and when he took it up again. One letter before me now bears “Oct. 27th” at the head of the first page, “Oct. 28th” at the head of the second, “Oct. 29th” at the head of the fourth, when it seems to have been finished and sent off. Many people, it is true, write their letters in bits, but few are thus careful to date their bits, and fewer still break off half-way through a sentence, and carry it on without any symptom of interruption. Once, when I chaffed him about this, he met me with an historical parallel — he had a parallel for everything and always at hand — “I find that several of Leo. III.'s letters to Charles the Great were not finished till a long time after they were begun.”

It was delightful to receive letters from Freeman, but it was more delightful still to be his guest — it was enjoyable at Ox-

ford, in the stately stone-fronted Judges' Lodgings, on the east side of St. Giles's, which he rented when not required for their lordships, but far more enjoyable at his beautiful Somerset home of Somerleaze, under the shadow of the Mendips, within an easy walk of Wells. As has been remarked by others, after his long absence from Oxford he was somewhat out of touch with the new order of things which had grown up since his university days, and the friction between the old order and the new rather discomposed him. He liked to have his own way, and that he could not have among so many who were, or at least thought themselves, his equals or superiors. At Somerleaze it was different. He was, in a sense, like Alexander Selkirk, "monarch of all he surveyed," with "none his right to dispute," and he could have his own way. It was a place too that he dearly loved. The history of the county, which he set forth in his brilliant inaugural address at the Archæological Institute meeting at Taunton, its growth from a primeval *gau* to an independent province, the home of the "Somersætan," its gradual conquest, and ultimate amalgamation with the lands about it as an English *county* — not a *shire*, a merely conventional district, sheared off from the mass, and called after the chief town in it, such as Buckinghamshire or Oxfordshire — greatly interested him. Here he would show how local topography is illustrated and explained by history, by the fact — which he had learnt from one of the masterly historical addresses of Dr. Guest, the late master of Caius, of whom he always spoke with admiration as having been the first to throw light on the obscurity and confusion of the early history of our island — that the little river Axe, which flowed near the bottom of his grounds, being the boundary of the Saxon conquests of Ceawlin and Cenwalh, gave the reason for his being a parishioner of St. Cuthbert's, Wells, three miles away, and not of Wookey, within five minutes' walk but on the other, *i.e.*, the eastern bank of the river. At Somerleaze, with its rich pastures, gay flower-gardens, and tall, shadowy elms, and with his books — an enormous store, in all languages, chiefly historical or bearing on history — Freeman was at his happiest and, therefore, at his best. Here it was his great pleasure to receive congenial friends, to whom it was, at least, an equal pleasure to enjoy unrestricted intercourse with such a man, and drink in knowledge as it flowed spontaneously from his lips.

His large and roomy house was seldom many days empty during the summer months. "When I once get home," he writes, "it is so delightful that I don't want to stir any whither, but I am right thankful to any one who will come and see me. Here" — he is writing from Oxford — "I am looking out at cabs on one side, and Keble on the other, neither half so pretty as mine own trees." Happy days indeed they were that his friends spent with him there — never, alas! to return. It was a choice circle whose autographs the "visitors' book" at Somerleaze enshrines; men of mark of every sort, though naturally chiefly historians, greater and lesser. Besides visitors from the other side of the Atlantic, and from the continent of Europe, most men who have gained a place in literature, ay, and women too — for was not Mrs. Humphry Ward one of his guests before she had begun to pose as the founder of a new form of Christianity, and had become famous as the writer of heterodox novels, and was only known for historical and biographical work, the accuracy of which Freeman highly esteemed? — were summer visitors at Somerleaze. W. Bright, Boase, Brodrick, Bryce, Creighton, Dawkins, Dicey, Dimock, dear little "Johnnie Green," Gardiner, (of whom Freeman used to say: "I always find Gardiner right in *my* period, so I feel sure that he is right in his own"), Hodgkin, Hunt, Sidney Owen, J. H. Parker, George Williams, are names that occur to me on the moment, a list which might be greatly amplified. On one occasion he had the honor of entertaining his great political leader, Gladstone, but it was only at luncheon, on a semi-political occasion. I do not think Freeman ever stayed at Hawarden. Who is there who was ever privileged to be a guest at Somerleaze who cannot recall the tenor of those bright days, the morning "family prayers"? — no "fancy prayers," such as stirred the great duke's bile, but Psalms and Te Deum, reverently read and responded to, and a few collects from the Prayer-book — and then the ample family breakfast, with Freeman's special rack of "black toast," burnt to a cinder, which was one of his odd fancies; the walk in the gardens, with a stroll to the pond-side to feed his favorite black swans; the morning of hard work in his study when visitors were left to their own devices or were entertained by Mrs. Freeman and her daughters, with perhaps a walk or drive into Wells and a stroll round the cathedral and its calm close. Then the early dinner, fixed at 2 or 3 P.M.,

to give the master of the house a long morning of writing, followed by a delightful afternoon, driving to the Cheddar Cliffs, or to Glastonbury or Croscombe, or some other place of interest; or a long stroll through his woods to the top of Ben Knoll, with its historic traces of far-off times in encampments and hut circles, looking down on Wedmore, where Alfred and the Danes swore a peace, lying in the great marshy valley of the Parret, broken by the towering mounds of Glastonbury Tor and Brentknoll, once, like the Stepholms and Flatholms in the Channel, visible in the distance, islands in a broad estuary, rearing their summits from the swampy level. It may easily be imagined how Freeman, with such a historic landscape before him, telling of Alfred, and Guthrun, and Dunstan, of Athelstan and Edward, and many others, would wax eloquent and fight the battles of old days over again, and pour forth bits of the Saxon Chronicle—the Chronicle he would have called it, to whom “that absurd name Saxon, the source of endless historical confusion,” was a bugbear—or of Macaulay’s “Lays” intermingled with snatches from “the Book of the Wars of the Lord,” which seemed applicable, and send us home to the ample tea which awaited us with a livelier sense of the reality of old English history, and a feeling that those men of old times were living beings like ourselves, and not mere names in a chronicle. The evening after the meal—call it supper or high tea, or what you will—was often brightened by music—one of his daughters, at least, being a singer of no common excellence—or Freeman would bring out his sketches and photographs. Many a question of architecture and history, or politics would be discussed, sometimes rather warmly, and the ladies having retired, midnight would often have sounded before the party broke up. Freeman was no smoker, nor did he like smoking in his house; however, somehow people got on without it, or indulged it on the sly. To recall such days deepens the regret that they too, like everything earthly, have passed away, and that he who was their central figure will never see his beloved Somerleaze again.

For such a man, devoted to literary labor, it was a palpable mistake to propose to enter political life. Though no party politician in the ordinary sense of the term, an eager politician he could not fail to be. As he used to say, “History is past politics, and politics is present history.” But his power lay in his pen, not

in his person. All his best friends were grieved when, in 1868, he was persuaded to become the Liberal candidate for West Somerset. They would have regretted it still more if he had been successful. He was quite unfitted for the atmosphere of the House of Commons. He would have been irritated to the extreme of exasperation by being doomed to listen to what he would, in his rough way, have called “the lies” of the opposite party, and even more by the platitudes, and the defence of right measures or wrong issues by his own. His fierce, uncompromising speeches would have vexed the souls even of his warmest friends, and have provoked the animosity of his opponents. Nor would he have been an ally to be depended on. He was too free a lance and had too simple and honest a love of the right and just to be willing to follow implicitly any political leader. With all his admiration for Gladstone, and his detestation of “the Jew,” as he scornfully termed D’Israeli, the day might have come when on some measure compromising the eternal principles of liberty and justice, he would have found himself going into the lobby with the Conservatives, and have been stigmatized as a deserter. There was, therefore, a general feeling of satisfaction among his friends when he was so hopelessly beaten as to make any repetition of the unwise venture impossible. He himself took his defeat very good-humoredly, even making it a boast that he had been “more thoroughly licked than any other county candidate of his color.” He, probably, in his calmer moments, felt that he was well quit of it, and that he could do more for the cause he had at heart out of Parliament than in it. His ardent loyalty to the Liberal cause, his generous sympathy with all downtrodden peoples, and his belief in federation made him warmly adopt the cause of Home Rule, and follow Mr. Gladstone’s leadership, though with some decided differences, which increased rather than diminished as years went on.

Wherever he went he was the same zealous champion of oppressed nationalities, Slav, Bulgarian, Greek, or what not, ready to do battle on their behalf against all comers.

*Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*

He carried with him his warm attachment to Gladstone and irreconcilable hatred for his great political rival—a hatred which was often carried beyond due bounds, and on this occasion he went out of his way to

heap insult — on his memorable visit to Greece in 1877, of which I wish my fast lessening space allowed to give some of the graphic details contained in his letters. For one extract illustrative of this time I must find room. It must be premised that the Greeks had recently got into one of their frequent constitutional muddles, which had brought them to a deadlock, and which they tried to remedy by calling from his retirement their former prime minister, Constantine Canaris, an heroic old man who had done good service to the State in former years, and had well earned his repose. Canaris obeyed the call, and filled his old position at the time of Freeman's visit, who writes: —

I saw one thing above either mountain or buildings, to wit, a *man*, τὸν πανύστατον τῶν πάλαι ἡρώων, τὸν αἰεὶ ζῶντα Κωνσταντεῖνον Κανάρην, to quote my own speech, now, ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, prime minister. I told them they were free, we slaves; they had a hero for their leader, we a Jew. ὑμεῖς μὲν ἐστὲ ἐλεύθεροι, ἡμεῖς δὲ δούλοι. ὑμεῖς μὲν ἄρχοντα ἔχετε ἥρωα, ἡμεῖς δὲ Ἰουδαῖον. Do they not hate the tribe of Benjamin out there, shouting, ζήτω Γλάδστον! lustily and with a good courage?

During this visit, having landed in Acarnania, he made a short dash into Turkish territory. On my speaking of this to the late Bishop Magee, and saying that he was lucky to have got back without being impaled, the bishop replied: "I think he was bound to be, to prove the truth of Liddon's and Maccoll's tales." On my reporting this to Freeman, he burst forth with: "Yes; and to be told, after all, that I was nothing but a bean-bag!"

Freeman's greediness for work grew instead of lessening with advancing years. He was always seeking for new realms to conquer, perhaps too forgetful of those he had entered on and deserted prematurely, such as his incomplete "History of Federal Government." Writing to me in November, 1890, only a year and a half back, in reply to a remark of mine that it was somewhat rash for a man nearing threescore and ten to undertake such a colossal work as the "History of Sicily" on the scale he had planned, he says: "As to rashness, I have a thousand and one other schemes; most of them begun; among them the final revision of the 'Norman Conquest,'" which, in a previous letter, he had told me he meant to complete by writing the reign of Henry I. In pursuance of this idea he once again visited Normandy in the summer of last year, "engaged," as he writes, "in the service

of 'the Lion of Justice,' hoping to get a sight of Tinchebrai this very day." In answer to my inquiries after his health, he says: "I am very good in the head; not so good in the throat; and worst in the legs. I am always envying the lizards, who can get a new pair." Is his natural history quite unimpeachable here? "I believe Normandy has done me some good, though it is not equal to Sicily." (N.B. — He used to say he wished he could have three homes, and so divide the year between Somerleaze, Oxford, and Sicily.) Last January he writes from Oxford: "We are living from hand to mouth, waiting for the first chance of getting to Spain;" and then, four days later, came my last letter from him. He had heard that I had been in some anxiety about my own health, and he writes at once: "Don't go and distress yourself. We must all get old. I am some years younger than you, but I am very old in the legs, but the head I think gets younger."

Soon after this letter was written he started with his wife and two daughters for Spain, and I heard no more of him till the *Times* of the 17th ult. flashed from Alicante the sad news that one the world could ill spare had sunk under a combined attack of small-pox and his old enemy bronchitis, and had been already consigned to a Spanish grave. One of his oldest friends and fellow-workers in exact historical science, the Bishop of Oxford, writes: "It is indeed most terrible. I should not have been surprised if he had been taken away at any time during the last four years, and I was quite prepared to be told that his working life was over, but this is too shocking." Since his death a third volume of his "History of Sicily" has been published, and a review of "Salisbury Documents," evidently from his hand, and a further instalment of his "Visits to Norman Sites" had appeared in the *Guardian*. Such voices from the grave are invested with unspeakable sadness to those who remain to mourn his loss.

EDMUND VENABLES.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
MY WITCHES' CALDRON.

### III.

OURS was more or less a bachelor's establishment, and the arrangements of the house varied between a certain fastidiousness and the roughest simplicity. We had shabby tablecloths, alternating with

some of my grandmother's fine linen; we had old Derby china for our dessert of dried figs and dry biscuits, and a silver Flaxman teapot (which always poured oblations of tea upon the cloth) for breakfast, and three cracked cups and saucers of unequal patterns and sizes. One morning, James de la Pluche (so my father's servant and factotum chose to call himself when he wrote to the papers) brought in a hamper which had just arrived. When it was unpacked we found, to our great satisfaction, that it contained a lovely breakfast array. A china bowl for my father's tea, ornamented with his initials in gold amid a trellis of roses; beautiful cups for the young ladies, lovely gilt milk-jugs, and a copy of verses, not written, but put together out of printed letters from the *Times*. I quote it from memory:—

Of esteem as a token, —  
Fate preserve it unbroken —  
A friend sends this tea-dish of porcelain rare,  
And with truth and sincerity  
Wishes health and prosperity  
To the famed M. A. Titmarsh of "Vanity Fair."

We could not imagine who the friend was from whom the opportune present had come. For many breakfasts we speculated and wondered, guessing one person and another in turn, while we sat at our now elegant board, of which Dr. Oliver Holmes himself might have approved. Years afterwards, when De la Pluche was taking leave of my father and sailing for Australia, where he had obtained a responsible position, he said reproachfully: "I sent you the breakfast things; you guessed a great many people, but you never guessed they came from me."

De la Pluche was devoted to my father, and next to him he seemed the most important member of the household. He was more than devoted. We used to think he was a sorcerer. He used to guess at my father's thoughts, plan for him, work for him, always knew beforehand what he would like far better than we ever did. I remember that we almost cried on one occasion, thinking that our father would ultimately prefer him to us. He used to write to the papers and sign his letters, "James de la Pluche, 13 Young Street." "Like to see my last, miss?" he used to say, as he put down a paper on the school-room table. He was a very good and clever man, though a stern ruler. My father had a real friendship and regard for him, and few of his friends ever deserved it more. He lived alone down-stairs, where he was treated with great deference,

and had his meals served separately, I believe. He always called my father "the Governor." He was a little man, and was very like Holbein's picture of Sir Thomas More in looks. I remember on one occasion coming away from some lecture or entertainment. As we got out into the street it was raining. "It has turned cold," said my father, who was already beginning to be ill. At that moment a voice behind him said, "Coat, sir? Brought it down;" and there was De la Pluche, who had brought his coat all the way from Kensington, helping him on with it. My father thanked him, and then mechanically felt in the pocket for a possible cigar-case. "Cigar? Here," says De la Pluche, popping one into my father's mouth, and producing a match ready lighted.

I sometimes hear from my old friend, and I hope he may not be pained by reading of these childish jealousies long past.

When we were children attending our classes, we used to be encouraged to study large sheets, with curious rectangular designs, colored pink, blue, green, representing the various dynasties and events in the history of past ages viewed from a geometrical point of view; but somehow it was difficult to fit these figures on to the reality. One can understand the pictures of the solar system in the book, but it is a very different thing when one comes to stand on one's own doorstep, trying to realize that the earth is turning one way and the moon corkscrewing round it, and the planets dancing their mighty course, and the fixed stars disappearing all the time behind the opposite roof, to say nothing of a possibility that one's feet are up in the air and one's head hanging down below, without any feeling of inconvenience, except perhaps a certain bewilderment and confusion on most subjects, which may, however, be peculiar to myself. And so, looking back at one's own life, one sees it broadly in a sort of map, colored brightly or sadly according to its moods and states of being; but when one comes to write it down in *Macmillan's* columns, it is difficult to fit all the events and chronologies quite accurately into their places. If one tries to realize too much at once, the impression is apt to grow chaotic and unmeaning in its complexity; you can't get the proportions of events; and, indeed, perhaps one of the compensating constituents of all our various existences consists in that disproportion which passing impressions happily take for us, and which they often retain

notwithstanding the experiences of years. That little picture of Bewick's in which a falling leaf conceals the sky, the road, the passing gig and its occupants, contains the secret of a philosophy which makes existence itself possible, as it would scarcely be if infinity held its proportional place in our finite experience.

Our London home was a happy but a serious home. One day my father said that he had been surprised to hear from his friend Sir Henry D. how seriously our house struck people, compared to other houses: "But I think we are very happy as we are," said he, and so indeed we were. We lived chiefly with him and with quite little children, or with our grandparents when they came over to visit us. There was certainly a want of initiation; there was no one to suggest all sorts of delightful possibilities, which, as we grew up, might have been made more of; but looking back I chiefly regret it in so far as I think he might have been happier if we had brought a little more action and sunshine into the house, and taken a little more on our own responsibility instead of making ourselves into his shadows.

When my father had done his day's work, he liked a change of scene and thought. I think he was always glad to leave the ink-blots for his beloved dabs of paint. Sometimes he used to drive into town on the top of an omnibus, sometimes in a brougham; very often he used to take us with him in hansoms, which we much preferred, on long expeditions to Hampstead, to Richmond, to Greenwich, or to studios in distant quarters of the town. There was Mr. David Roberts, whose welcome was certain, and whose sketch-books were a delight to turn over; indeed, the drawings were so accurate, delicate, and suggestive, that they used to make one almost giddy to look at. Once or twice we went to Mr. Cattermole's, who had a studio among the Hampstead hills, hidden among ancient walls and ivy-trees. Mr. Du Maurier was not yet living there, or I am sure we should have driven further up the hill. As life goes on one grudges that time and chance alone should have separated people who would have been so happy with each other. Again and again we used to go to Sir Edwin Landseer's beautiful villa in St. John's Wood, and enjoy his delightful company. Among his many stories, I remember his once telling us an anecdote of one of his dogs he was in the habit of taking out at the end of his work. The dog used to wait patiently all day long while Sir Edwin was painting,

but he used to come and lie down at his feet and look up in his face towards five o'clock; and on one occasion, finding his hints disregarded, trotted into the hall and came back with the painter's hat, which he laid on the floor before him.

Then we always enjoyed going on to the house of a neighbor of Sir Edwin's, Mr. Charles Leslie, who dwelt somewhere in that locality with his delightful household. To say nothing of the actual members of that household, there were others also belonging to it who were certainly all but alive, and great favorites with my father. I can still see him standing in the South Kensington Museum, fascinated and laughing before the picture of Sancho Panza, with that look of portentous wisdom and absurdity. As for the charming duchess, whose portrait is also to be seen, she, or her prototypes, may perhaps have dwelt in the painter's own home. Mr. Dickens used to be at the Leslies' sometimes, and though I cannot quite account for it, I have a general impression of fireworks perpetually going off just outside their windows.

One day that we had come home from one of these expeditions in a big blue fly, with a bony horse—it was a bright blue fly, with a drab inside to it, and an old white coachman on the box—my father, after a few words of consultation with the coachman, drove off again, and shortly afterwards returning on foot, told us that he had just bought the whole concern, brougham and horse and harness, and that he had sent Jackson (our driver had now become Jackson) to be measured for a great coat. So henceforward we came and went about in our own private carriage, which, however, never lost its original name of "the fly," although Jackson's buttons shone resplendent with the Thackeray crest, and the horse too seemed brushed up and promoted to be private.

I remember, or I think I remember, driving in this vehicle to Mr. Frank Stone's studio in Tavistock Square, and how he and my father began laughing and talking about early days. "Do you remember that portrait I began to paint of you over the lady with the guitar?" Mr. Stone said, and he added that he had the picture still, and, going into some deep cupboard, he brought out a cheerful, florid picture of my father, as I for one had never seen him, with thick black hair and a young, ruddy face. We brought it away with us, and I have it now, and the lady's red dress still appears in the background. It is perhaps fortunate that people, as a

rule, are well and happy, and at their best, when their portraits are painted. If one looks down the Academy list year by year, one sees that the pictures represent gentlemen who have just been made bishops, or speakers, or governors-general; or ladies who are brides in their lovely new clothes and jewels. And again, there are the humble folks who are painted in fun or friendship or lightness of heart. Sad folks hide their heads, sick folks turn them away and are not fit subjects for the painter's art; and yet, as I write, I am also conscious that facts contradict me, and that there has been a fine run of late upon nurses and deathbed scenes in general.

The happy hour had not yet come for us when Mr. Watts came to live in Kensington at Little Holland House and built his studios there. This was in later times, and after we had just passed beyond the great pinafore age, which sets such a stamp upon after life and to which my recollections seem chiefly to revert.

He always said that he should like to paint a picture of my father, but the day for the sitting, alas, never came! And yet I can imagine what that picture might have been, a portrait, such as some portraits, with that mysterious reality in them, that present which is quite apart from years.

I am sure there was no one among all his friends whose society my father enjoyed more than he did that of John Leech, whom he first remembered, so he has often told us with a smile, a small boy at the Charterhouse, in a little blue buttoned-up suit, set up upon a form and made to sing "Home, sweet home," to the others crowding round about. Mr. Leech was anything but a small boy when I remember him in the old Young Street dining-room, where De la Pluche was laying the cloth and Mr. Leech and my father sat talking by the fire. He was very handsome and tall, and kind and shy, and he spoke in a husky, melodious voice; we admired him very much; he was always beautifully dressed, and we used to see him come riding up to the door on nice shining horses; and he generally came to invite us all to something delightful, to go there or to dine with him and his wife at Richmond or elsewhere. My father liked to take us about with him, and I am surprised, as I think of it, at the great good-nature of his friends, who used so constantly to include ~~in~~ inconvenient little girls in the various ~~and~~ occasions they sent him. We used to be asked ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> arrive at all sorts of unusual times. We

used to lunch with our hosts and spend long afternoons, and then about dinner-time our father would come in, and sit smoking after dinner while we waited with patient ladies up-stairs. Mrs. Brookfield used to live in Portman Street in those days, and thither we used to go very constantly, and to Mrs. Procter's, as well as to various relations' houses, Indian cousins of my father's coming to town for a season with their colonels and their families. Time after time we used to go to the Leeches, who lived in Brunswick Square. We used to play with the baby, we used to turn over endless books of pictures, and perhaps go out for a walk with kind Mrs. Leech, and sometimes (but this happened very rarely) we used to be taken up to the room where John Leech himself sat at his drawing-table under the square of silver paper which softened the light as it fell upon his blocks. There was his back as he bent over his work, there were the tables loaded with picture-books and drawing-blocks, huge blocks, four times the size of any at home, ready for next week's *Punch*; but our entrance disturbed him (we instinctively felt how much), and we used to hurry quickly back to the drawing-books down-stairs, and go on turning over the pencil sketches. I have some of them now, those drawings so roughly indicated, at first so vague, and then by degrees worked upon and altered and modelled and forced into their life as it were, *obliged* to laugh, charmed into kindly wit; as I look at them now, I still recognize the aspect of those bygone days and places, and I cannot help thinking how much more interesting to remember are some of the shabby homes in which work and beauty and fun are *made*, than those more luxurious and elaborate, which dazzle us so much more at the time, where everything one saw was only bought. But after all the whole secret of life is made up of the things one makes, and those one steals, and those one pays for.

My own children turn over Leech's drawings now, as happily as we ourselves used to do, and it seems to me sometimes as if they also are at play among our own old fancies and in our old haunts. There are the rooms again. There is Mrs. Leech's old piano like an organ standing bolt upright against the wall; there are the brown holland covers on the chairs; there is the domestic lamp, looking (as the lamps of one's youth used to look) tall and dismantled like some gaunt lighthouse erected upon bare mahogany rocks. Besides these things, I remember with real

affection, a lovely little miniature portrait of Mrs. Leech, which used to hang upon the wall, and which was done at the time of her marriage. It was indeed the sweetest little picture; and when I saw her one little granddaughter, Dorothy Gillett, this old favorite picture of my childhood came into my mind. It may be hallucination, but, although the houses were so ugly in those days, I still think the people in them looked almost nicer then than they do now.

Madame Elise was the great oracle of the 'Fifties, and she used to turn out floating, dignified, squashy beings with close, pearly headdresses and bonnets, and sloping, spreading draperies. They are all to be seen in Mr. Leech's pictures still, and they may be about to come back to life, crinolines and all, for anything I know to the contrary. But I hope not; I think this present generation of women is a happier one than that one was. The characters of the people I remember were certainly different from the characters of their daughters of the present, disporting themselves in the golden Du Maurier age of liberty and out-door life. Mr. Leech once drew our own green curtains for us in a little picture of two girls asking a child what it had for dinner. The child says, "Something that begins with a S.;" and when asked what that might be, explains that it was *cold beef*.

A certain number of writers and designers for *Punch* used to dine at Mr. Leech's, coming in with my father towards the close of the day. I remember Mr. Tenniel there, and Mr. Percival Legh, and Mr. Shirley Brooks, and Mr. (not then Sir John) Millais in later days, and an eminent member of a different profession, the present Dean of Rochester. Sometimes, instead of dining in Brunswick Square or at the house in Kensington (to which they afterwards removed), we used to be taken all away to Richmond, to enjoy happy hours upon the terrace, and the light of setting suns.

My father was pleased when some dozen years later the Leeches came to Kensington, and he was greatly interested in their pretty old house. Mr. Leech was pleased, too; and at first he used to describe with resigned humor what, alas, became slow torture in the end to his strained nerves — the different noises as they succeeded each other in what he had expected to find a quiet suburb of London: the milkman, the carrier, the industrious carpenter, all following in rotation one by one, from the very earliest morning. But his

nerves were altogether overstrung. I remember hearing him once, in far, far back times, tell a little story, scarcely perhaps worth re-telling. He was looking altogether ill and upset, and he told us that he had hardly recovered from a little shock the night before. Coming home late, and as he went up-stairs, he had been annoyed by hearing the howling of a dog in a garden at the back of the house. He did not know that one of his young sisters had come to see his wife that evening, had been persuaded to stay for the night, and put to sleep in the very room into which he now turned, throwing up the window to see where the noise came from. The moon was shining, and happening to look round he was quite overcome, seeing a figure lying motionless upon the bed, while the light poured coldly upon a white marble profile.

I was going along the Kensington Road towards Palace Green one fine morning, when I met my father carefully carrying before him two blue Dutch china pots, which he had just surreptitiously taken away out of his own study. "I am going to see if they won't stand upon Leech's dining-room chimney-piece," he said. I followed him, hoping, I am afraid, that they would not stand there, for we were well used to lament the accustomed disappearance of his pretty ornaments and china dishes. People may have stared to see him carrying his china, but that I do not now remember — only this, that he was amused and interested, and that we found the iron gates open to the court in front, and the doors of the Leeches' house all wide open, though the house itself was empty and the family had not yet arrived. Workmen were coming and going, busy hammering carpets and making arrangements. We crossed the hall, and then my father led the way into the pretty old dining-room, with its new Turkey carpet and its tall windows looking to the gardens at the back. "I knew they would stand there," said he, putting up the two blue pots on the high, narrow ledge; and there to my mind they will ever stand.

It was in the *Quarterly Review* that my father wrote of Leech's pictures. "While we live we must laugh," he says, and then (contrasting the past and the present of caricatures, and the rough designs of his own youth with those of a later, more charming fashion) he goes on: "We cannot afford to lose Satyr with his pipe and fiddle and gambols. But we have had, combed, clothed, and taught the rogue good manners; or rather, let us

say, he has learnt them himself, for he is of nature soft and kindly, and he has put aside his mad pranks and tipsy habits; and, frolicsome always, has become gentle and harmless, smitten into shame by the pure presence of our women, the sweet, confiding smiles of our children."

Do we laugh enough? Have we over-eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge? I cannot say. The art of design, as practised by the successors of John Leech who have followed in his steps, still holds its own delightful sway; but the kindred arts of action, of oratory, of literature, have, to narrow-minded critics accustomed to the "Spade with which Wilkinson hath tilled the land," taken most unpleasant forms of sincerity. Sometimes I wonder how the moralist would write of us now, were he still among us. I don't know how the present will strike the new generation,

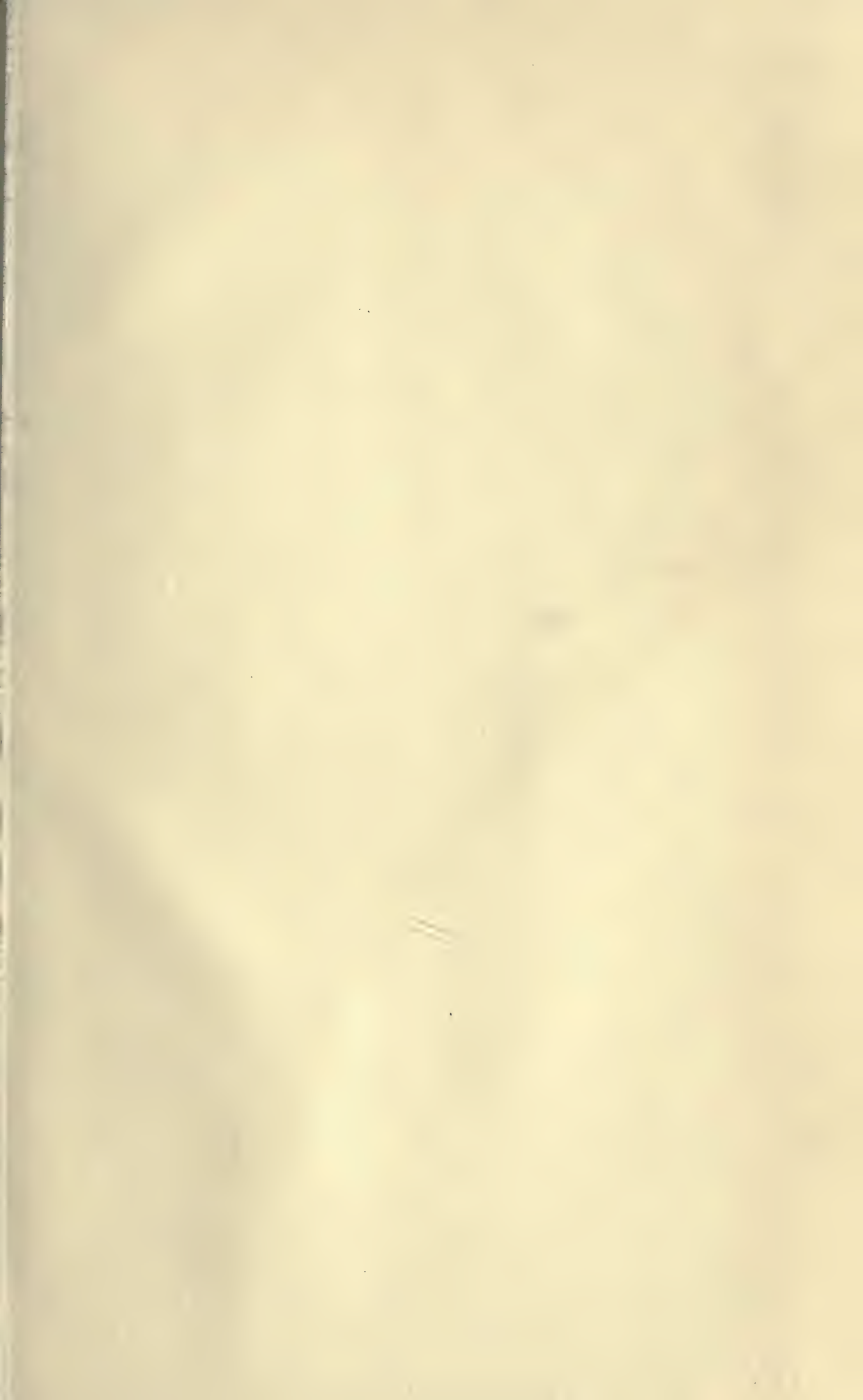
when it has grown up to look back in turn upon this somewhat complicated phase of civilization. Sheep's clothing is out of date, and wolf-skins all the fashion now; but they are imitation wolf-skins. The would-be lion affects the donkey's ears; the Pharisee is anxious to be seen in the Publican's society for the good impression it makes upon his constituency. It is all very perplexing, and not very edifying to speculate on. And then I feel that any day, while one is fumbling and probing and dissecting and splitting hairs, some genius such as John Leech's silently appears, and touches commonplace things, and lo! here is a new light upon earth, a new happiness; here is another smile in the land. "Can we have too much of truth and fun and beauty and kindness?" said John Leech's friend.

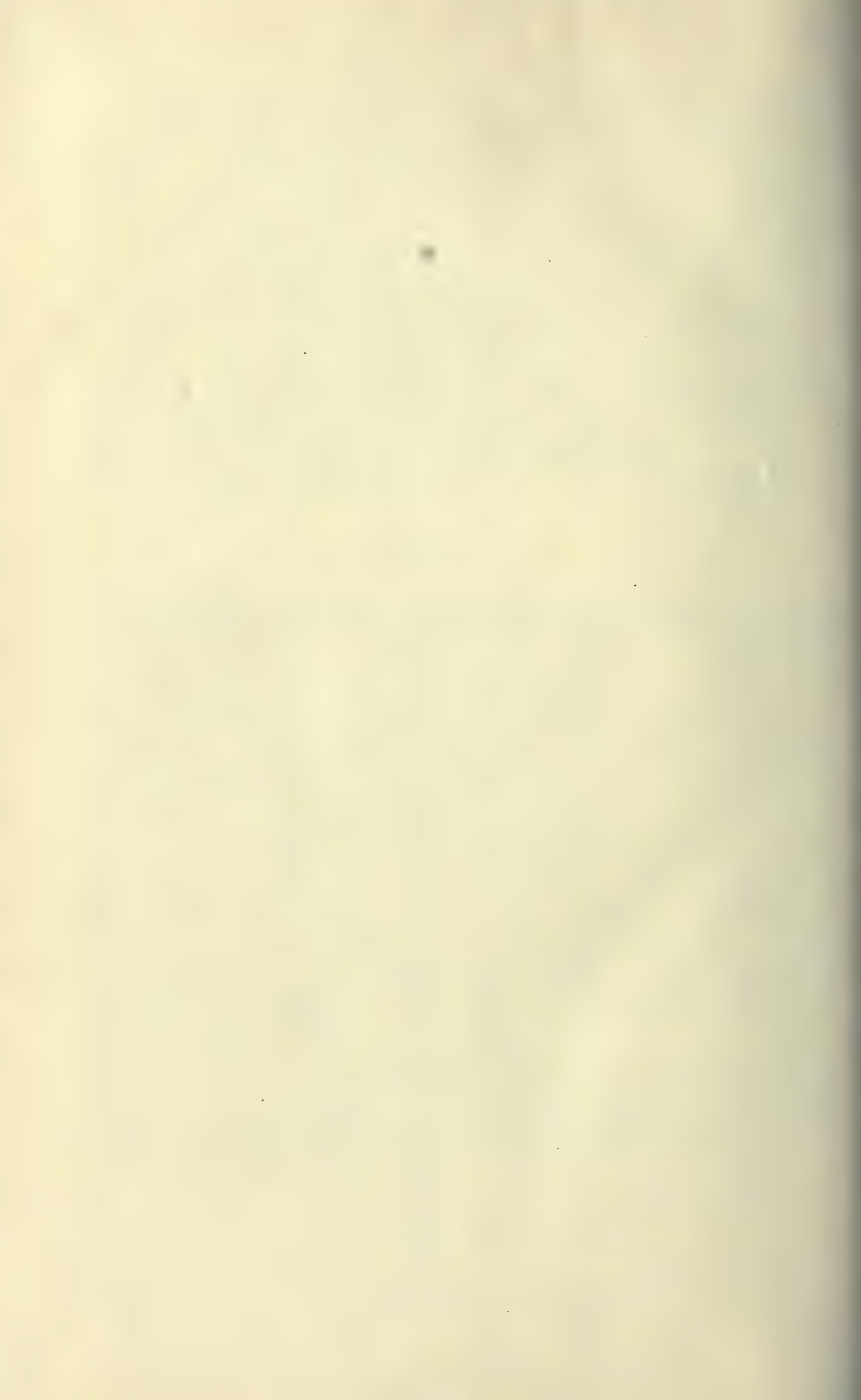
ANNE RITCHIE.

**THE EXPLORATION OF AUSTRALIA.** — The great Australian expedition has succeeded in traversing, from north to south, the first or most southerly of the three great blanks it was commissioned to explore. This is the wide interior space lying between the track of Forrest in 1874 and that of Giles in 1875. The party crossed the boundary between South and West Australia, at a point to the east of Fort Müller, in latitude  $26^{\circ} 10'$  south, and longitude  $128^{\circ}$  east, and struck south across the desert from Mount Squires, making for Victoria Spring, on Giles's track of 1875. Arriving at that expected abundant water-supply, they found it nearly dry, and all hopes of a thorough exploration of the region were destroyed. Under these circumstances, and sorely straightened for water, a direct route was taken for the nearest cattle stations, near the southern seaboard of West Australia and Esperanza Bay, from which latter port Mr. David Lindsay, the leader, despatched reports of the expedition to Adelaide in October last. The country traversed appeared to have had no rain for two years. Owing to admirable management on the trying march of five hundred and sixty miles through an almost waterless country, the health of the party had not suffered, and only two of the camels had died. Notwithstanding the utter aridity of the region, Mr. Lindsay remarks that it cannot be called a desert, for the country is more or less

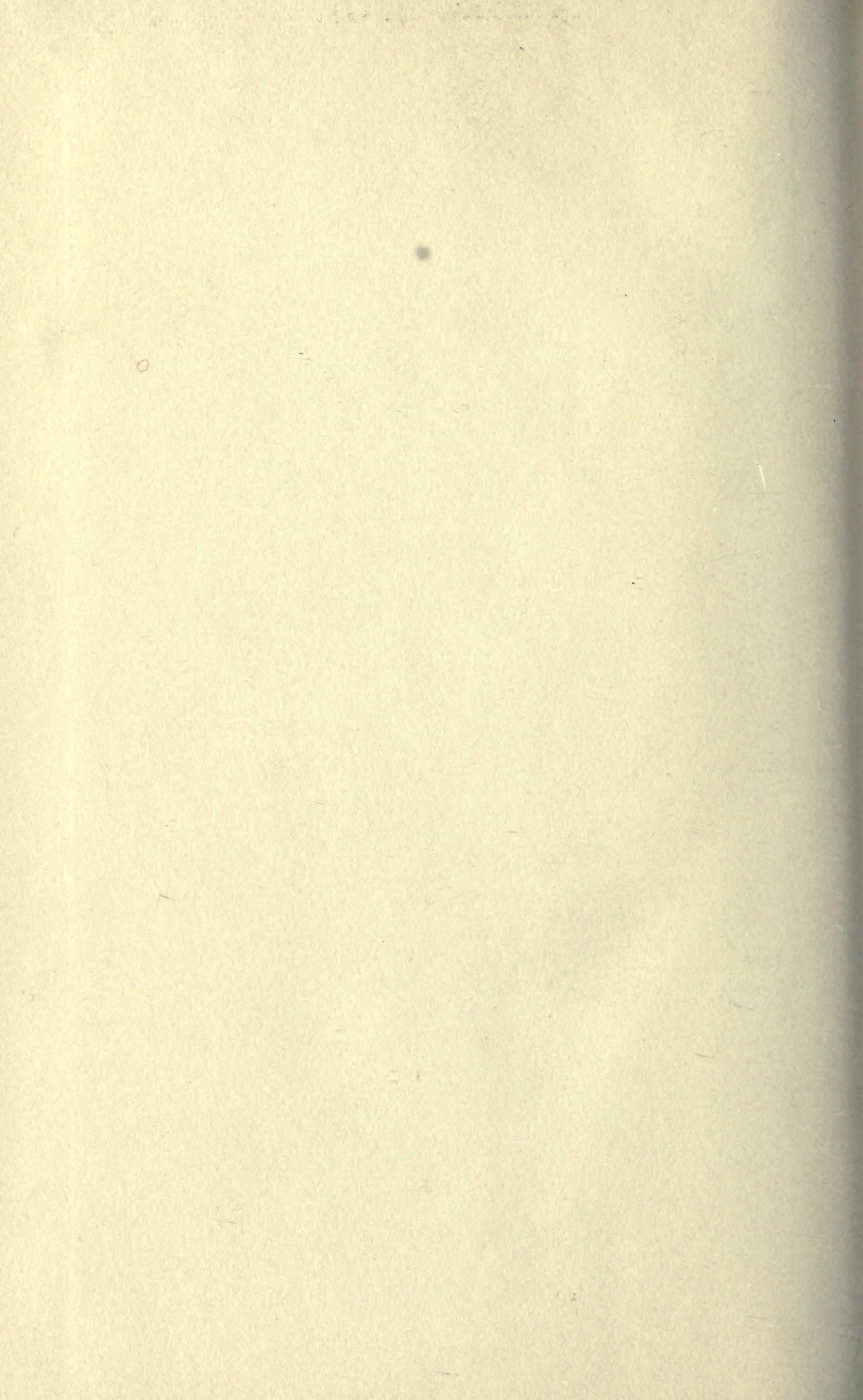
clothed with bushes and trees, and for many miles there is a gum-tree forest, which extends into South Australia, the trees reaching often three feet in diameter and forty to fifty feet in height. He adds that the clean white trunks and dark green tops of the trees from a short distance present a charming aspect, but that a nearer examination reveals the usual signs of aridity, the ground being covered with nothing but the desert-loving spinifex and useless shrubs. Mr. E. A. Wells, the surveyor of the expedition, reports that the whole of the country travelled over from Mount Squires was inhabited by natives who got their water-supply partly by draining the roots of certain mallee-trees, some of which, distinguishable only by the keen observation of a native, yield quantities of pure water. It was Mr. Lindsay's intention to remain near the south coast for some weeks to restore the strength of the sorely tried camels, and then to proceed again towards the interior, taking a more westerly route, so as to cross Giles's route at Ullaring, and Forrest's track at Mount Ida, and thence on to Hope's Station *via* the new gold fields. From the last-mentioned place he had hopes of making an excursion south-east as far as latitude  $28^{\circ}$ , and thus completing sufficiently the examination of the first great area it is the object of the expedition to explore, before proceeding to the second, further north.

Science.









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